

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

Chapter 5 - Gala aftermath...

Lyla

"So pathetic," someone sneered from the crowd.

"Did she think she could seduce the Lycan Leader with that display?" another voice mocked.

The tears that stung my eyes were equal parts from the physical pain of being dropped and the mortification of being the centre of attention for all the wrong reasons. The embarrassment was unbearable too.

Amidst the chaos, Nathan, dropped to his knees beside me, offering me his hands.

"Lyla, are you okay?" he asked.

I couldn't bring myself to answer, so I nodded absently, my eyes still straying to the door Ramsey had disappeared. The memory of his burning gaze is still in my head. Nathan gently lifted me and guided me to a quiet corner.

"You shouldn't be here like this," he murmured. "It's dangerous."

"Well, I don't make the rules," I offered him a smile "My dad insisted I must come. I had no choice."

People were still talking, pointing at me and laughing but for the first time, I didn't care because in that fleeting moment with Alpha Ramsey, I had felt something that made all the pain, all the humiliation, seem almost bearable.

"But... thank you," I mumbled. I glanced around me, my cheeks still flushed with shame "I'm sorry... for being such a misfit. You're right, I shouldn't have come. "

Nathan's grip tightened around my arm, his voice firm but kind. "Stop apologizing, Lyla. None of this is your fault," his gaze flickered briefly to the direction Ramsey had gone, his jaw clenched. "That man... he's a jerk. Don't let him or anyone else make you feel like you're less than what you are."

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I nodded, swallowing back the lump in my throat as I offered him another strained smile. Nathan was one of the few people in my life who didn't look at me like I was broken. He didn't see me as the wolfless girl with uncontrollable pheromones but as the friend he'd

grown up with, the one who'd shared dreams and secrets under the moonlight as children.

He was the son of my pack's – Blue Ridge Beta and next in line as an Alpha since my dad had no male child and the only one that has managed to keep in touch with me since I left Blue Ridge even though he left the pack earlier than me to abroad for schooling.

"When did you come back?" I sniffed.

"A week ago. If I had known you were around..." he trailed off with a soft sigh "Let me take you home," he offered, leading me gently toward the exit. "You shouldn't be here any longer."

The ride back to Blue Ridge pack was silent. I stared out of the window, my mind racing with thoughts of my parents and how they would react. Now, I'd brought nothing but further disgrace. I knew they would be furious but I had no idea how bad it would be.

Nathan pulled up in front of our house, his hand lingering on mine for a moment longer than necessary. "I can come in with you and explain the situation to your father," he said softly.

"No!" I shook my head "It'll make him angrier. Don't worry, I'll be fine by morning. I only need to endure for a short while."

He wanted to say something else but nodded "Fine, if you need anything, just call me," he said.

I forced a smile. "I'll be fine. Thanks again, Nathan.,".

I let myself out of his car and watched as he drove off. As soon as his car disappeared out of sight, the front door swung open and I froze as my father's furious face came into view. He stormed down the steps, his eyes burning with anger. My mother followed closely behind; her lips twisted into a scowl.

"You shameful little brat!" my father roared, grabbing my arm roughly, yanking me inside. I winced as his grip dug into my already bruised skin. "Do you have any idea what you've done?"

My mother's voice followed next. "You couldn't even manage to act like a proper daughter for one night! Instead, you go and humiliate us in front of everyone – the whole world. How do you expect me to face those vicious Alpha wives? Do you want your father to be stripped of his title as Alpha because of your behaviour?"

"I'm sorry –," I tried to speak, to defend myself but my father's slap landed across my cheeks before I could get the words out. The impact sent me stumbling back, my vision blurring with tears and stars.

"You tried to seduce the Lycan Leader? Are you trying to bring our entire family down with you?" my mother shrieked, as she kicked me. "I should never have birthed you. You're a disgrace – a cursed, wolfless deviant who brings nothing but shame!"

"But it's not my fault!" I shouted, tears running from my eyes and nostrils now "I didn't ask to go for that stupid gala. It was all your idea. How can you blame me for it? If you wanted a perfect representation of your perfect family, why didn't you send your perfect daughter? Why did you force me to go?" I screamed.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Three slaps landed across my cheeks in successions, darkening my gaze.

"How dare you talk back at me? Did staying with those humans make you forget your manners?" My father growled with annoyance.

I gritted my teeth and turned to him, a sneer on my lips. "Yes! What are you going to do about it, father? Will you hit me again? Do you know it's a punishable crime to hit your children in the human world? Anyways, I won't fight this... go ahead and finish what you started."

I saw my father pause... the fight leaving his eyes for a few seconds. This was the first time I was speaking back but I think it was long overdue. I was the useless daughter in any case, I might as well live up to the title.

His gaze suddenly hardened as he shoved me hard, sending me sprawling onto the cold floor. "Get out! Get out of my sight!" he bellowed "You don't deserve to be under this roof!"

"Yeah!" I laughed hysterically "Just take my name off the family register while you're at it, too," I called back behind my shoulder as I dragged myself towards the door.

Just before they slammed the door in my face, my mother sneered, crossing her arms as she watched me with disgust. "Stay outside tonight. Maybe the cold will teach you some manners."

I was left alone standing in the bitter night air. The chill seeped through my thin dress, biting at my skin. I hugged myself, tears streaming down my face as I stumbled away from the house. As soon as I left the gate, I froze when I saw Nathan, waiting for me by the gate.

"Hey!" he whispered "I'm sorry, I know this is awkward for you but it can't be helped either. Their voices were so loud... anyways, you can crash in my house tonight. My dad is on..."

"No, thank you!" I said coldly and brushed past him.

"C'mon, Lyla!" he followed after me "You don't need to be ashamed. Remember we're friends and things like this shouldn't make you uncomfortable."

"We were friends as children, Nathan!" I turned to face him "Now, you should stay away from me too, especially now. I don't need your help or anyone else's. I've managed to survive so far, so take your kindness and go with you," I turned on my heels and left him standing there.

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I wandered; my mind numb. The night was dark and unforgiving, much like my own life. I wandered through the woods, trying to wear myself off so that I could at least fall asleep but I ended up by the river.

I buried my face in my arms, letting the tears flow freely. I had no idea how much time had passed when I heard the faint sound of footsteps approaching. My heart jumped, fear gripping me as I wondered if my parents had come to drag me back inside. But when I looked up, I saw no one but I couldn't fight the feeling that something was in the trees watching me.

Since it was almost daybreak, I pushed myself to my feet and started hurrying back to the pack house. As I moved, I noticed I was being followed but each time I turned my back, I would see no one.

The third time, I broke into a run, my lungs burning as I tried to run as fast as my feet and my battered body could allow me. At some point, I caught a white figure behind me but I didn't stay long enough to figure out what it was.

I burst out of the woods, to the pack house... and paused when I saw soldiers from the White Lake Mountain pack - home to the Lycan Leader in front of the pack house. My parents were still in their nightwear and were conversing with them.

"Are you Lyla Woodlands?" One of the soldiers turned and asked when she noticed my presence

I nodded, unable to say a word. "Good! By the authority of the Lycan Leader... you're under arrest... anything you say or do will be used against you before the council of the White Moon Throne."