

Fated out Chapter 65

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Nathan

I lay on my threadbare cot, counting the cracks in the ceiling for what felt like the millionth time.

I had no idea how long I'd been here, I stopped keeping count after two years. The dungeon air hung thick with the stench of mould and decay...this place usually was meant to hold offenders like rogue wolves but Ramsey after seeing I wouldn't talk in the holding cells, had commanded they bring me here.

The pungent smell of sweat and blood is enough to make anyone give in but I held my ground. The thought of Lyla, staying safe from her vile mate kept me going. I'd die a thousand times before I give him the tiniest information about her.

I shifted in my bed, groaning softly as my muscles ached from the cold. My skin where the iron cuffs held, was beginning to burn again but I had long since stopped noticing the discomfort. After years in these grim conditions – not being able to tell day and night apart, I had gotten used to the endless hours of silence and waiting.

Through the crack in the wall, light filtered through, casting strange shadows across the damp walls, where moss grew in patches like nature's halfhearted attempt to decorate my prison.

"Ragnar, I called out to my wolf. "Do you think they'll come today? It's been almost two weeks with no sign of them."

"Maybe they're not back from the ceremony. We overheard a guard saying something about it some days ago, right?"

"Yeah, maybe!" I was used to either Lenny or Ramsey coming to ask me about Lyla three times a

week.

"We should ask for some blankets and candles the next time Beta Lenny comes. It's getting colder these days. We deserve that much after staying here for four years." Ragnar said again.

Four years. Four years of the same routine, the same questions, the same silence from my end. The chains around my wrists and ankles had become almost like old friends- uncomfortable, unwanted but familiar. The cell, barely eight feet by ten, was my world, each corner holding memories of nights spent plotting, planning and sometimes just surviving.

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The sound of footsteps echoing down the corridor barely registered I'd learned to tune out the regular patrols. But this time, it was different. The heavy iron gate at the corridor creaked

open

and the sound of boots echoed down the narrow corridor.

I didn't even bother to lift my head. I could hear them coming. It was always the same the footsteps, Lenny or Ramsey appearing and then the door would slam shut again, leaving me to rot in peace.

But this time, the footsteps didn't stop at the door. They entered my cell. I sighed deeply, not bothering to sit up as Lenny with a few of the other pack soldiers entered.

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"Don't waste your time. I won't say anything today, just like I haven't for the past four years. Didn't know it was four years until a moment ago," I chuckled. www.(n)Ov_eLw_e ©(m).Com

"I'm not here to question you," Lenny said, his voice oddly formal. Making me turn to look at him.

He glanced at the soldiers with him and then back at me. Without a word, the soldiers came forward, kneeling beside me and started unlocking my handcuffs and leg chains. The metal clanked to the floor with a thud. I blinked in surprise, sitting up slowly, rubbing my wrists, and feeling the hot air against my already irritated skin.

The freedom felt so strange after being so long in chains.

"You're free to go, Nathan, Lenny said, stepping back.

I stared at him in disbelief, with brows furrowed. I could have risked a laugh but I couldn't help but think if this was a trick, some new way to break me.

"That's a new approach, Beta Lenny. What's next? A friendly chat over coffee?"

"I don't know how you've managed to remain cheerful for four years, Nathan," Lenny scoffed. "But this isn't a joke. You're free to leave."

"What kind of game are you playing? Did your master put you up to it?" I asked, refusing to move an inch.

Lenny didn't answer. Instead, he turned on his heel, and the soldiers with him, leaving the cell door open behind them. I kept rubbing where the chains had left permanent marks, waiting for the punchline, the trap. But nothing came.

Finally, I wobbled to my feet and approached the doorway cautiously, my muscles tense and ready for an attack that didn't come as I staggered out of the cell.

The small gate leading to the corridor of my cell was equally open. I peered into the darkness of the dimly lit corridor, noticing that someone was standing in the shadows. Without needing a light to see his face, I knew who it was.

Alpha Ramsey.

