

Fated out Chapter 97

97 Funeral day...

Lyla

My father would be laid to rest today.

It's been a hectic week so far, from working hand in hand with Beta Jeremy, to inspecting the work done by every sub-department we had to put together for the funeral and then making sure that all the guests have safe passage to Blue Ridge.

This would be the second funeral I would be attending the first was Nathan's mother, the second my father. The funeral hall was filled with heavy silence as our guests trooped in, each one of them stopping to murmur quiet condolences to us where we were standing at the entrance of the hall, my mother and sister flanking me at both sides.

I was dressed in black, barely taking note of the words each person was saying, I was too nervous to concentrate. Today wasn't just about grieving my father; it was about facing the ghosts of my past the one person I hadn't seen in four years. Ramsey.

I was dreading seeing him here... He arrived at midnight and was staying in the guest room prepared for him in the pack house. I had tried to push the thought of him from my mind and to focus solely on honoring the memory of my father but the anticipation was killing me.

As the guests kept coming, my eyes scanned each face, my chest tightening as the minutes dragged on, just when I was going to convince myself that he might come later on, my breath caught in my throat when I spotted a familiar figure.

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Even in the throng, he still stood out tall, towering with broad shoulders that made him seem bigger than his original height. His short dark hair was cut in wavy length, stopping just at the nape of his neck — he used to wear it longer. The years didn't diminish his beauty — he was still as handsome as ever with a face that would disarm even the coldest of hearts and amber

eyes that met mine now.

Our gazes locked and for a heartbeat, I felt that familiar tug, like the one I'd felt four years ago, when I had seen him in that gala hall... even now, all I wanted was to go to him, to wrap myself in his arms and to let him fuck me until my legs turn to rubber.

I squeezed my thighs together, swallowing as I pushed the immoral thought from my mind. I owed

my father that much. As he moved through the crowd towards me, I could barely breathe, my body was frozen as I watched him come.

I didn't even notice my sister, Clarssia shifting beside me or the guest politely waiting for my attention.

"Lyla, Clarissa hissed, nudging me back to the present. I blinked, pulling my gaze away from Ramsey, realizing now that he was standing a few feet in front of me.

That was when I noticed the dark-haired woman perched possessively on his arms, flashing diamond ring that looked expensive on the third finger of her left hand. Of course, it was Cassidy and no one else.

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97 Funeral day.... *www.noVELWorm.Com*

She wore a smug, disdainful look as she stared at me.

Swallowing my emotions, I bowed politely to Ramsey. "Alpha Ramsey," I said quietly, keeping my voice steady.

His expression softened as he gave me a small nod in return. "I'm sorry for your loss, Lyla," he said gently.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. He moved over to my mother, taking her hands. "Luna Vanessa," he said softly, maintaining a respectful tone. "I'm deeply sorry about everything. Alpha Logan was an incredible man and he'll be greatly missed.

My mother nodded; her eyes glassy with tears. "Thank you, Alpha Ramsey. It means a lot to us to have you here... and your grandfather too. You cannot imagine how fulfilled I feel right now, knowing that Logan played a role in keeping him alive."

She flashed him a smile, the first I had seen since I arrived. It was as though she was comforted by his presence as if acknowledging her grief was a balm she needed.

"We'll forever be indebted to your family and the memory of Alpha Logan. I hope you're doing okay though. Should you even be standing? his eyes flicked to her engorged stomach causing my mother to smile.

"I'll be fine, Alpha. Don't worry..."

Ramsey moved over to Clarissa, murmuring comforting words to her as well while my gaze wandered back to Cassidy who was now studying me with open disgust. Her lips were curled into a mocking smile as she stepped closer to me, her eyes running the length of my body.

"Well, well," she sneer "see you haven't changed much since I last saw you. Still the same tacky sense of dressing, always looking out of place," she taunted.

I arched my brow, refusing to mind her. Her smirk widened as she leaned in, sniffing the air around me suddenly. "I don't smell your pheromones either, have you gotten a wolf yet? Is that it? Or does it mean you're still just a pathetic little human?"

The words stung me and I had a thousand ready retort on the tip of my lips but I decided not to answer, keeping my expression neutral.

Not today, I told myself. Today is all about Father.

With a deep breath, I turned away from her, moving on to greet the next guest, trying to forget that the man who once made my heart race was standing behind me. Suddenly, I felt the briefest of touches against my palm, something sliding into my hand.

Startled, I looked down and saw a small slip of paper in my palm. I looked up, catching Ramsey's eyes for the briefest of seconds before he continued into the hall with Cassidy. My heart raced as I looked at the folded note, my mind spinning with a lot of questions.

Deciding, I didn't want to deal with this now, I slipped the note into the pocket of my dress.

98 Tam glad my father died...

98 I am glad my father died...

Lyla.

After I was done greeting the last of the guests, I and my mother and sister made our way into the hall. I took a deep breath as I entered, scanning the room for my seat. To my dismay, I noticed that my assigned spot was next to Ramsey.

My heart sank as I scanned the rows of chairs, looking for an open one but the only one available was the one next to Ramsey.

Steeling myself, I walked over. He sat straight and dignified, his amber eyes catching my *www.NOVELWorm.Com*

movements as I approached. Nodding to me slightly, he acknowledged me, his gaze lingering a beat too long or maybe it was my imagination.

I settled on the space and tried to concentrate, to ignore him but the heat radiating from his presence next to me was impossible to miss. As our thighs brushed, an electric jolt passed through me pooling in my lower belly, making it hard to focus on anything else.

Soon, Beta Jeremy climbed the stage to commence the funeral. First, he thanked everyone who. attended and also recounted all the activities that we would be doing today. Then, he began to talk about father. *www.NOVELWorm.Com*

"Alpha Logan was a fierce protector of our pack," he started, his voice filled with reverence. "But he was also a man of great humour and warmth." Then he launched into tales of stories revolving around my father. *www.NOVELWorm.Com*

Recounting his warmth

'indness, how he couldn't bear to pass by someone who was

way

suffering and for a moi t felt like I was in an alternate universe... or maybe the wrong father had died because the Alpha Logan I grew up to... was none of these things being mentioned. The subtle hatred had always been there right from when I knew nothing. It was always the he treated Clarissa differently from me. Gave her the nice toys, basically, anything she asked for why I was made to inherit her old toys or get second grade one or most times, none at all. It was always in the extra effort he would put up for my sister and none for me. So, who exactly was Beta Jeremy talking about? The man that had sat there and allowed his child to walk but because he was too proud, he didn't try to stop her. He didn't act like the parent. The man who had watched me struggle with my heat every single month, rather than offering support, had antagonized me the more and had repeatedly called me a failure.

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I rolled my eyes when someone in the hall, sniffed back tears at Beta Jeremy's recount. One by one, others rose to speak, each person sharing fond memories and heartfelt eulogy. I didn't know if they were lying because you literally cannot say bad things about dead people or if this was who my dad really was. Or maybe the version of him I got wasn't the nice one. I didn't know

what to think.

I was getting angry, so angry that I could feel tears begin to cloud my vision. How could he