

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

C5

Unleashing it All

YILEYNA

“THEN... IF I MANAGE to remove the ice, will that count as a lesson taught and accomplished?” I asked, standing up. He narrowed his eyes at my softer tone.

“Maybe.” He tossed the empty bottle aside.

“Can I ask a question regarding something you mentioned?” I asked, stepping closer despite the pain that threatened to suffocate me.

“What is it?” He asked quietly, his voice deeper as he looked down at me.

“Will you tell me everything? From how you were forced into hiding to how your mother and sister died?” I pushed gently.

Put aside your own pain, Yileyna, try to reach the man deep inside, a man who showed he did care...

“It’s a little late for that, don’t you think?” He replied coldly, turning his back on me. I stared at his broad chiselled back, ignoring the pull of the mate bond, and placed a hand on his back. Was it wrong that I wanted to use the mate bond to get him to listen?

“Please?” He tensed, and I could feel the anger radiating off him.

“Double standards, don’t you think?” He spat, stepping away from my touch and glaring coldly at me over his shoulder. “I don’t need to tell you anything. It changes nothing. We’re done for the day.”

I guess I was the only one who seemed to be affected by the mate bond. He strode toward the doors before pausing mid-way and turning his head slightly.

“There is something I do want to tell you...” My heart skipped a beat, and I wondered what it could be.

“What is it?”

“That night of the rogue attack that the Obsidian Shadow Pack staged, it was pre-planned. Every little detail of it right down to the specific target...”

“Target?” I asked hoarsely, remembering the massacre of that night and the bloodied bodies that littered the ground. “So many died that night.” The pain of that night would never leave me... now accompanied by another similar one. I was beginning to hate fire. Every time I saw it, it brought those painful memories to the forefront of my mind.

“Yeah, they did, but there were only two main targets. The rest were just caught in the attack... I made sure these two targets would be there at the forefront.”

Two...

My stomach churned sickeningly as a dreaded thought came to me. My heart clenched as his words echoed in my mind. “*Guaranteed to be there...*”

What was he telling me? What did it have to do with me?

“Who were they?” I asked quietly.

“Who else? None other than William and Hana De’Lacor.” I closed my eyes, refusing to allow the emotions to show as a single tear escaped down my cheek. “I knew where you and Charlene would be... I knew of your visits to the White Dove. I knew you’d investigate, and the love your parents had for you... I knew they’d follow you, and when they did, they would be the first in the line of fire. With their deaths, I removed Andres’ closest confidant from his side and instead stepped into the place that William De’Lacor left empty.”

My chest was heaving as I stared at his back. That storm of emotions inside of me was screaming to come out. How could he? How could he speak as if it was no big deal? How many more secrets and lies was he going to kill me with?

I couldn't hold back.

"Not only did you frame them and plan that attack... *you murdered them!*" I screamed as the pulsing in my head heightened.

Theon turned as the entire ground erupted, the soil moving in waves as a violent wind whipped around me. My aura surged and blasted the roof above us right off. The weather was chaos. Bolts of lightning flashed in the darkening sky, striking down on Theon, who was forced back, a shield of that amber glow energy shielding him, but nothing could stop me. I wanted him dead.

"Yileyna..."

His eyes met mine, and I saw a flash of an emotion I couldn't place as I advanced on him. Long, thin shards of ice rained down on him as I felt the darkness of Theoden's enchanter approaching, but I didn't care. All I could think of was how Theon should die.

"I hate you!" I hissed, seeing the long claw nails on my hands. They were not the thick claws of a werewolf, but the long, thin claws of a siren...

My skin seemed to have changed, a faint hue of silvery blue covering it. I lunged at him, digging my claws into his chest. He grabbed my wrist, but I refused to remove my hand from his chest, not caring as blood spilt down my hand and his body. He was looking at me as if it was the first time he had seen me.

The sharp, scissor-like teeth in my mouth were cutting into my lips. My heart was thumping too loudly. The sky was almost pitch black, and the hurricane was only growing far more powerful. The thunder roared deafeningly as I fought against Theon's grip on me, dragging my nails down his chest painstakingly slowly as he held me at arm's length. One hand was around my throat, but for some reason, it didn't hurt at all. His other hand still gripped my wrist.

"*I hate you!*" I screamed, punching him with my other hand.

I felt that same darkness, a darkness that I knew belonged to Theoden's enchantress, approach. I could feel her touching the earth I now controlled, and I sent a blast of stone and earth her way. Whatever she had begun to mutter was cut off. I felt the stone and

earth encase her in a tomb, then felt her anguish and anger, but I didn't need her to interfere.

More wolves were approaching, but I didn't care. They wouldn't get close enough. Blood filled the air as they were cut to pieces by the violent winds, but that was on them. My only aim was to kill the man before me.

"You were right! Revenge! I want revenge, too! For my parents!" I cried. My hot tears stung my cheeks as they streamed down my face. No longer was I able to hold those painful tears back.

Locks of purple and blue hair whipped around me, but all I could think of was their dead bodies lying on the ground in the aftermath of that attack...

Lies... all lies!

"How could you? How could you think you could ever have a relationship with me after what you did?" I screamed as we both went tumbling to the ground. "How dare you even touch me after killing my parents!"

"It was never meant to be more than one night." His words were faint and distant, and his grip was growing weaker.

With a burst of energy, I dug my claws deep into him and down his chest to the side of his waist, feeling a flare of satisfaction at the three long wounds that painted his chest. He fell back, his face ashy.

I was suddenly violently pulled back, feeling something being stabbed into the back of my neck. The heavy darkness of the spells in the air was weighing down upon me as I fought against the four wolves that were shackling me in silver and the power of the enchantress.

"I hate you, Theon!" I screamed, staring at the man who was half sitting, half lying propped on one elbow, one hand trying to stem the blood that was flowing out of him faster than normal.

I hated this. These sparks, this attraction, and above all, his betrayal. I knew what I needed to do. Despite the heaviness and the pain that was slowly spreading through my body, I glared at the man with all the hatred that I felt for him and took a deep, shuddering breath. Rage was overwhelming me as I channelled every ounce of my emotions into my words.

“I, Yileyna De’Lacor, Alpha of the Silver Storm Pack, reject you, Theon Alexander Hale, as my mate!” I shrieked, feeling the violent ripping in my chest as Theon stared at me in shock, pain and confusion, his heart thundering loudly. “Go to hell, Theon,” I spat before I finally succumbed to the darkness...