

My Alpha's Retribution: Rising from the Ashes of his Vengeance

C1

A Fact to Hide

YILEYNA

NUMB... THAT WAS HOW I felt.

I was bound in silver with some sort of spell upon me down in the cells. My eyes were covered with a piece of cloth whilst my mouth and neck were bound with rope. I could barely breathe with how tight the rope was wrapped around my neck.

It was somehow... over. The future looked dark, but despite the agony within me, I refused to give up.

Theon was my mate. My fated mate... how had the goddess paired us? What was I being punished for?

The moment I had realised it, something had struck the back of my head. I remembered the white-hot pain erupting in my head, then I woke up, and I was here. How things had changed overnight...

The mind link, no one knew I had it, and even the silver didn't stop the voices pouring into my head, but I kept silent. For now, I didn't want anyone to know I had the link, and I could hear some of the pack members through it. They were mostly of women or those who weren't warriors.

The Silver Storm warriors were all in the cells around me. I had heard them earlier when I first came to. My sense of smell and hearing was far more sensitive than before as well. I don't know how I acquired the mind link without shifting... did this mean I had no wolf?

No... that couldn't be true.

I felt a faint presence within my mind, like an extra set of emotions... but it made no sense that I was able to feel the mate bond or get the link before a shift. Was it because

I was a hybrid? Either way, I wouldn't complain. I would use the mind link to my benefit.

I needed to think of a way to protect our pack. The pack was my responsibility now. Who had we lost already? Was Charlene okay? Fear enveloped me at the very thought of something happening to my queen. The guards seemed to have signalled they had gotten away, and I hadn't seen them being brought back or even smelt them, so I hoped they had gotten far away.

Wait! What if Raiden and the others were in range of the mind link? My heart skipped a beat when the thought crossed my mind.

Raiden... Charlene? I tried calling through the bond.

What the... Yileyna? Raiden's voice answered. It sounded weak and hoarse. My stomach did a somersault in relief.

Thank the goddess...

You shifted? He asked softly.

No, but I broke the seal on my abilities. How are Charlene, Ryan, Gamma Grayson, and Rhys? I asked quickly.

Charlene and Ryan are still unconscious, Gamma Grayson is fine, and Rhys is okay, too, but how are you? My heart squeezed at the concern in his voice, but I was extremely happy to hear they were okay. I didn't want to worry them... I needed to make a plan.

I'm fine, just in the cells, but completely fine. They won't hurt me... when Charlene awakens, tell her to link me. She will fill you all in on everything. Are you all safe?

Yes, we are at -

Don't tell me, it's not safe, just take care of yourselves. The Obsidian Shadow Pack killed the Alpha and Luna... let Charlene know. Silence followed before Raiden spoke once more.

I will... Theon... he betrayed us. A flare of anger and pain rushed through me.

Yes, he did. This is all wrong. He may have thought the Obsidian Shadow Pack is innocent in all this, but that's far from true. He saw what his father did out there...

Theoden Hale is a monster. I shuddered, remembering how he devoured the king's heart...

Yes, he is...

Theon asked me to join him the night of our engagement... I began before I quickly filled Raiden in on everything Theon had told me.

That's... he fucking pushed you. I could feel the anger in his voice. **The fact he was Theoden's son, how did the king not realise?**

Before Theoden killed the king, he said a simple charm was used on Theon... this man has access to some powerful magic, Raiden. Theon's aura... you should have felt it... the power that he's suppressed...

We need to get you out of there. You and our pack members.

No, Raiden, we cannot let Astalion fall into the hands of that monster. We need to derive - The sound of footsteps echoing reached my ears, and the delicious, intoxicating scent that belonged to Theon approaching filled my nose. **I got to go.** I cut the link, not waiting for a reply as I tried to calm my thundering heartbeat.

I heard the scrape of metal against metal before the door was opened, the hinges screeching before he walked in. I could feel the heat from his body as he stopped in front of me. Was it just me, or was his heart beating faster than it should? I felt him reach behind me and undo the rope that had been shoved into my mouth and wrapped around my neck. I gasped for air despite not wanting to show any sign of weakness in his presence.

