

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

Chapter 12 - The mate who doesn't want me...

Chapter 12: The mate who doesn't want me...

Lyla

My heart skipped a beat as I recognized who it was.

It wasn't Alpha Ramsey as I had secretly hoped, but Nathan. I mentally chided myself for even entertaining the thought of him coming to save me. He had made it clear enough that he wanted nothing to do with me.

1

What a fool I was to expect anything from him after everything.

My legs finally gave way as I fell onto the soft grass, wincing with pain. The wound on my back hurt. Nathan attacked the wolves, fighting them off. The fight didn't last so long, as the wolves seemed to be weakened, while Nathan was fighting so ferociously that they didn't stand a chance. Finally, they scrambled away taking along with them their injured leader.

2

Silence fell over the clearing once more. Nathan shifted back to his human form and came towards me.

"Nathan?" I whispered, gritting my teeth. "What are you doing here? Are you alright?"

He didn't answer immediately, his gaze first scanned the area before they finally settled on me, darkening with annoyance.

"Are you out of your mind, Lyla?" he snapped, his chest heaving from the fight. "What the hell were you thinking?" he demanded again. "Do you have any idea what could've happened to you out here?"

I flinched at his angry tone but forced myself to meet his gaze. "I... I wasn't...."

"Damn right, you weren't thinking!" He interrupted me. "Walking through the forest alone? Do you have any idea how dangerous this forest is? Or do you just not care anymore? Those weren't just any wolves, Lyla. They weren't Rogues, they were Ferals and you're lucky to be alive!"

"Ferals?" A shiver ran through my spine. "That would explain why they look different. Thank you for saving me, Nathan."

"Is that all you have to say?" He bellowed, enraged. "Why didn't you want to see me yesterday?" He asked. "I drove all the way from Blue Ridge only to be told that you didn't want visitors. The butler said you were fine, but since you're out here in the forest, you're clearly not! What is wrong with you, Lyla?"

"Not now, Nathan," I sighed "I'm too tired to argue. Besides, I'm not a child. I'm an adult and I can handle myself. You shouldn't have come here in the first place," I muttered.

"Handle yourself?" he retorted "Is this the thanks I get for saving you?"

"Well, I didn't ask for your help either," I spat back, rising to my feet, my body was still shaking. "I didn't ask you or anyone to come save me!"

"That's the problem, Lyla..." he sighed, taking on a softer tone, "You don't have to ask, I am your friend. I have to always look out for you. You understand that right? I care about you and I don't need your permission to make sure you stay alive."

2

Tears gathered in my eyes, blurring my vision at his words. I wanted to accept them but I was far too hurt to want comfort.

"I'm alive, you can go now," I said without looking at him. "I don't need you hovering over me."

"Fine!" he sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration. "Let's get out of here. It's not safe. Let's just go home."

"No!" I said immediately, pushing away from his grasp.

"What do you mean, no?" His brows shot up.

"I mean, I'm not going back. I can't. Not after everything. Besides, my parents would not be thrilled to see me."

"Lyla, please be reasonable. I know there's friction between you and them but do you think they'd actually turn down their child after this awful experience?"

"Oh please!" I laughed bitterly. "You don't know my parents, Nathan. Besides, I don't belong here with all of you."

"Is this about being a deviant?" He paused and came towards me sniffing the air. Before he looked at me again. "I'm guessing the worst of it has passed right? Besides, I don't care about that. You're my friend."

"It's not just about that," I shook my head. "It's everything. The whispers, the stares, the pity...and next month, I'd have to deal with another episode of pheromones. I can't take it anymore."

"Fine, we can't make any decisions in the middle of a forest. Let's go home and figure it out together."

"I'll pass, Nathan," I gritted my teeth as another episode of pain flashed through me. I didn't want Nathan to know about the wound, so I pressed my jacket tighter.

"So you'd rather risk your life out here?" he gestured to the forest around us. "That's not a solution, Lyla. It's running away."

Anger flared in my chest. "Don't you dare judge me! You have no idea what it's like!"

"Dammit, Lyla!" he shouted suddenly, stepping in front of me, forcing me to meet his eyes again. "Stop with this self-pity act! You always do this – you push everyone away, always refusing help, acting like you can take on the world alone! And for what? To prove some point? That you're stronger than everyone else? Because newsflash – you're not invincible!"

"That's not true!" I protested weakly.

"It is Lyla," he sighed, reaching for my hand. "You never let anyone in. It's like you have this wall around you. Please let me in...help me understand..."

A tear rolled down my cheek. "I'm not trying to prove anything. I just want..."

"What, Lyla? What do you want?" He demanded, his voice softening, though I could tell he was still angry. "To be left alone? To suffer in silence? Is that what you want?"

3

"I don't belong here!" I cried, my voice breaking as the tears I was trying to hold finally spilt over "I am a deviant, Nathan. I have no business existing. Even the one person who could have helped me... who could have made me less of a freak... doesn't want anything to do with me."

Nathan's eyes widened with confusion. "What are you talking about? Who doesn't want anything to do with you?"

"My mate," I whispered, the word tasting like ashes in my mouth.

"Your mate?" Nathan couldn't hold back his surprise. "Lyla, you found your mate? You have a mate?" He repeated with disbelief.

I showed him Ramsey's mark at the back of my neck, sniffing back tears. "But it doesn't matter again. He doesn't want me."

"That's impossible," Nathan frowned. "The mate bond doesn't work like that. Are you sure...."

"I'm sure," I cut him off. "You should have seen the way he looked at me, Nathan. Like I was nothing... less than nothing."

Nathan was silent for a moment, as though he was processing this information. And then he spoke again.

"Who is it? Who's your mate, Lyla?"

"You don't need to know," I said, trying to focus on Nathan's face, which seemed to be blurring. "It's not like he wants me anyway. It'll be better if you or anyone doesn't know."

"No, it's not better," Nathan snapped. "Tell me who hurt you, Lyla..."

I shook my head, immediately regretting the movement as a wave of dizziness washed over me. "No, I won't say!" I slurred.

Nathan frowned. He must have noticed that all was not well with me. "Lyla, are you feeling alright? You look pale!"

"I'm fine!" I insisted, "Just tired."

"Are you sure?" he came closer and touched my forehead. "You're burning."

"I said I'm fine!" I said forcefully feeling every part of my body growing heavy. As I tried to move away from him, I swayed and landed on his chest.

Nathan reached out immediately and tried to steady me but his hand immediately touched my wet and sticky jacket. Making a frustrated sound, he quickly tore my jacket off my shoulders and then gasped.

"Lyla! Oh, goddess! You're bleeding!"

"What?" I feigned surprise, trying to turn and look but the movement sent a fresh wave of pain through me and I gasped. "One of those Ferals must have scratched me."

"Why didn't you say something earlier?" Nathan demanded inspecting the wound. "This is serious, Lyla. I need to get you back to the pack healer."

I weakly tried to push his hand away. "No, I told you... I can't go back. I don't belong..."

"This isn't up for debate," he said firmly. "You're hurt, and ...".

My vision darkened and my insides were burning with pain. I grabbed onto Nathan, trying to stop my eyes from fluttering shut. I must be strong...

"Lyla!" I heard Nathan's voice sounding from afar.

I wanted to open my mouth to tell him that I would be fine, that it was just a small gash but I felt myself falling... and then... just before I closed my eyes, I caught a glimpse of something... someone in white, just like that night... watching us from the shadows.

1

My heart skipped a beat as I tried to strain my eyes to figure out who it was.

But my body could not hold on any longer. My eyelids fluttered shut, and my world went black.