

Fated out Chapter 75

75 Lyla Woodland is back...

Cassidy.

I sat at the dining table of White Lake Packhouse my pack, chewing on my perfectly manicured nails – a habit my mother spent years trying to break.

I was nervous.

The late afternoon sun streaming through the tall windows did nothing to warm the chill in my mom’s voice as she paced across the room, her voice rising and falling with each word. As always, my father stood at the corner of the room, arms crossed, his face impassive...

He wasn’t saying much, which I wished he would at times when my mother went on and on... but as always, he was dedicated to supporting his mate, no matter what.

“Have you no shame, Cassidy?” My mother snapped, staring at me with disapproval. “You’re not doing enough, that’s why Alpha Ramsey still hasn’t made you his Luna and do you know why?”

I just stared at her.

“Because you’re failing to do your duty as a woman. A real woman would have him eating from the palm of her hand, ready to risk everything for her. But here you are... a glorified mistress.. the so-called Luna of the White Moon Throne... engaged for four years and counting with no sign of ever getting married.”

“He will marry me!” I said quietly, wringing my fingers as there was nothing left to chew on.

“When?” my

mother asked turning round to face me. “I warned you against going to live with him. at the White Moon Packhouse but of course, you ignored me. Never, has your so-called. mate-to-be ever come to see us. Not even a courtesy visit.” ©Ww.(n)ovelworMl.co®

“He’s always busy, mother!” I said quietly, daring to meet her eyes. “He’s the Lycan Leader.... protector of our world. You think he’ll...”

“Oh, shut up!” my mother hissed, “This is exactly why he looks down on you, on our family. You’re nothing but a weakling. You’re not making yourself desirable enough and yet you wonder why he hasn’t made you his Luna?”

My eyes darted to my father but he wouldn’t intervene. He never did.

“That nonsense from four years ago about bad luck falling on our world because of your marriage to him? Well... Isn’t it over two years?” My mother laughed bitterly. “I told you it was a

lie”

“I’ve tried, mother!” I cried, trying to mask the frustration in my voice. “I’m trying. But Ramsey... he doesn’t love me. It’s as simple as that. Maybe he just... maybe he just doesn’t care the way he

should!”

Her eyes flashed as she clenched her fists and came to me. “Love?” her voice was cold as ice. “You think love has anything to do with this? Love is for fools, Cassidy Thorne. For little girls who settle for the bare minimum. Oh! You think it’s love that has kept our world together through

the power of the White Moon Throne?” wWw.fi(o)VeℓwOr(m).c(o)M

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I shook my head, lowering my gaze. “I’ve done everything I can...”

“Done Everything?” her lips curled into a sneer. “You’ve done nothing! Look at you, she gestured at me. “You’re the most beautiful woman in the White Mountain Region. The most desirable of all. There isn’t a man alive who wouldn’t want you, who would turn you down. If Ramsey Kincaid doesn’t, you’re doing something wrong!

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes. “I’ve tried everything you told me. “I’ve worn all those slutty dresses you sent me. The perfumes, the oils. I’ve seduced him in every way I could think of. I’ve tried to be exactly who you told me to be, mother. But he’s... distant. He’s always distracted.

“Then make him do it!” she slammed her hands on the table, causing the crystal glasses to rattle. “If you have to spike his drink then do it. I don’t care if you tie him to the bed and fuck him yourself until he gives you an heir...then do it!”

My eyes widened with surprise at her words. My mom is a proper and prime woman... to see her telling me to do these things. wwW.Novelw(o)rM.ĉ©m

“I can’t just spike his drink or go into his room as I please. He’s the Lycan Leader and...” “He. Has. A. Cock!” she punctuated her words. “He’s a man and you’ve slept with him before. You will be Luna of the White Moon Throne, Cassidy Thorne, I don’t care what it takes or what you have to sacrifice. It’s enough that they laugh at our backs because of your mistakes... the only way you can fix it is to give him reasons to marry you, finally!”