I could feel his anger radiating off him, but I remained silent. If he was angry at me, I didn't care. If he was here to speak, he could, but it didn't mean I'd reply. I felt his fingers ghost along my stinging skin where the ropes had cut into my cheeks and the corners of my mouth, letting off intense sparks in his wake.

"Yileyna..."

I didn't respond. The pain in my chest was too much. The agony, the bitterness, and the despair I was beginning to feel were overwhelming. I didn't want him anywhere near me.

"Yileyna."

It hurt... the fact that he was also my mate... I didn't respond, and he exhaled in frustration.

"Dad wants to speak to you. I'm advising you to stay silent." His voice was so quiet I just about heard him. I smirked bitterly, glad he hadn't removed the blindfold. I don't know how I'd cope looking into those eyes.

"Why? Not like you care if he kills me, right?" I scoffed, feeling the sting in my eyes.

"He will make your life worse than death, don't push him, Yileyna." His voice was cold and hard.

"Yet you still see him as the innocent party in all of this. If he was a good person, why would you need to warn me to behave?" I cocked a brow.

"I already told you the truth, yet you didn't care to listen," he said coldly, yanking the blindfold from my eyes. My eyes met his cold amber ones, and I wondered how such a warm colour even managed to look so cold.

"I listened. I just refused to become a traitor. I asked the king for his version, too. Did your father ever tell you that Andres protected your mother in battle against the Dark Ones? I'm not saying the king was right, but there's always more than one version of a story, but it doesn't matter, right? Anyway, congratulations, Theon Hale. I hope you're proud of your accomplishment," I replied bitterly. His eyes flashed, but he simply looked away.

"Andres is dead. His word doesn't really count anymore, now, does it?"

We simply stared at each other. I hoped he saw the anger and hatred for him in my eyes. He unhooked me from the wall, my wrists still bound in silver chains. I almost fell forward, but he caught me around the waist, and I gasped, jerking away from his touch at the sparks that coursed through me. If I thought touching Theon before was mind-blowing... these sparks...

I looked up at him, but there was no change in him at all. How could he feel this yet not even react? He took hold of my wrist, looking at the marks the silver was making.

"Silver doesn't affect you as badly as it does werewolves..." he muttered. I pulled free, giving him a contemptuous glare. Whatever they had done to me was weighing down on me, even if silver didn't have the effect they wanted.

“Are my powers sealed?” I asked coldly as he took me by my arm, leading me from the cell.

“No, we don’t have magic that strong.”

Hmm, so if I tried, I could break whatever this was? He held on to me as we made our way through the dungeons. I almost laughed at the fact the ice still coated the walls and floor.

“Nice castle. Don’t feel too cold, do you?” I asked, making him glare at me.

“You spared nothing.”

“Neither did you,” I replied coldly. “What did you do with Andrea, Zoe, and Gamma Henry?”

“You don’t need to worry about them.”

I clenched my jaw but said nothing. I’d try to mind-link them later... but I had a feeling they would be bound in silver if they were alive. I hoped they were...

“Dad does not have patience, Yileyna... for your own sake, don’t anger him,” he warned me again before he pushed open the doors to the courtroom. *Like you care anyway.*

There he was, Theoden Hale sitting upon the king’s throne, one leg draped over the arm, a cigar in hand, and a young woman leaning at his feet, holding a bowl of fruit. His amber eyes turned upon us as we entered, and he watched like a predator would watch its prey. His eyes didn’t move until we stopped before him.

“So, this is the heart of our world,” he said, motioning for the Omega woman to move aside. Our eyes met, but I refused to look down in respect, glaring coldly at him. “She’s a feisty one, and clearly, she doesn’t know how to submit. I can feel her aura, but you said she has not shifted yet?”

“Yeah,” Theon said emotionlessly.

“Make sure she doesn’t shift. Keep her filled with wolfsbane. I wouldn’t trust it. Even with her being a hybrid, there’s still a chance she could shift,” Theoden said, his deep, cold voice echoing in the silent room. “And we don’t know what type of hybrid she is either, do we?” Theoden stood up, and my heart thudded as he closed the gap between us.

“No, Andres never mentioned it,” Theon replied curtly.

It took my all not to look at him in surprise. Why didn’t he tell his father I was part Siren? Despite the confusion that settled within me, I remained indifferent, keeping my gaze on the approaching man. He grabbed hold of my face, turning it sharply to the left and then to the right.

