

Fated out Chapter 73

73 A non-present father...

Lyla

In no time, we were tucked in bed. I held onto him, rubbing his back slowly, hoping he would go back to sleep but the awkwardness had returned. He was bigger than me and by right, he was supposed to be the one, holding me. [www.loveletter.m.com](#)

"The nightmares started in the third year!" he said, suddenly breaking the silence. "He was getting tired of coming every day and torturing me with all sorts of things and then getting disappointed that I wouldn't talk"

He paused and sighed before continuing. "He decided to mess with my head. Wanted to hypnotize me into confessing the address but my will was too strong to break. I didn't tell him anything."

We fell silent again, with only the sound of our breathing filling the room. I wanted to ask a lot of questions. I wanted to know why Ramsey had been looking for me... did he care? Was it his obsession to turn me into his mistress and sex toy?

"But I'll be fine!" Nathan said again. "The Pack doctors said it's the side effect from the hypnotizing drug and I just need to rest plenty."

"I'm glad!" I said quietly and the silence returned. After a while again, Nathan pulled himself from my hand, giving me a teasing look.

"Aren't you tired of holding me?"

I shook my head, managing a small smile. "But let's switch places. I will go back to holding you after a few minutes."

He nodded and we switched places. My head was on his chest, I could hear the erratic beating of his heart. I could tell he wanted to tell me something but I didn't know why he was hesitating.

After a while, he nudged me quietly. "Are you sleeping?" he asked.

"No!" I replied with a deep sigh. "You?"

"I can't sleep!" he said. "Would you like to come back to Blue Ridge?"

The question was unexpected. "No! why are you asking?"

"Nothing! Just wondering if you ever missed home and wanted to come in for a quick visit."

"I do miss home," I chuckled. "Somedays I'll wake up and panic because it seems the faces of my family [www.loveletter.m.com](#)

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my father, my mother and my sister are slowly fading from my memory. I'm worried that I might not be able to recognize them that I'll forget how they look."

"Then you should focus only on the memories and not the faces," he chuckled, pulling me closer to him. "Have there been others since Ramsey?"

Another unexpected question.

"No!" I lied. "It's just being me and my studies and Nanny. I have one year left before I graduate

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I'm grateful for everything I've been able to achieve so far. [www.loveletter.m.com](#)

"So, you plan on staying here even if there's a way for you to come back to Blue Ridge?"

"Except my father dies..." I chuckled sadly "But I don't want him to die. Except that, I don't see myself coming home. My family are not as accepting as you and soon when my father gets older, you'll need to resume your duties as Alpha... have you thought about who you want to make your Luna."

"You!" he said without hesitation. "If you'll have me!" he added. He seemed distracted.

"I feel like the only reason you'd want to marry me is to throw it in Ramsey's face!" I laughed.

"No! I want to marry you because I like you enough and think you'll make a good Luna but then, your heart is still with him, Lyla. You're still in love with your mate.

"Ex-mate!" I tried not to get angry "And we were never in love. Having a mate bond doesn't guarantee love. You saw how messy and broken everything turned out for me"

"So, if you ever cross paths with him, you won't try to reignite things?" He asked.

"Of course not!" I glared at him. "Who do you take me for?"

He didn't say anything. He just sighed and placed a kiss on my forehead and we fell into silence. again.

"How long do you have until you go back home?" I asked breaking the silence again. [www.loveletter.m.com](#)

"Why?"

"I was thinking, you should stay the weekend. There are lots of fun places to go. Who knows, the next time I see you or I may never see you because you'll soon have a wife and lots of pups..." I sighed. "I don't want to lose any time with you!"

"Lyla!" he called out suddenly, his tone was serious. "I can't stay until the weekend. I have to return to the pack tomorrow. I wish I could but..." he sighed "My plate is full."

"Full with what?" I shrugged into a sitting position, facing him. I loved how his hands covered mine and the way he was still staring at me through half-lidded eyelids.

"Taking care of the pack and a lot of details," he said quietly. "I came here for a reason and I must do it."

"You can always turn off your phone and stop taking any mindlink from anyone. You just got back from prison, you shouldn't be doing anything except making up for all those lost years."

He pulled himself into a sitting position, a ghost smile on his lips. "I know right?" he chuckled. then reached for me, lifting me from where I was to him.

He pulled me closer so that I was leaning directly on his chest and his arms were around me. The gesture felt so intimate but I was trying hard not to see it that way. Nathan was my friend and I wanted it to remain that way.

"There's something I need to tell you but I want you to make me a promise," he said quietly. That serious tone was still in his voice.

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73 A non-present father.

"What promise?" I asked, wondering whatever it was he wanted to tell me.

"That you'll not let me go!" he said quietly. "That when you get sad..."

"You want to tell me a sad thing?" I asked.

"Just... maybe!" he shrugged "But you won't leave me, or leave the room, that you'll draw comfort from me..."

"Okay!" I nodded.

"Promise?"

"I promise!" I smiled twisting my head to look at him, dodging another kiss to my lips. "Now, tell me, what is it?"

He stared at me for a second, I could feel his hand tightening around my body. He buried his face in the crook of my neck and when he looked up again, there was pain in his eyes.

"Go ahead, Nath," I urged him. "Spill already or should I make a guess?" I asked.

He smiled and shook his head. "That won't be necessary. I'll tell you." he paused. "Your father... Alpha Logan Woodland... is dead."

On the one hand, it was good news because I didn't cry. I just let Nathan hold me until the first light of day streaked in through the curtain cracks on the window.

On the other hand...I felt... I didn't know what to feel...

Tell me... how does one feel when they lose a non-present father?