

My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance

Chapter 51

51. Limits

YILEYNA

The temperature dropped several notches, I felt it biting into my bones. "Ah..." I heard Charlene groan from somewhere nearby, but I couldn't locate her. "The temperature will continue to drop, until your body will not be able to continue to function... Good luck."

"When will you stop?" Charlene asked tensely. "Stop? There is no stopping, unless you find Madelia and are able to stop her yourself." Theon's cold voice came.

I nodded in concentration.

Of course, they wouldn't stop until we were near dead or passed out because they were trying to get Charlene to break the seal on her abilities. Things became colder and colder until I felt it become painful. They were lowering the temperature faster than I could focus. What do I do? A cry from Charlene made my heart thump. I couldn't see her, but I needed to find her! She sounded like she was in agony. I closed my eyes, trying to sense where she was, listening to her heartbeat despite the cold. It was becoming far more bearable than I had expected. Maybe it was easing up? "Princess, you need to get up. There is no one to help you." Madelia's voice came from all directions.

I frowned, wait I hadn't moved from my spot... did Charlene? If she hadn't, then surely I could find her...

Following my instincts, I moved forward in the direction I last saw Charlene standing before the fog had settled in. "How is she moving?" Theon's murmur came.

I frowned. Unlike Madelia's voice, his came from the far side, so they both must be standing over there.

Where was Charlene?

"Charlene?" I called out.

A groan was my only response, but it was enough for me to pinpoint her location. I rushed over, almost tripping over her, and realised that she was on her knees on the floor. I wrapped my arms around her body, which was ice cold. She felt like a block of ice...

"You can't help her, Yileyna." Madelia's voice came, and the temperatures dropped further.

"Come on, Charlene." I whispered, my heart pounding.

"I... It's so cold..." She whispered, her teeth chattering. "Fight it." I urged her.

I was a little disappointed that Madelia wasn't doing the same to me. Did she think that I couldn't handle it because I didn't have a wolf?

I frowned, and turned in the direction I had heard Theon's voice, knowing they were probably standing together. Ready to snap at them, but I couldn't do anything. Charlene needed to do this.

"You are going to be ok, come on, shift if you need to let it go. Take control. Don't hold back." I urged her, rubbing her back.

Even her thick coat was cold to the touch. "Yeah, you're right." She muttered, groaning as I felt her pull away and try to stand up. I still couldn't see her, but I was glad she was

trying to fight it. I backed away and glanced in the duo's direction, or where I thought they stood. "Can you guys turn it up for me too? I can handle this." I sighed. "How cold are you, Yileyna?" Theon asked.

"Not that cold, so please."

A low growl made me tense when I realised Charlene must have shifted, or was trying to shift. I smiled, glad she was trying her best, but then I heard a thud and Madelia's sigh, followed by running footsteps.

"She's out cold." I heard her say.

"Don't end it yet... focus it on Yileyna, keep going."

"But... I don't even know how she's still standing." Madelia muttered.

"Exactly why I want you to keep going..." Theon replied emotionlessly. I frowned. Why were they both talking as if I wasn't here? "Yileyna, are you ok?" Madelia's voice came, and I heard something being dragged along the floor.

"Yeah, I am." I replied.

"Ok... I'm going to keep making it colder." Her hesitant reply came.

I heard her whisper an enchantment as the temperature plunged lower. I just stood there, wondering what I was supposed to do. My clothes began to feel stiff as a layer of ice seemed to coat them over. However, it wasn't affecting me... 2 "I can't lower it anymore." I heard Madelia's strained voice come.

"Yileyna, follow my voice and come here." Theon's cold, sexy voice came. Frowning slightly, I followed his voice.

"My word..." I heard Madelia whisper.

"Pass me the dagger." Theon's command came.

I paused hesitantly. What was he about to do?

I heard a rustle, and then I felt the whistling of the dagger coming straight towards me. It was in that moment that I felt something inside of me, like a faint ripple of something in the pit of my stomach, and then it was almost in slow motion. I moved my head sideways, allowing the dagger to whiz right past before it hit the far wall behind me.

Madelia chanted something, and the room cleared, then once again I could see them. Both were watching me calculatingly.

I frowned at them.

"I wanted the same amount of pressure as Charlene. I don't have a wolf, but I can handle it." I replied with irritation: "I think I felt something."

"You were able to handle far colder temperatures than the princess." Madelia murmured. "I'm not a water or wind elemental mage, yet those spells were extremely powerful. I used one first and then I used two for you alone. That was incredible, Yileyna." I frowned at her words, feeling confused. I looked at Charlene, who was lying on the ground unconscious.

"Maybe the seal on her has sealed away some of her wolf's abilities." I said concerned.

"Maybe, I do think it's a possibility considering she has no alpha aura." Madelia said with a nod. Theon was watching me thoughtfully, a hand to his chin. Our eyes met and he stepped closer, touching my neck, only for him to jerk his hand away. "You're fucking cold." I didn't feel that cold...

"Madelia, the princess's training is over for the day, but if it's alright with you, Yileyna and I will continue for a bit." Theon murmured, and although it sounded like a question, it wasn't one. His eyes were fixed on me with an interest that was not the usual sexual

kind, in fact it unnerved me a little.

“Of course, just take it easy. I’ll report to the king that today didn’t go as well as planned.”

“Yeah, however, keep it at that. There’s no need to add anything more to it. We don’t want him to feel angrier towards the princess, if he compares her to a wolf less woman.”

I frowned at him, feeling suspicious. His words of concern for Charlene couldn’t be true, he was always hateful towards her...

Madelia nodded.

“Yes, good point, I will keep it short. We will meet here tomorrow at the same time again. The planned time.” She said, glancing between us. I felt my cheeks heat up a little, wondering if she had an inkling of why we had gotten late.

Theon cast her a cold glare, not even giving her a nod of agreement before she bent down,

lifting Charlene and carrying her out. I turned to Theon, whose eyes were running over me as if assessing me for the first time. “I wonder if the rumours that you may not be your parents’ daughter hold any truth...” He said quietly, making my eyes widen in shock.

If my blood wasn’t cold before, it now felt ice cold as I stared at him, trying to squash the flare of pain that filled me inside. But my moment of shock and hurt didn’t last long, giving way to my anger.

“I am my parents’ daughter!” I snapped coldly, my chest heaving as I tried to control my anger.

His gaze snapped up and he raised an eyebrow challengingly. “You look like neither.” He said, his voice icy and emotionless. “So? Many of us don’t look like our parents!” I shouted back.

How dare he! Nikolai’s remarks returning to me with vengeance, what the king had said about not seeing Mom pregnant... These thoughts made the pain inside double as I glared at Theon with frustration and anger. How could he, of all people, say that? “How dare you!” He closed the gap between us, his hand wrapping around my neck. The next thing I knew, he had knocked my legs out from underneath me, pushing me to the ground. His hand was still around my neck as he straddled me, one hand pinning my wrists above my head as I tried to push him off, ignoring the pleasure that coursed through me.

“Calm down, why are you getting so worked up? Unless of course, deep down, you feel there may be some truth in my words.” He said icily.

“There is no truth in it. It’s just lies that I can’t believe you are actually entertaining!” I replied hurt.

He tilted his head, looking down at me.

“I’m just saying, there’s no way the princess, a shifted wolf, couldn’t handle the cold but you could. What if your father maybe had an affair and it resulted in you?”

I That was it.

I felt my anger rise once more, and using all my might, I shoved him off, taking him by surprise or he had simply not been holding me as tight as I had thought. He was thrown off, making his eyes flash as he watched me.

That same feeling swirled in my stomach as I glared at him. “I knew my parents more than anyone else did! They were not traitors, nor would my father or mother ever have

an affair and cheat on the other! They were not like that, not everyone is like the king!" I hissed angrily.

Theon stood up, his eyes still blazing gold as he looked down at me emotionlessly. Taking hold of my chin, he forced it up roughly. "Then explain to me, why a werewolf seems to hold elemental powers?" He whispered threateningly. I frowned in confusion, and he motioned to the floor with his eyes. I turned my head, staring at the now ice-covered floor, but the most unnerving part was that it was spreading from beneath my very own feet...

52. My Purpose

THEON

The moment from earlier still played on my mind. She had gasped, backing away from the ice that was thickest beneath her feet, and then it was gone. I had tried to get her to call upon it again, but she didn't manage it. She was unnerved and confused, but as for me? I was simply intrigued.

Was she part mage or fae? The odd thing was, usually, you could tell, but with Yileyna, you could only sense her werewolf side. There was something missing... and I needed to know what it was. 2

She had been angry and hostile towards me for the comment I made about her parents. I needed to do some digging into her parents' past. She may have gotten offended when I stated the truth, but it was obvious she looked nothing like her parents, that surely meant something. Her hair, eyes, facial features, and even build were entirely different. We all inherited something of our parents, even if it was subtle.

She has been distracted since then, asking me not to mention it to the king. I didn't plan to. If she was part mage or fae, I wondered if the king would want her on his team. I just knew he'd use her as collateral damage and Yileyna would happily agree, simply to feel that she was needed and was able to do something. But I didn't plan on letting her be killed so soon.

My only issue was Madelia had also seen how she had coped with the cold... 1 Was allowing her to live safe?

For now, I'll let her live as I need her, but the moment she becomes a threat to Yileyna, I'll get rid of her.

Another blast of wind slammed against me, and I wrapped the grey fur coat I was wearing around me tighter.

I had received the signal that he was here, ready to meet me. I had told Yileyna I would be back late as I had work to attend to and not to wait up for me.

Although she was still upset about my comments, I did not plan to apologise for stating what was a fair statement.

On the other hand, I was glad that she didn't ask me where I was going... but the fact that she was simply falling so perfectly into my life...that was beginning to worry me. From wanting her as my whore, to somehow being concerned when she was upset... to claiming her openly... to the thoughts that crept into my mind that I should claim her by marking her... something I wouldn't do.

But I couldn't deny that I enjoyed her presence. I slept better for the most part, despite the constant desire of wanting to fuck her repeatedly.

