

Fated out Chapter 76

76 I know who I am. I know what I want

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Cassidy

The room spun..

My fingers dug into the wooden table, my knuckles turning white as the blood drained from my face. For a moment, I couldn't breathe, couldn't think, couldn't move.

Then the emotions hit me in rapid succession shock that froze my lungs, fear that turned my blood to ice and finally, anger that coursed through my veins, spreading to every part of my body, pooling hatred in my heart.

Four years. For four years I'd had to rebuild everything after that deviant disappeared. Four years of imagining myself as the future Luna, of trying to make Ramsey forget and now...

My mother's words echoed in my mind: 'If a man loves you, he will do everything possible to be with you'

After a long pause, I drew in a shaky breath and turned to the guard, my face void of the emotions boiling inside me.

"When? Where did you see her?"

"I overheard Beta Lenny informing the Lycan Leader of her arrival this morning with the Alpha Heir of Blue Ridge pack. Apparently, she came for her father's funeral, the guard said.

"And what did Alpha Ramsey say?" I asked, fighting the rage boiling in my heart.

"Nothing!" the guard said. "He just nodded and went back to what he was doing."

"Thank you for telling me," I nodded, "You may go now."

As soon as the guard left, I rose from my chair, my tears drying on my cheeks as a smile curved my lips. I walked to the window, watching the sun sink toward the horizon of the

Mountains it would be dark. Soon, the moon would rise.

I would make sure that Lyla's return was her final mistake.

It was almost midnight when I returned to White Moon Pack brimming with anger. As soon as I stepped inside the pack house, I made a beeline for Ramsey's room hoping for his sake he wasn't with Lyla.

When I reached his bedroom, I knocked softly before pushing the door open. The room was empty, the bed still made – clearly, it hadn't been slept on. But his scent was in the room.

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"Where are you?" I whispered to myself, turning on my heels and starting towards his office. The pack house was quiet at this hour, most of its staff had retired for the night, so I didn't see who to ask where Ramsey was.

As I rounded the corner, I nearly collided with Seth, the pack housekeeper, who had an armload of Linens in his arms.

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"Luna Cassidy," he bowed curtly to me. "I didn't think you'd come back today. How was your trip to your pack?" he asked.

"Fine!" I nodded. "Where is Ramsey? He's not in his room."

"Have

you checked his office? He didn't eat dinner in the dining room but asked us to bring it up to his office. I'm sure he'd still be there."

"Oh!" I nodded, trying to bring up Lyla without sounding too obvious. Seth was not like the other domestic staff in the pack house. He rarely shows emotions and never goes out of character.

"It seems Ramsey's schedule is booked full for the week. Do you know if he has any upcoming plans or... departures?" I tried to keep my tone casual but my eyes searched his blank eyes, looking for any hint of information.

"Nothing I am aware of, Luna Cassidy," he shook his head. "I know he's been trying to focus on his duties which he seems to be lagging in. But I could inquire if you'd like."

"No!" I shook my head quickly. "That will not be necessary. Are we expecting any guests from any of the werewolf packs? What's the name of that Alpha who died?"

"Alpha Logan?" Seth supplied, barely reacting.

"Yes, that's the one!" I nodded. "Do you know what the plans for his burial are? Is someone from the pack coming to visit us or something or is Ramsey going anywhere? Maybe Blue Ridge Pack? He hasn't gone to pay them his condolences right? Or will he go anytime soon?"

Seth stared at me for a long time before he exhaled deeply. "Luna Cassidy, if you are asking about Miss Lyla, I don't think you should worry about her. The Lycan Leader shuttles between the Pack hospital and his office daily. I'm not sure he's going to visit her anytime soon."

"You don't know him as much as I do, Seth," I shook my head. "He might be making plans. He went there the last time. I just need to know if you've heard anything. Any mentions of travel plans or visitors?"

"No!" he shook his head quietly and for a moment I saw him give me a pityingly glance before he looked away.

