

## My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance by Moonlight Muse Chapter 10

### 10. His Rage

YILEYNA

The moment we returned to the palace Theon had told one of the other royal guards to escort Charlene to the healers for a check over.

“Don’t I need to go...”

A withering glare made me go quiet. I needed a healer too... “She needs to be checked ov-” “Take care of yourself first, princess.” Theon’s icy reply came, cutting Charlene off. I exchanged looks with Charlene but neither of us spoke knowing that if he told the king what happened... We were entirely screwed. All the way back Charlene had kept on saying it was her fault and she was ready to take the responsibility, but Theon had ignored her. I knew she was trying to drill it into him that I had nothing to do with it. But I did... I should have been more responsible.

“I can walk.” I declared as we headed towards my quarters.

He came to a sudden stop, not even looking at me and dropped me, making me gasp as I landed hard on my ass on the floor. Pain jolted up my side making my eyes sting with tears.

Goddess...

“Walk then.”

He crossed his arms, his eyes simmering as he looked down at me. I frowned, forcing myself to my feet, the pain from the injury was excruciating. “See?” I replied haughtily, clutching my injured side as I limped along, gripping onto the wall. I needed a healer, but I couldn’t even mind link, why didn’t he let me go straight to the infirmary?

“Sure, the poison from a Siren’s claw will kill you slowly.” He remarked to my annoyance, following me down the hall.

This was so hard as it was. I paused, unable to go further, needing a break. I leaned against the wall, breathing heavily as I looked up at him. “Yeah, I’ve heard, how about you be so nice as to call a healer for me?” I asked, trying not to scream as a flare of pain shot through me. “You seem capable enough.” I felt my own irritation growing.

“What is your problem, Theon? What have I ever done that makes you so angry towards me?! Just get me a damn healer please!” I turned away, not wanting him to see my tears. I gasped when his hand went to my shoulder, spinning me around rather harshly, but just then we heard footsteps and we both turned to see one of the healers walking toward us.

“Miss De’Lacor, Master Theon. I came as fast as I could.” The elderly male with a long white beard remarked, his eyes instantly assessing me. So, Theon had called a healer.

“Bring her to her quarters, Master Theon.” He ordered politely leading the way to my room. I glared at Theon, warning him not to touch me. I turned to follow Healer Ulric when I was suddenly lifted by my thighs and tossed over his shoulder. “Ouch!” I gasped feeling the pressure on my stomach only tugging at my injury on my side. “C-careful master Theon, she’s injured is she not?!” Healer Ulric exclaimed. Healer Ulric was a healer mage and one of the heads at the royal infirmary. “She isn’t in that much pain, are you?” Theon asked, yanking me off his shoulder and into his arms. I gasped in pain,

clinging onto his shoulder and glaring at him murderously.

"I didn't say that! I said I can manage; you are hurting me." I hissed trying not to focus on his perfect jawline.

"Don't like a little pain?" He taunted quietly. My heart skipped a beat, and he quirked an eyebrow. "Key, little storm."

I blinked, realising we were outside my quarters. I quickly took it out and handed it to the healer. I glanced down at Theon's neck, my nails had drawn blood.

Well, he was being a jerk to me too... Our eyes met and aside from his anger, I couldn't make out the emotions in them...

"Lay her on the sofa."

"Or more like drop me." I remarked as he walked over to the sofa.

"Ahh, please don't master..." Ulric said nervously.

Theon clenched his jaw as he let my legs down instead, before he pushed me with a mocking flick back onto the couch. "Good enough?" He remarked glaring at Ulric. He didn't wait for an answer, walking out and shutting the door behind us with a snap.

"Sorry about that." I apologised.

Healer Ulric was a respected elder, but it seemed Theon had no care for it. He smiled warmly at me and began to open his bag.

"Don't worry, I deal with brutish men all day long; he just has thick skin. He does care..."

He was very clear I must come immediately. Now tell me dear, where are you hurt?"

I lifted my shirt, his words ringing in my head.

Theon was a mystery, I didn't get if he cared or not. Sometimes he did things that I'm sure my own delusional mind made me think he cared... but then I knew that was not true.

I zoned out as the healer got to work, a soft orange light around his hands as I pondered on everything

Was it possible to crush on someone who my mother would say is a total bad boy? One I should stay away from. However,... no matter what a jerk he is, I couldn't get over the way my heart raced in his presence, the way those amber eyes lit my entire body ablaze with a dangerous desire. The fact that he was the only one who made me forget the emptiness that I felt inside...

"I'm surprised the poison didn't spread as deeply as I assumed it would. A Siren's touch is nothing more than death itself." He mused, sitting back and taking out a roll of gauze.

I frowned remembering the Siren's kiss of death, and shuddered. There were rumours that when one is kissed by a Siren their death is inevitable. It had been strange... they say when a Siren sings one becomes completely enraptured and is lured to their death without even realising what fate they faced. Was that a blessing or a curse?

"Rest, Miss De'Lacor... The healing herbs will make you feel rather drowsy. I'll show myself out."

I didn't reply, letting sleep envelope me in its embrace...

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"I don't know Leyna, maybe you imagined the kiss?" It was the following night, Charlene and I were in her quarters. We were discussing what happened yesterday. Luckily the king didn't question us, but it seemed Theon had had a word with him, and Charlene

had told her father how she was fine.

"I couldn't imagine being kissed by that thing." I rolled my eyes, lifting my top as I looked at my healing wounds, in her ornate, gold-framed, floor-length mirror. She gave me a sheepish look, her gorgeous ginger hair seemed to glow in the warm lights of her bedroom.

