

Fated out Chapter 66

66 Alpha Heir...

Nathan

I stepped out of the dungeon, the light from the sun momentarily blinding my eyes for the first time in four years forcing me to stumble backwards against the stone wall.

My eyes were already used to years of dim lighting and shadows. I squinted raising my hand to shield my face, blinking rapidly as my eyes watered from the brightness. For several minutes, I stood there, letting my vision slowly adjust.

The winds tugged at my clothes as the world gradually came into focus. I drank in the blue sky, the green grass and the tall trees – I'd forgotten what the world outside looked like, how beautiful it could be.

As my vision finally adapted, I noticed a familiar figure standing a few paces away, leaning against a sleek black car – my father. Beta Jeremy Tanner stood rigid, his arms crossed over his chest, wearing the stern expression I remembered from my childhood whenever I'd done something particularly disappointing.

father wasn't here to embrace me or welcome me home with open arms. No,

I realized that my he was angry. Very angry.

I started slowly, towards him, hoping my attempt at a smile was working. When I got close, he jerked his head toward the car, signalling me to get in. Without argument, I made my way to the passenger side, my movements were still slightly wobbly.

The interior of the car smelled of leather and the familiar scent of my father's cologne. He didn't say a word to me, he just started the car driving out of the vicinity of the dungeon and started for Blue Ridge Pack. $w\mathfrak{x}\tilde{V}.n\acute{o}p\mathfrak{e}\bigodot w\acute{o}\mathfrak{R}m.\bigodot o\mathfrak{m}$

I stared out of the window, watching the trees without seeing them, a knot had formed in my stomach I was trying to think of something to say, anything to ease the tension in the car but my mind was blank.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, I cleared my throat. "How have you been, Dad?" I asked tentatively watching his profile. The years had greyed his temples and has carved deeper lines around his mouth.

But he didn't answer me. He didn't even look at me, his eyes were fixed firmly on the road, his hands gripping the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white.

The silence became thicker causing my throat to tighten. I hadn't expected a warm reunion but this silent treatment from my father was worse than I could have imagined.

-We continued driving in silence. I fidgeted in my seat, the anxiety inside me was growing.

building with every second that passed. I could sense that my father was struggling to contain $\bigodot w\mathfrak{w}.n\circ\tilde{V}\acute{e}\mathcal{L}w\mathcal{O}r\mathcal{M}.\complement$

his emotions.

Finally, he spoke, his voice was rough with emotion. "How could you do that to me, Nathan?" he didn't take his eyes off the road but I could see the muscle working in his jaw.

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I flinched at how sad he sounded. I knew this was coming but hearing the words out loud was still painful.

"Four years, Nathan. Four years, you've been gone. Locked away, while I had no idea if you were even alive or dead because the Lycan Leader didn't allow any visits, no messages, nothing. Do you know what that was like for me?"

I swallowed hard; my throat suddenly parched. I'd never thought about how my father must have felt during those years. My father was one who rarely showed his weakness and never let anyone see him struggle. But now, hearing the pain in his voice and seeing it on his face, I realized how much I had hurt him.

"I'm sorry, Dad," I said softly. "I never wanted to put you through that. But I couldn't..." I paused, choosing my words carefully. "I couldn't betray Lyla like that. I couldn't just give her away to the Lycan Leader" $w\mathfrak{w}w.\bigodot\sigma-v\bigodot\mathcal{L}w\circ\mathfrak{R}(m).\complement$

His jaw clenched, his eyes hardening as he glanced at me for the first time.

"How important is Lyla that you would sacrifice everything for her? How important was she that you couldn't just tell the Lycan Leader what he wanted to know? You could have spared yourself all of this. You could have spared me all of this!" his voice rose.

I closed my eyes, as guilt washed over me. My father was right. I should have saved myself from four years of torment, saved him from the agony of knowing if his son was alive or dead. But I had made my choice and I didn't regret it.

"I couldn't do that to her, Dad. The Lycan Leader is a pompous arrogant fool and he would have hurt her. I couldn't let him do that. I'm sorry but I just couldn't."

