

Fated out Chapter 70

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70 Friends...

Lyla

Nathan's kiss took me completely unawares,

But it's okay- friends kiss all the time. Especially ones that haven't seen each other for four

years.

It was soft at first, almost as if he was hesitating, as though he needed to test the waters, to make sure he hadn't crossed a line.

But then, the next instant, the kiss deepened. The kiss was filled with regret, pain, longing and desire that I didn't know where it came from. But I stood still, allowing him.

His hand gently rested on the small of my back, pulling me closer. I melted into him, instinctively gripping the fabric of his shirt to anchor myself. The umbrella had been long forgotten and the rain pelted on us but Nathan didn't seem to notice.

My heart pounded in my chest as he pulled me even closer – the kisses were becoming feverish, almost too passionate, this was not a friend's kiss. I moved against him, protesting with my body since my mouth was pressed on his.

After a second of wriggling and trying to leave his arms, he pulled back slightly and rested his forehead on mine, both of us breathing heavily. His eyes searched mine – it was dark and filled with emotion as if he was asking questions without words.

My lips still tingled from the kiss. "I'm sorry" he whispered as his thumb brushed against my cheek, though there was no regret in his voice. "I couldn't... I couldn't help it."

I nodded; I didn't want to talk about what happened.

"Can we go to my house? The bus stop is two blocks away..."

"I brought a car," he said quietly, nodding to the Black Sedan parked at the side of the road as he picked up the discarded umbrella on the road. "C'mon, let's go."

My apartment was small but warm. It was love at first sight from the first day I walked into it. It was compact but cozy and big enough for me but I loved the way the rooms connected making it easier to cover the entire house in a few minutes.

My hands trembled slightly as I unlocked the door. I pushed it open and stepped inside, flipping on the lights as I motioned to Nathan to follow suit. His presence filled up my tiny space

and I

could tell he was conscious of his wet, dripping clothes...

But that didn't matter now, at least to me.

I couldn't believe he was standing here, in my apartment, after all these years.

He looked different; the boyish face I was used to had been replaced with a sharp line on his jaw and a day-old stubble. His blond hair was wet with some of its strands clinging to his forehead. His clear blue eyes were inspecting the room with an unreadable expression.

There was a time when I would tell myself that I wanted my husband to be as handsome

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Nathan... that dream was still valid. I closed the door behind me and both of us stood there for a moment, dripping wet, unsure of what to say next.

"You abandoned me, Nathan," I finally broke the silence, fighting the tears at the back of my throat. I had wanted to hold it in, to act like seeing him again didn't affect me, but I couldn't hold

back.

Tears welled up in my eyes, my throat tightening with emotion. "You just... left me. No letters, no calls, you won't even text me back, nothing. You just... disappeared."

His face softened as he took a step towards me again, cupping my cheek. "Lyla, I didn't abandon you. I swear, I didn't. I was in prison for four years. I was locked up in the smelly dungeons of the White Moon Pack and was not allowed visitors."

My eyes widened with shock as I wiped my eyes roughly with the back of my hand. "Prison?" I repeated. "What are you talking about? Why would anyone imprison you? What did you do?"

"Not anyone, Lyla... the Lycan Leader, your ex-mate was so desperate to find you and your sister saw me with you on the night you left Blue Ridge. When I refused to give him your address in the human world, he got pissed and threw me into prison."

"Ramsey did that?" I shook my head in disbelief. "C- Can he even do that? And for what reason? He rejected me. He told me he never wanted us to be together."

"Beats my imagination, Nathan shrugged. "It appears he doesn't know what he wants and he can't keep using someone's feelings for second guessing. That's one of the reasons I refused to

tell him."

"Nathan!" tears gathered in my eyes as I walked up to him, spreading my arms out for a hug. "I had no idea and then you could have just told him the damn thing... four years... that was a lot of

time.

