

Fated out Chapter 95

95 Which is it?"

Nathan

My father immediately moved to stand between us, bowing down politely to acknowledge his presence, something I didn't bother with. What is the worst thing that can happen to me that hasn't happened before?

The tension in the room was thick enough to cut with a knife as both of us stared at each other. I could feel Ragnar stirring in annoyance within me, he hated Ramsey and I hated him more.

"Lyla is not here, I said breaking the silence and began stacking the files in front of me, still holding his gaze.

"I didn't come to see, her, he said calmly. "Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Then did you come to arrest me again? Maybe kill me this time around?" I taunted with a cold. stare. "Which is it, Lycan Leader?"

His face remained impassive. He drew one of the chairs and settled on it, crossing his legs as he looked up, giving me a pointed starc.

"We need to talk.

I was boiling with anger. The fact that he was no longer trying to hide his rudeness irked me so much that I wanted to reach out and wipe the smirk on his lips. Still, I composed myself. I shouldn't let myself get riled up by him.

'Perhaps another time. I have a meeting now," I stared at my wristwatch, gathering the stacked files. My father remained in one corner of the room, watching us without saying anything-

"It's about Lyla," he said quietly ignoring my excuse. "About our partnership. About everything"

At the mention of Lyla's name, my control wavered slightly. My gaze flickered to my father, who understood my unspoken request and moved toward the door.

"I'll be right outside if you need me," he said, his gaze resting on Ramsey before leaving.

The office fell silent as both of us sized each other up. These four years in the dungeon had changed my perspective about people like

Ramsey who had taken up a pseudo--act like a big, bad wolf when underneath, he was a softy and I am not afraid of him.

"Well?" I finally said, finally drawing the seat opposite him. "Talk,"

quietly, that pointed expression still on his face.

new Alpha of Blue Ridge.

"I didn't come here to fight, Nathan," he start "So you can relax. Congratulations, by the way, I heard you're now the

Send me an invitation to the coronation."

"Skip the bullshit, Ramsey... why are you here and what is it about Lyla do you want to talk about?" I asked.

"How long do you intend to keep her away from me?" he rose from his seat and crossed to the other eide of the room. Trumrzlo the omall bitelematta on veshhout a hunttle of water

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"Eventually, we will have to meet. I hope you realize that. But keeping her away from me all because you're angry at something I did...." He shook his head. "I just don't understand."

"She's a grown woman now who can make decisions about if she wants to reconnect with her ex--mate. Besides, we've been too busy to talk about you. She's staying at my place, for the time being, you see."

He broke the seal of the water bottle and gulped down its entire content. When he finished, he tossed it into the bin at the corner, without looking at it and returned to his chair, an amused

smile on his face.

"Is that little information supposed to make me jealous, Nathan? Is that how insecure you are that you need my validation that bad? Is that what this is all about?" **W***w***.nov**ē**L**wor**M**.cô@

I knew if I continued bantering words with him, I would lose my cool and that was his intention. **W***W***w**.nôvē**L**wor**r**m.cô**M**

"Listen, I don't have time for long chats. If whatever it is that you came back for isn't important. I'm afraid, I'll have to leave you now. I'm busy as I mentioned earlier."

He nodded, taking in a deep breath. "I realized that I over--played my hand and..." he cleared his throat noisily "Trampled on your right by using my authority. I shouldn't have locked you up for four years. I was wrong and I apologize."

I stared at him, wondering how to react to his half--baked apology. "First of all, I don't know what this is but whatever it is... can you please stop. I'm really not interested in your apology or wait..." A smug glint flashed through my eyes as I regarded him. "Is this regarding the renewal of the business alliance between Blue Ridge Pack and Dynasty Group?"

I chuckled, stroking my chin. "Lots of offers had already started pouring in several months. ago. at least from what I saw going through the archives of Alpha Logan "And the benefits are attractive. It's not for certain if we would want to continue doing business with your pack.

"These alliances are the little ways we can all stay united, Alpha Nathan," he said quietly. "But if you prefer to do business with packs abroad, then I have no intention to stop you. I just wanted to let you know that we would be willing to continue the partnership once the current one elapses."

I nodded scoffing. "You came to apologize to me to set the record straight but you didn't even say how sorry you were. How you wasted four years of my life in the dungeon and you want me to just forgive you and move on like nothing happened?"

"I was hoping for that," he nodded. "It'll be too much, maybe, but that is our issue. You're not supposed to mingle and these things. Except you want to give me the impression that you're the kind of person that seeks revenge." *w***w***w*.**(n)**o@ē**L**Wor**m**.c**o**m

I was more stunned than I was angry.

Ramsey's display of rudeness knew no bounds.

"I've heard," I decided not to argue with him again. "There are still a few months left before the expiration. I'm sure we'll reach an agreement by then. Well, if that's all..." I rose to my feet and

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he did the same.

"How's Lyla?" he blurted out, adjusting his shirt awkwardly. "How is she taking the news of her father's death?"

"Why are you so concerned about her, Alpha Ramsey?" I glared at him. "You rejected her, remember? Move on with your life and stop hanging around her like a flea."

"I'm not!" he sighed tiredly "I would have gone to the pack house too before coming here but I didn't want to startle her." *w***w***W*.**(n)**o@ē**L**W**O**r@.c**e****M**

"You made the right choice. She doesn't want to see you. I thought she made it clear to your Beta. She's no longer bound to you. Let her go."

His jaw tightened. "Maybe. But I still have a right to see her."

"You don't have any rights where she's concerned, Ramsey. You lost that privilege the moment you tried to manipulate her for your gain."

The desperate look on his face faded, getting replaced with a dark gaze. "Careful, Nathan... you. don't want to offend me and commit another crime."

I squared my shoulders, holding his gaze. "Lyla is under my protection now. If you lay even a finger on her, Ramsey, you'll regret it."

For a moment we stood in silence before a thought came to my mind.

"Listen, how about you let her go, stop chasing after her and I'll renew our contract with Dynasty Group for as long as you want."

"You're asking me to give up my mate?" he snarled, glaring at me. "I can't do that, Nathan. I did not endure four years without her to give her up to another man."

"You're planning to get married, Ramsey... are you even listening to yourself? Except, of course, you want to break off your engagement with Cassidy Thorne and marry Lyla..."