I trudged along in the snow, the blizzard pushing against me and the howling wind

louder than everything else. My footprints wouldn't remain with this strong wind and snow, and I was glad for it. It would save me time from having to cover my tracks. I had left the city through a hidden passage, making my way further and further away from the city and into the forest. I hadn't seen him in eighteen months... but I knew I would have to tell him about Yileyna. She... "Theon." I froze, not even having sensed his approach. A cold blade pressed against my neck, and I heard his sigh of distaste. "Don't tell me you have become as weak as the pack you are now part of."

Shit, I was so distracted by my thoughts.

"Not at all. I didn't sense an enemy." I said emotionlessly, turning and looking into a pair of amber eyes that were so similar to my own, yet so different. 1

The man was almost my height, bulky, muscular, and wore a dark coat with his hood up, partially hiding his face. A speckled beard could be seen and an angled jaw.

"Smart answer." He replied, his deep baritone holding power despite keeping his aura suppressed. "What was so important that you risked calling this meeting?" "There's been a few problems. That's why I had to." I clarified quietly. "I told you not long ago that the princess is the heart, but the problem is – her powers are sealed. There are chances it was a siren's doing."

I quickly and quietly began explaining to him everything Andres had told me.

He growled with irritation.

"One step closer and two steps back. Maybe it's better to simply kill her." He said, the fury in his voice barely hidden.

"I don't think that's going to help us take over the middle kingdom. You want that position, and I plan to get it for you." I replied quietly. A smile curled his lips, and he slapped my shoulder, sending a fair amount of snow flying.

"To get it for us. Not me, us." He corrected me, before stepping closer and hugging me.

"Yes. To retake what should have been ours."

"That's my son."

I hugged him back. The familiar feeling I once used to associate with home was no longer there. Yes, he was my father, but things had changed. I guess eighteen months apart did that. He moved back and we both became serious once more.

"How is Thea?"

"Well. She knows not of this meeting." I frowned and nodded. That made sense. "How is your relationship with Andres?"

"Good, he trusts me more than most." I replied, smirking coldly. Approval was clear in Dad's nod.

"You need to get rid of the rest of his confidants. We can set up another attack or do something just like we did last time. The aim is for him to feel that you are his only friend, the only one he needs. Just the way we removed the Beta couple from his side."

I frowned; a sliver of guilt washed through me. "Yeah."

"It was smart of you to know exactly where their daughter would be, you timed the attack and gave the signal so precisely. You were sure they would end up dying for her and you were correct." Dad's approval was obvious in his voice, but I didn't feel the satisfaction I once had... "Andres bought the set-up, didn't he?" 3 "Yes, they think they were traitors." I replied quietly.

"Good, good. So in your last message, you said you were to become Beta. What happened to their daughter?" "She hasn't shifted, but I don't think she's their real

daughter. She's a hybrid of some kind."

"Oh?"

The intrigue in his voice made a flash of possessiveness fill me inside, as if I had to make it clear that she was mine. "Yes, however, I've taken her as my woman for now." He looked at me sharply, his eyes flashing, and I knew he was doing his all to not let his aura out.

"Why would you do that? Are her powers strong? Can she be manipulated or be of any use to us?"

"I am a man, and I rather not have the reputation of a player if I am to keep the king's respect and trust. She is useful." I lied coldly.

He cocked his head, and like always, I felt as if he was peering deep within me.

"I've heard she's a scorned reject, stripped of rank and power. An outcast. That would ruin your reputation with Andres, Theon." His voice was dangerous, low, menacing even.

"She's good in bed." I shot back, my eyes flashing. "I'm keeping her."

"Keep as many women as you want. If Andres likes you so much, I'm surprised he hasn't offered you his daughter."

I looked at him, hatred filling my eyes.

"I would never take her as a mate." I hissed coldly.

"But becoming potential Alpha before the takeover will help greatly. Having the heart as your chosen mate would be perfect."

I tried to remain emotionless, my heart betraying me before I managed to quickly regain control of my emotions, but something told me I was too late.

"I can't even stand being in the same room as her, and you wish for me to take her as my own? That would require a lot of self-control."

"You have control, Theon. You know it's a fair point, unless of course, this other woman is the problem." His voice was calm and nonchalant, yet I knew the underlying threat that lingered.

"She isn't, I can kill her if need be." I said coldly.

The moment the words left my lips I knew it was a blatant lie. It left a bitter taste in my mouth, but I also knew that he had the power to have her killed if he wanted. Even from out here, he didn't need to be in the capital to have it done.

Then I also knew if she knew my truth... She'd want me dead.

"Good. You will get Andres to agree, and I know it won't be so hard. A little bird has already told me he is extremely fond of you and already hopes you take her as your mate."

How did he know that? 1

I remained passive, frowning as I pondered on my answer. I needed to be careful... "I am unable to even stay in the same room as her, knowing how her father tried to destroy us. "I tried again.

I was trying to tell myself it wasn't Yileyna. That she wasn't the reason... but why was it her face that was at the forefront of my mind? Was it that it was the thought of her that squeezed at my heart?

"Because we need her for the revenge that I have waited for, for years. He owes us so much, but if the heart is a person, then we need that person under our control. Make it

happen Theon.

He had a point... To use the heart, we needed her alive...

My mind was a turmoil, I knew I had gotten far too involved with Yileyna than I ever should have.

"Your hesitating, son." "Not at all, I know what I need to do."

"When I had your powers sealed for this mission we decided to seal the mate bond alongside it, it was for your benefit, remember? Mates are a weakness. Theon, women are a weakness. I had that spell performed on you so-"

"So, I never fall victim to the mate bond. I won't feel it, even if she stands before me and proclaims that I am her mate, I won't feel anything. I know."

"Good. So don't let another woman ruin that. You are Theon Alexander Hale, son of Theoden Hale. Make me proud." His voice was powerful and strong, I turned and gave him a nod. He was right. I was no coward who would let a woman come in the way of my goal... I'll do the right thing "I will make you proud. We will defeat everyone who has wronged us, from Andres to the Siren who killed Mom and Thalia, The Obsidian Shadow pack is the strongest pack on Kaeladia and we bow to no one."

Copper eyes met copper, and it felt good to see the burning flames of approval and pride in his eyes.

This was my purpose, the only goal that I had in life.

Vengeance.

And I would destroy anything and anyone who came in the way of it.

No matter what.

53. Insecurity

YILEYNA

I awoke with a start, jolting upright in bed. I scanned the room frantically.

Alone.

I was alone.

My heart was pounding, and once again, the nightmare of the night my parents were killed was replaying in my mind. I ran my trembling hand through my hair, closing my eyes as the emotions that I tried to control hit me full force.

Focus Yileyna, it's ok. It's going to be ok...

No, it wasn't ok... They died saving me and were marked as traitors. They were not traitors!

I had to prove their innocence! I had to...

Goddess...

I wrapped my arms around my legs, burying my head in my knees.

Focus.

Breathe...

What time was it? Where was Theon? Was he still not back?

'They're dead.' Theon's words from that night rang in my head, I felt the crushing agony in my chest break its restraint and hit me brutally. It was my fault. They died because of me.

I won't cry.

I can't.

But I was unable to stop the tears from streaming down my cheeks as I pressed a fist against my chest, trying to control the pain that threatened to drown me.

It was my fault. They died because I was out there... Dad came to protect me.

A strangled sob left my lips, and I curled up, dropping onto my side. The memories of that night, the wolves... the bodies... the fire... they played before my eyes like a horror show on repeat.

Stop. Stop, Yileyna...

Think of something else...

Why did I have these odd abilities? How was it possible? The daughter of two werewolves having elemental magic?

I didn't look like them. The fear of the unknown terrified me and I wanted it all to just go away. The bedroom door opened, and I quickly tried to cover my face, hoping Theon thought I was asleep "Yileyna."

I tried to turn away, not wanting him to see my tears, but he was stronger than me, taking hold of my arms and forcing me to turn towards him. A frown creased his brow, his shirt was hanging open, his hair was a mess as if he had run his fingers through it repeatedly, and the distinct smell of alcohol was coming from him.

I looked away, not wanting him to see the tears that were streaming down my cheeks.

"What happened?"

His voice was husky and low, but it was missing the coldness it usually held, almost sounding 'concerned.

I hated being weak, I hated him seeing me like this. "Nothing. Nothing happened." I whispered, trying to pull free from his hold, but he refused to let me go, pulling me upright and straight into his arms. My breath hitched, I fought to control my emotions as he held me tightly.

"What's wrong, little storm?" He whispered, stroking my back.

I was unable to control the sob that left my lips.

I couldn't reply, knowing if I did, I would lose all control of my emotions. I locked my arms around his neck and he instantly pulled me closer, sitting back on the ground with me straddling him. My breasts were crushed against his chest, and his arms felt like a shield, protecting me from the world as he gently rocked me in his lap.

It didn't seem like it was something Theon would do, sure he was comforting, but the emotions and concern that seemed to be in his eyes and touch... Maybe it was the alcohol in his system, but I didn't care, I needed something to keep me tethered from drowning in my pain, and he was here for me. He rubbed my back, sending sparks of pleasure through me, burying his head in my neck. We remained like that for a while, his scent and touch giving me the strength I needed to regain control of my emotions.

"Talk to me, Yileyna."

I know we argued earlier, but I was ready to open up to him. I was tired of keeping it inside. But I couldn't talk about them when they were branded traitors.

"I miss them." I whispered, pulling back so I could look into those amber eyes that I loved so much.

His eyes shadowed and he looked away.

"I know..."

"I don't care... I don't care if one of them or both are not my blood, they are still my parents."

They were my world.” I said quietly.

I knew the revelation from earlier had only triggered these emotions within me, but I couldn’t stop them.

He nodded, but didn’t say anything. Instead, he reached up and cupped my neck, his thumbs brushing away my tears, only for more to fall in their place.

