

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

Chapter 9 - A prisoner for my mate...

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Lyla

I stumbled out of the garden. My heart was still heavy from the crushing rejection by my mate.

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Although he didn't reject me, he made it clear of the position I held in his life. I'd wanted to believe, for the tiniest moment, that his touch had meant more... The way he had looked at me with eyes filled with love as he sank his teeth into my neck still played in my mind, but his cold dismissal after everything shattered my hopes.

I walked down the corridors, my vision blurring with tears. His mark on my neck was still throbbing, reminding me of what happened earlier. As I reached my room, I was startled when I saw Seth – the butler, standing in front of my door.

I hurriedly wiped the tears from my eyes and bowed stiffly to him. His brows arched and for a moment, I thought he was going to ask me questions. Instead, he drew himself to his full height and came to stand in front of me.

"It's time for your bath, Miss. A maid will come for you shortly. After that, lunch will be served."

I nodded with a strained smile. "Thank you."

As I turned to open my door, Seth's voice reached me again.

"Also, there's a young man at the outside our gates, requesting to see you. His name is Nathan and he claims to be your friend. Do you wish to speak to him?" I paused my steps and turned to Seth, my eyes widening with surprise. "Nathan is here?"

"Yes, Miss," he nodded.

My heart leapt at the news. Joy surged through my heart, but as soon as I thought of running out to meet him, I immediately had second thoughts.

I couldn't face him like this, smelling like another wolf, with Ramsey's mating mark still throbbing on my neck. Nathan could read me like a book and I was tired of being vulnerable. If anything, I was ashamed of myself. How long would I rely on him? He was my best friend, not my savior. If he had to keep saving me, eventually he would become tired of my presence.

"Please tell him I won't be able to see him," I murmured, fighting back tears. "Tell him I am fine and that the Lycan Leader put me in one of the guest rooms. He's just worried for my safety," I added.

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"As you wish, Miss." Seth nodded and turned to leave.

I managed to open the door and shut it behind me, leaning against it as I slid to the floor, burying my face in my hands as the tears I had been fighting so hard to contain finally broke free.

I was a fool to think that finding my mate would end my misery and that it would somehow change my fate... Now, I wish I never knew that it was possible to still have a mate despite my situation. I was nothing more than his shame, his dirty little secret.

There was a soft knock on the door and I scrambled to my feet, trying to wipe as many tears as I could. I composed myself before calling out.

"You can come in!"

The door opened and a middle-aged woman dressed in a maid's uniform entered carrying a bowl of water and washcloth.

"I have come to clean you up," she announced without preamble.

"Oh!" I mustered a smile she didn't see. "Thank you. I guess! What do you want me to do first?" I asked confused as she just stood there, staring at me blankly.

It seems everyone in this Packhouse had mastery over controlling their facial expressions.

"Please go over to the bath," the maid pointed to the big tub inside an arch at the end of the room.

"Okay!" I nodded and tried to take my clothes off but she stopped me again.

"Don't worry, I'll do that for you too. Just walk over to the tub!"

I did as she told me. She joined me a few seconds later and I stood while she unzipped my ruffled gown, then gently removed my hands before it pooled to the ground. I covered my body feeling ashamed at Ramsey's hickeys that covered all over the sensitive parts of my body.

I wondered what she thought of it.

After she finished helping me with my dress, she prepared the bathwater inside the tub before asking me to go inside. As soon as I stepped in, and sat inside, I felt warmth seep into every part of my body.

All the tension in my neck and the anxiety I had been feeling moments ago vanished. The woman wedged herself at the edge of the tub and slowly began to clean every part of my body. When she was done, she rinsed me off and offered me a cleaning cloth before I stepped out.

As I walked back to the bedroom, the door opened and an older woman stepped in carrying a dark liquid inside a cup. She passed it to the former maid and left the room without sparing me a glance.

I also noticed there was a fresh change of clothes on the bed. While I wondered when that had been prepared, the maid spent the next few minutes lavishing sweet, smelling scent all over my body. By the time she was done, I felt new.

Although I was born as the daughter of an Alpha, I've never had anyone take care of me like this. Aside from my Nanny; but that was when I was much younger.

After combing out my hair and brushing it so that it cascaded down my shoulders, stopping at my waist, she reached for the cup of dark liquid on the table and stretched it towards me.

"Drink this," she said quietly.

I collected the cup, staring at her with questions in my eyes. "What is this?" I asked.

"Something to make sure you do not get pregnant!" She said, her gaze meeting mine for the first time. "You'll have it every fortnight!"

"Fortnight?" I removed the cup from my lips and stared at her, "I don't understand. Why do I need to drink this every fortnight?"

The woman stared at me for a moment, I could tell she was hesitating to speak. Finally, she did.

"It's a direct order from Alpha Ramsey. Once you've eaten, he'll come for you at night and you'll give him pleasure."

"Oh," I could only say woodenly in response.

So, Alpha Ramsey didn't listen to a word I said in the garden. He was determined to turn me into his sex toy.

I drank all the dark liquid, making sure not to miss even a single drop. After I finished it, I handed the cup back, and the maid left.

My food had been served but I had no appetite. For the first time, I realized I was truly in a fix. Alpha Ramsey wasn't just an ordinary Alpha... he was the Lycan Leader and that meant no one could question his actions. Not even me.

If he said he wanted me as a plaything, no one was going to bat an eyelid.

I lay on my bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. I felt hollow, drained of energy to fight. I didn't even have the strength to scream or break something even though the urge was there.

I thought of leaving – running far away but where would I go? I had no wolf to guide me, no allies to lean on and now, even my mate had made it clear I didn't belong by his side.

The Moon Goddess had given me a fated mate who didn't want me. What kind of cruel joke was that?

There was a soft knock on the door before it opened. Without looking up, I knew it was Ramsey. I didn't bother to look at him as he entered. He walked to my bed and stood at the edge, but I turned my gaze away, staring at the wall opposite me.

"You need to move out of the packhouse," Ramsey said, "I cannot have my grandfather or Cassidy to know about your existence. In fact, the less people know about you, the easier things will be."

I didn't say anything, I just listened to him while my heart broke slowly. "I've prepared a house at the edge of the Pack lands. It has everything you'd ever need. It's for the best, Lyla. I promise. You'll thank me in the future."

I didn't say anything, I just laid still, my gaze turned from him. I could feel anger coursing through my veins but I held my tongue.

He hovered over me for a few more seconds before he turned and left the room, taking my silence as approval of his plans for me.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mentally, I began to plan my escape.