

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

C6

A New Perspective

THEON

MY MATE?

I could hear my heart beating violently in my ears. Her words and the pain that ripped me apart internally shocked me to the core. She was mine...

But with the mate bond sealed, I had never realised. Now the jerking away and the struggle I often saw her in made sense. It wasn't her hatred, although I knew that was there; it was the bond.

The night when she released her powers, she must have realised. I remember the look of pure shock in her eyes before she had been knocked out. *What kind of game are you playing, Selene?*

I saw Arabella approach her. Knowing she was about to do something to her limp body, I forced myself to sit up. Although I was in enough agony to pass out, there was something about these cuts that were burning me up. The pain spread through me and up my neck. They made my head squeeze in agony.

"Don't do anything! Bring her to me," I growled, unable to move with the intense pain.

Arabella paused. With her long black hair, dark eyes, and ashy skin, she gave me the same unnerving feeling that I always felt around her. The men obeyed me, bringing her body to me. I pulled her into my arms, feeling her heart thudding faster than it should be.

Her hair was its usual blonde once more. She had transformed, even if not fully, but her teeth... her hair... her claws....

I'm sure they had seen it, but I knew, even if no one else saw it properly, Arabella would have, and she would make the link knowing she was a siren.

The warmth of her body made me want to hold her tightly, but I was unable to, not with so many watching. My own body was becoming heavier.

Her rejection still rang in my mind. The pain that had been on her face and in her voice pulled viciously at my heart. I did this. I broke her in ways worse than I could have ever imagined.

“Alpha Theon, you are injured,” Arabella murmured.

“Remove the seal upon me. Now,” I growled, ignoring her statement.

“Alpha Theoden has not given me the -” My eyes blazed as I looked up at her, my gaze full of hatred.

“I’m the one who agreed for him to have those seals placed on me, and if I say I fucking want them gone, I mean gone!” I growled murderously.

The mate bond seal was one I did not hold the key to. Just as Dad had given me the tool to remove the one on my powers a week before the attack on Westerfell, this was one I hadn’t bothered about. But now I wanted to feel it.

The storm was still raging, the rain and hail beating down on us through the roof that she had blown off. I looked down at her... wishing I didn’t know just how we had come to this point. She was meant for me....

Even though she severed the bond from her side, these feelings didn’t stop, feelings I had to hide, even if Yileyna was mine...

They were talking to me, but I was no longer able to hear; the pain, these emotions, the guilt... I had told her the truth about her parents because I had been unable to keep it from her. It was something I had carried for far too long, and she had the right to know.

They were calling me, saying something, but I was losing consciousness. Arabella stepped forward, murmuring a spell before she let a few drops of her own blood join the stream of blood that was running from my body. I felt the final seal on me snap, and then the sudden sparks and her scent fill my senses. Goddess, if it was gorgeous before, this was fucking heaven...

Even if she had weakened it by rejection, she was still bound to me...

“...eon...”

They were saying something, but everything was getting dark.

“...blood... faster!”

“... son!”

“...on... hold on...”

I couldn't...

For the first time in my life, I wanted it all gone, everything that I kept inside of me. I was far too tired...

Voices. I could hear them faintly, but I felt too tired to open my eyes.

“...won't heal, no matter what we try.”

“Why not?” Dad's growl. They weren't in the same room, but they were close.

What happened? Was Yileyna okay? Surely Dad wouldn't hurt her. She was the heart, after all... right? *I need to get up...*

“I'm afraid it was the touch of death, Master,” Arabella's whispery voice came. Master? Why was she calling Dad master?

“Are you certain that's what she is?”

“Certain... these wounds, her appearance before she fell unconscious. She is a siren,” Arabella's quiet reply held no hesitation. I couldn't even move or react. My heart was beating slowly, and my body was far too heavy to even lift a finger.

“So, Andres even copulated with a siren. Disgusting. Do not tell Theon of this. We will make sure he doesn't find out.”

“Yes, Master... but what about them being mated?”