"I was prepared to die in the prison," he shrugged, burying his face in my hair. "I'm just glad you're fine and he didn't find you. I'm sorry" he pulled away, cupping my face again. "I had no way to contact you. There was simply no means, Ramsey made sure of that. I spent every day thinking about you, wishing I could tell you what happened, but I couldn't."

"It's not your fault," I nudged him playfully. "I thought you were dead or worse. I wanted to come back... but..."

"I'm glad you didn't," he sighed, pulling me closer again for another hug. "I missed you, Lyla. You've changed a lot!" he chuckled, his eyes running the length of my body. "You've become more woman. I left you as a 19-year-old girl but..." he trailed off, his eyes gazing at me with pure worship.

"You're beautiful."

I blushed, moving away from his arms. Without another word, I walked into the bathroom and grabbed a towel from the rack. I came back and handed it to him, avoiding his eyes.

"Here, dry off. You'll get sick if you stay in those wet clothes."

"I'm a wolf, Lyla!" he chuckled but still took the towel from me and started wiping the rain

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his face and hair.

He was still the Nathan I knew but there was something harder about him now, something that hinted at the years he had spent locked away from the world. I could see the exhaustion in his eyes and a certain dangerous glint.

"When did he let you go?"

"A few days ago!" Nathan said quietly. "Let's not talk about him, Lyla... the only reason why I'm not hanging on a pyre somewhere dead for killing the Lycan Leader is because of the good people in my life who still love me. I hate him so much, Lyla. I hate Ramsey Kincaid for taking away everything from me."

"He didn't take me away from you," I said quietly. "And you do not hate Ramsey Kincaid more than I do. I feel that all of my problems started from the day, I met him. I don't know, Nathan but I wish, I never came home that day. I wish I didn't cross paths with him."

"Lyla..." he tried to reach for me but I took a step backwards.

"You can stay here, I announced. "I have a spare bed, I'll set it up for you in the living room. It's not much, but... It's better than staying in the cold."

I moved past him to my bedroom. When I came back, I was holding an old, faded pyjama set.

"These were my Nanny's. They might be a bit short, but they're clean. I thrust the pyjamas into

his hands.

"Bathroom's through that way," I pointed to the direction of my bathroom at the end of the hallway.

"You look like you could use a hot shower."

"Lyla, I can't..."

"What?" I stopped and turned to look at him.

"I don't want to impose. I have enough money to stay in a hotel. I already looked up a few. I just wanted to see you before..."

"You can and you will, I cut him off, already steering him toward the bathroom. "You're staying here Nathan. You'll need rest and hotels don't provide that sort of rest, trust me."

"Still," he set the pyjamas down on the couch as he grabbed my hands, making me look up at him.

"I'm worried about myself. This is not back then when we were children. You're a woman now and..." he trailed off. "I am a man, I have desires... I don't trust myself to..."

"Don't worry, the door to my bedroom has a lock. Besides, Nanny would be angry that I let you go to the hotel. How is she doing by the way? We spoke earlier today and she didn't mention

you."

"What?" he shook his head stuttering. "I haven't seen her..."

"Don't lie, Nathan Tanner!" I glared at him. "Her scent is all over you. Come, let's get you cleaned

I steered him again toward the bathroom. When we arrived, I opened the door, motioning him to go in. The bathroom was small but spotless, with a collection of fruity-smelling products lining

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Nathan turned on the water, letting steam fill the room as he began to undress.

"How did you even call, Nanny? I took my old sim out. No one with that old number can reach

out to me."

"I had both of your numbers memorized," he said woodenly, glancing over his bare shoulders at

I leaned against the doorframe, watching him. "What?"

He cleared his throat awkwardly. "I need to change and bath, now!"

I scoffed, crossing my arms. "What are you trying to hide that..." I trailed off abruptly as the realization dawned on me. boy I'd know, the lanky teenager who used to follow me

The everywhere, had been replaced by a man, with rippling biceps and toned stomach.

This was why he was worried in the first place. *wworm.com*

"Right. Of course. I'll just..." I gestured vaguely down the hall before practically fleeing, pulling the door shut behind me with more force than necessary. 3

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