My heart quickened slightly, but I kept my expression blank as I wobbled toward him. As usual, his presence filled the air, his cold, calculating gaze was locked on me. Lenny and some soldiers stood a few paces behind him.

I stopped a little distance away from him and bowed my head in reverence. WWW.n © ©eLw_e ©(m).com

"Lycan Leader!"

"I told you to stop greeting me, Nathan... I know you mock me in your heart.

"Just like you, Alpha Ramsey, I am tied to serving you for the rest of my life. Not something I would have done willingly if I had a choice."

He scoffed and turned to the soldiers, waving his hands slightly.

"Leave us, except you, Lenny."

As soon as we were alone, I leaned against the wall to support my legs which still felt like

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rubber under me.

"You're free to go, Ramsey finally said. "The soldiers will not stop you."

"And to what do I owe this unexpected generosity, Lycan Leader? Do you expect me to believe that after four years, you're just letting me walk out of here? No strings attached?"

He didn't respond immediately, instead, his gaze bored into mine, mockery and amusement glinting in his eyes as his eyes hovered the length of my body. Then, in a measured tone, he

asked.

"How does it feel, to spend four years of your life, locked in a dungeon not deserving of an Alpha heir... over a woman who means nothing to you?"

A slow smile spread across my face as I chuckled softly, crossing my arms. "What makes you think Lyla means nothing to me?" I straightened, meeting his gaze directly. "She means everything to me or rather, we mean a lot to each other, so much that I'd gladly take another four years in a dungeon worse than this for her."

Annoyance flashed in his eyes but he quickly suppressed it. He always tried to suppress his emotions around me – some power play I think but I thought it was funny.

"You're a fool, Nathan Tanner, he muttered under his breath. "You think you're some sort of hero? Do you think she would care that you did this? Lyla is nothing to and you're nothing to her

I arched a brow in his direction and stepped forward, closing the gap between us. "You can convince yourself of that, Ramsey, if it makes you feel better. But we both know the truth." I paused, my voice softening. "Wait until she hears what I'd had to endure... whose arms do you think she'd come running to?"

"Pray to the Goddess, Nathan – you believe in her, don't you? Pray that nothing on earth ever makes you cross my path wrongly again. I'm not sure I'll be as lenient next time."

I laughed, my eyes still fixed on him. "You should know by now that your threats don't work on me anymore." I tilted my head, studying him. "Tell me, how does it feel?" I asked, drawing closer

to him.

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"How does it feel seeing and knowing that another man is willing to fight for your mate for the woman you love so much that you've been searching for, for four years?" W(w)n ©(v)eLw_e ©(m).com

"I do not love her!" he growled.

I ignored him. "Doesn't it shame you, Alpha Ramsey? Doesn't it tear you apart that I'd go the extra mile for Lyla – something you couldn't do?"

I watched as a muscle in his jaw jumped my words struck a nerve. But I didn't care. I reached out, adjusting his collar with deliberate slowness, loving the way his entire body went rigid at my touch.

"Deep down, you know it, I continued, still whispering. "You know that no matter what you do, no matter how much you try to hold onto her, Lyla will always be beyond your reach.

"She's my mate, Nathan Tanner... she doesn't have her wolf and I may have rejected her at

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hundred times but she's still tied to me and still belongs to me."

I laughed, leaning to his ear, and said with a cold voice. "That's why you do not deserve her. You think women are commodities to be toyed and played around with. From what I see, you didn't grow up with lots of love and you don't know how to treat a woman especially one like Lyla"

"And you know?" he retorted with a smirk turning to stare at me. "You're just like me in so many ways. Holding on to a woman who doesn't even know you have these feelings for her"

Then I stepped back, smiling at him, choosing to ignore his words as I said in a loud voice. "You're beginning to grey, Alpha... maybe you should rest more and stop running around in circles. Thank you for releasing me. I am grateful, I swear!"

I patted his shoulders one last time and brushed past him, walking down the corridor.