

My Alpha's Betrayal: Burning In The Flames Of His Vengeance Chapter 67

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Chapter 67

67. A Downward Spiral

THEON

From the moment I had laid eyes on her, I was unable to focus on anything but the temptation and beauty of the goddess-like woman before me. Her dress clung to her every curve, made to fit her to perfection. Nothing was left to the imagination, from the perfect ass that I wanted to grab and pull against me, to her breasts that were spilling out of her dress. Everything was on display in the sexiest, most enticing way.

I hadn't been the only one with my eyes on her, every unmated man, and many who were mated, were watching her with a look of pure lust in their eyes. The urge to rip them all apart was appealing, and seeing none other than Bolton holding her... It had taken every ounce of willpower to control myself. Even holding back the hatred I felt for Andres didn't compare to the amount of control I was fighting against to not murder anyone who set their gaze upon her. She was mine and mine alone. When she had turned towards me, it felt as if time had stopped. She had looked ever more breathtaking... The type of beauty you can simply sit back and admire. Not one flaw... not one imperfection... I had swallowed hard, unhearing as she said something from those soft lips of hers.

All I fucking wanted was to rip her from Bolton's arms and mark her there and then. To show the fucking world who she belongs to. It was all a fucking haze since then, trying to fight my emotions. For once I was glad that Andres came over, but his reaction was... intriguing. It snapped me from the rage and jealousy within me.

Did it matter I was to be engaged to the fucking princess right now, when the woman I desired was on another man's arm? I was trying to talk myself into calming down, the urge to kill them all right now...

Do it.

I frowned, struggling to keep myself from shifting. Fucking hell, focus Theon. I leaned against the wall of the courtyard, struggling to regain control of myself.

It was then that I heard her voice reach my ears as she talked to Raiden.

Jealousy reared its ugly head, and it was as if I had been bitten by a poisonous snake.

My eyes flashed gold, my claws came out and the urge for blood overcame me.

I told her, I fucking told her she's mine and mine alone.

I don't fucking care if I left her.

She was still mine. Unable to hold myself back, I followed the sound of her voice, when I froze in my tracks. There right in front of me; she was in the arms of none other than Bolton, and what made it a

thousand fucking times worse was she was kissing him. A red-hot rage engulfed every inch of my body.

Anger burned through me and all I fucking saw was death.

Tonight, I'm fucking painting the snow with blood that belonged to none other than that bastard. In a flash, I was behind her, ripping her from his hold, throwing her to the ground as I turned my attention to the scum before me. "No one touches what's mine." I growled; my voice was barely recognisable.

To hell with it all, there was no way I was going to allow her to be with anyone else.

"Theon. She isn't yours." Bolton had the fucking cheek to growl back.

I smirked murderously.

He just fucking sealed his death. "Wrong. She's mine or no one's." I lunged at him, grabbing him by his neck, slamming him to the ground with enough force to split his head open, but the bastard wasn't as weak as I predicted. His eyes blazed green as he placed his hands behind his head, saving it from being split open.

Several screams ripped through the air as blood spread from the back of his skull, staining the snow ever so beautifully.

Satisfaction filled me as I smirked coldly.

"Theon." Her hoarse whisper came, my heart was thumping, my rage unquenched. All I wanted was to keep smashing his head into the ground until it split open. I wasn't done. I raised my hand ready to end this fucker's life, a small part at the back of my head told me that I should let him live, for her.... But I was far too possessive to let her go and far too fucking angry to let him go.

I wasn't a fucking hero. 1

I didn't care if she hated me for becoming the villain in her eyes. Maybe she'd learn to stay away from all men, or they'll suffer the consequences.

I let out a menacing growl, plunging my hand towards his chest as our eyes met, when suddenly the wind began howling and the snow whipped around us as it began falling heavier. 2 "Don't touch him!" Yileyna's voice came trembling with anger, then I saw her in front of me as she shoved me away with more force than I had ever felt from her.

Through the blizzard, I thought I saw something different in her eyes, but I wasn't sure.

"Move aside." I warned her dangerously, unable to recognise the look of hatred in her eyes. That was an expression that she had never directed at me before, or anyone else... "No. What I do has nothing to do with you!" She hissed, standing before the bleeding man like a shield, only angering me more. I closed the gap between us, about to grab her throat when she raised her hand and I felt ice

beginning to wrap up my ankles, restricting my movements. 1

My heart thundered as I realised she had far more control over her powers since back then.

