

Fated out Chapter 92

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Ramsey

He laughed heartily, tapping my back. "Don't worry, Ramsey, I'm not going anywhere... at least not yet. Besides, it'll take more than a little coma to get rid of me. How have you been?" He leaned back and looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"But tell me, what did I miss while I was lying dead here? Or have you managed to ruin the whole pack in my absence?"

I chuckled. "It wasn't the same without you but I'm glad you're back... you can appraise it by yourself."

Just then, his expression turned sombre. He glanced around the room, catching each Elder's eyes before settling his gaze back on me. With a deep sigh, he finally spoke, with sadness in his

voice.

"I heard that Alpha Logan didn't make it..."

The room fell silent as some of the Elders present lowered their gaze, their faces reflecting sorrow. My mind flitted back to Lyla and I wondered if she blamed me for her dad's death.

"Yes," I finally said. "Alpha Logan was a fine Alpha and we will all miss him. His loss will be felt across the South."

My grandfather nodded slowly. "I'm alive today because of his bravery, you know... I thought those Ferals got me for good because one minute, one of them was jumping at me and in a blurry, Logan turned into my saviour. I owe him my life. So, it's only right that we honour him in his passing"

"Honor him?" Elder Thorne arched his brow. "Surely, it's not what I'm thinking."

"Yes!" my grandfather nodded. "We must all attend his funeral. His pack is a few hours away from White Mountains and it's a way to console the family and maybe give them closure."

"I'm afraid, but that cannot be done. A Lycan attending the funeral of a Werewolf... travelling down to their pack... it's never done!

"It's not up for debate, Elder Thorne, My grandfather said firmly, fixing him a cold stare. When good is done, we should reward it with good. If we can accept the norms and ways of humans, then why shouldn't we bend the rules now and again?" Then he turned to me. $(w)(w).N\mathcal{O}\odot e\mathbb{L}w\ominus(r)m.\check{o}o(m)$

"Do you know when the funeral is scheduled?"

"No," I replied. "But I can find out

"Eldric," Mira started quietly, "I know you want to repay good but you just woke up, you need to rest before any other thing. Perhaps we should send delegates, I'm sure it'll be more appreciated."

"I can't believe you'd say that, Mira," my grandfather shook his head in disappointment. "He was $\mathbb{W}wW.N\acute{o}v\check{e}(\acute{t})\mathring{W}o\odot m.com$

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a father, a husband and an Alpha... he died, protecting me. I'm sure the chances of him living would have improved greatly had he not stuck out his neck for me. If that is not enough reason

to go... then what else?"

"It is the duty of the people to protect you... Eldric," Mira continued stubbornly.

"And yet they all ran away. The people who were trained to protect me died within a few minutes of the Feral attack. You all have no idea what it means to come face to face with a Feral Wolf.

They're not rogues, they're stronger, faster and deadlier and somehow with the warriors dead, the elders dead and a score of other Alphas gone, Logan stayed back and fought with me. He's not a mere servant... he's the Alpha Leader of the Werewolf Southern Pack... if we do not show honour at his burial... those werewolves will revolt. Logan was that important..." My grandfather said, his features contorted with annoyance.

Taking a deep breath, he continued. "This is non--negotiable. We will go there and pay our respects properly. Ramsey, send a letter to Blue Ridge, informing them of our desire to attend the funeral and also find out if they need our help with anything."

"I will, Grandpa."

I turned to leave when my grandfather's voice stopped me again. He motioned for me to wait and turned to the other people in the room.

"May I have a word with my grandson?"

They nodded and soon left the room. When we were alone, my grandfather motioned for me to come sit on the space on the bed with him.

"Just before you came, Thorne was telling me that they've appointed a new Alpha for Blue Ridge Pack. The Beta's son- Nathan Tanner?"

I nodded, wondering what direction the conversation was going. $(w)w\mathcal{W}.\acute{n})@ve\mathbb{L}worm.c\mathcal{O}M$

"At the burial, you must seek to make friendship with him. He's young and would be valuable. We need those werewolves, Ramsey. Especially the Werewolves of the South. Logan was such an organized man and brought a lot of prosperity during his reign, they all listened to him and I'm sure this new Alpha might have the same influence as him..."

"I don't see why you're telling me all of this, Grandpa..." I narrowed my eyes. "Did something happen?"

"The only reason we've peacefully co--existed with Werewolves all these years is because we try to treat them as equal, even though they're not. Renewing our trade and import alliance with the South would be due at the beginning of next year and we only have a few months left. With Logan gone...

"Are you insinuating that they might try to revolt against us?" I scoffed. "Is that even possible? We're Lycans, grandpa... not some, weak..."

"And they have lots of advantages. These regions align together faster than a Lycan would. They have one mind... one goal and if anything, go wrong.... He trailed off holding my gaze. "I am not

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about to probe into why you held the Alpha heir who is now the Alpha of Blue Ridge pack but whatever it is, you'll make amends for it. Apologize if you must... anything..."

I froze, staring at my grandfather, deciding if he was joking or not. He just woke up today... how did he know all of this?

"The beef I have with Nathan Tanner will not affect anything. It's between us. You don't have to worry about anything"

"Still, I want you to apologize to him. You locked him up, unjustly for four years. He would hold resentments towards you. Look for anything and force him to sign a treaty with that, legally binding it. You may think I am overreacting but I've been here longer and I know that the first $w\mathring{W}\mathbb{W}.N(\circ)ve\mathbb{L}w\acute{e}rm.c\acute{o}m$

revenge all those that made him suffer."

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"Nathan is not like that, Grandpa but I'll fix it" I gave him a reassuring smile.

He nodded but didn't look convinced. "And you're set to marry the Thorne girl? I heard from her father that you already have dates picked up and..."

"Grandpa, can you just take a deep breath and rest? The pack didn't crumble in your absence. I tried my best to give it all. You think I don't know what's best for all of us?"

"That's not what I mean, Ramsey, the Elders had a lot to complain about. You turned down a lot of appeals and practically refused to approve funding for a lot of things. I know you've had it rough emotionally since the accident but you need these people more. Each of them that had been in this room is powerful, you might think they're just Elders but they can strip you of your

title in a few minutes."

"So, I should entertain their frivolities and let them do what they want?"

"No... you put them down gently. If they need something, you should never say no and if it's not worth saying yes to them... then, you look for an alternative, something to trick them into thinking that you care about what they want. Because they're all entitled..."

"Fine..." I said flatly. "I've heard you. Any other thing?"

He wanted to say something but at the last minute, he changed his mind, smiling at me. "Nothing else. Every other thing can wait.