“I lost them... Then I felt like everything was being snatched from my grasp... I know you deserve to be Beta... But when it was taken away from me, I felt like the last part of Mom and Dad I had was taken from me too.” I couldn’t look into his eyes anymore.

I hated feeling so vulnerable, but I wasn’t able to control these emotions. I was breaking and I needed to tell someone...

I gripped his wrists, the pain of my memories twisting within me. “I’m scared of losing everything I love...” I said quietly, looking up into his shimmering eyes. I’m scared of losing you. I love you. I didn’t need to say it because I knew he understood.

Would I push him away by acting so vulnerable and needy? I wasn’t sure, but I couldn’t keep it inside of me any longer. It hurt so much...

“Your parents...” I wasn’t sure what he was going to say but he took a deep breath, looking at me sharply, and I knew he had changed his mind. “They were traitors. Let the pain go.” I shook my head.

“No, they were framed. My parents are not traitors. Something or someone did this. I knew my parents, they would never do this.” I said desperately. How can he say that? He knew my father! “And I’m going to find out the truth.”

He frowned; his eyes sharp as he tilted my head up slightly. “You might regret what you find out.” He said quietly.

“No, I won’t, because I know they were innocent.”

Our eyes met, and he didn’t reply, before clenching his jaw and nodding slightly.

“You’re strong Yileyna... Even when the world turns its back on you, I know you’ll be ok.” He said quietly, almost as if he was speaking to himself over me. It confused me but I still nodded.

“I will.”

As long as I have you, I will be.

“Promise me, that no matter what happens... you will always stay strong.” He whispered huskily, his gaze dipping to my lips. 1

“I promise.”

Because I have you!

His warm breath fanned my face, his scent intoxicated me, and my heart pounded.

“You’re my beautiful distraction, little storm.” He murmured, his lips grazing mine, letting an intense electrifying spark course through me. And you have become my world.

“I love you.” I whispered.

His heart was thudding, his grip on my neck and face firm as he pulled me close, sealing our lips in a deep, intense kiss that was fuelled with emotions that were far too many to ever put into words.

His hand tangled into my hair, our lips moving against the others. My tears still trickled down my cheeks, yet I was drowning in his touch. His tongue ran along my lips seeking entrance, and I slowly parted them, moaning when it slipped into my mouth.

My pussy throbbed as he drowned me in pleasure that only he could inflict upon me.

His free hand raked down my body, squeezing my ass and kissing me harder. Pulling

me down on top of him, his lips never left mine. As if kissing me was his very lifeline. His hand slipped under the nightdress I was wearing, tugging at my lacy panties. He broke away suddenly, a growl ripping from his lips before he flipped us over. My back hit the cold floor and I stared into his shimmering gold eyes for a second. His heart was racing, and a deep frown was on his face. With one pull, he ripped my silk nightdress off, and I reached up, tugging open his shirt, letting my gaze run over his chest. Admiring every ridge and curve of his godly body. I ran my hand down his chest, loving the feel of his firm body beneath my fingers, but the moment my fingertips grazed against his nipples, making me whimper, he had my hands pinned to the ground. His body was on top of mine, his free hand cupping my thigh as he caressed it. Biting into my shoulder, he kissed me sensually. I cried out as pain and pleasure rippled through me. His tongue flicked the blood from the bite before he placed another hungry kiss there, letting go of my wrists, only for me to seize the moment and flipping us over so I was on top.

“My turn.” I whispered. He yanked my head down, kissing my lips once more before I pulled away, kissing him along his jaw. Goddess, he was perfect... I ran my hands down his chest, not caring that I was digging my nails into him. The way his eyes flashed, and the way he throbbed in his pants, told me he liked it. Bending down, I kissed his neck, sucking hard in the most sensitive spot. His hand tangled in my hair, yanking me back.

“Fuck.” He growled, flipping us over, he looked down at me with those eyes that were full of pure desire and hunger.

I struggled, but he had my hips between his knees, reaching for the belt in his pants. I licked my lips. My core clenching as he slid his belt out, a dangerous glint in his eyes as he pulled the belt taut in his hands.

Fuck me, baby.

“My turn.” He said in a deep sexy growl, making my eyes widen. He gave me a small smirk and bent down, placing tantalising teasing kisses along my neck, massaging me over my soaking panties. “Tell me, little storm, do you trust me?” I didn’t need to think about it.

“Yes. Yes, I do.” I whimpered, my eyes flying open as I stared into his glowing orbs. Those emotions... but he closed his eyes, and it was gone, replaced by a dangerous predatory smirk as he sat back, yanking me up and rolling me onto my stomach. My entire body was tingling with anticipation and pleasure. My heart was pounding as he kissed the back of my neck.

“Perfect.” He whispered, and then he pulled both my arms behind my back, tying them up with his belt. “Then let’s play.”

54. Like A Season

THEON

I needed this. I needed an outlet to the tornado that was destroying my mind from within. Grabbing her nightdress from the floor, I ripped a strip from it and reaching over, covered her eyes.

If she couldn’t see me, then I didn’t need to try and hide the emotions from my eyes... She was always trying to search them, and I knew she was looking for any signs that I had any feelings for... I pulled her up, pushing her onto her knees facing the bed. Her

breasts were pressed against the mattress, and I yanked her head backward. She moaned softly and I smirked, kissing her neck sensually from behind. She looked perfect, her legs slightly apart... arms tied behind her back. Her ass was in nothing but panties that she was going to lose soon enough. "Keep those legs apart, I'll be right back," I whispered seductively, running my free hand down her ass, making her moan. "Yes, my king." My eyes blazed and I growled lowly. Fuck, I liked it when she called me that. "That's my girl." I spanked her ass, making her gasp before I stood up and walked over to my bottom drawer. A little something that I had picked up the other night... I wasn't planning on using these yet but... I pushed the thought away and took out the box. I took it to the bed, placed it down, and flipped it open.

I stepped back over to her, removing my shirt, my eyes never leaving her perfect ass. The red mark I had left on her ass was the first of many. Tonight there was not going to be an inch of her that would be left unmarked.

Tonight, I was going to make her mine...

I ran my hand down her ass, and slowly slid her panties down. They were soaking, and the scent of her arousal was driving me crazy.

"You're such a dirty little whore. Look how fucking wet you are." I murmured, massaging her smooth pussy with my fingers. She moaned loudly, her back arching as she parted her legs more. I stopped, delivering a sharp tap to her ass.

"Did I tell you to part your legs further?"

"Sorry- Ah!" She gasped when I shoved two fingers into her, making her moan loudly.

With my other hand, I reached into the box, taking out a pair of leather ankle cuffs, swiftly

cuffing her up and restricting her movements.

Her heart was pounding, which only excited me. My dick was hard in my pants as I fucked her slowly with my fingers, enjoying the way her soaking insides coated my fingers. "Oh fuck Theon... faster." She whimpered.

Reaching up, I yanked her head back, making her cry out.

"I prefer it when you call me." "King. Fuck me harder, my king." She begged, cutting me off. I smirked, she learned fast.

"Good girl, but I'm not sure you deserve to be fucked just yet," I whispered huskily, slipping my fingers out, and instead of parting her ass cheeks, I admired her. "Now how about I have a taste to see how good my little slut tastes."

I kneeled behind her and plunged my tongue into her soaking core, making her whimper loudly. "Oh fuck..."

Oh, fuck was an understatement, she tasted so fucking good.

Her moans and whimpers of pleasure only drove me to fuck her harder with my tongue.

Using my thumb to rub her clit, her legs shook from the pleasure as more of her juices began to leak

from her, and just when I felt her near, I pulled back, licking my lips.

"You taste perfect," I growled. Reaching into the box, I took out the black leather flogger.

"I think it's time to whip this ass so hard that you aren't able to sit for a few fucking days.

How does that sound, little storm?" "I- Ah!" She whimpered when I flogged her ass

lightly, I rubbed her ass, making her whimper loudly before whipping her ass again, this time harder. Each strike, each contact only made me throb harder, watching her body

react, the whimpers and moans of pleasure mixing with the pain. Watching how her juices trickled down her legs and the way she wriggled against her restraints. She was the perfect plaything, pleasuring her gave me satisfaction beyond anything else. Ten flogs later, I massaged her sore ass, kissing her shoulder, the bite upon her shoulder from earlier was half healed. I bit into her shoulder right next to the previous bite, wanting to mark every inch of her perfect skin. My gaze flickered to the corner of where her neck met her shoulder. The place where one's mate mark would sit... Would she move on?

I clenched my jaw, my eyes blazing, and I pulled her around, wrapping my hand around her slender neck. I pushed her head back onto the bed behind her, before I kissed her roughly.

"You're mine," I growled possessively.

I pushed away the thoughts that threatened to consume me. I don't care... I don't care about what was to come... tonight she was mine. I deepened the kiss, not caring as she gasped for breath, sucking hard on her tongue before ravishing every inch of her sweet mouth.

Mine

"Theon..." She whimpered when I broke away, her lips parted as she gasped for air.

"Tell me who do you belong to?" I asked quietly, running my hand down over her perfect firm round breasts, her hard nipples standing to attention and cupping her pussy. I bent down and sucked on one of her nipples.

"You."

"Remember that," I growled, sucking on her other nipple before squeezing her breasts in my hand as I slipped two fingers back into her pussy. She moaned in response, and I smirked as I began fucking her with two fingers. "Don't stop, please." She begged.

"What do you want?" I asked, enjoying the faint blush that now coated her cheeks.

"I want you to make me come." She whispered, and despite the blush, her words were as enticing as the rest of her.

I could feel my dick wanting its release. The pleasure inside of me only grew and I began fucking her harder. Wrapping my free hand around her neck, I fucked her fast, slamming my fingers into her rough and hard.

Her screams were loud, and I was sure that everyone in the area would be able to hear her, and although I didn't care, I clamped my hand over her pretty plush mouth.

These beautiful sounds were only for me to hear. Her juices squirted over my hand as her orgasm ripped through her. I pulled out, slapping her pussy hard as I claimed her lips in another bruising kiss. She could barely keep up, her body still recovering from her orgasm. Standing up, I unzipped my pants, pulling my cock out.