"I understand that you've been friends with her since childhood but you can't just sacrifice everything like that. Your position, my peace of mind, your health? All for a woman, Nathan? Really?"

"She's my best friend, Dad!" I said firmly. "I know I can't make you understand, Dad. But I promise you, it wasn't an easy choice for me. I hated being away from you, from the pack, locked up in the smelly, dark place but I couldn't let Ramsey Kincaid be on her trail again. He was going to destroy her.

"Still," he sighed, taking in a deep breath. "There are a thousand ways to prove your loyalty to a friend and I hope she's worth all of this in the end."

"She is and everything I did, I did for a reason. Things are more complicated between me and the Lycan Leader and Lyla but..."

"Don't tell me you also love her?" My father's eyes left the road for a few minutes, his eyes widening as he turned to stare at me. "goddess!" he scoffed, an incredulous look on his face. "You do... no wonder you were willing to endure four years in that shithole."

But I wasn't concerned about that. How did my father know about Ramsey?

"How did you know the Lycan Leader like her?" I asked staring at him with shock in my eyes.

"It's not difficult to tell, Nathan, he sighed. "He has the look in his eyes besides what would he

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want with Lyla if he didn't love her, but what I don't understand is how you got embroiled into all

of this?" $(w)\mathfrak{w}\mathfrak{w}.\tilde{N}(\mathfrak{s})(v)\mathcal{E}(\mathfrak{w})\sigma\mathfrak{r}m.\bigodot\acute{o}(n)$

"I am not embroiled in anything, Dad. I indeed like Lyla but I was her from

only trying to pro Alpha Ramsey and her family and I'll do it again if I must."

"Nathan..." my father shook his head with a deep sigh "There are so many things you do not understand but that's not what's important now. The first thing we're doing when we get back the pack is having you properly treated. You've been in that dungeon for far too long and after that..." he hesitated, his voice softening slightly. "The pack needs you."

"Needs me?" I arched a brow. "For what?"

"Well..." My father took a deep breath. "There's something I must tell you..."

"If this is about me getting back to my training as Alpha Heir, fine I will but first, I need to rest and make some calls. I'll start training sometime this week, don't worry. I didn't forget that." "That's not it, son!" my father shook his head slowly. "It's time to resume your duties as Alpha. Although you're yet to be appointed but, you're now the Alpha of Blue Ridge pack."

I stared at my dad for some seconds trying to understand what he meant by that.

I scoffed, shaking my head in disbelief. "Me? Alpha? I mean, I know I'll be Alpha one day but Alpha Logan is still in charge. He wouldn't just.....

"Alpha Logan is dead."

I felt the blood drain from my face as I turned to my father, my heart racing. "What are you talking about, Dad? Which Alpha Logan?"

Tears gathered in my dad's eyes as he swerved the car off the road and stopped it, resting his head on the steering wheel. When he looked up at me again, his eyes were red with unshed

tears.

"There was an attack... Ferals just outside the White Mountain Region, Nathan. I should have been there, I should have protected him..." he covered his face with his hands, running them through his hair. "Alpha Logan is dead, Nathan. My Alpha, is dead...he died, yesterday.

I leaned back in my seat, everything made sense now.

"That's why the Lycan Leader released you. Our pack needs leadership and you're the rightful heir.

I stared at my father, then stared out of the window as I remembered the last time I saw him. We had been on a patrol and as always, it was fun... he always made it fun for me, teasing me constantly and subtly hinting that he wouldn't mind giving me Clarissa as my Luna.

I had just left the prison after four years? How am I supposed to rule a pack as big as ours? I haven't learnt enough... all the alliances and coalitions and packs under our region, I couldn't remember any one of them.

My father was saying something. I turned, staring blankly at him.

"Did you hear a word I said?" he asked.

I shook my head. Still too stunned to speak.

"I said, you need to go and bring Lyla home. She's the first-born child of Alpha Logan. She need

to be here."