My throat clenched, as I tried not to cry. Crying will only make her angry.

My father stepped forward attempting to intervene. “Darling, maybe...”

But my mother rounded on him, ignoring him completely. “You’re weak, Cassidy. You’re not like me or your father. The Thorne’s are known for their grith. We are takers.”

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“Yeah, sure!” I plucked a grape from the fruit tray on the table. “Sorry, I’m not like you!” “Do you know how much we’ve invested in you?” my mother spat, her eyes blazing at me. “We gave you everything. The best education, the finest clothes, a life of comfort. I moulded you. a woman of elegance and power fit for the White Moon Throne, not married to some random Lycan Alpha – and here you are, unable to charm a man into making you his Luna. What a disappointment.

I felt my cheeks burn with shame. “Mother,” I whispered, my voice cracking as I struggled to hold back my tears. “He said we’ll marry soon. I’m doing my best.”

Her harsh laugh cut me off. “Your best? If this is your best, Cassidy, it’s pathetic. If you think Ramsey’s going to marry you after all these years, you’re delusional. He’s paraded you as his Luna, kept other suitors away and still hesitates? Still delays? He’s having second

thoughts.” w(wW.NovELwOrM.com

Her voice dropped to a whisper. “When a man wants you, he moves heaven and earth to have you. Men will kill just to be with a woman they love. I’ve seen it happen a lot of times.”

My thoughts strayed immediately to Lyla and all the things Ramsey has done all these years just to find her. The devotion in his eyes whenever he gazes at her picture in the magazine

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that gala night.

My fingers trembled and I clenched them into fists steadying myself, desperate to stop the heaviness that settled in my chest.

“What... what do you want me to do?” I finally choked out.

My mother’s lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes glittering dangerously. “Trap him. If he won’t marry you, a pregnancy would solve everything”. She straightened smoothing her designer dress. “I’ll find something you can use to knock him, out, make it seem like a wild night of passion...”

“If I’m caught...”

“You will not be caught if you do it right.” She stopped me with a glare. “You have until the next full moon. If you’re not carrying Ramsey Kincaid’s child by then, you’re no daughter of mine and don’t bother coming back to me.”

With that, she turned on her heel and stormed out of the room, her footsteps echoing down the

hall.

I placed my forehead on the dining table and began to sob. I’ve never felt so defeated, so helpless, so ashamed of myself. My father approached me quietly, laying a gentle hand on my

shoulder.

I looked up, trying to compose myself.

“Father,” I whispered. “I’ve tried everything. But Ramsey... he doesn’t even look at me.”

My father’s face softened as he gazed at me thoughtfully. “When a man is like that, it could mean. there’s another woman. Is there something else? Maybe a maid or his heart belongs somewhere else?”

My lips parted and for a moment, Lyla’s name was on the tip of my tongue. If my mother knew of Lyla, if everyone knew, I’d lose everything. My mother would turn on me with even more disdain, I would lose my relevance to Ramsey and he would likely take the chance to cut me off once and

for all.

I shook my head. No! My continued silence to always be by his side.

As I was about to make up an excuse, there was a knock on the door of the dining room.

A guard from the White Moon Pack Ramsey’s pack entered.

He was under my payroll. He worked with Ramsey and brought me information about everything.

“Luna,” he bowed his head curtly.

“What is it?” my father asked, straightening and folding his hands behind his back.

The guard’s gaze flitted from him and back to me. “Luna Cassidy... I have news you need to hear immediately. “It’s about...her.”

My heart skipped a beat. Talk about the devil. But I forced myself to keep my expression neutral

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“I was leaving anyway. I have lots of matters to attend to,” he said squeezing my shoulder once before leaving us alone.

As soon as the door closed, I turned to the guard, my heart pounding with fear. “Tell me,” I demanded clutching the edge of the table.

The guard came closer, casting a quick look over his shoulder before lowering his voice into a whisper.

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