"Tongue out beautiful," I commanded.

Her heart skipped a beat as I leaned on one knee near her head, tangling my hand into her blond locks and pulling her head up. She obeyed like the good girl she is, and I smirked, shoving my dick into her mouth.

"Now suck like the good little slut you are."

She moaned, wrapping her mouth around my cock. I pushed her head back on the bed, resting both my knees on either side of her head, and began face fucking her roughly.

I groaned as pleasure fucking knocked me out of my senses. My eyes blazed as she worked the magic of her tongue. "That's it," I growled in approval, looking down at her

as she took me all in. Her plush lips stretched around my girth as she sucked on my dick, even when I shoved myself fully into her, she simply took it. Gagging for a moment before she adjusted.

This was my kind of girl.

I held onto her hair tightly as my own release slammed through me, making me swear in pure fucking ecstasy. For a moment, I saw fucking stars as pleasure rocked my entire body. I pulled out, pumping my dick, squirting the rest of my cum onto her face and breasts.

She gasped, sticking her tongue that was already coated in my cum out needily.

She moaned, licking her lips hungrily before I tapped her face lightly. A soft smile spread on her face that was glowing from her orgasm, and I caressed her cheek with my thumb.

Perfection...

Bending down, I kissed her slowly, not caring that I could taste myself on her. Her sweet taste lingered, and I nibbled on her lower lip. It was so fucking soft, I had drawn blood several times from it... I bit into it, making her breath hitch as I sucked on it. Licking her lip slowly and sensually The pain in my chest returned with vengeance, my heart thudding, as I closed my eyes.

Mine.

I did it before... Why was it so much harder this time? Why couldn't I just walk away? Why was this pain consuming me?

"Theon." She whispered against my lips.

I looked at her blindfolded eyes, and as much as I wanted to look into those gorgeous grey eyes as I fucked her, I knew she would see too much in my own...

"Time to fuck this pussy until you pass out," I whispered, stepping away from her. I removed my pants and pulled her up onto the bed. I unhooked her legs, tossed the cuffs aside and flipped her onto her stomach. "On your knees."

She obeyed, her shoulders and head pressed against the bed. I positioned myself behind her, grabbing hold of her bound wrists, my eyes on her ass that contained many angry welts, Several hickeys littered her back, and I smirked with approval.

I had left my mark.

Yanking her up by the arms, I slammed into her with one hard, brutal thrust, making her cry out. Then I began fucking her roughly. So fucking hard that I'd make sure no other man would do it for her.

"Fuck!" She screamed breathlessly.

I would give her so much pleasure that even when another man tried to touch her, she'd remember me. I'll ruin her for everyone else. She was mine and mine alone...

An hour had passed since she'd passed out, I had carried her to the bathroom when the first rays of dawn appeared through the curtains, and I had washed her off before placing her into bed.

I had now spent an hour in the shower myself, unable to collect my emotions... In the last

round before she had passed out, I had untied her blindfold, looking into those beautiful eyes of hers. Grey... Maybe it was becoming one of my favorite colors... I dried myself with a towel and exited the bathroom. I warned her that I'd break her...

I warned her that I'd ruin her...

Yet she kept pushing...

How do I tell her that this was it?

I entered the bedroom, her hair was still wet since I hadn't dried it, and with the slight ray of light that seeped through the curtain, her skin seemed to glisten breathtakingly. She really was beautiful... I crouched down by the bed, running my fingers through her light blonde locks, caressing her cheek. The sound of her gently beating heart made the howling wind from outside fade away. Her moans were my favorite sound, her voice was my favorite song, her breathing was my favorite lullaby, and her beating heart was my favorite rhythm. Now and forever. I leaned forward, pressing my lips to her forehead softly.

I was nothing more than someone passing through her life, just like another season...

And before the end of this winter, I hoped she would forget me just like one would forget a season-long passed...

My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance

Chapter 52

52. My Purpose

THEON

The moment from earlier still played on my mind. She had gasped, backing away from the ice that was thickest beneath her feet, and then it was gone. I had tried to get her to call upon it again, but she didn't manage it. She was unnerved and confused, but as for me? I was simply intrigued.

Was she part mage or fae? The odd thing was, usually, you could tell, but with Yileyna, you could only sense her werewolf side. There was something missing... and I needed to know what it was. 2

She had been angry and hostile towards me for the comment I made about her parents. I needed to do some digging into her parents' past. She may have gotten offended when I stated the truth, but it was obvious she looked nothing like her parents, that surely meant something. Her hair, eyes, facial features, and even build were entirely different. We all inherited something of our parents, even if it was subtle.

She has been distracted since then, asking me not to mention it to the king. I didn't plan to. If she was part mage or fae, I wondered if the king would want her on his team. I just knew he'd use her as collateral damage and Yileyna would happily agree, simply to feel that she was needed and was able to do something. But I didn't plan on letting her be killed so soon.

My only issue was Madelia had also seen how she had coped with the cold... 1 Was allowing her to live safe?

For now, I'll let her live as I need her, but the moment she becomes a threat to Yileyna, I'll get rid of her.

Another blast of wind slammed against me, and I wrapped the grey fur coat I was wearing around me tighter.

I had received the signal that he was here, ready to meet me. I had told Yileyna I would be back late as I had work to attend to and not to wait up for me.

Although she was still upset about my comments, I did not plan to apologise for stating

what was a fair statement.

On the other hand, I was glad that she didn't ask me where I was going... but the fact that she was simply falling so perfectly into my life...that was beginning to worry me. From wanting her as my whore, to somehow being concerned when she was upset... to claiming her openly... to the thoughts that crept into my mind that I should claim her by marking her... something I wouldn't do.

But I couldn't deny that I enjoyed her presence. I slept better for the most part, despite the constant desire of wanting to fuck her repeatedly.

I trudged along in the snow, the blizzard pushing against me and the howling wind louder than everything else. My footprints wouldn't remain with this strong wind and snow, and I was glad for it. It would save me time from having to cover my tracks.

I had left the city through a hidden passage, making my way further and further away from the city and into the forest. I hadn't seen him in eighteen months... but I knew I would have to tell him about Yileyna. She... "Theon." I froze, not even having sensed his approach. A cold blade pressed against my neck, and I heard his sigh of distaste.

"Don't tell me you have become as weak as the pack you are now part of."

Shit, I was so distracted by my thoughts.

"Not at all. I didn't sense an enemy." I said emotionlessly, turning and looking into a pair of amber eyes that were so similar to my own, yet so different. 1

The man was almost my height, bulky, muscular, and wore a dark coat with his hood up, partially hiding his face. A speckled beard could be seen and an angled jaw.

"Smart answer." He replied, his deep baritone holding power despite keeping his aura suppressed. "What was so important that you risked calling this meeting?" "There's been a few problems. That's why I had to." I clarified quietly. "I told you not long ago that the princess is the heart, but the problem is – her powers are sealed. There are chances it was a siren's doing."

I quickly and quietly began explaining to him everything Andres had told me.

He growled with irritation.

"One step closer and two steps back. Maybe it's better to simply kill her." He said, the fury in his voice barely hidden.

"I don't think that's going to help us take over the middle kingdom. You want that position, and I plan to get it for you." I replied quietly. A smile curled his lips, and he slapped my shoulder, sending a fair amount of snow flying.

"To get it for us. Not me, us." He corrected me, before stepping closer and hugging me.

"Yes. To retake what should have been ours."

"That's my son."

I hugged him back. The familiar feeling I once used to associate with home was no longer there. Yes, he was my father, but things had changed. I guess eighteen months apart did that. He moved back and we both became serious once more.

"How is Thea?"

"Well. She knows not of this meeting." I frowned and nodded. That made sense. "How is your relationship with Andres?"

"Good, he trusts me more than most." I replied, smirking coldly. Approval was clear in Dad's nod.

"You need to get rid of the rest of his confidants. We can set up another attack or do something just like we did last time. The aim is for him to feel that you are his only

friend, the only one he needs. Just the way we removed the Beta couple from his side.” I frowned; a sliver of guilt washed through me. “Yeah.”

“It was smart of you to know exactly where their daughter would be, you timed the attack and gave the signal so precisely. You were sure they would end up dying for her and you were correct.” Dad’s approval was obvious in his voice, but I didn’t feel the satisfaction I once had... “Andres bought the set-up, didn’t he?” 3 “Yes, they think they were traitors.” I replied quietly.

“Good, good. So in your last message, you said you were to become Beta. What happened to their daughter?” “She hasn’t shifted, but I don’t think she’s their real daughter. She’s a hybrid of some kind.”

“Oh?”

The intrigue in his voice made a flash of possessiveness fill me inside, as if I had to make it clear that she was mine. “Yes, however, I’ve taken her as my woman for now.” He looked at me sharply, his eyes flashing, and I knew he was doing his all to not let his aura out.

“Why would you do that? Are her powers strong? Can she be manipulated or be of any use to us?”

“I am a man, and I rather not have the reputation of a player if I am to keep the king’s respect and trust. She is useful.” I lied coldly.

He cocked his head, and like always, I felt as if he was peering deep within me.

“I’ve heard she’s a scorned reject, stripped of rank and power. An outcast. That would ruin your reputation with Andres, Theon.” His voice was dangerous, low, menacing even.

“She’s good in bed.” I shot back, my eyes flashing. “I’m keeping her.”

“Keep as many women as you want. If Andres likes you so much, I’m surprised he hasn’t offered you his daughter.”

I looked at him, hatred filling my eyes.

“I would never take her as a mate.” I hissed coldly.

“But becoming potential Alpha before the takeover will help greatly. Having the heart as your chosen mate would be perfect.”

I tried to remain emotionless, my heart betraying me before I managed to quickly regain control of my emotions, but something told me I was too late.

“I can’t even stand being in the same room as her, and you wish for me to take her as my own? That would require a lot of self-control.”

“You have control, Theon. You know it’s a fair point, unless of course, this other woman is the problem.” His voice was calm and nonchalant, yet I knew the underlying threat that lingered.