That Fae had indeed done a good job, but she was risking herself by displaying her abilities, if anyone saw beyond the blinding blizzard as to what she was doing, she'd be judged far more

"Stop it." I growled.

"I will not let another person die because of me." She whispered back, and for a moment, that burning fire of anger was replaced by sorrow and guilt.

If only you knew all those people you thought died because of you, were dead because of me...

"Get him to a doctor!" I heard her shouting. "Now!"

Those who had been watching the scene unfold seemed to suddenly unfreeze, and I saw Ryan and Charlene rush forward, along with the bastard's father. I knew the repercussions of my actions were going to create an obstacle in my path, but I didn't really care right now, all I could see was the way they were kissing, replaying again and again in my mind...

When she first came into the hall, I had thought she was trying to piss me off, but to kiss him out here when she was alone... It wasn't just a game to her, she had wanted it.

She was now crouched down near Bolton, her heart pounding as she cupped his face, only creating more resentment in me.

"He'll be fine. I'll take him." His father Henry said curtly. His voice was hostile and cold as he glanced at me, before lifting his son with the help of one of the guards.

I broke away from the ice shackles and closed the gap between us. I grabbed hold of her arm, making her head whip towards me.

"Do not touch me!" She hissed. "Don't push me, you brought this on yourself." I said venomously, yanking her close. She scoffed bitterly.

"I hate you Theon, get out of my life." She spat.

"Calm the fuck down." I whispered, her ability was getting out of control, and something told me this raging storm that was brewing was her doing.

How though? She wasn't speaking any enchantments nor was it in a fae's capabilities to do so...

There was only one species on this planet that could manipulate the weather like this. My heart thrummed as I stared into the beautiful fearless face of the woman before me. My stomach twisted, and I didn't realise my grip had loosened until she had wrenched free. My mind was too consumed by the thoughts in my head.

Why had I never realised it...

The way the droplets of water seemed to glitter like gems when they clung to her... Hair, a colour so rare for our kind... A body that enticed all men...

No.

This was some sick twisted reality.

I wouldn't believe it, I couldn't. There was no way that I would fall for a... 2

The signs had been before me... Had I really been that clueless or had I just been too blinded? She faced a siren and lived...

Her love for the sea...

I ran a hand through my hair, unable to focus on the shouts of the onlookers.

I looked up at her slowly, watching the princess say something to her. She was shaking her head, my own head squeezing with the shock of the revelation.

She smelt like a werewolf though... Was she a siren hybrid? 2

Something orangey peeked out from between her breasts, capturing my attention, but before I could focus on the item that was a stark contrast to the rest of her ensemble, I sensed Andres's aura.

"What is going on?!" He thundered, his eyes assessing the area. Taking in the blood that stained the snow, before he scanned the sky. His face that looked pale seemed to turn even ashier.

Something in his eyes changed, and I felt a flash of fear as his gaze moved to Yileyna.

Was he making the link?

The urge to divert his attention made me step forward. My own mind was a reeling mess, but I couldn't allow anyone to figure it out. 2

"Forgive me, Alpha. I lost control and ended up hurting future Gamma Raiden." I said coldly, my voice clear and hard.

I didn't want forgiveness, nor was he my fucking Alpha. I didn't care for repercussions; he had deserved it and I wanted to do far more to him than I already had.

"I..." The king cleared his throat. He seemed disturbed, the same as he had been when he had walked away the moment he had seen Yileyna. "What was the cause for this behaviour, Theon? I wasn't expecting this from you."

"I have no excuse for my behaviour. I'll accept any punishment." "Punishment? You deserve far more than that! You almost killed him!" Yileyna snapped, stepping forward.

To my surprise, Andres said nothing. I frowned, refusing to answer her. "Father, I refuse for this union to take place. There is no way that I will ever take this man as my mate." Charlene added, and I resisted a smirk.

Like I wanted her.

She was nothing more than trash.

"It was over her..." Someone murmured in the crowd.

"She was with the Bolton boy..." "Ah, so there we have it! He is not to blame, it's obviously her fault." Soleil spat, making my eyes flash. "It is not her fault!" Charlene snapped back at her mother.

"Can we please take this elsewhere?" Ryan added quietly. For once, he fucking said something wise.

"Tonight is a big night, my king, we need to carry on. We can deal with this incident later. Let's have the ceremony over with." Soleil said, placing her hand on Andres' arm.

