

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

Chapter 13 - Echoes of the Past

Ramsey

After the drama with Lyla earlier at the gates this morning, I was seething with anger. I didn't even know if I was angry at myself for letting her just go or if I was angry with her for not sticking to the plan I had explained to her last night.

3

Was she trying to test my patience? To see how far I could go? How dare she disobey me? We were mates but I was still her Lycan Leader. I sat at the head of the round table in the situation room drumming my finger impatiently on the vinyl table.

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The room was filled with the quiet murmurings of the elders, warriors and members of the council deliberating over the sudden Feral attack last night but I couldn't be bothered by whatever they were saying. My mind was still fixed on Lyla.

3

Not just that, I wanted her so much. I couldn't stop thinking about our garden encounter. Even though it had been short and brief. But I was also angry at her.

She had defied me again. Lax was still angry at me for denying her but did he expect me to announce to the whole world that a mutt was my mate? Not only was she stubborn and reckless, she – No, I have to stop thinking about her. There were bigger issues, real problems bigger than Lyla.

4

"Alpha, are you listening?" My Beta, Lenny suddenly mindlinked me snapping me out of my thoughts, his eyes narrowing at me from across the table. "You need to focus; else they would know you weren't even listening from the beginning."

I nodded, straightening in my seat as I forced my attention back to the room. An emergency meeting had to be held today following the attack of Feral Wolves at the lower village last night. They had killed nearly 50 Omegas and injured about 100, hence the emergency meeting.

2

"It doesn't make sense!" Elder Vitalis muttered drumming on the table, copying my previous movement as he gestured wildly with frustration on his face. "There was no warning! Feral attacks always come with some sort of sign – an omen or even the arrival of the Moonsinger. But this one, nothing! They just appeared!"

1

"My thoughts exactly," Elder Mira, a silver-haired woman sighed leaning forward. "How is it even possible?" she continued "The last recorded Feral attack was nearly 10,000 years ago. Didn't they say that the last Moonsinger wiped out the Dark One and his Feral armies? How could they still exist? How could we have been so wrong?"

1

The room erupted with worried voices as everyone tried to speak at the same time.

"Could this be the beginning of another Great War?"

"Are we even prepared for them? I doubt it."

Lenny leaned in closer, peering at the map laid out before us. "Not to mention, they didn't just attack anywhere, Alpha. They hit close to the White Mountain Territory... right near the White Moon Throne."

Everyone in the room gasped with shock but I could understand them. The White Moon Throne in the White Mountain region wasn't just any territory; it was our seat of power, the heart of our world. An attack on us was a direct challenge, like a warning to the strongest pack in the land.

"We're in trouble!" One of the warriors sighed, his eyes wide with fear "If the Ferals are coming back... after all these years, it can only mean one thing... the Dark One still lives amongst us and we're not prepared."

5

I tried to focus on the concerns everyone was raising, to be the leader my people needed but somehow my thoughts kept drifting back to Lyla. Was she safe? Had she arrived home? I had asked for her phone number before the meeting started. It was on a piece of paper in my chest pocket. Should I give her a call? Wouldn't I look foolish?

Suddenly, my grandfather, Eldric, cleared his throat from where he was behind me. He hadn't said a word since the meeting started and had preferred instead to lodge at the window staring into nothing.

"Enough!" he said quietly but firmly "The battle hasn't started and we're already losing. More than anyone in this room, I know what it means to fight a Feral. Although it's been 10,000 years already, details of that battle are still vivid in my mind."

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"They're relentless," he continued "And do not fear death neither do they retreat until they bring nothing but chaos and destruction. Unfortunately, we thought we had wiped them out but it's not surprising that they have returned. We must be sure it is the dark one leading them this time around... the Last Moonsinger had died side by side with the dark one. So, there's a slight possibility that..." he paused and continued.

"Instead of bemoaning our situation," he turned to me, "You need to send word to all the Alphas of the region. Inform them and the people of this threat. Every pack must be ready to defend their borders."

"But Eldric," One of the older Elders who was the same rank as my grandfather spoke, "Some of these packs barely have the arsenal to protect themselves against rogue attacks. Like the pack where my mother is from for instance. Won't they get any aid from the White Moon Throne?" she asked.

"The attack was first orchestrated here, Elder Mira. If we send our warriors to these smaller packs, and the White Moon Throne falls, what will become of our world?" My grandfather sighed.

"How about we merge those smaller packs with bigger packs until the threat is over?" I suggested.

"That's a good suggestion, Alpha," They all nodded.

"But how are we supposed to fight them?" Elder Thorne suddenly asked, his voice wavering. "We barely survived the last time. Without a Moonsinger... we'll not even survive an hour fighting them."

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"But doesn't the appearance of the Feral wolves mean that a Moonsinger has been born?" I asked.

"Yes," Elder Thorne nodded "But they could still be an infant, a pup, a toddler or something else. We cannot know the form they take until they reveal themselves. Without a Moonsinger, there's not much we can do."

"Well, a Moonsinger has not appeared for 10,000 years now," My grandfather said quietly "Over the years, we've protected our world with the best of our resources and

abilities and unless anyone in the room knows where and who the Moonsinger is... then it's time we stop relying on things that cannot exist."

The elders looked at each other in despair, with fear written boldly on their faces.

"Don't say that, Eldric," Elder Mira queried. "Let's not foolishly deceive ourselves into thinking we can defend our territories without the Moonsinger. Alpha!" She turned to me "Perhaps, it's time we start searching for the Moonsinger. We don't know how long until the next attack but we must be ready."

"Fine!" I nodded, "But let's cross that bridge when we come to it," I said sternly. "Right now, we must focus on gathering all our armies and preparing for the worst. My grandfather is right, we cannot sit around waiting for the Moonsinger."

2

"Speaking on that Alpha," my grandfather turned to me, "It's time for you to pick a mate."

I tensed glaring at my grandfather. "Really? Now?" I queried. "You're bringing this up, in public?"

"Yes," He nodded without remorse. "You've delayed it long enough. Now that the Ferals have attacked, you must unlock the full power of the White Moon Throne. And for that, you will need a mate."

I wanted to tell him I had a mate, but I bit back the words. I didn't want things to become more complicated than they already were. As I opened my mouth to respond, a sudden, searing pain shot through my back, the pain was so intense as if someone was running a blade up my spine.

I winced, gritting my teeth, trying to swallow it down.

"Alpha, are you ..." Lenny began but I raised my hand to silence him as another wave of pain pierced through my heart.

"Lyla – our mate. She's in danger!" Lax – my wolf growled within me. *"We have to go now. Lyla needs us!"*

My breath hitched. Lyla? I pushed back against the pain, trying to focus on my grandfather who was staring at me now. But my wolf wouldn't stop talking.

"She's hurt, Ramsey. Move!"

The sensation running through me was worsening with each second. I could feel the tug deep in my chest. Without thinking, I shot up from my seat, knocking my chair back with a loud crash. The room fell silent as everyone turned, staring at me in confusion.

"Is something wrong, Alpha?" My grandfather asked.

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I shook my head. "...I have to go," I stammered. My heart was beating faster than usual as my gaze flickered to Lenny.

"Now?" Lenny asked, rising from his seat. "But we're in the middle of a..."

"I don't have time to explain!" I snapped pulling myself together as I grabbed my coat and shot another glance at Lenny. "Come with me. Now."

Without another word, I bolted for the door, not bothering with the surprised look on the faces of everyone in the room.

Whatever had happened between us earlier didn't matter anymore. Lyla needed me.