“She isn’t, I can kill her if need be.” I said coldly.

The moment the words left my lips I knew it was a blatant lie. It left a bitter taste in my mouth, but I also knew that he had the power to have her killed if he wanted. Even from out here, he didn’t need to be in the capital to have it done.

Then I also knew if she knew my truth... She’d want me dead.

“Good. You will get Andres to agree, and I know it won’t be so hard. A little bird has already told me he is extremely fond of you and already hopes you take her as your mate.”

How did he know that? 1

I remained passive, frowning as I pondered on my answer. I needed to be careful... "I am unable to even stay in the same room as her, knowing how her father tried to destroy us. "I tried again.

I was trying to tell myself it wasn't Yileyna. That she wasn't the reason... but why was it her face that was at the forefront of my mind? Was it that it was the thought of her that squeezed at my heart?

"Because we need her for the revenge that I have waited for, for years. He owes us so much, but if the heart is a person, then we need that person under our control. Make it happen Theon.

He had a point... To use the heart, we needed her alive...

My mind was a turmoil, I knew I had gotten far too involved with Yileyna than I ever should have.

"Your hesitating, son." "Not at all, I know what I need to do."

"When I had your powers sealed for this mission we decided to seal the mate bond alongside it, it was for your benefit, remember? Mates are a weakness. Theon, women are a weakness. I had that spell performed on you so-

"So, I never fall victim to the mate bond. I won't feel it, even if she stands before me and proclaims that I am her mate, I won't feel anything. I know."

"Good. So don't let another woman ruin that. You are Theon Alexander Hale, son of Theoden Hale. Make me proud." His voice was powerful and strong, I turned and gave him a nod. He was right. I was no coward who would let a woman come in the way of my goal... I'll do the right thing "I will make you proud. We will defeat everyone who has wronged us, from Andres to the Siren who killed Mom and Thalia, The Obsidian Shadow pack is the strongest pack on Kaeladia and we bow to no one."

Copper eyes met copper, and it felt good to see the burning flames of approval and pride in his eyes.

This was my purpose, the only goal that I had in life.

Vengeance.

And I would destroy anything and anyone who came in the way of it.

No matter what.

53. Insecurity

YILEYNA

I awoke with a start, jolting upright in bed. I scanned the room frantically.

Alone.

I was alone.

My heart was pounding, and once again, the nightmare of the night my parents were killed was replaying in my mind. I ran my trembling hand through my hair, closing my eyes as the emotions that I tried to control hit me full force.

Focus Yileyna, it's ok. It's going to be ok...

No, it wasn't ok... They died saving me and were marked as traitors. They were not traitors!

I had to prove their innocence! I had to...

Goddess...

I wrapped my arms around my legs, burying my head in my knees.

Focus.

Breathe...

What time was it? Where was Theon? Was he still not back?

'They're dead.' Theon's words from that night rang in my head, I felt the crushing agony in my chest break its restraint and hit me brutally. It was my fault. They died because of me.

I won't cry.

I can't.

But I was unable to stop the tears from streaming down my cheeks as I pressed a fist against my chest, trying to control the pain that threatened to drown me.

It was my fault. They died because I was out there... Dad came to protect me.

A strangled sob left my lips, and I curled up, dropping onto my side. The memories of that night, the wolves... the bodies... the fire... they played before my eyes like a horror show on repeat.

Stop. Stop, Yileyna...

Think of something else...

Why did I have these odd abilities? How was it possible? The daughter of two werewolves having elemental magic?

I didn't look like them. The fear of the unknown terrified me and I wanted it all to just go away. The bedroom door opened, and I quickly tried to cover my face, hoping Theon thought I was asleep "Yileyna."

I tried to turn away, not wanting him to see my tears, but he was stronger than me, taking hold of my arms and forcing me to turn towards him. A frown creased his brow, his shirt was hanging open, his hair was a mess as if he had run his fingers through it repeatedly, and the distinct smell of alcohol was coming from him.

I looked away, not wanting him to see the tears that were streaming down my cheeks.

"What happened?"

His voice was husky and low, but it was missing the coldness it usually held, almost sounding 'concerned.

I hated being weak, I hated him seeing me like this. "Nothing. Nothing happened." I whispered, trying to pull free from his hold, but he refused to let me go, pulling me upright and straight into his arms. My breath hitched, I fought to control my emotions as he held me tightly.

"What's wrong, little storm?" He whispered, stroking my back.

I was unable to control the sob that left my lips.

I couldn't reply, knowing if I did, I would lose all control of my emotions. I locked my arms around his neck and he instantly pulled me closer, sitting back on the ground with me straddling him. My breasts were crushed against his chest, and his arms felt like a shield, protecting me from the world as he gently rocked me in his lap.

It didn't seem like it was something Theon would do, sure he was comforting, but the emotions and concern that seemed to be in his eyes and touch... Maybe it was the alcohol in his system, but I didn't care, I needed something to keep me tethered from drowning in my pain, and he was here for me. He rubbed my back, sending sparks of pleasure through me, burying his head in my neck. We remained like that for a while, his scent and touch giving me the strength I needed to regain control of my emotions.

“Talk to me, Yileyna.”

I know we argued earlier, but I was ready to open up to him. I was tired of keeping it inside. But I couldn't talk about them when they were branded traitors.

“I miss them.” I whispered, pulling back so I could look into those amber eyes that I loved so much.

His eyes shadowed and he looked away.

“I know...”

“I don't care... I don't care if one of them or both are not my blood, they are still my parents.

They were my world.” I said quietly.

I knew the revelation from earlier had only triggered these emotions within me, but I couldn't stop them.

He nodded, but didn't say anything. Instead, he reached up and cupped my neck, his thumbs brushing away my tears, only for more to fall in their place.

“I lost them... Then I felt like everything was being snatched from my grasp... I know you deserve to be Beta... But when it was taken away from me, I felt like the last part of Mom and Dad I had was taken from me too.” I couldn't look into his eyes anymore.

I hated feeling so vulnerable, but I wasn't able to control these emotions. I was breaking and I needed to tell someone...

I gripped his wrists, the pain of my memories twisting within me. “I'm scared of losing everything I love...” I said quietly, looking up into his shimmering eyes. I'm scared of losing you. I love you. I didn't need to say it because I knew he understood.

Would I push him away by acting so vulnerable and needy? I wasn't sure, but I couldn't keep it inside of me any longer. It hurt so much...

“Your parents...” I wasn't sure what he was going to say but he took a deep breath, looking at me sharply, and I knew he had changed his mind. “They were traitors. Let the pain go.” I shook my head.

“No, they were framed. My parents are not traitors. Something or someone did this. I knew my parents, they would never do this.” I said desperately. How can he say that? He knew my father! “And I'm going to find out the truth.”

He frowned; his eyes sharp as he tilted my head up slightly. “You might regret what you find out.” He said quietly.

“No, I won't, because I know they were innocent.”

Our eyes met, and he didn't reply, before clenching his jaw and nodding slightly.

“You're strong Yileyna... Even when the world turns its back on you, I know you'll be ok.” He said quietly, almost as if he was speaking to himself over me. It confused me but I still nodded.

“I will.”

As long as I have you, I will be.

“Promise me, that no matter what happens... you will always stay strong.” He whispered huskily, his gaze dipping to my lips. 1

“I promise.”

Because I have you!

His warm breath fanned my face, his scent intoxicated me, and my heart pounded.

“You're my beautiful distraction, little storm.” He murmured, his lips grazing mine, letting an intense electrifying spark course through me. And you have become my world.

"I love you." I whispered.

His heart was thudding, his grip on my neck and face firm as he pulled me close, sealing our lips in a deep, intense kiss that was fuelled with emotions that were far too many to ever put into words.

His hand tangled into my hair, our lips moving against the others. My tears still trickled down my cheeks, yet I was drowning in his touch. His tongue ran along my lips seeking entrance, and I slowly parted them, moaning when it slipped into my mouth.

My pussy throbbed as he drowned me in pleasure that only he could inflict upon me.

His free hand raked down my body, squeezing my ass and kissing me harder. Pulling me down on top of him, his lips never left mine. As if kissing me was his very lifeline.

His hand slipped under the nightdress I was wearing, tugging at my lacy panties. He broke away suddenly, a growl ripping from his lips before he flipped us over. My back hit the cold floor and I stared into his shimmering gold eyes for a second. His heart was racing, and a deep frown was on his face. With one pull, he ripped my silk nightdress off, and I reached up, tugging open his shirt, letting my gaze run over his chest.

Admiring every ridge and curve of his godly body. I ran my hand down his chest, loving the feel of his firm body beneath my fingers, but the moment my fingertips grazed against his nipples, making me whimper, he had my hands pinned to the ground. His body was on top of mine, his free hand cupping my thigh as he caressed it. Biting into my shoulder, he kissed me sensually. I cried out as pain and pleasure rippled through me. His tongue flicked the blood from the bite before he placed another hungry kiss there, letting go of my wrists, only for me to seize the moment and flipping us over so I was on top.

"My turn." I whispered. He yanked my head down, kissing my lips once more before I pulled away, kissing him along his jaw. Goddess, he was perfect... I ran my hands down his chest, not caring that I was digging my nails into him. The way his eyes flashed, and the way he throbbed in his pants, told me he liked it. Bending down, I kissed his neck, sucking hard in the most sensitive spot. His hand tangled in my hair, yanking me back.

"Fuck." He growled, flipping us over, he looked down at me with those eyes that were full of pure desire and hunger.

I struggled, but he had my hips between his knees, reaching for the belt in his pants. I licked my lips. My core clenching as he slid his belt out, a dangerous glint in his eyes as he pulled the belt taut in his hands.

Fuck me, baby.

"My turn." He said in a deep sexy growl, making my eyes widen. He gave me a small smirk and bent down, placing tantalising teasing kisses along my neck, massaging me over my soaking panties. "Tell me, little storm, do you trust me?" I didn't need to think about it.

