

Fated out Chapter 94

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Nathan

Once Cole left, I returned to the other documents spread on the round table.

There were appeals, lots of them, mostly from the people in the lower villages, complaints and appointments that needed my approval. A few minutes later, I was struggling to understand what I was reading because my thoughts kept slipping to Lyla.

The last time I saw her, she was a girl... but by magic or whatever reason, Lyla had blossomed into a beautiful woman with curves that could kill a man and it has killed me severally already.

Back in her house in the human world, I had caught a glimpse of the swell of her breast through the flimsy night dress she had on that day. They were big, at least the size of a grape or bigger with fuller and rounder nipples that kept peeking out of the dress, enticing me.

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Her hips which were round and firm, held a slightly enormous backside that moved whenever she walked and those legs... gosh... those legs – curvy and slender were the major highlights of all my imaginations.

I've imagined her wrapping them around me or spreading them wide open... the lower part of my body hardened at the thought making me sigh as I dropped the documents and ran my hands through my hair.

I didn't know how much I could hold on again. My thoughts were going rogue already.

"When do you plan to tell her how you feel?" Ragnar suddenly prodded into my thoughts. it

I groaned, picking up the discarded documents in front of me." Soon," I muttered. "After her father's burial. She's grieving, dumping my feelings on her would be unfair."

That's a fresh excuse, Nathan...you're getting better," Ragnar scoffed, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "It's been four years already, just tell her already so I can move on with finding us another mate if she refuses. I really need to be with a woman... I'm running out of patience. I can't believe we're still virgins at this age."He added with a hiss. *wWuv*.moveℓL@Q**R**m.com

I lowered my head guilty. "Technically, we're not, I grumbled.

"Those failed attempts at pleasing yourself with your hand?" he huffed. I want to see how it feels to be with a real person. I never liked any of those things you do anyways."

"Gosh, you complain too much. Are you getting old already?" I fired at him. "Fine, I'll tell her..."

There was a small pause from his end before his voice filtered into my mind again. "And then, What will you do if she agrees? How do you plan to convince her to stay?"

Before I could answer, a knock interrupted my thoughts and ended the conversation. My father entered, a gentle smile on his face. I grinned back at him.

"Before you ask, she's gone back to the pack house. She's supposed to select a suitable cloth for her father and I sent two warriors with her, in case her mother gets ideas but I doubt she

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would."

My father said before taking a seat close to me.

I laughed. "Thank you for the heads–up. And you're right, I've been holed inside the meeting room all day. Life as an Alpha is sure tough."

"But you look surprisingly refreshed for someone who's been in meetings all day. I thought I'd catch you dozing or snapping off at someone," my dad said.

I chuckled. "I'm used to sitting in one place for long. Alpha Logan always had me attend all those boring meetings..." I trailed off as I noticed my father's expression. His eyes dimmed and his shoulder slumped slightly as a sorrowful shadow crossed his face.

He looked away from me not before I heard his sharp inhale.

"Dad? Are you alright?"

He shook his head, turning to

look at me now. His eyes were filled with tears, his breath was shaky. "It's so hard with Logan not here," he started, attempting a smile and failing woefully. "He was my best friend, Nath... we fought more than we got along but... he was my friend. Our bond was more than just..." he trailed off staring at his lap.

When he looked up again, I saw the pain in his eyes. He was struggling not to cry.

Since Alpha Logan died, my father has not been able to bring himself to say the words. 'Die' or 'Death' It was as if he didn't want to believe it.

"I declined to travel with him. I was angry that you were still locked up in the dungeon and he begged me to give him a little time. He wanted to tell Elder Eldric – The Lycan Leader's grandfather and see if he could use his influence to get you released....I never imagined that would be the last time I saw him. Now Vanessa is a widow and his daughters are fatherless. They probably hate me. As she should, anyways..."

"Dad, no," I said gently. "It's not your fault. Alpha Logan's death was a tragedy. He was a good man and I'm sorry things turned out this way. I'm sure Luna Vanessa and the

girls will come around, eventually. You'll see.

He nodded, though he didn't look convinced. He even attempted another smile.

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Then he placed a file on my round table. "These are the candidates, I've selected and vetted four strong options to replace me. They're all Beta blood of course... two of them are your cousins from your mom's side and they each have excellent skills in combat and administration." -I stared at the file, then–at–my father. "Dad, I don't want anyone else as my Beta. I want you"

A sad smile crossed his face. "Do you know, in the old times, I would have been buried alongside Logan because of our Alpha–Beta bond? Anyways, I can't be your Beta, Ntah. For one thing, I'm your father and I might not be as firm as you need me to be." He paused, his voice growing

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develop another bond and I don't want to serve anyone except, Logan."

Silence filled the meeting room, as I absorbed my father's words. After a while, I sighed.

"So, what will you do?" *uv*(w)**W**.n0⊙(e)ℓlwó**r**m.⊙om

He shrugged. "I'll do some travelling – maybe to the human world. I hear they have a lot of beautiful sights. And maybe... maybe I'll even date again." He added with a wry smile. "Don't be shocked if I come back with a woman and a child. 2 *uvw*w.Novε**ℓ****W**σ**R**m.⊙m

I smirked. "Having a sibling has always been a dream for me. Please... don't let me stop you."

We shared a laugh, easing the tension and sadness in the room.

"Still," I said when the laughter died. "I still want you in my council. As Grand advisor, just like Luna Vanessa.

He considered it for a moment. "I'll think about it, Nathan," he replied with a smile.

Suddenly, the meeting room door burst open and my secretary hurried in after a man who was the person that opened the door. He wore a face cap that covered his face. My secretary had a mortified look on her face as she came forward, panting with fear.

*Alpha, I'm sorry! I told him he needed an appointment, but he insisted

I held up my hand, dismissing her gently. "It's alright. You can go."

She nodded and hurried out of the office. After she left, I turned my attention to the mysterious visitor who stood quietly in the room.

"Identify yourself and state your business, I demanded.

The man stood silently for a long moment, then slowly removed his cap and dark glasses.

My body tensed and I felt my blood run cold as Ramsey's face came into view.