“He knows...”

“Yes, he commanded me -”

A thud and a gasp followed. Although I couldn't see, I knew he had hit her. That was the second time he'd hit a woman for simply speaking...

“You only obey my command, no one else’s,” he hissed.

I frowned, trying to open my eyes, but I couldn’t, almost as if my body was no longer mine to control. The seal on my mate bond was encouraged by Dad, but I had agreed. If I wanted it removed, that was my fucking choice.

Once again, Hunter’s words from the night of my engagement returned to me.

“When word went around that Andres had a Theon who was found on the coast as his closest man, I found it intriguing, but not once did I think it would be you until I stopped at a little Island called Bellmead...” My eyes flashed, and he raised an eyebrow.

“I heard some pretty interesting stories, stories that told me this Theon of Westerfell may just be someone more. What are you doing here, Theon? The man is a bastard and a liar, yet, despite your engagement to the pretty blonde, I know that you are not here for romantic reasons alone. That attack earlier was proof of that. Or staged attack anyway...”

“Why I’m here is none of your concern, Hunter, so leave without causing an issue.” He smirked as he took a drag on his cigar.

“Leave? Oh, I’m leaving... but I wanted to warn you, Theon, I’ve heard and seen things... dark things. Whilst you’ve been here undercover, your father has been moving around - ”

“He is only working on overtaking what is rightfully his, nothing more. Those are simply rumours going around. You are a fool if you believe them.” He looked at me, sighing slightly as he shook his head.

“I fear they are far more than rumours, brother.”

“Don’t call me that,” I growled. A smirk curled the end of his lips, and he nodded.

“Of course, we are simply born from the same mother...” His smirk faded, and he frowned. “Then, for her, and you know I loved her, take heed of my words. Your father is dealing his hands in a pool of darkness that should never be touched. Do not follow him blindly, or you will regret it. Keep your eyes open, Theon. I know the saying goes, ‘keep your friends close and enemies closer...’ but right now, I’m uncertain who the real enemy is.” I knew he meant Dad.

“He isn’t like that. He’s doing what’s necessary. Andres sent people after us to kill us all, not just me and Dad. He even attacked our women and children, who were defenceless, years ago. I’ve lost far too many at the hands of Andres.”

“I heard... but I also heard that it may not have been Andres’ doing.” I glared at him, feeling my anger rising.

“You weren’t there,” I growled.

“Nay, I wasn’t... but my mother was, and I dug deep for answers. Why else do you think I’ve been scouring the fucking seas? I’m trying to find the ones who killed her, including the ones who forced her aboard that ship. What I’ve discovered is questionable.”

We both fell silent, hearing faint voices approaching.

“I should go, but if ever you want the truth, you know where to find me... and remember... the heart of Kaeladia belongs to all. She’s the true Alpha Queen, Theon. Not you, not Andres, and not Theoden.”

With those words, he walked away, casting one final glance back at me.

Hunter...

I never really knew him since he was raised by his father, a man Mom was mated to before she and Dad discovered they were fated mates and Dad claimed her. He was three years older than me, and although Mom was unable to keep him with her, she always missed him. The bond of fated mates was powerful, and she was unable to refuse Dad when he wanted her to come with him. With the situation of the Obsidian Shadow Pack being forced into hiding, she couldn’t visit him as much, but she loved him as much as my sisters and me.

His words didn’t leave me. What had he discovered? I wish I had found out...

The sound of footsteps approached, and I knew it was Dad by his scent. He exhaled with obvious irritation, and I could feel the anger radiating off him.

“Fool,” he muttered before he retreated.

I finally managed to force my eyes open, staring at the ceiling, the word ‘fool’ echoing in my mind. Fool. No one could call me that, even if it was Dad. I think it’s time I found my own answers and stopped listening blindly like a fucking fool.

I forced myself to sit up. I needed to go find out where Yileyna was. Was she safe, or had they done something to her?

Dad's temper was not something I could ignore, and deep down, if I really believed he was good, then why was I so worried?