"Yes. Yes, I do." I whimpered, my eyes flying open as I stared into his glowing orbs. Those emotions... but he closed his eyes, and it was gone, replaced by a dangerous predatory smirk as he sat back, yanking me up and rolling me onto my stomach. My entire body was tingling with anticipation and pleasure. My heart was pounding as he kissed the back of my neck.

"Perfect." He whispered, and then he pulled both my arms behind my back, tying them up with his belt. "Then let's play."

54. Like A Season

THEON

I needed this. I needed an outlet to the tornado that was destroying my mind from within. Grabbing her nightdress from the floor, I ripped a strip from it and reaching over, covered her eyes.

If she couldn't see me, then I didn't need to try and hide the emotions from my eyes... She was always trying to search them, and I knew she was looking for any signs that I had any feelings for... I pulled her up, pushing her onto her knees facing the bed. Her breasts were pressed against the mattress, and I yanked her head backward. She moaned softly and I smirked, kissing her neck sensually from behind.

She looked perfect, her legs slightly apart... arms tied behind her back. Her ass was in nothing but panties that she was going to lose soon enough. "Keep those legs apart, I'll be right back," I whispered seductively, running my free hand down her ass, making her moan. "Yes, my king." My eyes blazed and I growled lowly. Fuck, I liked it when she called me that. "That's my girl." I spanked her ass, making her gasp before I stood up and walked over to my bottom drawer. A little something that I had picked up the other night... I wasn't planning on using these yet but... I pushed the thought away and took out the box. I took it to the bed, placed it down, and flipped it open.

I stepped back over to her, removing my shirt, my eyes never leaving her perfect ass. The red mark I had left on her ass was the first of many. Tonight there was not going to be an inch of her that would be left unmarked.

Tonight, I was going to make her mine...

I ran my hand down her ass, and slowly slid her panties down. They were soaking, and the scent of her arousal was driving me crazy.

"You're such a dirty little whore. Look how fucking wet you are." I murmured, massaging her smooth pussy with my fingers. She moaned loudly, her back arching as she parted her legs more. I stopped, delivering a sharp tap to her ass.

"Did I tell you to part your legs further?"

"Sorry- Ah!" She gasped when I shoved two fingers into her, making her moan loudly. With my other hand, I reached into the box, taking out a pair of leather ankle cuffs, swiftly

cuffing her up and restricting her movements.

Her heart was pounding, which only excited me. My dick was hard in my pants as I fucked her slowly with my fingers, enjoying the way her soaking insides coated my fingers. "Oh fuck Theon... faster." She whimpered.

Reaching up, I yanked her head back, making her cry out.

"I prefer it when you call me." "King. Fuck me harder, my king." She begged, cutting me off. I smirked, she learned fast.

"Good girl, but I'm not sure you deserve to be fucked just yet," I whispered huskily, slipping my fingers out, and instead of parting her ass cheeks, I admired her. "Now how about I have a taste to see how good my little slut tastes."

I kneeled behind her and plunged my tongue into her soaking core, making her whimper loudly. "Oh fuck..."

Oh, fuck was an understatement, she tasted so fucking good.

Her moans and whimpers of pleasure only drove me to fuck her harder with my tongue.

Using my thumb to rub her clit, her legs shook from the pleasure as more of her juices began to leak

from her, and just when I felt her near, I pulled back, licking my lips.

“You taste perfect,” I growled. Reaching into the box, I took out the black leather flogger.

“I think it’s time to whip this ass so hard that you aren’t able to sit for a few fucking days.

How does that sound, little storm?” “I- Ah!” She whimpered when I flogged her ass lightly, I rubbed her ass, making her whimper loudly before whipping her ass again, this time harder. Each strike, each contact only made me throb harder, watching her body react, the whimpers and moans of pleasure mixing with the pain. Watching how her juices trickled down her legs and the way she wriggled against her restraints.

She was the perfect plaything, pleasuring her gave me satisfaction beyond anything else. Ten flogs later, I massaged her sore ass, kissing her shoulder, the bite upon her shoulder from earlier was half healed. I bit into her shoulder right next to the previous bite, wanting to mark every inch of her perfect skin. My gaze flickered to the corner of where her neck met her shoulder. The place where one’s mate mark would sit... Would she move on?

I clenched my jaw, my eyes blazing, and I pulled her around, wrapping my hand around her slender neck. I pushed her head back onto the bed behind her, before I kissed her roughly.

“You’re mine,” I growled possessively.

I pushed away the thoughts that threatened to consume me. I don’t care... I don’t care about what was to come... tonight she was mine. I deepened the kiss, not caring as she gasped for breath, sucking hard on her tongue before ravishing every inch of her sweet mouth.

Mine

“Theon...” She whimpered when I broke away, her lips parted as she gasped for air.

“Tell me who do you belong to?” I asked quietly, running my hand down over her perfect firm round breasts, her hard nipples standing to attention and cupping her pussy. I bent down and sucked on one of her nipples.

“You.”

“Remember that,” I growled, sucking on her other nipple before squeezing her breasts in my hand as I slipped two fingers back into her pussy. She moaned in response, and I smirked as I began fucking her with two fingers. “Don’t stop, please.” She begged.

“What do you want?” I asked, enjoying the faint blush that now coated her cheeks.

“I want you to make me come.” She whispered, and despite the blush, her words were as enticing as the rest of her.

I could feel my dick wanting its release. The pleasure inside of me only grew and I began fucking her harder. Wrapping my free hand around her neck, I fucked her fast, slamming my fingers into her rough and hard.

Her screams were loud, and I was sure that everyone in the area would be able to hear her, and although I didn’t care, I clamped my hand over her pretty plush mouth.

These beautiful sounds were only for me to hear. Her juices squirted over my hand as her orgasm ripped through her. I pulled out, slapping her pussy hard as I claimed her lips in another bruising kiss. She could barely keep up, her body still recovering from her orgasm. Standing up, I unzipped my pants, pulling my cock out.

“Tongue out beautiful,” I commanded.

Her heart skipped a beat as I leaned on one knee near her head, tangling my hand into her blond locks and pulling her head up. She obeyed like the good girl she is, and I smirked, shoving my dick into her mouth.

“Now suck like the good little slut you are.”

She moaned, wrapping her mouth around my cock. I pushed her head back on the bed, resting both my knees on either side of her head, and began face fucking her roughly. I groaned as pleasure fucking knocked me out of my senses. My eyes blazed as she worked the magic of her tongue. “That’s it,” I growled in approval, looking down at her as she took me all in. Her plush lips stretched around my girth as she sucked on my dick, even when I shoved myself fully into her, she simply took it. Gagging for a moment before she adjusted.

This was my kind of girl.

I held onto her hair tightly as my own release slammed through me, making me swear in pure fucking ecstasy. For a moment, I saw fucking stars as pleasure rocked my entire body. I pulled out, pumping my dick, squirting the rest of my cum onto her face and breasts.

She gasped, sticking her tongue that was already coated in my cum out needily.

She moaned, licking her lips hungrily before I tapped her face lightly. A soft smile spread on her face that was glowing from her orgasm, and I caressed her cheek with my thumb.

Perfection...

Bending down, I kissed her slowly, not caring that I could taste myself on her. Her sweet taste lingered, and I nibbled on her lower lip. It was so fucking soft, I had drawn blood several times from it... I bit into it, making her breath hitch as I sucked on it. Licking her lip slowly and sensually The pain in my chest returned with vengeance, my heart thudding, as I closed my eyes.

Mine.

I did it before... Why was it so much harder this time? Why couldn’t I just walk away? Why was this pain consuming me?

“Theon.” She whispered against my lips.

I looked at her blindfolded eyes, and as much as I wanted to look into those gorgeous grey eyes as I fucked her, I knew she would see too much in my own...

“Time to fuck this pussy until you pass out,” I whispered, stepping away from her. I removed my pants and pulled her up onto the bed. I unhooked her legs, tossed the cuffs aside and flipped her onto her stomach. “On your knees.”

She obeyed, her shoulders and head pressed against the bed. I positioned myself behind her, grabbing hold of her bound wrists, my eyes on her ass that contained many angry welts, Several hickeys littered her back, and I smirked with approval.

I had left my mark.

Yanking her up by the arms, I slammed into her with one hard, brutal thrust, making her cry out. Then I began fucking her roughly. So fucking hard that I’d make sure no other man would do it for her.

“Fuck!” She screamed breathlessly.

I would give her so much pleasure that even when another man tried to touch her, she’d remember me. I’ll ruin her for everyone else. She was mine and mine alone...

An hour had passed since she’d passed out, I had carried her to the bathroom when the

first rays of dawn appeared through the curtains, and I had washed her off before placing her into bed.

I had now spent an hour in the shower myself, unable to collect my emotions... In the last

round before she had passed out, I had untied her blindfold, looking into those beautiful eyes of hers. Grey... Maybe it was becoming one of my favorite colors... I dried myself with a towel and exited the bathroom. I warned her that I'd break her...

I warned her that I'd ruin her...

Yet she kept pushing...

How do I tell her that this was it?

I entered the bedroom, her hair was still wet since I hadn't dried it, and with the slight ray of light that seeped through the curtain, her skin seemed to glisten breathtakingly. She really was beautiful... I crouched down by the bed, running my fingers through her light blonde locks, caressing her cheek. The sound of her gently beating heart made the howling wind from outside fade away. Her moans were my favorite sound, her voice was my favorite song, her breathing was my favorite lullaby, and her beating heart was my favorite rhythm. Now and forever. I leaned forward, pressing my lips to her forehead softly.

I was nothing more than someone passing through her life, just like another season...

And before the end of this winter, I hoped she would forget me just like one would forget a season-long passed...

My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance

Chapter 53

53. Insecurity

YILEYNA

I awoke with a start, jolting upright in bed. I scanned the room frantically.

Alone.

I was alone.

My heart was pounding, and once again, the nightmare of the night my parents were killed was replaying in my mind. I ran my trembling hand through my hair, closing my eyes as the emotions that I tried to control hit me full force.

