

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

C4

Breaking my Limits

YILEYNA

I RAISED AN EYEBROW.

“I wish I could. If you forgot, I don’t have a wolf, nor is it possible when I’m bound in silver.” I raised my shackled wrists, giving him a dirty look.

“But silver hasn’t brought you to your knees as it should now, has it?” He remarked. I couldn’t let him know the truth, and I simply shrugged.

“Think whatever you want.”

He didn’t respond as he watched me calculatingly, clenching his jaw. I knew Theon, and sadly he knew me. He had been around us for so long, and he often knew what I would be up to. For the first time, I wished he didn’t know me as well as he did. To my surprise, he didn’t bother me any further, glancing to the left fleetingly before we continued on.

“Don’t you think it’s foolish to have me only bound by a little silver and a few suppression spells?” I asked instead, hoping to divert the conversation from any suspicion he may have.

“No, because the moment you try to escape, I will give the signal and they will kill the Gamma females.” My blood ran cold at his words, and I frowned.

“So then, why were you surprised that I didn’t run?” I spat angrily.

“Because you didn’t know of the consequences, so I expected you to,” he said, and I saw him glance to the left once again. Was someone there?

“Fear not, I know I won’t get far. I know Theoden has enchanters on his side.” I wanted to say a lot more, but I wasn’t going to risk anyone becoming an example to teach me a lesson.

“Good,” he replied before we finally reached a large area within the walls of Westerfell. So, he was not going to take me out beyond the walls. That made sense, they had only secured this city...

“Zarian was a good teacher; can you not summon him?”

“No. I’m teaching you,” he said curtly. “Come at me... let’s see what you are capable of.”

“So, I can attack without anyone getting killed because of my actions, correct?” I asked.

“Yeah, do your worst.”

Oh, I will...

He unchained me and stepped back, his eyes on me. I jumped forward, feeling the blazing power rippling through me, but deep down, something told me not to show the true extent of my abilities. I kept it pulled back as I sent a wave of ice shards at him. He ducked before he lunged. In a flash, he was in front of me.

All those emotions that I felt were raging inside of me, and I wanted to hurt him... I wanted him to feel what I felt.

I threw a punch at him, a blast of wind throwing him back. His eyes flashed as he grabbed the metal cuffs and chain, using it as a weapon as he swung it at me. I blocked with a wall of ice before I broke through it, kicking him straight in the stomach. The impact felt satisfying as he was thrown to the ground, the snow beneath him cushioning his fall. He was up in a flash, his aura raging around him, and I could see the faint glow around him. What was that?

“Nice kick. Let’s see how many more you get in.”

With those words, he grabbed me by the arm, flipping me over and tossing me over his shoulder. Twisting, I landed on my feet, the snow erupting in a cloud around me, and our eyes met before we both ran at one another at the same time.

Years of fighting and trying my best were ingrained into me, but with the speed, strength, and agility that I now possessed, I felt far more powerful than I ever had

before. At the last moment, I flipped, sending a blinding flash of lightning at him, forcing him to step back, but he didn't back down. To my surprise, he raised his forearm, that amber glow weaving around him like fire as the lightning struck the fire-like shield that encased his arm. What the....

"Surprised?"

"No," I lied as I backed away, watching him. He smirked as he lowered his arm.

"You don't know me as well as you thought," he said as I felt a wave of energy roll off him.

"No, I don't know you at all," I said quietly, the stinging pain of his betrayal returning with full force. "Let's train."

I felt the dark power in the shadows, and I knew it was strong magic. Was it the one behind these spells that helped Theoden?

Not another word was spoken between us as we began exchanging blow after blow...

I had held back, knowing that Theon and those who were watching from the shadows had their eyes on me. For the next two weeks, Theon pushed me to my limits. The training would continue in three steps, and the first part was always in the open ground at the edge of Westerfell before we would return to the training barracks of the warriors, a place that now teemed with Obsidian Shadow Pack warriors. However, the moment Theon and I would enter, they would clear out. This was the only place I never felt eyes upon me.

