

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

## **Chapter 6 - The mate I wanted vs My fated mate!**

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**Ramsey**

I paced the length of the room, that was prepared for me in the ballroom, my mind replaying the events of everything that just happened like a broken record.

I'd been standing in the opulent ballroom, every bit the aloof and commanding Lycan Leader when suddenly, all these years of self-control and discipline nearly slipped through my fingers.

I couldn't believe it – couldn't believe I'd been moments away from kissing that deviant, that wolfless girl in front of the entire werewolf community.

My hands clenched into fists until my knuckles whitened. The memory of her flushed cheeks, the scent of her heat, and those eyes – goddess! those eyes – pleading, desperate and filled with longing I'd never seen before. I wanted her... no doubt... I wanted to run my tongue around her slightly parted lips and explore every crevice on her body until she came repeatedly in my hand.

"What were you thinking?" I growled at myself, my voice echoing off the dark oak walls. Lax my wolf grumbled.

*"She's our mate," he said "That's why you reacted like that. We belong to her."*

My scowl deepened. "Mate or not, I won't accept her," I snarled back, pacing faster as if I could outrun the truth. "If I must marry, it'll be to someone worthy of my position – not some wolfless deviant who can't control herself. You saw how she was with those men."

*"Oh, please, Ramsey!" Lax scoffed "Don't change the topic. You were ready to tear that flimsy dress off her body. She's our mate and sooner or later, you'll come to realize that we need her."*

I hated how Lax's words were true. I've seen the mate bond first-hand – the good and the bad side. Until I reject her, I would not regain control of myself. I had built my life rejecting the norms of werewolf traditions, scorning the mate bond that others treated as sacred and now this was happening to me.

I refuse to be bound by something as intangible and manipulative as the bond, especially when it came in the form of Lyla – that was the name that man had called her. He had called her with such familiarity... was he her former boyfriend? I wondered feeling my chest grow thick with jealousy.

I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts. It's none of my business. I'd already made up my mind: I would reject her. There was no other option.

I came out of the room and started towards the exit when Cassidy Thorne sauntered over, her heels clicking against the polished floor as she approached. She was everything the werewolf world adored – beautiful, confident and unashamedly manipulative and was set to be my wife until I called off our engagement when we were 14.

Cassidy was the kind of woman I should marry – Her father was a reputable Lycan from the White Lake Mountain, she had a strong Lycan and had been raised all her life to be a perfect queen. She batted her eyelashes, a sly smile playing on her lips as she looked up at me with a coy expression.

"Ramsey," she purred "Leaving so soon? You wouldn't mind giving a girl a ride, would you?"

My eyes narrowed, irritation flaring up at her closeness. The last thing I needed right now was her. "No!" I said flatly. "I have other plans."

Before I could turn away, my grandfather who had been silently watching from the shadows of the ballroom stepped forward with an amused smile. "Oh, don't be so harsh, Ramsey. You can ride with us Cassidy, It's no trouble. You're welcome to stay the night too since it's late. I'll call your father and inform him."

I shot my grandfather a glare, but he just shrugged, his eyes twinkling with mischief. Cassidy of course, seized the opportunity, her smile widening as she moved closer, sliding into the car with practised grace.

I said nothing during the ride back to the White Lake Mountain Pack, staring out the window as my thoughts drifted back to Lyla. No matter how much I tried to shove her image out of my mind, she lingered – an uninvited guest in my thoughts. Cassidy was chattering with my grandfather, making me angrier.

By the time we arrived, my patience was on the edge. I barely acknowledged Cassidy's flirtatious goodnight as she strolled into the guest room that had been prepared for her. The rest of the night passed in a blur. I kept pacing – unable to sleep.

Every time I closed my eyes, Lyla's face haunted me – her scent, the way her body had fit against me even for a brief moment... I felt my body would explode just from the thought of wanting her.

I tossed and turned, my wolf restless, growling with dissatisfaction at our separation from our mate. I clenched my teeth, trying to block it out, but I couldn't. By morning, I was exhausted, frustrated and with a raging hard-on.

When the first ray of dawn spilt through the windows in my room, I knew I couldn't go on like this. I had to deal with the situation one way or another.

I immediately mindlinked Seth – the family's Butler and asked him to come up to my room.

"Alpha!" he greeted me with a stiff bow "You asked to see me?"

"Yes!" I nodded facing the window "There's a girl – woman," I swallowed hard "I met her at the gala last night but she's a deviant. I need you to find her and bring her to me," I commanded, not even sure why I was doing it.

"Did you get a name, perhaps? It will help me narrow down my search."

I turned and faced him. His eyes immediately saw the tent in the lower part of my body and said nothing. That was Seth for you – he never comments on anything unless his opinion is asked. He was colder than my grandfather and never questioned an order.

"Lyla," I replied. "Her name is Lyla and is the daughter of an Alpha. But I don't know which one or her pack?"

"Noted, Alpha!" he nodded scribbling into his book. "Will that be all? Do you want breakfast now or later?"

"Later," I replied, "And I don't want my grandfather to know, please. It'll be awkward to explain it.,".

"Yes, Alpha!" he nodded and silently slipped out of the room.

Hours later, Seth came back to my room informing me of Lyla's presence at the pack house. My heart twisted in a way I didn't want to acknowledge but I kept my expression cool.

"Prepare a room for her," I ordered, "But let it be at the East wing of the pack house... with her scent and all, it'll be easier for my grandfather to find her..." I trailed off and continued immediately.

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"Make sure she's settled well and ...keep an eye on her. I don't want any trouble.,".

"Noted, Alpha!" Seth murmured before leaving the room again. I leaned against the window, staring out at the forest beyond the pack house. What the hell was I doing? Why couldn't I just let her go? I had no reason to drag her back into my life, no reason to care what happened to her and yet, here I was, longing for her like a fool.

I rubbed at my temples, "This is pointless," I muttered under my breath. "I said I'd reject her. Why am I doing this? She's just a girl, just a wolfless girl who doesn't even know about our bond."

But I wanted her so much ... so, who was I kidding?