The ceremony... I needed it to happen...

I scanned the crowd behind Andres, wondering if one of my father's spies was here...

Would he learn of what happened over a woman?

Over her? I looked at her; she still looked as beautiful as ever, even with the blood staining the skirt of her dress and her chest heaving with anger. "You have to give Charlene until the full moon is at its peak to at least see if her mate is present or not." She said to the queen. "How can you simply want to pair her off to a man who almost killed one of our own?!"

"Hold your tongue, child." The king said quietly, before turning to the guests. "Leave us!"

Was he that fucking shocked at my actions that he couldn't even speak?

"Hold my tongue, Alpha? I have said nothing wrong. How can you tie your daughter to a man who can't even control his anger?! He isn't one of us. This proves it." Yileyna shouted, her words stinging, but I remained silent.

"Silence, you insolent filth!" Soleil snapped, and to my surprise, she stepped forward, slapping Yileyna across the face hard.

A menacing growl left my lips, and I was by her side in a flash, grabbing the queen's hand, the urge to crush it in my hold overcoming me. My wolf's rage was beyond anything I had felt from him before. "Mom!" Charlene gasped, but Yileyna remained indifferent, as if it'd had no effect on her.

She looked up at me, and our eyes met, but all I saw was anger.

"I can hold my own." She said coldly before stepping away from both Soleil and I.

I let go of Soleil's wrist and she clutched it to her chest, massaging it as the bruise began forming. Her face was pale, as if she had not expected that from me.

"Let's return to the ceremony." Andres said quietly.

"What about what happened to Raiden?" Yileyna asked coldly. "By taking his attacker and

applauding him, you are showing that it's fine? Where are your duties to your people?! What will the Boltos think, that their years of loyalty are not even valued?"

"Yileyna, not now." Andres's voice was strained as he stared at her.

Soleil scoffed. "Andres, what is wrong with you? She is insulting us!" "I am not insulting anyone! I am stating the truth! Raiden almost died and it was my fault." "Hal Exactly! It was your fault! You caused this! Like your parents, you are simply a conniving ..." Soleil trailed off, frowning as her gaze fell on something. "I'm not conniving... I didn't mean for him to get hurt... That wasn't-" She was cut off when Soleil jumped forward, grabbing the chain that hung around Yileyna's neck.

"By Selene..."

My eyes flashed, I was about to intervene when my gaze went to the pendant that Soleil was now holding up. Even through the falling snow, the amber jewel dazzled clearly. A pendant that I would be able to recognise anywhere... How did she have it?

My stomach twisted, my heart pounding as my gaze snapped from the necklace to Yileyna's face. A look of confusion clear on it, and with sinking realisation I saw she had no idea what she possessed. But her innocence wasn't going to be enough.

I don't know where and I don't know how she got that necklace, but she had just sealed her own fate.

My head was squeezing as I stepped back involuntarily, trying to reign in the storm of emotions that were tearing me apart inside. "That is..." The king murmured.

"The very insignia of the Obsidian Shadow Pack! She is a traitor! She is the daughter of a traitor! For those who had any doubts about the De'Lacors, here is your proof they were traitors! Throw her into the dungeons!" Soleil screamed to those who had remained, Ryan, Gamma Grayson and his wife. Several guards, including Madelia and another Mage. "What? No! I got this." "I always had a bad feeling about you!" Soleil screamed, slapping Yileyna across the face again. The urge to snap her hands off and break every fucking finger by fucking one was growing ever stronger. "Mom, stop it! It can't be true! Let her explain!" Charlene cried. "Take my brat to her room! She is far too blinded to see logic! Throw this traitor in the dungeon, now!" 1

All sounds faded from around me, and for a moment I felt as if history was repeating itself. Yileyna's horrifying truth screamed in my mind, but even then... where I should have been repulsed and angry, I wasn't. All I could think of was the accusation that was thrown at her.

Two guards grabbed her arms as the queen tried to rip the necklace from her neck, slicing into her skin, but still, the necklace didn't come off. It wouldn't, it was made from the strongest metal on this planet... I stormed over to her, as her blood seeped from the two long cuts made from Soleil's violent

pull. Taking it from the queen's clutch, I pulled it off over her head. Our eyes met, and she shook her head slowly as she looked away, refusing to hold my gaze. "I'm not a traitor." She whispered softly, making something in my chest tighten. I said nothing as the men pulled her away, leaving me standing there holding the necklace that once again was tainted with the blood of someone that I truly cared about...

