

## My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance by Moonlight Muse Chapter 11

### 11. The Perfect Dress

YILEYNA

I gasped, my cheeks flushing. "I am not!" But before I could push him away, his thumb flicked one of my hardened nipples sending a sharp sizzle of pleasure to my core. "Your mouth can lie, but your body cannot." He smirked slightly, now looking into my eyes. "Tell me, Yileyna... Do you taunt me on purpose just so I pay attention to you?" "Don't get so full of yourself. If I wanted you, I'd say so." I lied, turning my back on him.

Was I that obvious?

My heart and stomach were a mess of nerves. I heard a small breathy chuckle leave his lips, his arm snaking around me, placing his hand firmly on my lower stomach as he pulled me back against him, making a small whimpering gasp escape me.

I could feel his entire body against me, feel the bulge in his pants press against my lower back only adding to the ache in my core... The way his chest felt, rising and falling behind me...

"Then tread carefully... because in the end, don't forget I am a beast, worse than any other."

I closed my eyes, unable to reply. His hand ran up my stomach slowly, making me suck it in, my breasts rising and falling heavily. Suddenly he pulled up my top, exposing my injured hip. The cool air against the sore skin made me snap out of my daze just as he stepped away from me.

"You are lucky to have survived." His voice was emotionless once more as he dropped my top and turned away. I felt as if anger was radiating off him. A tiny part of me wondered if there was any truth in Charlene's words. Could I deny that I'd love it if someone did care for me like that? I couldn't deny the attraction I felt towards him, but did he feel the same?

No one came to check up on me after the injury, none of the Gamma females or even the Luna ... it seems since Mom and Dad were gone, I was just no one, just another forgotten orphan.

"I... How were you not affected by the Siren's song?" I asked trying to change the subject. "Who isn't? I just knew how to keep my sanity." He tilted his head and I tried not to pay attention to how sexy he looked, that sheen of sweat driving me crazy. "How?" I asked, my gaze dipping to his lips when he licked them. "What? Planning to jump into the ocean again?" He gripped my chin, rubbing his thumb along my lips, sending my heart racing even faster. "She kissed you." I tensed, my heart thudding as I tugged away.

"D-did you tell the Alpha?"

"That you are more of an ill-omen now than you already were?"

His words cut and I forced a small smile onto my face.

"Yeah I guess, so did you tell him?" "No."

I felt a wave of relief wash over me.

"Thanks."

"Don't mistake it for compassion, I just found it unnecessary. I don't believe in

superstitions.”

I nodded, of course. I would be a fool to think it was anything else.

“Goodnight Theon.” I didn’t wait for a reply, jogging back the way I came, I think that was enough for tonight. I felt his piercing gaze burn into me until I disappeared around the corner, letting out a deep breath I didn’t know I had been holding.

Theon. The man was a mystery that two years on I had not even managed to make a dent into learning about

Who was Theon, what life did he have before he lost his memory?

Charlene and I had observed and noted down his tattoos over time, but they were just strong proverbs or messages. Nothing to link him to where he may be from. They just gave the impression he was someone with a strong will, powerful and believed in striving for what he wanted. I could have told anyone that without reading his tattoos.

Theon... one day, one day I’m going to learn more about you.

I promise.

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The following day I had done as Charlene had said and didn’t attend training with her. Instead, I decided I’d do my own light training. Although I was almost healed, I was advised to take it easy. Then I needed to find something to wear and so I spent the entire afternoon in the bustling markets as everyone seemed to be doing last-minute shopping. The cobbled streets were full of life; men, women, and children alike chatted, bartered, played and simply were enjoying this occasion. I smiled remembering coming down here with mom and dad two years ago. It was one of the rare times Dad would accompany us, as Beta he didn’t have as much time, but that year he did.

Smiling at the memory, I stopped at a stall selling pretty dresses, ones with the customary floral embroidery that the Kingdom of Astalion was known for. Despite the stunning designs, her stall was far emptier than most.

“Can I help you, my sweet?” The middle-aged woman asked from behind the counter. I looked at her smiling, she was part fae, part human or mage? I wasn’t sure... but it made sense as to why people weren’t bothering to buy from her. A shame... even though we were at peace, the discrimination remained... just how it would be like this for werewolves residing in a fae kingdom.

