

The Alpha's Fated Outcast: Rise Of The Moonsinger.

Chapter 1 - The Wolfless Deviant of Blue Ridge Pack

Lyla

You'd think not having a wolf is the worst thing that can happen to anyone, a cruel game played by the moon goddess that marks you as different, weak and unwanted ... because it is a constant reminder that you're incomplete.

But, have you tried enduring an endless, intense monthly heat cycle – a nightmare that begins when my body betrays me every month, turning me into a walking beacon of arousal – Try putting yourself in my shoes every month when my body would scream for a mate that doesn't exist, with a scent so thick and sweet that it makes everyone around me turn their heads in disgust – except the humans who think I look really beautiful at that time.

My monthly heat cycle wasn't just unbearable, it was a curse that earned me a well-deserved title of a 'Wolfless deviant'.

Do you know what is worse? My parents... the very people who should care, protect and guide me – have cut ties with me and they look at me like I was a stain on their perfect family portrait – a punishment, a defect they can't erase. A deviant they wish they could forget.

So, if you think you're going through the worst of luck ... try living with this fire burning brightly inside you: alone, unloved, unwanted and a walking embarrassment. Then maybe, just maybe, I might listen to your complaints.

But until then... My name is Lyla Woodland – the first-born daughter of Alpha Logan Woodland and Luna Vanessa Woodland of Blue Ridge Pack and this is my reality.

Every. Single. Month.

I jolt awake, my body is drenched in sweat, with the sheets on my bed tangled around my legs like vines. A familiar fire coursed through my veins, pooling sweetly at the lower part of my abdomen. I felt my woman core clench and release, sending courses of oxytocin all over my body and I knew instantly what was happening...

My heat, again!

I lay there, gasping for breath as frustration and helplessness – emotions I was familiar with tease at the edge of my already frayed sanity.

"Not again," I muttered, staring up at the ceiling. At only 19, I've suffered 3 years of being abandoned by my family and I should be used to it but on days like this, I miss them.

Another wave of desire surged through me, making me moan – unable to stop myself.

"No, no, no," I muttered, stumbling out of bed. "Not now, please, not now."

But my body didn't listen, it never does. I stumbled into the bathroom and caught a reflection of myself in the mirror, barely recognizing the girl staring back at me. Wild, dishevelled hair, framed a face with flushed cheeks – a stark contrast to the composed, controlled, daughter of an Alpha was supposed to be.

But this is what I always become during my heat – a creature of want and desire.

"I'm not really a werewolf, am I?" I whispered to my reflection, failing at an attempt to make a joke out of my situation. "Not without my wolf."

"Lyla!" My nanny's voice, sharp and patient cut through my haze of thoughts. "You'll be late for school. Again."

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The walk to school was torture... every time a man or a woman passed me, I would feel a strong urge to run after the person and demand they touch me inappropriately. By the time I arrived at school, I was a mess.

My underwear was soaked and my warm juices were flowing down my thighs, sipping into my socks. I could feel eyes on me as I hurried through the corridors. Some humans turned to stare and I know they were confused by their sudden attraction to the school weirdo.

1

The few werewolves I passed, wrinkled their noses in disgust. They knew what was happening to me.

The walk to my locker felt like a trek to the White Mountains. I could feel my pheromones seeping into the air, the scent of my heat thick and sweet, impossible to mask. I finally reached my locker and tried to remember the classes I had this morning.

When suddenly, someone slammed the door of my locker, almost missing me by a hair's breadth. When I looked up, it was Marissa – my tormentor and her friends. She was a gamma's daughter but from another pack.

I ignored her and opened my locker again but she slammed it back, forcing me to stare at her.

"I thought you'd have the decency to stay home when you're like this. You never learn, do you?" Marissa sneered. "Are you hoping someone will put you out of your misery?" she added with a cruel laugh. "Maybe you think parading around like this, would make some poor idiot take pity on you, is that it?"

"I don't want trouble, Marissa," I said quietly, my gaze fixed on the ground, my cheeks burning with humiliation. "I just want to get through today's test and be on my way home."

"And have us endure the entire day soaking in this nasty smell of yours? Who do you think you are, Lyla?" she came closer to me, her eyes flashing with anger "Have you forgotten who calls the shots in this school?"

I didn't answer her, I grabbed a random textbook from my locker, closed the door and started walking away quickening my pace, but the snickering followed me, growing louder as I tried to escape.

I finally made it to the end of the hallway and had successfully opened the door when without warning, a cold splash hit me from above.

Someone had hung a bucket of ice on the door. I gasped as icy water and ice drenched me. Behind me, the hallway erupted into laughter as everyone brought out their phones filming. I whipped around to see Marissa and her minions standing in a corner with satisfied smiles on their faces.

"What?" Marisa shrugged, feigning innocence. "I thought you might need cooling off... a lot is going on within you, right?"

I stood there, dripping wet and mortified. The heat inside me, clashed violently with the chill of the water, my clothes sticking to my skin. My vision blurred with tears I refused to let fall. I wanted to scream, to lash out but all I could do was stand there, frozen in place, wishing I could disappear.

Marissa came to me again, her nose wrinkling with disgust "I thought all that ice would drown out your stupid scent... but I was wrong, Perhaps, what you need is the strong scent of coffee."

"What did I ever do to you?" my teeth chattered as I asked.

"Existing, Lyla," she responded with a smirk "You never should have been born."

Then she reached out for a cup of sizzling, hot coffee, and removed the cover. I cringed, taking a step back...I wasn't like other wolves, I didn't heal fast, if I allowed her to pour the hot coffee on me, I'd scald and get burns.

She backed me to the wall, her eyes filled with amusement, just as she raised her hands to empty the liquid on me, a hand reached out and snatched the cup away from her.

The laughter had died down and the air in the hallway seemed tense. When I looked up, my heart pounded as my father, Alpha Logan Woodland, came into view. He snatched the cup from Marissa and threw it inside the recycling bin.

Marissa turned, her bravado faltering when she saw him. "Who the hell do you think you are?" she snapped. She hadn't expected anyone to intervene much less someone like him. "What's it to you?"

My father growled, his eyes flashing with annoyance "I'm her father and I won't tolerate anyone treating my daughter like this."

The other students backed away, fear flickering in their eyes including Marissa whose eyes widened with surprise.

"Touch her again and I promise you, there'll be consequences," My dad warned, his gaze sweeping over the crowd. "I don't care who your parents are or what pack you belong to. This ends now!"

For a moment, gratitude surged through my heart and I clung to it. This was the first time in three years I had seen him.

"Dad!" I said tentatively. "What are you doing here?"

My father whipped around; his brows drawn in disgust. "You're a disgrace," he said bluntly "This –" he gestured to my dishevelled appearance and the lingering scent of my heat – "this is exactly why you're an embarrassment to this family. You're so weak that you cannot stand up for yourself."

I flinched, his words cutting deeper than the taunts of my classmates. I thought he was saving me. "I didn't ask for this," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "I didn't choose to be like this."

"I guess the feeling is mutual," he hissed "I wish I never had a daughter like you."

The crowd had dispersed now, at least the humans had – just a few werewolves, lingered. My father tossed a white envelope at me, his gaze narrowed in disappointment.

"Tonight is the annual Werewolf Pairing Gala and you will attend," he said, his tone brooking no argument. "Invitation came from the Lycan Leader himself and since your sister isn't of age, you will represent us. You will behave yourself, keep your head down and try not to embarrass me further."

"Tonight? I whispered. "Dad, please. I can't. Not like this."

"Then should we disobey the Lycan Leader because of you?" he snapped. "Prepare yourself, we leave in two hours."