“Maybe Fae... she’ll need training before we put her to use. You know it’s never said anywhere how the heart will benefit us, but she needs to learn to control her powers, regardless. Arabella will know how to keep her under control.” For the first time, he looked down and spoke directly at me. “Listen here, you may be the heart of Kaeladia, but you are still the bastard’s child. One wrong move, and I will kill you and the rest of the Silver Storm Pack, one by one. Remember that.”

“You said Alpha Andres was a bad person... but can you guarantee you will be a better king and leader?” I asked challengingly. “You are already threatening the lives of innocent people.”

I was suddenly backhanded across the face so hard I fell to the floor, my head bursting with pain and my vision blackening at the force behind that swing. I could feel blood trickle down my forehead where his ring had split open my skin.

I took a deep breath, trying to let the pain ease up, when I felt a flutter of electrifying sparks go through my back. I turned to Theon, who was looking up at his father. Despite the emotionless expression on his face, his eyes were hard.

“I’ll take her if you’re done,” he said tersely. Theoden’s eyes flashed, and he raised an eyebrow.

“I will initiate you back into the Pack tomorrow,” he said dangerously. I don’t know what that was about, but Theoden was angry.

“Get up,” Theon commanded me emotionlessly, and I got to my feet.

“Take her to the room prepared for her,” he hissed.

We left the hall, and I saw groups of werewolves walking, carrying large barrels and chests. So, the Obsidian Shadow Pack were moving in already. Neither Theon nor I spoke as he held me by my arm and guided me down the hall.

I frowned, realising we were walking towards the old Beta quarters, a place I once called home... *Oh, how times have changed...*

To my dismay, Theon stopped outside the very door to those quarters and unlocked it. Instantly, I could feel the magic in here. Whatever they had done was powerful, and it was weaved through every inch of this place.

“Why here?” I asked icily as memories flooded me. He didn’t reply, stepping inside and shutting the door behind him. I saw him lock it and noticed how his aura seemed to lessen drastically.

“Does it matter?”

I just gave him a cold glare in reply as I turned away from him. I gasped when he took hold of my arm once again, letting a storm of electrifying sparks rush through me. I needed to learn to get used to those...

I saw him frown slightly at my reaction. How was it he didn’t even seem bothered? I guess he really didn’t have any emotions left...

I looked away from him as he brushed my hair up and examined what I knew was a bruise forming from Theoden’s hit.

“I told you not to piss him off,” he said quietly, his voice devoid of emotions.

“I said one sentence. If the monster can’t take the truth, that is not my problem.” His eyes narrowed at my words, but I raised an eyebrow.

“You don’t want him catching you saying that.”

“Tell me, Theon, am I not right? What happened out there... was that not enough to show that he is a monster? Oh, and one more question...” I stepped closer, despite not wanting to touch him again. “If you truly think I’m wrong... then why didn’t you tell him I’m part Siren?”

He tensed, clearly not expecting me to ask him that. His cold eyes met mine before he stepped closer so we were only inches apart. But it was his words that truly shocked me...

“Because my mother and sister were killed by a Siren... he won’t care if you are the heart or not. So, unless you want to lose your head, you might want to keep that little piece of information a secret.”

A Broken Promise

YILEYNA

KILLED BY A SIREN... I was unable to ignore the pang of pain that washed through me. No matter what he had done, his mother and sister were not a part of it, and my heart broke for them. So, that was why Theon held so much hatred towards the sirens. This war between our species had gone on for far too long. How long would the two species carry on like this? What started it? Was there a way to end it all?

I didn't let my emotions show, and instead, I raised my eyebrow challengingly, trying not to be drowned by his scent.

"Well, I'm sure you will at least be pleased when I lose my head," I replied icily, turning away from him.

Deep down, I was unable to shake off the fact that he had warned me about his father and was telling me to keep my heritage a secret from him. Was there a part of Theon that knew his father was wrong? Was there anything in him that I could justify?

"I'm warning you. From tomorrow, I will take you to train as Dad wishes. Be on your best behaviour, Yileyna, because no one is here to play."

"No promises," I muttered, wanting him to just leave. I could no longer feel my abilities in here, almost as if whatever was in the air was sucking it away. I heard him walk towards the door, and he paused.