Focus Yileyna, it's ok. It's going to be ok...

No, it wasn't ok... They died saving me and were marked as traitors. They were not traitors!

I had to prove their innocence! I had to...

Goddess...

I wrapped my arms around my legs, burying my head in my knees.

Focus.

Breathe...

What time was it? Where was Theon? Was he still not back?

'They're dead.' Theon's words from that night rang in my head, I felt the crushing agony in my chest break its restraint and hit me brutally. It was my fault. They died because of

me.

I won't cry.

I can't.

But I was unable to stop the tears from streaming down my cheeks as I pressed a fist against my chest, trying to control the pain that threatened to drown me.

It was my fault. They died because I was out there... Dad came to protect me.

A strangled sob left my lips, and I curled up, dropping onto my side. The memories of that night, the wolves... the bodies... the fire... they played before my eyes like a horror show on repeat.

Stop. Stop, Yileyna...

Think of something else...

Why did I have these odd abilities? How was it possible? The daughter of two werewolves having elemental magic?

I didn't look like them. The fear of the unknown terrified me and I wanted it all to just go away. The bedroom door opened, and I quickly tried to cover my face, hoping Theon thought I was asleep "Yileyna."

I tried to turn away, not wanting him to see my tears, but he was stronger than me, taking hold of my arms and forcing me to turn towards him. A frown creased his brow, his shirt was hanging open, his hair was a mess as if he had run his fingers through it repeatedly, and the distinct smell of alcohol was coming from him.

I looked away, not wanting him to see the tears that were streaming down my cheeks. "What happened?"

His voice was husky and low, but it was missing the coldness it usually held, almost sounding 'concerned.

I hated being weak, I hated him seeing me like this. "Nothing. Nothing happened." I whispered, trying to pull free from his hold, but he refused to let me go, pulling me upright and straight into his arms. My breath hitched, I fought to control my emotions as he held me tightly.

"What's wrong, little storm?" He whispered, stroking my back.

I was unable to control the sob that left my lips.

I couldn't reply, knowing if I did, I would lose all control of my emotions. I locked my arms around his neck and he instantly pulled me closer, sitting back on the ground with me straddling him. My breasts were crushed against his chest, and his arms felt like a shield, protecting me from the world as he gently rocked me in his lap.

It didn't seem like it was something Theon would do, sure he was comforting, but the emotions and concern that seemed to be in his eyes and touch... Maybe it was the alcohol in his system, but I didn't care, I needed something to keep me tethered from drowning in my pain, and he was here for me. He rubbed my back, sending sparks of pleasure through me, burying his head in my neck. We remained like that for a while, his scent and touch giving me the strength I needed to regain control of my emotions.

"Talk to me, Yileyna."

I know we argued earlier, but I was ready to open up to him. I was tired of keeping it inside. But I couldn't talk about them when they were branded traitors.

"I miss them." I whispered, pulling back so I could look into those amber eyes that I loved so much.

His eyes shadowed and he looked away.

"I know..."

"I don't care... I don't care if one of them or both are not my blood, they are still my parents.

They were my world." I said quietly.

I knew the revelation from earlier had only triggered these emotions within me, but I couldn't stop them.

He nodded, but didn't say anything. Instead, he reached up and cupped my neck, his thumbs brushing away my tears, only for more to fall in their place.

"I lost them... Then I felt like everything was being snatched from my grasp... I know you deserve to be Beta... But when it was taken away from me, I felt like the last part of Mom and Dad I had was taken from me too." I couldn't look into his eyes anymore.

I hated feeling so vulnerable, but I wasn't able to control these emotions. I was breaking and I needed to tell someone...

I gripped his wrists, the pain of my memories twisting within me. "I'm scared of losing everything I love..." I said quietly, looking up into his shimmering eyes. I'm scared of losing you. I love you. I didn't need to say it because I knew he understood.

Would I push him away by acting so vulnerable and needy? I wasn't sure, but I couldn't keep it inside of me any longer. It hurt so much...

"Your parents..." I wasn't sure what he was going to say but he took a deep breath, looking at me sharply, and I knew he had changed his mind. "They were traitors. Let the pain go." I shook my head.

"No, they were framed. My parents are not traitors. Something or someone did this. I knew my parents, they would never do this." I said desperately. How can he say that? He knew my father! "And I'm going to find out the truth."

He frowned; his eyes sharp as he tilted my head up slightly. "You might regret what you find out." He said quietly.

"No, I won't, because I know they were innocent."

Our eyes met, and he didn't reply, before clenching his jaw and nodding slightly.

"You're strong Yileyna... Even when the world turns its back on you, I know you'll be ok." He said quietly, almost as if he was speaking to himself over me. It confused me but I still nodded.

"I will."

As long as I have you, I will be.

"Promise me, that no matter what happens... you will always stay strong." He whispered huskily, his gaze dipping to my lips. 1

"I promise."

Because I have you!

His warm breath fanned my face, his scent intoxicated me, and my heart pounded.

"You're my beautiful distraction, little storm." He murmured, his lips grazing mine, letting an intense electrifying spark course through me. And you have become my world.

"I love you." I whispered.

His heart was thudding, his grip on my neck and face firm as he pulled me close, sealing our lips in a deep, intense kiss that was fuelled with emotions that were far too many to ever put into words.

His hand tangled into my hair, our lips moving against the others. My tears still trickled down my cheeks, yet I was drowning in his touch. His tongue ran along my lips seeking

entrance, and I slowly parted them, moaning when it slipped into my mouth. My pussy throbbed as he drowned me in pleasure that only he could inflict upon me. His free hand raked down my body, squeezing my ass and kissing me harder. Pulling me down on top of him, his lips never left mine. As if kissing me was his very lifeline. His hand slipped under the nightdress I was wearing, tugging at my lacy panties. He broke away suddenly, a growl ripping from his lips before he flipped us over. My back hit the cold floor and I stared into his shimmering gold eyes for a second. His heart was racing, and a deep frown was on his face. With one pull, he ripped my silk nightdress off, and I reached up, tugging open his shirt, letting my gaze run over his chest. Admiring every ridge and curve of his godly body. I ran my hand down his chest, loving the feel of his firm body beneath my fingers, but the moment my fingertips grazed against his nipples, making me whimper, he had my hands pinned to the ground. His body was on top of mine, his free hand cupping my thigh as he caressed it. Biting into my shoulder, he kissed me sensually. I cried out as pain and pleasure rippled through me. His tongue flicked the blood from the bite before he placed another hungry kiss there, letting go of my wrists, only for me to seize the moment and flipping us over so I was on top.

“My turn.” I whispered. He yanked my head down, kissing my lips once more before I pulled away, kissing him along his jaw. Goddess, he was perfect... I ran my hands down his chest, not caring that I was digging my nails into him. The way his eyes flashed, and the way he throbbed in his pants, told me he liked it. Bending down, I kissed his neck, sucking hard in the most sensitive spot. His hand tangled in my hair, yanking me back.

“Fuck.” He growled, flipping us over, he looked down at me with those eyes that were full of pure desire and hunger.

I struggled, but he had my hips between his knees, reaching for the belt in his pants. I licked my lips. My core clenching as he slid his belt out, a dangerous glint in his eyes as he pulled the belt taut in his hands.

Fuck me, baby.

“My turn.” He said in a deep sexy growl, making my eyes widen. He gave me a small smirk and bent down, placing tantalising teasing kisses along my neck, massaging me over my soaking panties. “Tell me, little storm, do you trust me?” I didn’t need to think about it.

“Yes. Yes, I do.” I whimpered, my eyes flying open as I stared into his glowing orbs. Those emotions... but he closed his eyes, and it was gone, replaced by a dangerous predatory smirk as he sat back, yanking me up and rolling me onto my stomach. My entire body was tingling with anticipation and pleasure. My heart was pounding as he kissed the back of my neck.

“Perfect.” He whispered, and then he pulled both my arms behind my back, tying them up with his belt. “Then let’s play.”

54. Like A Season

THEON

I needed this. I needed an outlet to the tornado that was destroying my mind from within. Grabbing her nightdress from the floor, I ripped a strip from it and reaching over, covered her eyes.

If she couldn't see me, then I didn't need to try and hide the emotions from my eyes... She was always trying to search them, and I knew she was looking for any signs that I had any feelings for... I pulled her up, pushing her onto her knees facing the bed. Her breasts were pressed against the mattress, and I yanked her head backward. She moaned softly and I smirked, kissing her neck sensually from behind. She looked perfect, her legs slightly apart... arms tied behind her back. Her ass was in nothing but panties that she was going to lose soon enough. "Keep those legs apart, I'll be right back," I whispered seductively, running my free hand down her ass, making her moan. "Yes, my king." My eyes blazed and I growled lowly. Fuck, I liked it when she called me that. "That's my girl." I spanked her ass, making her gasp before I stood up and walked over to my bottom drawer. A little something that I had picked up the other night... I wasn't planning on using these yet but... I pushed the thought away and took out the box. I took it to the bed, placed it down, and flipped it open.

I stepped back over to her, removing my shirt, my eyes never leaving her perfect ass. The red mark I had left on her ass was the first of many. Tonight there was not going to be an inch of her that would be left unmarked.

Tonight, I was going to make her mine...

I ran my hand down her ass, and slowly slid her panties down. They were soaking, and the scent of her arousal was driving me crazy.

"You're such a dirty little whore. Look how fucking wet you are." I murmured, massaging her smooth pussy with my fingers. She moaned loudly, her back arching as she parted her legs more. I stopped, delivering a sharp tap to her ass.

"Did I tell you to part your legs further?"

"Sorry- Ah!" She gasped when I shoved two fingers into her, making her moan loudly.

With my other hand, I reached into the box, taking out a pair of leather ankle cuffs, swiftly

cuffing her up and restricting her movements.

Her heart was pounding, which only excited me. My dick was hard in my pants as I fucked her slowly with my fingers, enjoying the way her soaking insides coated my fingers. "Oh fuck Theon... faster." She whimpered.

