

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

## **Chapter 8 - Rejection...**

**Lyla**

My head was still reeling from the near-death experience of having one of the most shattering orgasms I've ever had while a small smile played on my lips.

Alpha Ramsey was my mate... fated to me by the Moon Goddess... finally, I wouldn't have to bother about my damning heat cycles... I had a mate now... and he wanted me as much as I wanted him too. I clung to him, my heart swelling with the hope that he was on the same page as me. No wonder he had come for me.

I felt him pull away from me, disentangling himself without a word. I watched him with a satisfied smile as he rose to his feet, and reached for his discarded clothes that was when I snapped back to reality.

Why was he leaving already? Aren't we supposed to cuddle and at least talk about what has just happened?

"You're leaving?" I asked, my voice filled with disappointment.

He ignored me – instead, his expression hardened, turning cold as he adjusted his clothes. He didn't look at me, didn't say a word as he fastened his belt and straightened his shirt. I felt the warmth of our shared moment evaporating, replaced by the mask of indifference he had on now.

"Ramsey..." I whimpered hating the way my voice felt so small like a kitten's.

He finally turned to me, a bored expression on his face.

"Get dressed," he said curtly, "And leave ten minutes after I do. Just make sure you're not seen."

I blinked, confusion and hurt washing over me, my eyes widening in shock. "What? Ramsey... we just..."

"Alpha Ramsey!" he growled coldly "Stop calling me Ramsey... I am your leader!"

I bit the insides of my cheeks, trying to stop myself from crying. "Is that it?" I asked, struggling to understand. "After everything that just happened... you're just going to walk away?"

"It was nothing," he cut me off, his tone harsh. "Just instinct, nothing more. You were in heat, and I... I lost control..." he turned his back to me, adjusting his collar "But this doesn't change anything."

I scrambled to my feet, grabbing my clothes with trembling hands. "You said... you called me your mate. You marked me," I stammered pointing at his mark on my neck that was still fresh and sore. "I heard you, twice! Alpha... you can't just pretend this didn't happen."

He didn't respond immediately, but when he did, his words were like ice.

"I don't care what you heard. Fine... let's say you're my mate and I marked you but it doesn't matter – doesn't change anything. You have no wolf, Lillian.... and I can't have a wolfless mate. You're not fit to stand beside me... you don't fit into my world."

Tears prickled at my eyes as I looked up at him, my chest tightening with every word. "It's Lyla..." I bristled "My name is Lyla... not Lillian."

He rolled his eyes, clenching his jaw and for a moment, something flickered in his eyes, - regret, maybe but it was gone as soon as I saw it.

"Lillian, Lyla, ... it's all the same thing," he retorted.

A tear rolled down my cheek and I swiped it furiously. "So that's it? You're just going to use me to satisfy your needs, mark me and then toss me aside? Why did you even mark me in the first place if you don't want me? Now you've ruined my chance of getting someone else."

"I did you a favour, Lyla..." he scoffed "I saw how needy you were... how much your body wanted to be fucked so badly. You can stay here with me... I will take care of your needs but don't expect anything more. I can't and won't be with you."

Anger flared within me, my fists tightening at my sides. "You're cruel, Alpha Ramsey," I said, my voice shaking with a mix of hurt and defiance. "You may be the Lycan Leader, but you're still a coward. So, hurry up and reject me already."

His eyes flashed but he didn't respond. He simply turned on his heel and walked away. I watched as he walked away, every step he took felt like a slap to my face., like I was nothing more than an afterthought.

Anger and pain welled up inside me, burning hotter than the heat that had driven me into his arms moments ago. Before I knew it, I was chasing after him, my voice trembly as I called out.

"Ramsey, wait!" my voice wavered but I pushed forward my bare feet in the garden sand. He stopped but didn't turn. I reached out, grabbing his arm, but he pushed me away, shaking me off as if I were dirt that clung to him.

"I don't understand," I whimpered again, feeling miserable. "Why are you doing this to me?"

I heard him sigh as he turned to face me. "Lyla, this was nothing more than a mistake. What happened between us cannot and doesn't change anything. I am not a prince charming that will swoop in and save you. This is not a fairytale."

My heart twisted at his words, each one feeling like a dagger was plunged into my heart. "A mistake? We're fated mates, Ramsey... even though I didn't know I felt the pull towards you too, and I've never felt like this with another man," my voice croaked, filled with the raw vulnerability I'd tried so hard to hide. "Why are you pretending this meant nothing?"

He clenched his jaw, the harsh line of his face hardening. "Because it doesn't. We were caught up in the moment. Nothing more. I can't be tied down by something so fleeting," his tone was flat as if rehearsed with each word feeling like they were carefully chosen to wound me.

"That fleeting moment led to this," I pointed to his mark on my neck. "You don't have to treat me like this," I pleaded my voice dropping to a whisper. "I deserve better than being your dirty little secret."

He stood and watched me for a moment without saying a word but then his expression shifted again, growing colder, more detached.

"I've already made arrangements. Two moons from now, I'll be taking Cassidy Thorne as my mate. We were betrothed as children and I broke it off 7 years ago, but now I see I was foolish. We would make great mates."

"What about me?" I asked, desperation in my voice.

"As for you, Lyla, you'll stay here. You're still my mate – fated to me and I feel responsible for you. I'll make sure you're taken care of – your needs your comfort, everything."

I stared at him, trying not to bawl. "You mean...you want me to stay here while you marry someone else? And what? Be your little toy you come to when you're bored?"

His gaze flickered with annoyance. "You're more than that," he said curtly, though his tone lacked conviction. "You're my mate, whether you like it or not and I'll see to it that you're provided for. All your needs ...."

"All my needs?" I interrupted, my voice rising with fury. "You mean sex. That's all this is, isn't it? You think you can just keep me here to use whenever you want, while you parade around with Cassidy on your arm like the perfect Lycan Leader,".

I laughed, a bitter sound that echoed in the garden. The sun was setting catching the deep red highlights in his hair. "You don't want a mate, Ramsey. You want a convenient outlet for your lust. You want a puppet you can control and I refuse to be that for you."

His eyes narrowed, as he took a step closer.

"You're overreacting, Lyla. This is the best arrangement for both of us. Would you rather go back to your family and be shamed constantly when I can give you everything? I'm offering you security, protection...."

"Security?" I scoffed, stepping back "You call this security? You're trying to buy my silence with material things and expect me to be grateful? I'm not some desperate stray you can just throw scraps at, Ramsey. I may be a wolfless deviant but I have my dignity."

My voice trembled but I didn't back down. "You can have Cassidy. You can have your perfect little life with your perfect little wife in this perfect pack. But I won't be here, waiting in the shadows for you to remember I exist."

I turned, forcing myself to walk away even as every step felt like walking on shattered glass. I knew that if I stayed a second longer, I would break down and I refused to let him see me that way.

Not again!