"You could have tried to run when I took you to Dad... why didn't you?" He asked quietly. I frowned, confusion hitting me at his question, and I turned to look at him.

I hadn't even considered it. After all, how could I when there were so many of our people here? This wasn't just about me.

"I won't abandon my people. I'm Alpha, now, remember?" I replied coldly.

"You are no use as an Alpha if you don't take the hard path and make sacrifices. Sometimes you have to let those beneath you suffer the consequences of an action that would ultimately favour the rest.... Dad assumed the same. He didn't think you would risk running away when he has those you care for hidden away. One wrong move, and he will kill them. Remember that..." I frowned, hating how he was talking as if this was just a light conversation. "Oh, and one more thing... it's funny that not once did you

ask about Charlene. How did you know she's not here?" My heart skipped a beat, but I simply glared coldly at him.

"Because I made sure they were taken away," I shot back.

"Yet they didn't take you."

"As I said, I'm the Alpha," I replied, clenching my jaw.

That may have seemed like a distant statement at one point, but now the meaning of it was embedded into me, weighing down on me with the sheer truth that I was indeed in charge of the Silver Storm Pack and that it was my duty to protect them. To find a solution for all of this.

"You're crazy," he said before he opened the door and stepped out, leaving me alone.

I sighed heavily, looking around the empty place. It was stripped of everything. It had been cleaned up, but there was no furnishing left here. At least I wasn't bound to one spot.

If Theoden thought I would be this meek, obedient doll for him to use, then he had another thing coming. But for now, I needed to think of a plan properly. This didn't just involve me but everyone...

Was I enough? Was I doing the right thing? Will I manage to do something? *Okay, breathe...*

I took a deep breath, slumping down against the wall and staring at the ice-covered floors. A plan...

Raiden? Charlene? Ryan? I called through the link.

Nothing. So this room blocked my mind link.

Fine, I'll think of a plan and then when I'm out of this room, I'll contact them. If they were still close enough to mind-link... it was risky for them to be so close as well, but I did need to communicate. We needed to think it over.

What do I do... What do I do...

Should I try to kill Theoden Hale? Was this endless cycle of killing for revenge and victory the right thing? No, it wasn't.

I needed to get through to Theon. Something told me that I needed him on my side to stop this cycle, for him to realise that his father may not be who he portrayed to be. I rested my head against the wall, trying to think over everything that had happened. My heart squeezed at Theon's words on the balcony.

"Please..."

Theon never said please. I wanted to say he cared somewhat, even if everything he had done was unforgivable.

This wasn't about him and me. That was long over, even if he was my mate.

I sat forward, crossing my legs as I tapped the icy floor with my nails, wondering why no one had de-iced the castle, or at least some of the rooms. I shook my head, pushing the unnecessary thought away.

Theon was behind everything that happened to my parents... and I could never forgive him for it. However, I needed to follow my instincts and prove to him that Theoden was a monster, otherwise, this cycle of hatred would never end. I had to put an end to this game of power over a title and throne, and I would do it the right way, even if it was going to be extremely difficult. For that, I needed to try to get through to Theon, something that was going to be almost impossible, as well as extremely painful for me, knowing that he was my mate who had ruined everything. I never thought I'd ever find my mate, but the moon goddess had other plans...

I stood up, pacing the room as I pondered over everything I had learned, from what Andres said to Theoden's version... someone was in the wrong, or there was a misunderstanding.

One thing was clear – Theon was vital in this plan. He was the Alpha of the Obsidian Shadow Pack after his father. I refused to believe that there was no part of Theon that didn't care. In his own way, he had looked out for me, and I had no choice but to hold on to that. I needed to show him the truth of his father's wrongs, but the most important question was, how do I do that?

I ran my hand through my hair, glancing around the room as if it would give me the answers.

Something told me if I wanted, I'd be able to break out of here as well. Didn't Theoden tell Theon to keep me full of wolfsbane and silver? Theon wasn't careless, I just wished I knew what exactly was going through his mind...

Do I pretend to be on his side? Or was it too late to do so? Or more importantly, would I be able to pretend to when my heart had been crushed by him?

Goddess, what do I do?

THEON

Nothing went the way I had wanted it to... nothing.