"I know but it's... you know they say it's bad luck." She mumbled looking down at her organza gown, fiddling with the hem. "Yeah no one lives after the kiss of death and if by some miracle you make it back alive you will die soon? I've heard that old tale. I don't believe in it. We all know that they kill by ripping our hearts out not by the kiss."

"But if you speak of it... people will associate you with bad luck, I would never think that but just... be careful."

I looked at her reflection in the mirror, our eyes meeting. I knew what she was saying... that it would just make me in whole look worse... I nodded.

"I get it... Theon probably saw it... but he won't tell anyone, I know that much, aside from the Alpha if he hasn't already told him."

"I doubt it, father didn't say." She shook her head confidently. "He just said Theon once again proved himself."

"Well, he did save us." I pouted. Saved me again... "Did you hear what he said before we were dragged into the water?"

"Hmm?" I asked, turning away from the mirror and letting my top fall over my stomach.

"He called your name... he saved you first..." She wiggled her eyebrows pointedly, and I tilted my head, rolling my eyes. "Oh for goddess's sake, Charl, stop it, he probably did that as the Siren had a hold on me. It was probably easier to save me first or he just thought I was useless and probably would die before you." I dropped onto her luxurious four-poster bed and stared up at the canopy. The organza curtains blew gently thanks to the wind that came in through the open balcony doors. "I don't know... I just think maybe I need to stop gushing over him." Charlene murmured watching me. I turned my head to look at her, as she slowly lay back on the bed next to me, placing her hands under her cheek.

"I'm serious Yileyna... I think maybe he's into you."

I stared into her eyes and smiled sadly.

"I'm a nobody, Charlene... Besides, this full moon he cannot avoid you." I stated, the last two full moons Theon hadn't been around.

We can only find our mates once both have shifted and are in the vicinity under a full moon. Plus this full moon was also the day of The Festival of The Moon Goddess. They say couples who find each other under the Moon Goddess Festival's full moon will hold great blessings through life. "Hmm, I highly doubt it." She said, rolling onto her back she stared at the ceiling. "I have training tomorrow, you don't need to come, I'll be ok. I need to do this... as future Alpha Queen ... You know, Yileyna..."

She sat up, staring at her lap. Her organza gown was open, and she was drawing invisible patterns on the silk of her pyjama buttons with a finger. "Hmm?" I asked.

She turned to me, and I was surprised to see the tears in them.

"When I become Alpha Queen, I'm going to make you, my Beta. I don't care what happens now, or who Dad chooses. You will be my Beta, it's your birth right... and not only that but you are the one person I trust the most." I was unable to hold back my tears as I sat up, about to get up from the bed to hide my tears when she wrapped her

arms around my shoulders.

“You are strong and perfect. Don’t let anyone ever tell you otherwise.”

I nodded, a few tears trickling down my cheeks. I couldn’t tell her... but it wasn’t that easy, as future queen, her job was to do what was best for her kingdom. One day she’ll probably think the same as her father, and when she did, I wouldn’t hold it against her...

The sound of crickets chirping and the distant hooting of owls filled the night sky.

Silence had blanketed the castle, only then did I take my leave. The festival was the day after tomorrow and I still hadn’t gone shopping for any clothes. I had even tried to fit into something of Mom’s, but it was futile, we were far too different in body shapes.

I strolled through the silent halls of the castle; Charlene had been falling asleep when I left but I felt far too fresh to even consider sleeping. I decided to go for a stroll around the grounds, perhaps that would tire me out.

I stepped out of the castle, the guards at the door giving me a nod which I returned with one of my own and began walking swiftly. A good jog may help. I picked up my pace and soon I was jogging along, the wind rushing past my face, the adrenaline in my body fuelling me as I sped up until I was running as fast as I could. Jumping and skipping over the steps or over the low walls.

I couldn’t stop the smile that crossed my lips, for a fleeting moment I felt free, simply enjoying myself without thinking of anything else. I turned the corner and found myself in one of the far training grounds, freezing in my tracks when I saw none other than Theon.

My heart pounded and it was not because I hadn’t seen him since he left angrily yesterday. but because he was shirtless as he slicked back his damp locks, his arm flexing as he did so. His pants stuck to that sexy ass... Tattoos of engravings ran down his spine and there were some symbols on his lower back. He turned, his amber eyes flashing gold when they met mine.

Anger...

I stepped back, raising my fist to my breasts. What did I do now?

“I didn’t know you were here...” I said defensively.

I couldn’t stop myself from letting my gaze trail down his tattooed torso and felt my pussy clench as I swallowed hard. Three chains hung around his neck, his chest heaving as he breathed hard. A trickle of sweat ran down his torso and between his defined abs. The urge to lick it up was overpowering... His Adonis belt was perfection dipping into those pants and I snapped my gaze back up to him, my cheeks burning. He saw me staring... Goddess... He walked towards me slowly and I stepped back, my gaze dipping to the bandages he was now unwrapping from his hands slowly. “So, once again you’re out alone, when you know exactly how weak you are.”

His words hurt and I knew his next words would be equally harsh. “Tell me, little Storm... are you that desperate to be defiled?”

A flash of anger rushed through me, and I glared at him. “Don’t assume. I was out for a run.” I snapped icily. He tilted his head, unwrapping the other hand as he leaned down close to my ears. His scent mixed with sweat making me giddy, my heart thudding at his closeness, my core clenching in anticipation and confusion. “Then tell me this...” His husky deep voice whispered in my ear. “Why do you smell so fucking aroused?”