

Fated out Chapter 68

68 Patterns.... @Ŵw.noŴe1wor**M.com**

Ramsey

After Cassidy left, I stood in my room, my hands clenched beside me as anger coursed through my veins.

I was tired of her manipulative threats but at the same time, I seemed to be playing right into her traps. How did it come to this? How had my life taken a turn and was so far out of control?

A tug in my mind interrupted my thoughts. It was Lenny, my Beta trying to reach me through our mindlink.

“What is it, Lenny?” I asked dryly.

“The Elders are in the meeting hall seeking an audience with you. They say it’s urgent.”

“Seriously?” I groaned inwardly, rubbing the back of my neck as I closed my eyes, trying to gather my frayed emotions.

I’ve been hoping I would have a moment of peace today of all days but peace seemed to be an impossible word in my world.

“What do they want to see me for?” I replied, not bothering to hide my annoyance.

“They say it’s urgent, the Gamma Commander is here.”

I scowled. It was never good news with the Elders.

“Fine, I’m on my way,” I muttered ending the link.

I threw on my jacket, taking a deep breath before I left my room, and made my way toward the meeting hall. When I got to the meeting hall, irritation simmered under my skin but I pushed it aside and entered the hall.

Inside, the Elders were already seated around the meeting table, they all had long looks on their faces. I spotted Elder Mira and Elder Thorne Lycan of the White Lake Pack and Cassidy’s

father.

I could sense the tension in the air, something more than the usual politics I was used to. I also noticed that the meeting had only the elders. The members of the council were missing.

I crossed the room and took my seat, not bothering to hide my displeasure. “This better be important,” I said, my voice was filled with exhaustion. “I really need to rest.”

“We wouldn’t have called you if it was important, Alpha,” Elder Mira was the first person to speak. “We received a report from the Gamma Commander early this morning and we thought –you’d like to know.”

“You’re receiving reports directly now?” I asked arching my brow at her. “I thought I was the Lycan Leader here and that all reports should go through me first.”.

The Elders exchanged glances, deliberately avoiding mine before Elder Thorne spoke up.

“The Gamma Commander has been trying to reach you for a month, Alpha. He said all his

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messages were either met with promises of getting to you or ...” he paused, “Ignored entirely. He had no choice but to approach us, hoping we could get him an audience with you? **Ŵw.Ŵ.n@ŴeLwóRm.Com**

I shifted uneasily in my seat, with guilt gnawing my conscience. I knew exactly what they meant. I had been so distracted of late by Cassidy, by the endless issues in the region, by my search for Lyla – that I hadn’t been attending to the stack of paperwork on my desk.

Messages, reports, and updates had all piled up. Still, hearing that someone had reached out for a month without a response left me uneasy.

“Still, the message should have been forwarded to me before calling a meeting without my permission.” I straightened in my chair.

“I’m sorry, Alpha Ramsey, Elder Thorne said slowly. “We were considering your preoccupations of late and we didn’t want to...”

“Well, that is treason, Elder Thorne. When next you go behind my back and fix a meeting without my consent, I’ll have every one of you answer for it. Where is the Gamma Commander?” I changed the subject immediately, not giving any of them the chance to reply.

Elder Thorne nodded at one of the guards stationed at the door and he went out and returned after with a tall, broad–shouldered man. He was dressed in the colour of the White Moon

Region.

“Who are you?” I asked as he came to stand in front of the meeting table.

“Gamma Commander Calus Stone, Alpha. I serve as the Commander of the Warriors in the White Mountain Region, and I’m currently assisting my father Gamma Darius Stone. He’s old but his mind is still sharp.””

My eyes hovered around the man. No wonder he looked familiar. A year back, Darius Stone had requested his son serve side by side with him. Unlike the Werewolves, positions like Gamma don’t change even if the Lycan Alpha and Lycan Beta change. And until a Gamma dies, no other person can replace him.

I motioned to him to continue.

Calus took a step forward and began to speak. “My father has been conducting research for

tracking patterns, movements and anomalies that point to the arrival of the Ferals.”

years

I frowned, crossing my arms. “The Ferals appeared Four Years ago, but were here for a week or less and they only reappeared recently. What are you talking about.”

“My father believes that the Ferals have been here all along. They never really disappeared after the death of the last Moonsinger and have been growing stronger and amassing armies.”

“That’s not possible,” One of the Elders at the table burst out. “With the death of every Moonsinger, Ferals go into some sort of recluse and only come out when a new one appears. They cannot have existed for 10,000 years.”

Caius nodded, pulling out several papers and maps from a bag slung over his shoulder and spreading them across the table.

“That’s what the history books tell us but have we ever stopped to think that happens after the

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dark one dies? To date, no Moonsinger have brought in any of the Feral Wolves that were calmed with their voice. Isn’t it strange?”

Caius paused looking around the table. “These Ferals are different, Alpha. Unlike the others who cannot survive without their source, that is the Dark One and go into a recluse, these Ferals have been around for longer and they only appear when certain conditions are met. They do not attack people and may I say, have been able to adapt to living normally amongst our kind.”

“They killed a hundred warriors and six elders including an Alpha. Your claims are not true. I

said.

“I know!” Caius nodded leaning forward to point at the documents spread across the meeting table. They were filled with intricate patterns, landscape drawings and detailed notes.

“As I said earlier, these Ferals have a purpose, a sense of direction. They’re hunting something or someone and I think it’s the Moonsinger.” **Ŵw.no(v)e()Ŵw©©m.Com**

“But the Moonsinger is supposed to seek them out and not vice versa?” Elder Mira chimed in.

“Our thoughts exactly,” Caius agreed. “A month ago, our warriors at the borders picked up tracks of strange markings just outside the White Mountain Region borders. We installed CCTV cameras along the perimeter and... this is what we found.”

He pulled out his phone and played Footage that showed a group of Ferals and a figure of a man that was hidden beneath the hood.

“He and the Ferals go back and forth on the path and they do it for three times weekly. We tried to send word to the White Moon Throne about an attack, well...”

“So, you’re saying that the attack on our entourage returning from the Annual Moon Worship Ceremony wasn’t random?” I asked.

“Yes, Alpha!” Calus nodded. In the footage the cameras captured; they were camped also at that intersection where all the packs passed but only people from the White Mountain Region were

attacked.”

My blood ran cold as I nodded slowly, though my brain was still clouded with confusion. “Lstill

don’t see...”

“The Ferals are trying to draw out the Moonsinger,” Caius interrupted, “They know who the Moonsinger is, and my guess is and the Moonsinger could be at the White Mountain Region. We

need to check the families of those killed or injured in the attack. One of them must be connected to the Moonsinger.”

The room fell silent as I the revelations became clearer to me.

“If what you’re saying is true,” I said slowly. “Then we’ve been approaching this all wrong. It means we’re not dealing with random attacks. We’re dealing with a hunt.”

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“And if truly there is a Moonsinger in the White Mountain Region,” Elder Mira leaned forward,

eyes twinkling with excitement. “Your reign will go down as the best in history. We’ve never had a Moonsinger from this region. It’s always in the other regions or amongst the Werewolves. It means, the goddess blesses us.”

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“They could also be in grave danger, Elder Thorne added. “They might not even know what they are or maybe they do know and they’re trying to protect everyone by staying hidden.”

My thoughts drifted to the pile of unopened

Information I might have missed while jugglints on my desk, wondering what other crucial

my duties and personal drama.

“I think you’ve all misunderstood me, Elders!” Caius shook his head. “This is not a thing to celebrate. These Ferals will continue to attack until a Moonsinger comes forth but we also think there’ll be another attack soon.”

Comment

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