

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

Chapter 3 - Unexpected Ally...

Lyla

For a moment, nobody moved. Then slowly, Darius released me, his expression shifting from arrogance to unease.

"Who the hell was that?" he muttered glancing in the direction of the growl.

I didn't answer. I didn't know who he was either but I felt a strange pull towards him, a sense of safety I hadn't felt in years. My eyes drifted to where he was across the room but he was no longer there.

I turned around frantically, searching for him in the crowd, but I couldn't find him. He was just here a few seconds ago. The cruel laughter from the boys reminded me of my current dilemma.

One of the boys suddenly yelped and pointed to my legs – I flushed in embarrassment as they laughed again. It was my warm juices... I was so horny that I could feel every underwear I had on, soaked. I closed my eyes, trying to block everyone out. My body was just reacting to having plenty of men around me at the same time.

"What's the matter, Lyla?" feeling a little... needy?" Darius taunted me as he stepped closer again. "I bet you'd do anything to make this stop, wouldn't you?"

My breath hitched. I could feel my heat intensifying. Darius' voice – the manly scents of the men around me... gosh! It was driving me crazy, making my skin burn and my thoughts blur. It was as though every nerve in my body was on fire and my senses were overwhelmed by the unbearable desire coursing through my veins.

I moaned loudly, clamping my legs together as the scent of my high arousal hung heavy in the air. Right now, that didn't matter, I just wanted to take care of the pressure building inside me.

"Come on," Darius sneered, leaning in closer. "Why don't you just beg us? We might take pity on you, mutt."

I recoiled, my heart racing. The insult stung, but the worst part was the twisted flicker of excitement that pulsed through me at his words. I hated my body's betrayal, how it craved for any touch, any relief, even from those who despised me. My legs felt weak, my breath ragged and I knew I was losing control.

This wasn't the peak yet but the heat was too much and my mind was fogged by a need that kept growing every second.

Darius' friends jeered, their taunts mingling with the roaring in my ears. "Look at her," one of them laughed. "She can barely stand. Pathetic."

Another boy stepped forward and ran his index finger on my lips. I gasped with want, and opened my mouth as he inserted his finger inside it, tears burned in my eyes – I wished I could stop myself but I couldn't.

I ran my tongue up and down his finger, moaning.

The boy's voice dripped with false sympathy as he turned to his friends. "I bet she'd do anything to make this stop. Isn't that right, Lyla? Do you want me to..."

I couldn't take it anymore, I pushed through them before he could finish speaking, stumbling as I tried to escape. I could feel eyes on me, could hear mocking laughter chasing me but I didn't look back. My only thought was to get away, to find somewhere – anywhere – I could breathe.

I collided with a solid wall of muscle and staggered back. I looked up, an apology on my lips but the words died in my throat.

It was the amber-eyed man. His gaze locked onto mine with a mix of curiosity and something darker. Up close, he was even more striking – tall, broad-shoulders, dressed in an impeccably tailored suit – an indication of power and authority.

A collective hush fell over the room as everyone turned to watch. I could feel their stares and a sickening dread pooled in my stomach. My eyes drifted to his signet on the third finger of his left hand and I gasped. He was the Lycan leader, but not just any Lycan leader. He was the Lycan Leader of the White Moon Throne – the highest rank in our world.

My heart pounded as I realized the gravity of the situation. I was standing before the most powerful man in my world, with the scent of my arousal in his face. I trembled, expecting a reprimand or worse. I knew the punishment for uncontrolled heat cycles especially in public. My condition is seen as a disgrace, a shame that could bring down the wrath of the White Moon Throne council.

The Lycan leader's eyes were intense, a deep amber that seemed to see right through me. But instead of condemnation, his gaze held something else. He reached out, pulling me up from the ground with surprising gentleness.

"Are you okay?" He asked, his voice sending shivers through my already hypersensitive skin. His touch was electric, his hand warm against my arm and my breath hitched again as I struggled to find my voice.

"I – I'm fine," I stammered but my body chose that moment to betray me again. Another wave of heat crashed over me, stronger than before and my knees buckled. I sagged against him, my vision blurring as desire overwhelmed my senses.

The Lycan leader caught me, his grip was firm. Our bodies were impossibly close now and I could feel the hard planes of his chest against mine, I could smell the intoxicating mix of his scent – earthy, wild and dangerous. I glanced up at him, my cheeks flushed and found his gaze fixed on me with an intensity that made my heart race.

Time seemed to slow. The room faded away, the whispers and the judgment fading into the background as I and the Lycan leader stood locked in this strange, charged moment. His eyes darkened, a flash of something raw and primal crossing his features. I couldn't look away. I was drawn to him in a way that defied reason, a powerful attraction that made me forget where I was and who I was supposed to be.

The Lycan leader's head dipped lower, his lips just inches from mine. My breath caught in my throat and I found myself leaning into him, wanting – no, needing – him to close the distance. My body craved the connection, the relief only he could provide in this moment of my longing.

But before our lips could meet, a voice cut through the haze.

"Lyla?"

I blinked, snapping out of the trance. Nathan, my childhood friend, stood at the edge of the gathering, his eyes wide with shock.

"What's going on here?" he demanded coming closer, his voice filled with concern.

Nathan's gaze flickered to the Lycan leader and his brows arched with recognition. His expression shifted instantly to one of respect and immediately he bowed low.

"My apologies, Alpha Ramsey. I didn't realize...".

I barely heard the rest of the apology. All I could focus on was Ramsey's arms still wrapped around me, his touch burning through my dress, searing my skin. I couldn't tear my eyes away from his face, couldn't ignore the way his fingers lingered on my waist as though he didn't want to let go.

The Lycan leader – whose name I now know to be Alpha Ramsey - gaze remained locked on me, but whatever connection had sparked between us a moment ago had been abruptly severed. His expression shifted, hardening into something unreadable.

In a swift motion, he released me and I stumbled back, catching myself just in time to avoid falling.

The heat of his touch lingered and I felt my heart twist painfully as I watched him turn away without another word. He moved through the crowd, his posture rigid, his presence commanding respect from every werewolf in the room. No one dared to approach him, not even Nathan who stood frozen in place.

My legs felt weak as I watched Ramsey leave. The moment had passed and I was left reeling; my body still burning with unfulfilled desire. I had never felt anything like this before – this pull toward a man who was as dangerous as he was mesmerizing. My mind spun with the implication of what had just happened with the realization that Alpha Ramsey...

The Lycan leader had looked at me as though he wanted me just as badly as I wanted him.