Reaching up, I yanked her head back, making her cry out.

"I prefer it when you call me." "King. Fuck me harder, my king." She begged, cutting me off. I smirked, she learned fast.

"Good girl, but I'm not sure you deserve to be fucked just yet," I whispered huskily, slipping my fingers out, and instead of parting her ass cheeks, I admired her. "Now how about I have a taste to see how good my little slut tastes."

I kneeled behind her and plunged my tongue into her soaking core, making her whimper loudly. "Oh fuck..."

Oh, fuck was an understatement, she tasted so fucking good.

Her moans and whimpers of pleasure only drove me to fuck her harder with my tongue.

Using my thumb to rub her clit, her legs shook from the pleasure as more of her juices began to leak

from her, and just when I felt her near, I pulled back, licking my lips.

"You taste perfect," I growled. Reaching into the box, I took out the black leather flogger.

"I think it's time to whip this ass so hard that you aren't able to sit for a few fucking days.

How does that sound, little storm?" "I- Ah!" She whimpered when I flogged her ass lightly, I rubbed her ass, making her whimper loudly before whipping her ass again, this time harder. Each strike, each contact only made me throb harder, watching her body react, the whimpers and moans of pleasure mixing with the pain. Watching how her juices trickled down her legs and the way she wriggled against her restraints.

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I clenched my jaw, my eyes blazing, and I pulled her around, wrapping my hand around her slender neck. I pushed her head back onto the bed behind her, before I kissed her roughly.

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Mine

"Theon..." She whimpered when I broke away, her lips parted as she gasped for air.

"Tell me who do you belong to?" I asked quietly, running my hand down over her perfect firm round breasts, her hard nipples standing to attention and cupping her pussy. I bent down and sucked on one of her nipples.

"You."

"Remember that," I growled, sucking on her other nipple before squeezing her breasts in my hand as I slipped two fingers back into her pussy. She moaned in response, and I smirked as I began fucking her with two fingers. "Don't stop, please." She begged.

"What do you want?" I asked, enjoying the faint blush that now coated her cheeks.

"I want you to make me come." She whispered, and despite the blush, her words were as enticing as the rest of her.

I could feel my dick wanting its release. The pleasure inside of me only grew and I began fucking her harder. Wrapping my free hand around her neck, I fucked her fast, slamming my fingers into her rough and hard.

Her screams were loud, and I was sure that everyone in the area would be able to hear her, and although I didn't care, I clamped my hand over her pretty plush mouth.

These beautiful sounds were only for me to hear. Her juices squirted over my hand as her orgasm ripped through her. I pulled out, slapping her pussy hard as I claimed her lips in another bruising kiss. She could barely keep up, her body still recovering from her orgasm. Standing up, I unzipped my pants, pulling my cock out.

"Tongue out beautiful," I commanded.

Her heart skipped a beat as I leaned on one knee near her head, tangling my hand into her blond locks and pulling her head up. She obeyed like the good girl she is, and I smirked, shoving my dick into her mouth.

"Now suck like the good little slut you are."

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resting both my knees on either side of her head, and began face fucking her roughly. I groaned as pleasure fucking knocked me out of my senses. My eyes blazed as she worked the magic of her tongue. "That's it," I growled in approval, looking down at her as she took me all in. Her plush lips stretched around my girth as she sucked on my dick, even when I shoved myself fully into her, she simply took it. Gagging for a moment before she adjusted.

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Mine.

I did it before... Why was it so much harder this time? Why couldn't I just walk away? Why was this pain consuming me?

"Theon." She whispered against my lips.

I looked at her blindfolded eyes, and as much as I wanted to look into those gorgeous grey eyes as I fucked her, I knew she would see too much in my own...

"Time to fuck this pussy until you pass out," I whispered, stepping away from her. I removed my pants and pulled her up onto the bed. I unhooked her legs, tossed the cuffs aside and flipped her onto her stomach. "On your knees."

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eyes of hers. Grey... Maybe it was becoming one of my favorite colors... 1 I dried myself with a towel and exited the bathroom. I warned her that I'd break her... I warned her that I'd ruin her... Yet she kept pushing... How do I tell her that this was it? I entered the bedroom, her hair was still wet since I hadn't dried it, and with the slight ray of light that seeped through the curtain, her skin seemed to glisten breathtakingly. She really was beautiful... I crouched down by the bed, running my fingers through her light blonde locks, caressing her cheek. The sound of her gently beating heart made the howling wind from outside fade away. Her moans were my favorite sound, her voice was my favorite song, her breathing was my favorite lullaby, and her beating heart was my favorite rhythm. Now and forever. I leaned forward, pressing my lips to her forehead softly. I was nothing more than someone passing through her life, just like another season... And before the end of this winter, I hoped she would forget me just like one would forget a season-long passed...

My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance Chapter 54

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I pushed away the thoughts that threatened to consume me. I don't care... I don't care about what was to come... tonight she was mine. I deepened the kiss, not caring as she gasped for breath, sucking hard on her tongue before ravishing every inch of her sweet mouth.

Mine

"Theon..." She whimpered when I broke away, her lips parted as she gasped for air. "Tell me who do you belong to?" I asked quietly, running my hand down over her perfect firm round breasts, her hard nipples standing to attention and cupping her pussy. I bent down and sucked on one of her nipples.

"You."

"Remember that," I growled, sucking on her other nipple before squeezing her breasts in my hand as I slipped two fingers back into her pussy. She moaned in response, and I smirked as I began fucking her with two fingers. "Don't stop, please." She begged.

"What do you want?" I asked, enjoying the faint blush that now coated her cheeks.

"I want you to make me come." She whispered, and despite the blush, her words were as enticing as the rest of her.

I could feel my dick wanting its release. The pleasure inside of me only grew and I began fucking her harder. Wrapping my free hand around her neck, I fucked her fast, slamming my fingers into her rough and hard.

Her screams were loud, and I was sure that everyone in the area would be able to hear her, and although I didn't care, I clamped my hand over her pretty plush mouth.

These beautiful sounds were only for me to hear. Her juices squirted over my hand as her orgasm ripped through her. I pulled out, slapping her pussy hard as I claimed her lips in another bruising kiss. She could barely keep up, her body still recovering from her orgasm. Standing up, I unzipped my pants, pulling my cock out.

"Tongue out beautiful," I commanded.

Her heart skipped a beat as I leaned on one knee near her head, tangling my hand into her blond locks and pulling her head up. She obeyed like the good girl she is, and I smirked, shoving my dick into her mouth.

"Now suck like the good little slut you are."

She moaned, wrapping her mouth around my cock. I pushed her head back on the bed, resting both my knees on either side of her head, and began face fucking her roughly.

I groaned as pleasure fucking knocked me out of my senses. My eyes blazed as she worked the magic of her tongue. "That's it," I growled in approval, looking down at her as she took me all in. Her plush lips stretched around my girth as she sucked on my dick, even when I shoved myself fully into her, she simply took it. Gagging for a moment before she adjusted.

This was my kind of girl.

I held onto her hair tightly as my own release slammed through me, making me swear in pure fucking ecstasy. For a moment, I saw fucking stars as pleasure rocked my entire body. I pulled out, pumping my dick, squirting the rest of my cum onto her face and breasts.

She gasped, sticking her tongue that was already coated in my cum out needily.

She moaned, licking her lips hungrily before I tapped her face lightly. A soft smile spread on her face that was glowing from her orgasm, and I caressed her cheek with my thumb.

Perfection...

Bending down, I kissed her slowly, not caring that I could taste myself on her. Her sweet taste lingered, and I nibbled on her lower lip. It was so fucking soft, I had drawn blood several times from it... I bit into it, making her breath hitch as I sucked on it. Licking her lip slowly and sensually The pain in my chest returned with vengeance, my heart

thudding, as I closed my eyes.

Mine.

I did it before... Why was it so much harder this time? Why couldn't I just walk away?

Why was this pain consuming me?

"Theon." She whispered against my lips.

I looked at her blindfolded eyes, and as much as I wanted to look into those gorgeous grey eyes as I fucked her, I knew she would see too much in my own...

"Time to fuck this pussy until you pass out," I whispered, stepping away from her. I removed my pants and pulled her up onto the bed. I unhooked her legs, tossed the cuffs aside and flipped her onto her stomach. "On your knees."

She obeyed, her shoulders and head pressed against the bed. I positioned myself behind her, grabbing hold of her bound wrists, my eyes on her ass that contained many angry welts, Several hickeys littered her back, and I smirked with approval.

I had left my mark.

Yanking her up by the arms, I slammed into her with one hard, brutal thrust, making her cry out. Then I began fucking her roughly. So fucking hard that I'd make sure no other man would do it for her.

"Fuck!" She screamed breathlessly.

I would give her so much pleasure that even when another man tried to touch her, she'd remember me. I'll ruin her for everyone else. She was mine and mine alone...

An hour had passed since she'd passed out, I had carried her to the bathroom when the first rays of dawn appeared through the curtains, and I had washed her off before placing her into bed.

I had now spent an hour in the shower myself, unable to collect my emotions... In the last

round before she had passed out, I had untied her blindfold, looking into those beautiful eyes of hers. Grey... Maybe it was becoming one of my favorite colors... I dried myself with a towel and exited the bathroom. I warned her that I'd break her...

I warned her that I'd ruin her...

Yet she kept pushing...

How do I tell her that this was it?

I entered the bedroom, her hair was still wet since I hadn't dried it, and with the slight ray of light that seeped through the curtain, her skin seemed to glisten breathtakingly. She really was beautiful... I crouched down by the bed, running my fingers through her light blonde locks, caressing her cheek. The sound of her gently beating heart made the howling wind from outside fade away. Her moans were my favorite sound, her voice was my favorite song, her breathing was my favorite lullaby, and her beating heart was my favorite rhythm. Now and forever. I leaned forward, pressing my lips to her forehead softly.

I was nothing more than someone passing through her life, just like another season...

And before the end of this winter, I hoped she would forget me just like one would forget a season-long passed...