

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

## **Chapter 4 - My wolfless mate...**

**Earlier that evening...**

**Ramsey**

I sat in the back seat of the car, staring out of the window with a bored expression. The city lights blurred past and the muted hum of traffic filled the silence. I loosened my tie, dreading yet another event I didn't want to attend.

Werewolf/Lycans galas, paring ceremonies, and these absurd gatherings were nothing more than charades – a parade of insincerity wrapped in fine clothing and forced smiles.

I've always hated these events. As the Lycan leader, my presence was often demanded and that was one of the things I hated about my position. I hated how everyone would become desperate, vying for my attention, eager to impress me, with fake smiles, and fake handshakes and then the compliments annoyed me as well.

Although I was the most powerful man in my world, the leader of all werewolves and Lycans, the title brings power as well as isolation. To me, our world was filled with a lot of pretences starting from the fake Moon Goddess who doesn't care about anyone, never lifts her finger to help her children and the overrated stupid, mate bond.

I leaned back and sighed, running a hand through my dark hair. "Another night wasted," I muttered under my breath, already counting the minutes until I could leave.

As the car pulled up in front of the grand ballroom, I glanced at the large building with distaste. The bright lights and red carpets were nothing more than a façade, a mask hiding the true nature of those within. I felt the familiar surge of irritation. I didn't belong here -not with these people and not with their shallow traditions.

The door opened and my grandfather, Eldric stepped out of the car with the energy of a man half his age. His eyes were still sharp and commanding and they were currently glaring at me who hadn't bothered to make a move out of the car.

My grandfather had insisted on coming with me to the gala because he was convinced I wouldn't show up and he wasn't wrong.

"Is this necessary, Grandpa?" I asked, my voice filled with annoyance as I finally exited the vehicle. "I've got more important, pressing issues on my table than stand around while everyone tries to kiss my ass."

My grandfather raised an eyebrow, unfazed by my sour mood. "As long as you're the Lycan Leader, you have responsibilities, including this one. And until you bring a mate home, you'll keep attending pairing ceremonies and galas like this. It's tradition."

I rolled my eyes. "Tradition my foot," I scoffed. "You know damn well I don't care about that. I'm not some lovesick puppy waiting for my fated mate. And I don't need you commanding me around like I'm still a child. I'm the Lycan leader, remember?"

My grandfather scoffed, his gaze piercing into mine. "Until you find your mate, you're not complete as a leader. You should be ashamed to call yourself one. I was already married when I was your age," he huffed. "This is not a command – it's a duty and you must fulfil it. Now, go in. I'll be waiting for you. So if you're planning to leave... bad news son."

I clenched my jaw, swallowing my retort. There was no winning with him when he got like this. Without another word, I turned on my heel and strode into the ballroom.

As soon as I entered, the room fell silent. Heads turned, and whispers rippled through the crowd until I could feel the weight of every gaze on me. I hated it. The constant scrutiny, the veiled attempts to gain my favour – it was all so exhausting.

I made my way to the far side of the room, hoping to avoid any unnecessary interaction. But it wasn't long before a stream of young alphas and betas approached me. I endured the endless greetings and mechanical conversations with a polite but distant smile. I nodded and exchanged pleasantries but my mind was elsewhere.

This was my routine – a show-up, I had to endure and leave as soon as decently possible. I was already planning my exit when something strange happened.

A scent. Faint at first, but unmistakable. Sweet, warm and wholly unfamiliar. It cut through the heavy perfumes and colognes of the gala, drawing my attention like a moth to a flame. I stiffened, my senses sharpening as I scanned the room. My wolf stirred inside me, restless, urging me to find the source.

Then I saw her.

A young woman, standing awkwardly by herself near the back, her cheeks flushed and eyes wild. She looked out of place in the polished crowd, her aura paled in comparison to the poised and composed werewomen surrounding her. Her long hair fell in dishevelled waves and her dress clung to her as if she'd just run a marathon. It was a baby pink that reminded me of a homeless Omega that tried once to seduce me.

But it wasn't her appearance that caught my attention. It was the undeniable scent of her heat, radiating off her in waves, filling the air. People around her had their noses wrinkled in disgust – I should be disgusted too but my wolf growled instead, running

around in happy circles as it echoed the one word I'd dreaded and run away from for most of my life.

MATE!!!

My eyes locked into hers and for a moment, the world around us seemed to blur. The noise of the gala faded and all I could hear was the pounding of my heart, quickening with every breath I took. The girl's scent was intoxicating, pulling me against my will and my wolf – Lax pushed forward, eager to claim what was his.

But then, the voices of some people nearby snapped me back to reality. I watched as a group of people kept sneaking glances at the girl, their faces twisted with disdain.

"Why can't she control her pheromones? How pathetic!" One of the complained.

"Guess that's what happens when you don't have a wolf. No wonder she can't find a mate," the second one laughed.

"Wolfless deviant, she doesn't belong here."

My jaws tightened. Lax growled with annoyance at the insults hurled at our mate but I forced it back, a bitter laugh escaping my lips. So, this was her – an outcast, a wolfless werewolf, who couldn't even control her own body. A deviant...

From all the thousand girls the moon goddess could have given me as mate, she chose this? What a joke!

My eyes narrowed as I watched her, the pull of the mate bond thrumming under my skin. I didn't want this; I didn't want her. I wasn't big on fated mates but a mate without a wolf was useless, weak and would only tarnish my reputation and set me up against the people I rule.

I couldn't accept her or accept the bond. Thankfully, she isn't aware so, it'll be smooth. The world was already watching me, expecting too much and I couldn't afford to tie myself to a deviant, someone who would never understand or fulfil the role of my mate.

I turned away to leave but Lax – my wolf growled in protest, begging me to cross over to where she was but I pushed it down. She was nothing more than a complication and I had no time for complications.

I cast one last glance at the girl across the room, feeling a strange mix of regret and relief. She would remain an outcast, a deviant with no place in my world. And I would continue to be the leader, unbound and free of the chains of fated bonds.

As I strode out of the ballroom, I saw one of the young Alphas draw close to her and grab her breast. Anger surged through me... at that moment, I wanted to reach out and tear the Alpha into pieces but I held back.

His hands moved lower – before I could think through my actions, I growled...