

Fated out Chapter 83

83 Won the war, lost the battle.

Lylaci

Won the war, lost the battle.

I choose Nathan.

I handed over my family's right to the Alpha Sceptre to Nathan, at least until he wants to give it back but from all the stories I've heard, things like that do not easily come back to the original owners.

As I handed the Alpha sceptre to him and watched him accept it with grace and dignity, I knew he was the right choice. Nathan was empathetic and he would make a fine Alpha but the problem was... my mother.

She had looked at me with utter disbelief and disappointment when I had mentioned Nathan's name. She had stared at me as if I had committed an unforgivable sin.

I stepped out of the hall, wondering if I wasn't a fool. This was my golden opportunity to get into my mother's good books but I messed it up because I decided to be logical. Taking in a deep breath, I continued towards the front of the building.

As I started to move towards Beta Jeremy's car, I spotted my mother standing in front of me, her back was ramrod straight; hands clasped protectively over her rounded belly.

Despite everything, she still carried herself elegantly, something I could never manage. I wanted to leave her alone, give her space for now but I found myself walking towards her.

Maybe there is still a chance. I thought. Maybe I could salvage something from this wreckage. It was foolishness, perhaps, even naivety on my part but I couldn't stop myself. I was desperate to make room to mend things. I continued towards her, my heart pounding with every step I took. I stopped a little distance away from her.

"Mother," I said softly, hesitating. "I thought you'd already left. Please, let me explain why I..." She gave me a side glance, her eyes sliding over me without so much of an acknowledgement and the cold indifference that she didn't bother to hide. Still, I persisted.

"I know this isn't what you wanted, I continued. "But Nathan is the right choice for Blue Ridge. He's prepared to be Alpha all of his life and he's dedicated. He'll do well, I'm sure of that and I'll try to convince him to name my brother as Alpha after him.

Stony silence.

If she heard what I said, I didn't know. Her expression hadn't changed. Swallowing again, I took a tentative step closer to her again. *w(w)w.NŋVellWŌR(ŋ).cŌnŋ*

"Mom, please... I'm not a bad person and I've missed you so much. Now that, my father is gone, you and Clarissa are the only people I have left. Please..."

Still, she said nothing. Not a word or a glance.

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thinking, I reached out to her, my fingers brushing lightly on her

Sleeve. "Please can I go home with you? We can talk about this and try to understand each other. I promise to do anything you want. I don't want us to part like this..."

She moved towards the car and was about to climb in when I placed a hand on her shoulder, hoping for a response.

But at that moment, she whirled around, eyes blazing with fury I'd never seen. Her hand shot up, aiming for my cheeks. Before I could interpret her actions and react, the first slap landed across my cheek, causing me to stumble back in pain.

My eyes widened, more shocked than hurt as I held my smarting cheek. "Mom... Why?" I whispered pushing back the tears at the back of my throat. *wWw.n(o)(v)ēŁwoRm.com*

But before I could finish my train of thought, she landed me another slap, harder than the first one. It sent me reeling and I fell to my knees, my vision blurring with tears. I tasted the metallic tang of blood in my mouth, my ears ringing from the force of the slap.

"Don't you dare call me your mother!" her voice rang in the late evening, piercing through it like a whip. "You think you can betray me, choose that Beta blood over your own family and stand here asking for understanding? You're not my daughter."

I could only look up at her from where I was sprawled on the ground still trying to catch my breath. Slowly, a few of the people present began to gather, each of them gave us enough space as they all stood there watching.

I'd hoped that this time, I wouldn't cause any scene. Perhaps, if I try hard, people would not remember me as that clumsy, deviant girl who always makes a fool of herself...

A big, useless, impossible dream.

"Mom..." I mustered courage. "Why?"

"I said I am not your mother!" she screeched again, kicking me with her legs as she spat on me. "You chose him, Lyla. A Beta's son over your blood. I would never give birth to a child as heartless and wicked as you. A daughter who would shame her father's memory and betray her mother. You're dead to me, Lyla."

The embarrassment I was feeling a few minutes ago, left me immediately as I heard her words. I scrambled to my knee reaching out to hold her leg.

"I'm sorry, mom. I'll make it right. Just tell me what to do, I'll do anything, I promise."

She kicked me again, causing me to fall to the ground. "I don't need anything from you again because you're nothing but a traitor to this family. A worthless, wolfless abomination. I curse the day I took you under my wings and let you call me mother. Die and never come back."

With that, she spat on me one more time, before she turned on her heel and climbed into the waiting car, slamming the door in her wake.

The car's engine roaring to life barely registered in my ears. All I could hear over and over were my mom's words. It drowned out everything else, blurring my world and the faces around me. *w@W.NŋV_eⓄ(w)OŌm.c(o)M*

Suddenly, I heard Nathan's voice pushing past the small crowd and coming to me.

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"Lyla!" his voice broke through my haze.

He placed a tender hand on my shoulder and then lifted my head slowly. He was kneeling beside me his face filled with concern *Www.ñŋveŁWO(r)Ⓞ.čⓄM*

"Are you alright?" he asked reaching out to brush the hair from my face, his eyes taking in the red slap marks that looked like whiskers on my cheek. "Let me help you up."

I swatted his outstretched hand, jerking back instinctively as fresh tears filled my eyes.

"I don't need your pity..." I said bravely.

Then I pushed myself to my feet. My cheeks were not just burning with the sting of my mother's slaps – but also the humiliation of having so many witnesses. I could feel the tears threatening to spill, but I refused to let them fall. Not here. Not now.

My vision wavered and I swayed. Nathan immediately reached out as if to steady me, but I shook my head, holding myself together. "I don't need your help. Just... leave me alone, Nathan." "Please, Lyla," he said gently. "I am here. You don't have to go through this alone. Let me help..." "I said leave me alone..." I took a step backwards. "... I don't need you or anyone and I want to be on my own."

Realizing that most of the Alphas were watching this, I decided to be courteous. Taking a deep breath, I lowered trying to speak softly.

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"Thank you, Alpha. Since the meeting is over, I'd like to leave first."

He opened his mouth probably to argue but I bowed my head, giving him a small, tight nod before I turned and walked away.