

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

Chapter 7 - Bonding...

Lyla

[Warning 18+ and explicit scene]

I couldn't forget the satisfactory smirk on the faces of my parents and sister. Clarissa as I was taken away. They were glad I was finally going to disappear.

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I gasped when the vehicle stopped at the entrance of the White Lake Mountains Pack. I've heard about its splendour and beauty – it was home to the 1% of the Lycans in the world and also the home to the Lycan Leader, Alpha Ramsey.

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I stepped out of the car, my heart hammering against my ribs as I stared at the imposing gates, the towering pack house loomed above me, its grand structure was both intimidating and mind-blowing. I felt like I had just stepped into a castle in a fantasy novel but then the realization struck me...If I had been brought here, it could only mean one thing...

I was going to be punished.

That was the only explanation. The Lycan Leader wanted to punish me for what had happened at the gala and for not taking care of myself during my heat. My body still ached from the rough treatment I'd received from my parents last night – and I prayed to the moon that my punishment would be something I could bear. After this, I'm never setting foot in this world again.

The soldiers ushered me inside without much fanfare, their expression unreadable as they led me through the grand hallways of the pack house. Everything was pristine and luxurious with a high ceiling, diamond-crusted chandeliers and walls adorned with portraits of past leaders. I felt completely out of place, like a stain on an otherwise perfect canvas.

They led me to a room where a grey-haired man was waiting for me. He nodded to the soldiers who let me go and left, leaving the two of us together.

"Good morning, sir!" I greeted swallowing hard, maybe, if I'm a bit respectful, my punishment might be reduced.

"My name is Seth and I'm the Alpha's Butler," the man said without preamble or acknowledging my greeting. He didn't even act like my scent was bothering him. His face was impassive.

"Stay in this room until I come with further instructions," he continued. "You can stroll out to the garden behind your room if you so wish but not more than that. You're not allowed access to any other part of the pack house until I tell you so. Meals are timely here: Breakfast will come shortly by 10 am, Lunch by 2 pm and Dinner by 7 pm. An Omega will be sent to you during bath hours, so please cooperate and remember, do not loiter around the pack house and stick to the space mapped out for you. Enjoy your stay," he gave me a terse bow and left before I could ask questions.

I stood watching his retreating back, wondering why I was there. I had expected to be thrown into the dungeon or something worse. Why was I put in a room? Was this the Lycan Leader's attempt to punish me by showing me life could be good before I'm shipped into the dungeon?

I paced my room, trying to play all the worst-case scenarios I could think of and it was worse since I didn't come with my phone either. Unable to bear the tension anymore, and needing to escape the suffocating atmosphere, I wandered out into the garden behind my room. I found myself in a vast, beautifully maintained garden with a maze of neatly trimmed hedges, vibrant flowers and trees.

In no time, I felt my anxiety easing. I tried to focus on the gentle breeze and the sound of birds but it was no use. My heat was spiking... from the fullness of the moon I had seen last night, I knew today would be my peak. I managed to settle onto a garden bench, my breathing ragged.

"Get a grip!" I muttered, trying to steady myself. The ache between my thighs seemed to be growing with each second. My body pulsed with need and every brush of the wind against my skin felt like a taunt. My fingers trailed to the hem of my dress, hesitantly inching higher.

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Biting my lips, I hesitated feeling ashamed and embarrassed at what I was about to do but the need was too strong. Trembling, I let my hand touch my soaking core, my finger slipping beneath my glistening folds.

I pressed my back against the garden bench, my eyes fluttering shut as heat surged through me at my first touch. My breath hitched in my throat and a low, satisfactory moan escaped me.

I widened my legs, bringing to focus the image of Alpha Ramsey from last night. I ran a finger up and down my, wet slit... feeling more desperate, more frantic... I imagined

Ramsey's breath on my face, his lips on mine and I bucked, groaning as a wave of lust washed through me.

I rubbed at myself, trying to be quiet as soft moans escaped my lips, my hips moving involuntarily to the rhythm of my touch. It wasn't enough, though... no matter how much I tried, it wasn't enough to quench the burning need I felt. My heat demanded more, craved more... after today... it'll be over and I'll have to wait for next month.

My hand moved to my puckered nips, stretching and playing with them while my other hand concentrated on the pool below but just as I was on the edge, a rustle of movement caught my attention. My eyes snapped open and I froze, mortified, my heart skipping a beat.

Alpha Ramsey stood there, watching me, his amber eyes darkened with an intensity that sent shivers down my spine. It was a mixture of anger, desire and something darker that made my heart race.

"Ramsey – Alpha Ramsey," I croaked, yanking my hand away feeling embarrassed and flustered as I tried to gather myself but the look in his eyes told me it was too late -he's seen everything.

"W-What are you doing here?" I stuttered standing. "You shouldn't be here."

"This is my house – my garden – my pack, it is you who shouldn't be here," he retorted and in a few long strides, he was in front of me, his amber eyes blazing. Before I could utter another word, Ramsey's hands were on me, pulling me close with a force that made me gasp.

His lips crashed into mine in a heated, desperate kiss as if he was trying to devour every ounce of restraint he'd held onto.

I responded instinctively, melting into him, my hands tangling in his hair as he pressed my back against a tree, his mouth devouring mine with a hunger that matched mine.

Our clothes were discarded hastily, torn away in our frantic need to feel our skin on each other. Ramsey's touch was rough and possessive and I welcomed every bit of it, his hands roaming my body, exploring every curve, every dip, as if trying to memorize me. I moaned with pleasure when his mouth trailed down my neck, his teeth grazing at my sensitive skin, sending a batch of pleasure through me.

He pushed me back onto the bench and came down next to me – I wondered how we were able to fit in on the narrow bench. my body trembled as his tongue rolled over my puckered nipples. I groaned, clasp his head to it, moaning out his name.

His fingers slipped beneath my dress, finding their way to my soaking core. As soon as he touched me... I ground against him, convulsing on his hands.

"Mine!" he growled against my skin and came to settle in between my legs.

His eyes had darkened... his wolf was sharing me as well as him. It was a raw, primal need and it sent shivers down my spine. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer and he didn't hesitate. He entered after his second attempt. I leaned back, gritting as a moment of pain flashed through my body and then in one swift motion, he filled me.

I cried out as our bodies moved together in a frantic rhythm, my nails digging into his shoulders as he moved within me. Each thrust ignited the fire that had been burning inside me for so long.

I clung to him, lost in the sensation of him claiming me in the most primal, wickedly vicious way I could think of right on the garden bench. I've never felt anything like this – so intense, so consuming. It was as if we were made for each other, our bodies perfectly complementing one another. Then he growled, raising his head to the sky, his eyelids half shut as he trembled and growled ...

MATE!!!

His canine jutted out and, in a flurry, he leaned against me and sank his teeth by the side of my neck. The pain sent a jolt through me, mingled with the pleasure from his pounding me below... I groaned as my body convulsed with pleasure... I felt him still too, his breath hot against my ear, his teeth still sunk in my neck... I couldn't ... we couldn't take it anymore...

We let ourselves go.