"I forced a smile. "Thank you so much, Seth and I know this is a lot to ask but can you give me updates if he changes his mind or something"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid, I cannot. I have sworn loyalty to the Lycan Leader, except there's a direct command from him to share his schedules, I'm afraid, I cannot do that and you have to ask him yourself."

"Okay!" I nodded, trying not to feel dejected.

"Is there anything else you need assistance with, Luna?" he asked.

"No! T

That will be all," I shook my head and watched as he bowed curtly before continuing down the hallway while I continued to Ramsey's office.

I stopped at the front of the door, placing my ears to see if I could pick off any sound but it was silent. Steeling myself, I knocked quietly before pushing the door open and ushering myself in.

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I paused at the entrance when I saw him buried in a mountain of paperwork. His jacket was draped over a nearby chair, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows as he worked. Sensing my presence, he looked up, his piercing gaze meeting with mine in an unexpected warmth.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking for you.

His question caught me off-guard completely. I came here to fight not this. "Oh, I... I was just... I went to White Lake, to my pack. My parents wanted to see me."

I stammered suddenly feeling like I'd been caught doing something wrong, though I knew I hadn't.

He nodded slowly setting down his pen, looking at me fully now. "Good. I needed to talk to you about something important"

I shifted with unease. "Oh?"

"Yes," he nodded, clearing a part of his desk, then gesturing for me to come closer. He rose from his seat, then sat on the space he made a few seconds ago and then indicated I sit on his chair.

I took the seat, my heart pounding wildly at the nice gestures. Seeing that I was seated, he took a deep breath.

"I wanted us to discuss our wedding, he began and my breath caught, my pulse thundering in my ears. "I need you to choose a date"

"A date?" I repeated, confused.

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"For our Joining Ceremony official wedding" he clarified. "I spoke with the Moon Priest earlier and he confirmed we can go ahead with it. Usually, the woman needs to provide a date and then the Moon Priest will check if it's suitable for the ceremony and if it's not, he will suggest a

suitable day."

I blinked, struggling to process what he was saying. "Our... wedding?" the word sounded strange in my mouth as though it was spoken in a dream.

"Yes," he replied smoothly. "I've done a lot of thinking and I think we shouldn't wait any longer. There's no reason for it."

I narrowed my eyes at him again, trying to process his words. This wasn't how I'd expected the conversation to go. "What... what is this about? Did something happen?"

His brows furrowed slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Why are you being so... nice about this? And to me too. You've never allowed me to sit on your chair or stay this long in your office before you start acting like you want me gone."

Amusement flashed in his eyes. "I'm always nice to you, Cass." He said gently. "And I think it's time too, as simple as that. You've been waiting and you've been... patient."

"Patient?" I regarded him warily. "Is this because of what I said? About going after Lyla if you so much as look in her direction. You're doing this because you want to protect her?"

His expression sobered. "No, your threats mean nothing to me. I just want to do the right thing.

that's all."

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He stood, gathering some documents and stacking them on the table as if the conversation was done. But I wasn't. Rising to my feet, I moved and blocked his path.

"Is it true?" I asked, my heart hammering in my chest now. "About Lyla being back?"

His face remained calm. "Yes."

"And?" I pressed hating how vulnerable I sounded and felt. "Are you going to... will you..."

"Will I what?" he asked.

"Rekindle things with her? You want to keep me as your dutiful wife and play all day with your deviant mate."

He studied my face for several seconds, his amber eyes looking at me intensely. Finally, he shook

his head.

"I've already made my position clear on that matter. I rejected her then and nothing has changed. I'm not going back on that.

"Are you sure? I mean...you've always... she's always been there, between us Ramsey. Are you telling me that you'll give her up?"

He bent, lowering himself in front of me. He lifted a hand, brushing a loose strand of hair behind my ear. His touch was unexpectedly gentle.

"Cass, he murmured "I know who I am. I know what I want."

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