

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

## **Chapter 11 - Finally, freedom!**

**Lyla**

"You'll be fine, Lyla," I muttered to myself. "You will go back to before... before you met him... before the gala, before everything. You'll be fine. You don't need him... you don't need them..." my voice cracked but I kept walking.

I was free, yes, but nowhere felt like home anymore.

Going back to Blue Ridge – to my pack wasn't even an option, my parents would kill me before they let me spend a night under their roof. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I sniffed them back...none of my problems have ever been solved by crying.

I crossed to the side of the road, noting a lot of people walking towards the White gate. Most of them were either injured and were supported by people or lying down in some transport. I felt fear seep into my heart for a minute...

If Ramsey was right about the Feral wolves, was it really safe for me to be leaving? Especially as I had no wolf. Feral wolves were once werewolves, but they lost their humanity, and they could not be reasoned with. If I stumbled upon one, I was as good as dead.

I hesitated for a minute, turning back to look at the white gates, half-expecting to see Ramsey running towards me, but I would be foolish to think that was possible. Taking in a deep breath, I turned and continued down the path.

At this point, I didn't care if I would walk the entire way to the human world... I just wanted to leave. I wish I could undo everything, to return to the moments when I was just the unwanted wolfless girl – at least it was a lesser pain compared to what I feel now. I walked faster, my pace matching the pounding of my heart.

I walked for what felt like hours, refusing to think, allowing my feet to lead me. Slowly, I left the protective terrain of the White Moon Mountains and ventured deeper into the thick forest. I had barely noticed; I was too lost in my thoughts.

I paused for a minute and took stock of my surroundings. I was in a forest, filled with thick trees that were so tall that they blocked the sun's rays. A shiver ran down my spine, as every instinct in me screamed for me to turn back. A fearful premonition suddenly filled me... my heart began to race... it was as if I knew something was about to happen – something bad. I spun on my heel, ready to retrace my steps but it was too late.

They emerged from the shadows...seven pairs of eyes gleaming at me. My breath caught in my throat as I took in the sight of these strange wolves circling me. They were not rogues – they looked too clean to be rogues. Aside from the star-shaped mark on their forehead, they were twice the size of a normal werewolf.

They looked sleek and well-fed and they were not snarling or trying to attack me like a rogue would.

For a moment, they stared at me... and I stared back wondering what they wanted.

"Uhm... Hi!" I ventured my eyes trained on every one of them. "So, I think I am lost and I'm sorry for trespassing. I was about to turn back," I said, spinning around.

But none of the wolves made a sound. They all remained in their positions, eyes fixed on me.

My eyes darted to the path I had just come from, half-expecting anyone to show up but that was not possible. I was too far from any pack. Even if I decide to make a dash for it... I wouldn't go far. I just had my human strength... I could never outrun a wolf.

"I don't want any trouble," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "You don't want anything from me. I am poor and broke and I live like an orphan."

A large wolf, clearly their leader, hung back and was watching me. There was something about his eyes that felt familiar.

"Please," I said again, my voice barely above a whisper. "Just let me go this once I promise, you'd never see me here."

I moved and the wolves moved with me. I panicked and tried to move faster only for my heel to catch an exposed root. I tumbled to the ground, leaves and twigs scraping against my palm.

"Stay back!" I cried out suddenly raising my hands at them. I saw them pause and for a flitting moment, I saw fear flash in their eyes. All seven of them. It was as if they expected me to do something. But they recovered quickly.

"My death won't benefit you!" I sobbed, scrambling backwards on my hands and knees. "I have no pack, no family to mourn me if I die. Please, just let me go!"

But the wolves remained silent, their eyes gleamed with an intelligence that chilled me to my core. These were not rogues – it was clear they weren't driven by hunger or desperation. There was purpose behind their actions – it was as if they were calculating every step I took. My heart sank as I stared closely at them... wondering what they were.

"I don't want to die," I sobbed, curling in on myself as the circle of the wolves tightened. "Not like this. Not alone in the dark." But they continued towards me.

My chest tightened and I shut my eyes, bracing myself for the inevitable.

"Please!" I begged, my voice breaking. "Please..."

Suddenly, their leader lunged forward... instinctively, I threw up my arms in a futile attempt to protect myself as a scream tore from the back of my throat. I waited for his impact on my body but instead, he flew backwards and crashed into the tall trees behind us.

For a moment, shock registered on their faces and mine too. I spun around hoping to see who my savior was but it was just me and the wolves.

I also noticed that the other wolves had taken a step backwards and I could tell they were anxious and afraid... but of who? I wondered. Surely not me.

But the moment of surprise passed quickly. Two of the wolves closest to me snarled and lunged at me at once. It was as if they were trying to avenge their leader. They both leapt at me, teeth bared, and eyes blazing with fury.

Time seemed to slow as I watched them sail through the air. My heart pounded in my chest, every nerve in my body screaming for me to run but I remained rooted to the spot. Just as their claws were about to make contact with my skin, an invisible force slammed into them.

The wolves yelped in surprise and pain as they were thrown backwards crashing into the others.

I stood there, frozen in disbelief as I struggled to understand what was happening. I turned back again to see if someone was helping me but it was just me. How was this possible? I hadn't moved, hadn't done anything to defend myself?

The remaining wolves circled warily around me again. They exchanged nervous glances... their leader had longed to recover and suddenly, he jumped high, leaping through the trees with such speed that I couldn't keep up.

He jumped at me again, this time, his claws raked across my back, tearing through my dress and into my skin. I cried out in pain, stumbling forward. Another blow caught me in my ribs, stealing my breath away. I fell to my knees gasping and coughing out blood.

The rest of the wolves had now gained confidence and circled me again, gnarling their teeth. Their leader came again, looming over me. His face was the picture of fury as he raised his clawed hands... I closed my eyes, bracing myself for the end...But the blow never came.

A roar, primal and furious, echoed through the thick forest, I opened my eyes just in time to catch a blur of motion slamming into the leader, sending him directly to one of the trees.

"Ramsey?" I whispered almost hopeful despite myself.

But when he turned, his eyes dark and stormy... that was when I realized that it wasn't Ramsey.