“I need a dress for tomorrow’s festival, and your dresses are stunning...” But all looked a little too small on the bodices, well those on display anyway. “Would you have anything that may fit me?”

I gestured at my tan halter neck top and flared black pants.

She smiled and tilted her head, her dark hair had a few stray whites shining under the afternoon sun.

“Do I... Well, I have this yellow fabric I bought down in the town of Khinesh.” She pointed at a stunning yellow gown. “I have this embroidery all the way from Eastmoor...” She carried on pointing at several dresses. “I can adjust them to fit your bosom I assure you, now tell me my sweet, have any caught your attention?” I chewed on my bottom lip, Mom always did this... I didn’t even know how to shop!

“They are all so beautiful-”

“You should go over to the stalls over there dear.” I turned as someone tapped my shoulder, her haughty nose turned up as she looked at the woman behind the stall. “No thanks, I like these dresses.” I replied firmly to the elder she-wolf.

Her eyebrow shot up before she stepped away. "As you wish. A bad seed..." She muttered walking off. I smiled apologetically at the woman.

"Ignore them." I said without thinking. Instantly worrying if I offended her.

Her eyes crinkled as she shook her head, the wrinkle lines around her eyes giving away that she was far older than she looked.

"I'm used to it, I have not sold one dress despite setting up shop every day for the last two weeks." She chortled, moving aside some of the boxes that contained folded dresses. "Well, today you will, because I need a dress." I touched the yellow, tilting my head. It was pretty... but I'd stand out...

I turned my attention to the ivory and maroon, it was also nice...

"I think I have a dress that doesn't even need adjusting!" The woman exclaimed suddenly, her dark eyes sparkling as she turned away and bent down to get something from under her desk. "It's been collecting dust for the last few years... but it is a timeless piece and I think it may be just what you are looking for..."

My curiosity piqued; I think I did need someone to just choose for me. I was so indecisive. She took out a plain box that had probably once been white, yet it had taken on a yellowish hue over time. Unlike the rest of the pretty boxes that her stall held which were tied with ribbons, this one was plain. "The fabric isn't the latest, it's something I picked up on a visit home. Open it." My heart skipped a beat as I looked at the box, from a Fae kingdom maybe? I lifted the lid from the box, staring inside at the folded dress. A smile crossed my lips, and I didn't need to ask her to take it out.

This was it. The perfect dress. I knew it was going to fit me, just as she had said. "Oh, thank you, madam..." "Ailema." She smiled

"Thank you, madam Ailema! I love it, may I know the price? It's perfect." I complimented, running my hand over the fabric before lifting the short dress from its box. She chuckled. "You have already paid for it."

I frowned.

"No, I haven't."

"You have, with kindness child." "No, kindness isn't something to use as payment, I have money." "You don't argue with an old woman, my sweet! My word is final! However, I have some accessories and shoes to match, and you can pay for those! I need to make an earning too."

I couldn't help but smile, nodding in defeat.

"Then you better show me your finest heels."

"Shopping for tomorrow, it isn't like girls to leave it until the last day." I turned recognising the voice of none other than Raiden Bolton, one of the future Gamma's and also the older brother to Rhys. The boy I had protected that fateful night. "As you may have heard, I'm not really the ordinary 'ideal girl' now, am I." He smirked, his curly black locks tumbling in front of his eyes. "Of course not ordinary, Yileyna De'Lacor is one of a kind and absolutely ideal." I rolled my eyes. "It's far too early to flirt Raiden, I'm sure Kahlia wouldn't be happy." I replied, picking up a pair of pretty heels. "Kahlia?" He looked confused for a moment before smirking. "She was three women ago, my little flower. The only name I cannot forget is yours."

"Go away, Raiden." He chuckled and glanced at Ailema, who was watching him firmly.

"I'll see you tomorrow... by the way, that dress is gorgeous." I gave him a glare, but he simply winked one of those bright blue eyes of his before he walked off.

“Well, he is charming.” Ailema replied with a knowing smile. “He’s a player.”  
Raideen was a year older than me, and he always flirted with me, but it was just that.  
Playful flirting.  
But somehow, I was beginning to look forward to tomorrow. Maybe what I needed was  
some fun and merriment. That is what tomorrow promised.  
Food, dancing, games, and happiness.  
And I planned to look as good as I wanted to feel. “These ones.” I said picking up a pair  
of heels...