The ice castle remained covered in ice, and I heard whispers of the unrest that was passing through the kingdom. Questions of the magic that enveloped the castle arose, and although Theon didn't know, the ice became my sense.

I was slowly able to sense where everyone was. Only when I was in our old Beta quarters did it diminish. I often wondered if there was a way to break those warriors free, but I didn't because, until now, Gamma Henry, Andrea, and Zoe were not accounted for.

I had heard fleetingly from Raiden and the others saying Zarian was nowhere in sight, and they had not managed to locate him, so they had left. They would gather whatever help they could. With the Obsidian Shadow Pack not really venturing from the city, I

knew they would be okay. With their departure, I lost the last remaining contact I had with anyone who truly cared. I did reach out to a few of the pack members I recognised through the link, but so far, they were under full lockdown as well.

I saw Theoden thrice, and each time my anger only rose. The first time he was beating a man, and I had felt the bond snap, realising it was one of my men that he had killed, but Theon had dragged me away before I could even speak. The second time, he had lit ablaze a small clothing store, but I had no idea why, and Theon refused to tell me. The third time, he had been walking through the city of Westerfell with a crown upon his head as if he was king.

Theon remained cold, indifferent, and passive. Every day he pushed me to my limits, and it was a struggle knowing I had to hold back. At times I felt like he knew that I was doing that, but he didn't question it, simply criticising my weaker points. Every day doing as he asked became easier, and although we were enemies, he was an impressive teacher, even though it was painful to see him daily. Every time we'd touch, that bond tugged at my heart, and I was unable to stop the pain from tearing me up inside.

After the first part of our hand-to-hand combat, combined with our abilities, we would come to the indoor training areas. That's where we were today, and as usual, it was eerily empty. Like usual, we spent thirty minutes of weapon training before Theon tossed his sword to the ground. My top had several slashes, and his shirt was half hanging off him from the intense session. He pinned my wrists to the ground, straddling me. Our hearts thundered at the proximity we were in.

Our eyes met, and the moment his eyes flickered gold, I pushed him off, moving away quickly. He backed away, his gaze as cold as ever, yet his breathing was heavy. We were both sweating, and I was exhausted.

"Not too shabby," he said emotionlessly before reaching for the hem of his shirt and pulling it up and over his head, making my heart thunder. His inked skin was glistening with sweat, and every breath he took made his muscles ripple. I forced my gaze away, frowning deeply as he tossed the shirt aside.

He had lied and betrayed me. Every time I saw him, it was all I could think of. I hated how the mate bond pulled us together, and the urge to reject him was niggling at me... it wasn't like the bond mattered to him. Not once had he acknowledged it.

He walked to the far end of the training hall, returning with two bottles of water. He held one out to me before taking the lid off the other and chugging it down.

“Now for the main training... your abilities.” I took a few thirsty gulps of the cold water before looking up at him icily.

“I still think someone with elemental power will be better,” I remarked, remembering that hot, flame-like energy that had surrounded him whenever we sparred. “What is that ability you have?” I couldn’t help but ask. He seemed to hesitate as if considering whether he should answer me or not.

“It’s none of your concern,” he remarked coldly. “Get up. How about we start with you melting the layer of ice you have coated the entire castle in?”

“I like the ice,” I remarked, “and besides, I told you, I don’t know how.”

“Well, right now, it’s not about what you like. It’s been long enough, remove the ice.” I frowned.

Theon was in his father’s pack once again, and I hated the fact that all conversations between him and others when I was around were through the link.

“Ask nicely,” I almost spat.

“I don’t do nice,” he replied with equal venom.

The moment back on the balcony when he had said ‘please’ returned to me, and our eyes met. Do I try to get close to him, get answers, and try to show him the truth? The risk of getting hurt tore me up inside, but I needed to make allies from within... I needed to remove the mask from his eyes, but how do I do it without getting hurt in the process?