

Fated out Chapter 99

99 12 hours, earlier...

Ramsey

—12 Hours Earlier~~~

It was a few minutes after midnight when we finally arrived at Blue Ridge Pack Me and my entourage which consisted of my grandfather, the core White Mountains Elders and Cassidy who insisted on coming with me despite my refusal.

We made a lot of stops on our way here due to my grandfather's fragile state and since we were travelling with healers, we had to stop several times for them to attend to him. Nathan and his father alongside Alpha Logan's widow had welcomed us, but there was no sign of Lyla.

Was she purposely avoiding me?

After we were fed, and I freshened up, everyone went into their room immediately, the journey had worn us out. However, an hour later, I was still wide awake staring at the ceiling and it didn't help that Lax was agitated. Cassidy had slipped into my room at some point, much to Lax's chagrin and despite my pleas that I wanted to be left alone.

Because of how much Lax disliked her, he was making it impossible for me to get a shut eye. Finally, at 2. am, I decided to give up on trying to sleep again. Risin

quietly from the bed so as not to wake an already sleeping Cassidy, I threw on a pair of casual clothes before slipping out of the room.

The main building of the pack house still buzzed with activities as servants were making last-minute arrangements for the funeral that would be held later today, so the place was a bit lively. I passed through them, nodding at their scattered greetings for those who recognized me. I strolled around a bit around the Alpha building, pretending to be interested in the funeral arrangements being made when in reality, I was hoping to catch a glimpse of Lyla. It was killing me that since she arrived, I'd been unable to see her.

I've been searching all these years and now that I have her at arm's reach... it's impossible to even get a peak. I moved away from the Alpha building and headed for the gate after a while, loving how the cool night air was soothing my frayed nerves.

I had to see her today, no matter what. Even if it was to corner her and force her to listen to me... I had to. I was so deep in thought that I didn't know I had been walking in the direction of the Beta House. It wasn't until I was standing at the gate that I realized that.

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I wanted to turn back, Dack to the direction I had come from but then, I remembered

Nathan bragging about Lyla being in his house. In the end, I let my curiosity get the better of me and walked into the compound.

For a moment, I contemplated going to knock on the doors, like I had done the last time I was here to arrest Nathan but it was late and everyone would be asleep. Sighing, I circled the main building... looking at the windows, wondering which of the rooms Lyla was sleeping in at this

moment.

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I was so immersed in my thoughts that I didn't Nathan come up from behind me.

"Looking for someone?"

When I turned, Nathan emerged from the darkness, staring at me suspiciously. He had a vicious look on his face. Despite being caught, I maintained my composure giving him a defiant shrug.

"I was passing by" I said calmly. "Thought I'd see if Lyla was awake. Which of the floors is her bedroom on?"

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I knew the statement would provoke Nathan that was precisely why I had said it. However, he responded with an unexpected level of calmness that angered me.

"I heard movement outside the house and I came out to check..." he paused slightly holding my gaze. "But when I left the room, Lyla was sleeping peacefully. So, I'm sorry you can't see her. It took me nearly two hours to rock her to sleep.

My heart flipped anxiously as the meaning of his words settled on me. I didn't know if it was a calculated move to get me equally angry but he succeeded because Lax snarled with jealousy. The thought of another man sharing a bed with our mate felt like torture.

Fighting to hide the jealousy from my expression, I glanced up at him, but he continued smoothly before I could say another word.

"Can't sleep either?" He asked with a false friendly tone. "Me too. How about we go for a walk? Blue Ridge is best appreciated on nights like this."

Without waiting for my response, he turned and started for the gate. I had no other choice but to fall into step beside him. We walked for a while, allowing the light from the moon to serve as a beacon. We didn't say a word to each other... there was nothing to say. We hate ourselves. **Www.nov@I@Ørm.çðm**

Suddenly, Nathan spoke, breaking the silence.

"Have you thought about my offer?"

I scoffed, flashing him an incredulous smile. "There was nothing to think about, Nathan. My answer didn't change and it won't in the longest time. I won't give up, Lyla... not now not ever. She's my mate and I love her.

"You don't love her, Ramsey. You love the idea of having her. You might want to be intimate with her, you might hate the fact that she's not one of those weak women you're used to and you're pursuing her because you cannot stand the thought of a woman besting you... but you don't love her:

"Just because I don't want to make our bond public doesn't count as not loving her. You're just an Alpha and a Werewolf at that. We come from different worlds... you can put up with anything but in my world... perfection is power not warriors, not riches but perfection. If you're going to be rich, you have to be perfectly rich... if you're going to have warriors you have to..."

"Have perfect warriors..." Nathan completed for me, scratching his cars with his brows scrunched up with irritation. "You've said that a lot of times already. Then why don't you go for your perfect Lycan woman- Cassidy Thorne? Why are you chasing after a werewolf, Lycan?" he

taunted.

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"Because she's my mate my only mate."

He smiled, unbothered by my declaration. "I see you're still as stubborn as ever," he mused as a cold smile played on his lips. "You know, it never ends well for stubborn people."

I clenched my jaw, feeling my patience thin. "And you're still the most brazen werewolf I've ever met. Nathan. Every time we meet, you insist on throwing your threats around. I could crush you with only the flick of my finger, Nathan... do you still remember that I am a Lycan or has your selective amnesia wiped off that information." **www.nó@ëLŴørm.©@m**

"Long ago!" he retorted with a laugh. "You're not anything to me, Ramsey. I told you... I stopped respecting you from the moment I saw a tear on Lyla's face and found out you were the cause. "Is this a werewolf thing? Coveting another man's woman? I heard y'all act like barbarians... meeting you has confirmed that."

"She's not your woman, Ramsey Kincaid," he said quietly, flashing me another cold smile "And she would never be your woman. You had a chance once but I'll make it my life's mission to make sure... you never know what it means to be with someone like Lyla."

I laughed, amused by his confidence. "You really scare me."

He took a step closer to me, close enough that I could see the cold, dangerous glint in his eyes. enhanced by the light from the moon. "Let me make you a promise, Lycan Leader Ramsey, he said, his voice dropping to a near-whisper. "And then, a threat."

I held his gaze, clamping down on my fighting instinct that hovered at the surface. "First, I'll ensure we renew every trade agreement and every export treaty between Blue Ridge and the White Mountains. I'll keep every commitment we've made to each other, alliances... you name it. Business as susual; his smile grew sharper. "But if you don't leave Lyla alone..."

He lowered his mouth to my ear, his voice dropping a notch lower. "I will destroy everything precious to you. I'll see to it that you lose everything you hold dear. One day, Ramsey, when you least expect it, I'll bring you to your knees... I will strike and you'll never see it coming.

The words hung in the air between us. Then as if flipping a switch, he took a step back, clapping a hand on my shoulders as if we were friends. The coldness had left his eyes too,

"That, my friend; he said, grinning, "Is called a threat. The first real one I've ever made to and hopefully the last.

you

He straightened his jacket casually. "Now, stop loitering around my house, I'm not sure, I'll be lenient the next time. It'll be morning soon and Werewolf funerals are energetic... you should get some sleep. Good night, my leader

He gave me a curt bow before he turned on his heels and left.