

## Fated out Chapter 90

90 I was going to see Ramsey again wŴŴ.nóveŁwoRmĭ.ĊOmm

Lyla

As soon as she left, Nathan came downstairs, draping a comforting hand over my shoulders.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

“Yeah!” I nodded turning to him. “I’m sorry, I didn’t want to get angry but it’s difficult not to. She came to accuse me of crimes I didn’t commit.”

He nodded quietly, cupping my face in his hands. He smelt of fresh shampoo and cologne... even now, my heart skipped a bit as his face loomed over me. I couldn’t deny he looked dashing because he truly did.

His hair was slicked back, highlighting the features of his face... His summer blue eyes, shone mischievously at me... very different from Ramsey’s which was amber... He was almost two or three inches shorter than Ramsey if my memory serves me right and... W@w.(n)oVēŁwOŘm.ĊoM

I paused my thoughts realizing what I was doing.

I didn’t want to think about Ramsey but since last night, thoughts of him have managed to sneak into my mind. Sometimes, it would be me wondering if he had changed these past few years. Nathan has at least. He has lost a lot of his boyish look and everything has been replaced with a quiet manliness. 2

Was it the same for Ramsey? wŵw.n(o)ĊEL@or(m).Ċom

“You’ll be fine, okay?” Nathan’s gentle voice snapped me back to reality. “And I’m sure your mom and sister will come around eventually. You all have each other now.”

I smiled, nodding my head. “I thought you said I had you?” I arched a brow at him.

“Of course you do,” he chuckled, brushing a stray hair from my face. “I’m about to go to the office, do you want to come with me at least?”

I shook my head. “And give me people the opportunity to throw around the word ‘sorry for your loss. Nah... I’m fine. I’ll just rest up for a bit, and maybe go for a walk or not...” I corrected quickly as soon as I saw the frown on his face.

“The woods are off–limits now, Lyla,” he said quietly. “We’ll make an official announcement starting today. Until we’re sure that the Feral Wolf threat is passed, we cannot risk anyone’s life. If you feel bored, call me... I’ll come keep you company”

“You think you’ll have the time to be at my call and beckon?” I chuckled. “Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.” “I’ll make time for you, no matter what, Lyla,” he said gently, running his thumb on my lips. “I’m ready to walk out of a meeting just to...”)

“I doubt you’ll have the time to be walking out of any meeting today.”

His father’s voice sounded from behind, making me jump with fright as I moved away from

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Nathan’s hand, trying to put enough space between us and also look less guilty.

His father was on the staircase, staring at us. He was dressed too.

“Lyla would also be busy doing other important things. We need to go over a few details for the burial, choose a date and other things. So, I don’t think any of you would have the time to be running to each other.

There was sarcasm in his voice and it was intended for Nathan who rolled his eyes and tried to grab my hand again, but I refused, putting more distance between him. I couldn’t believe how careless he had gotten. Why was he acting this way in front of his father?

“I’ll be able to squeeze in time, no matter how small, Nathan insisted. Then he turned to me. “Go and freshen up, I’ll be waiting for you.”

\*I’ll wait for her instead,” Beta Jeremy countered. “It’s morning already... everyone is waiting for your briefing. Go!”

Nathan wanted to argue but decided against it. Without warning, he leaned forward and planted a kiss on my cheeks, then walked out of the room, leaving me blushing red to my roots.

As always, Beta Jeremy didn’t say anything. I muttered something about not taking time and fled to Nathan’s room upstairs.

By Noon... I was so dizzy with the amount of information that I’d consumed. It felt like my father was getting back at me. Aside from the seven core packs in the Southern region, we had about twenty–eight minor packs and each of these packs had a faction that they belonged to.

I didn’t even know about that.

Since it was a renowned Alpha that died, each of these packs would be attending with about ten guests...like ten was the minimum and then, all the packs my dad had alliance with, both from the Western Region, the Northern Region, the Eastern Region, abroad and other Werereatures. We were also expecting a visit from Vampires, Witches... and some humans... that last bit blew my mind away.

In total, we were expecting about Five Hundred Werewolves, a hundred Werereatures, Five vampires, five witches and two prominent humans. Each of these people would be catered for, since they would arrive a day before the burial and leave the day after.

Each of them had peculiar needs and tastes...

I was staring at the vision board, at the sitting arrangement we were trying to tackle to make sure no one felt insulted according to Beta Jeremy’s words. Suddenly, the door to his office creaked open and a pack guard rushed in carrying a blue envelope with a seal.

He whispered something to Beta Jeremy for a few seconds before leaving. When he left, Beta Jeremy stared at the envelope thoughtfully and after a moment muttered.

“Elder Eldric, the Lycan Leader’s grandfather has woken up from his coma. This is a letter from the White Moon Throne and it’s addressed to you, Lyla.”

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He pointed the letter towards me and my heart skipped a beat.

“Why would they send me a letter? To rub it in my face that...”

“No!” Beta Jeremy didn’t allow me to finish. “Go ahead and open it before speculating.”

I inhaled sharply wondering what the content of the letter would be. Maybe it was Ramsey trying to beg me to see him.

Well, he’s in for a big shock.

Sighing, I collected the letter and tore the seal.

I froze when the gold, bold heading stared at me.

“What does it say?” Beta Jeremy asked me.

Because I was too stunned to speak, he reached forward and took the open letter from me. Suddenly, he chuckled, an exasperated look on his face,

“Great, now we’re also going to host Lycans... just great...”

It was beyond that for me... it meant, I was going to see Ramsey again... whether I like it or not.

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