

## Fated out Chapter 81

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Lyla (1)

Alpha Renwick scoffed, leaning back on his chair and stroking his beard.

"So, you would deny your late husband's wishes? I find it curious, Luna Vanessa, that you chose this moment to voice your objection when you had all the time in the world to fight against this when Alpha Logan was alive."

My mother didn't flinch. "That was before everything changed," she said. "And curious or not, it's my right. I don't think any of you in this room has more blue blood than me here. I come from a lineage of pure Alphas. My ancestors all married men and women with Alpha blood." *W@W.N@VElworm.c@m*

She turned to Nathan, pressing her lips into a thin line. "My husband may have chosen you, but this pack requires an Alpha who understands its deepest traditions, and who possesses true

strength."

Then she turned to the Alphas, her cold gaze sweeping all over the room gain.\*

"Nathan Tanner comes from a Beta Lineage. In all our history, has a Beta ever ruled as Alpha of a pack, especially one as big and major as Blue Ridge?"

"That is like taking us back to the old ways, Luna Vanessa," Alpha Renwick sighed. "We've embraced a lot of new things. We embraced a lot of inventions of the human world, we even go there as we want and mingle with them. The universe is evolving and so are we. Being a Beta and an Alpha doesn't mean anything."

"Then who'd you rather an Omega becomes, Alpha?" My mother sneered glaring at him. "Nathan may be capable, but the lineage of an Alpha is not something that can be borrowed or substituted. My Husband and mate, Alpha Logan built Blue Ridge with his strength and dedication. I won't watch his legacy crumble under the hands of a Beta."

"But he has spent years, preparing to lead this pack," Alpha Calder said. "Just like you, in the beginning, we were all against Alpha Logan naming him as heir but then he proved himself to be a worthy Alpha and I'm sure he would honour Alpha Logan's memory by upholding his vision for Blue Ridge."

"I don't care how clear his intentions are, Calder," she said coldly. "But intentions alone won't hold this pack together. Anyone who sits as Alpha to Blue Ridge pack automatically manages this council. This council deserves stability, not another inexperienced leader swept in my

circumstance."

"And I'll still maintain that he's undergone extensive Alpha training, more so than most heirs. Besides, Blue Ridge needs a leader and not these endless debates on bloodlines," Alpha Rowan said.

"Well, Bloodlines are everything, Alpha Rowan," My mom shot back. "If you all could look past sentiment, you'd see that placing this pack's leadership in the hands of a Beta's descendant is a disgrace to our Legacy."

"Fine!" Alpha Rowan's voice cut through the tension "And who do you propose Luna?" His maze

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was on her now mixed with a hint of impatience. "If you dispute Nathan's claim to the seat of the Alpha, who would you want to take the sceptre?"

The room fell silent as everyone turned to my mother but she didn't say. She seemed to be running through different scenarios in her head. Again, it was Alpha Myra who broke the silence, a sneer on her lips.

"Are you afraid to tell us who you think is more capable than Nathan Tanner? Perhaps, you are suggesting that we appoint your daughter, Lyla as the Alpha?"

My mother turned her gaze on Myra as she burst out laughing, a mocking smile playing on her lips. "Lyla? Surely, Myra, you're joking." She threw a disdainful glance at me, her eyes flicking the length of my body with scorn. "Everyone in this room knows that Lyla is not fit for any position of authority. She is a wolfless deviant who can't even shift properly – she's an embarrassment to her father's legacy."

It would have been better to be slapped at that moment because my mother's words felt like it. I swallowed hard, lowering my head as heat burned behind my eyes, wishing I could disappear into the stone floor beneath my feet.

I clenched my hands into fists at my sides, hiding the tears that pricked at the corner of my eyes.

"How dare you..." Nathan's voice rang in the hall but before he could finish, his father's hand clamped down on his shoulder, silencing him.

My mother turned to him, an amused expression on her face. "Stay out of this, Nathan. This is a matter for the council and I can call Lyla whatever name that pleases me. I raised her... so you' have no right to interfere."

"I think we're overstretching this matter," Alpha Tristan sighed. "It'll be night soon and I have no intentions of spending the night here. Luna Vanessa," he turned to my mother. "The Alpha Heir has proved himself more than capable. We could let him take over the helm of affairs on probation and then review his leadership after three months. How about that?" *wWw.n0vEiW0rm.c0m*

My mom's lips curved into a cold smile. "Perhaps Nathan has proven himself to you. But I will not bow to a Beta's son. I will never accept him as my Alpha."

"Then who do you think should become Alpha, Luna Vanessa?" Alpa Calder asked. "Do you plan on claiming the Alpha position for yourself? This is what it's all about right?"

My mom raised her chin, a stubborn expression on her face. "It is true that a woman cannot rule as an Alpha and I know you won't also consider my daughter Clarissa as Alpha, then I should at least be appointed Alpha Regent, just like Alpha Myra." *wWw.Nó(v)e(1)wóRmm.c0M*

Alpha Myra laughed, her eyes gleaming with amusement as she stared at my mom. "The only reason I serve as an Alpha Regent is because I have a son who will soon come of age and take his rightful place as Alpha of Silver Moon Pack and the last time I checked, Alpha Logan had no sons," her eyes narrowed. "Unless, you're trying to make a fool of all of us?"

The vicious smile on my mother's face deepened as she took a few steps froward, stopping a few inches away from Alpha Myra. *w(w)w.n0vEℓw0rmm.C(o)M*

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Her voice dropped as she bent and whispered. "Oh, you'd be surprised," she said.

Then she straightened, and turned slowly, facing the council.

"I'm pregnant." She announced.

Then she reached for the clasp of her cloak and let the fabric fall from her shoulders, revealing gentle swell beneath her dress – there was a baby bump, clear enough to back up her announcement.

She rested a hand on her stomach, a smug smile playing at her lips.

"And I am certain, that this child is a boy."