As I walked through the iced halls, ice that no mage or fae had been able to get rid of, I sighed inwardly. Seeing her bound so roughly in the cells had angered me, but how do I tell her without making it obvious that she needed to leave from here?

Things weren't as I thought... Dad was hell-bent on his revenge, and it was justified, but seeing the way Yileyna, who was innocent in all of this, was treated, didn't sit right with me. It fucking hurt, and I wished I had managed to get her away, but there had been no way for me to do that.

Seeing Hunter in Westerfell had thrown me; although I had been raised in secrecy since our Pack was already considered a rogue or criminal pack, there were still a few who knew who I was. Not even the enchantment on me would blind those who knew who I truly was. Hunter and I weren't exactly on good terms... but he hadn't said anything.

After I had knocked Yileyna unconscious and the party had come to an end due to the staged attack, I had met up with him. His words still niggled at the back of my mind, and I knew Dad wouldn't approve, but I needed to see him again.

"Theon."

Fuck, I didn't hear him again.

"Dad," I said indifferently, turning.

"You seem far more distracted than you once used to be... tell me, has being under Andres's command lessened your sense of vigilance? Moments of distraction can cause you to lose your head or heart," he said, his hard eyes on me.

"I was thinking about the ice," I lied, not wanting him to push me further. He seemed to have bought it.

“Powerful magic,” he said, knocking against the ice wall. Even with his strength, it didn’t crack or chip. “Imagine shields or armour of such calibre...”

“Yeah,” I responded. “What is your plan from here? We have Westerfell, the city and the kingdom have been notified that we have taken over. Now what?”

“You seem in a rush. You know it’s not that easy. We need the other packs to accept me as the king, and for that, we need the heart.”

“Do we really need her? We are strong enough without her.”

“The marriage still needs to take place. You need to mark her, train her, and then we will reveal the prophecy to the world. When people know that we have the prophesied one by our side, they will bow to us.” I wouldn’t mark her. Ever.

I nodded.

“I see, so you want me to train and mark her so we can use her... efficiently?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“She’s the heart, I don’t think she’s made to be controlled.”

Our eyes met, but I didn’t look away. I hated how he was observing me as if he was looking into my soul. He looked away after a moment and nodded, once again examining the iced-over walls.

“You are right. We need her to obey. Arabella has already said her powers are far too strong to contain... if she wanted to, she could break out of those quarters, but she seems naïve. Otherwise, I don’t think she’d still be here.” *Maybe, but in this case, she’s too fucking concerned for others.*

“Hmm, most likely.”

“But we can’t have her chained... it may just trigger her... we need to do this wisely. As long as you keep her heavily dosed on silver and wolfsbane, she will be weakened to an extent. You seem to care for her anyway. Perhaps you can use that to seduce her to our side?” He suggested so nonchalantly, as if we were discussing the weather, but I didn’t miss the subtle remark about caring for her.

“I did as you said, however, the attack that took place took away the chance for me to mark her... and then, of course, everything went down,” I reminded him emotionlessly.

“Ah yes, that... attack...” He turned to me, running his fingers through his beard. “It was a rather interesting one, wouldn’t you agree? I wonder what the assailant’s attempt was... knocking the Alpha princess out instead of killing her.”

I nodded, not giving away anything. I wasn’t stupid. I knew Dad wasn’t the type to buy just any story. I frowned, placing a slightly thoughtful expression on my face.

“Hunter was there,” I said, making Dad freeze. His heart skipped a beat, and he turned to me sharply.

Perfect.

“Hunter...” His eyes blazed and he punched the wall, yet despite the cracking sound of his knuckles, the ice didn’t move or break.

“I’m not certain if it was him, but it could have been. He knows of the prophecy after all.”

“That bastard...” Dad thundered with rage. “He has done nothing but thwart my plans!”

“He’s never liked Andres either. I think he’s neutral,” I reminded him.

“No, but it does not mean he isn’t a bastard! No matter what I attempt, he doesn’t fucking die.”

Attempt? My head snapped towards him, my eyes flashing with surprise.

“Have you tried to get rid of him?” I asked sharply.

“Of course, he knows far too much,” he spat. It took my all to contain the emotions that wreaked havoc inside of me. Gold eyes met orange, and I was unable to stop the burning anger that accompanied the statement that left my lips.

“You promised Mom you would never touch him.”