I watched as they dragged her away, yet not once did her eyes hold fear. Determination, anger, and confusion were in them.

Look at me.

Come on... I needed to see if she was alright, but not once did she even glance my way.

Once again, I just stood watching as someone who meant something to me was in need of help, but all I could do was stand here like a coward. And what fucking irked me the most was, I triggered this off. Do the right thing for the greater good... I was doing the right thing – the

logical thing, right? The storm faded away and I stared down at the pendant in my hand. I couldn't pay attention to the murmur around us, the questions, the cries of outrage, or the sobs of someone who truly cared for Yileyna. My own mind was wreaking havoc within me. Where the fuck did you get this necklace from, Yileyna? A question that no one had fucking given her a chance to answer. The buzz of talk only grew louder as Ryan forced Charlene to go with him. Everyone else was talking about what had just happened, but my attention went to the king who was gripping the stone pillar next to him, his face greyer than I had ever seen it. It wasn't his appearance that caught my attention, but the words that he whispered ever so quietly that perhaps no one would have heard them.

"What have I done?" 14

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Chapter 68

68. These Emotions

THEON

"Like her parents, she's a traitor!" "Who would have thought someone so beautiful and sweet was working for the Obsidian Shadow pack? "Is it true, the amulet belonged to the Hale family?" "To the Alpha family of the Obsidian Shadow pack? Who would have thought." "They should have her beheaded!" "Publicly!"

"I knew she should never have been allowed to become an epsilon rank warrior!"

"It's because of her, Gamma Raiden Bolton is in critical condition!" "He tried to protect her from Theon of Westerfell and this is what happened..."

"Yes yes, Theon of Westerfell must have realised she was a traitor!" The distorted versions of the truth were already sifting through the crowd, as a path split through the throngs, allowing us to pass. How foolish were they blaming her for something I did? I needed to stick by Andres' side, he was the only one who had power over Soleil's command. The only one who held the power to not have Yileyna beheaded.

'Make sure Yileyna De'Lacor is unharmed and untouched. Place her in the cells, and Patrick, I want you to watch her until the Alpha has further orders.'

I said through the link, knowing Andres hadn't given any further order. He was one of the men I trusted enough to know he would not disobey me.

'Yes Beta!

I frowned, Beta... A title I didn't claim... If the princess and I had gotten engaged... I could have killed the king soon after and taken the throne. It had been so simple, I had been telling myself repeatedly to go through with it and then kill the Aphelion family. They deserved to

die, because of them I had lost so much...

"Andres, Alpha Andres!" Soleil's voice hissed as she grabbed onto Andres' arm.

His head jerked towards her as if suddenly brought out of a reverie.

There was something off about him...

"What is it?" He asked curtly, but he lacked his usual power and arrogance.

"The engagement." She said coldly. "Now isn't the time." I replied impassively. Soleil turned, glaring at me for speaking, but before she could reply, Andres turned when we reached the entrance doors to the hall and looked around the room.

"Take rest, there will be no engagement tonight! But fear not, this engagement will happen!"

He called loudly and clearly. Not waiting for a reaction or reply, he turned and left the grand hall swiftly. "Theon, as your future mother-in-law, tell me, what is with you and De'Lacor?! You are to marry Charlene, yet you seemed to be besotted by the traitor." Soleil hissed, now turning her attention to me, her voice shaking with rage. The day I slit her throat would be a day I was going to enjoy thoroughly...

"Soleil, go to our quarters, I have much to do. This engagement will happen, don't worry about that. Just give me time to sort this mess out." Andres said dangerously.

"You are acting strange, Andres."

"Soleil, go." His command was absolute. He removed the crown from his head and shoved it into Soleil's hands. "Grayson!"

"Yes Alpha?" Grayson stepped forward, his eyes serious yet his face was as emotionless and professional as ever.

Andres paused as if trying to think of what he needed to say or do, only making me watch him sharply. His words 'what have I done?' stuck with me... his reaction to

everything that had happened was intriguing. Had he figured out her truth? But if that was so, then why was he not ordering for Yileyna to be killed?

It was something else... but what?

“Make sure the Boltons are alright... Check up on Raiden and I will talk to Henry when he is ready.” Andres sighed heavily. “Theon, I will have a word with you now. In my office.”

My brows furrowed, I was missing something, but what was it? 2

I gave a small nod, walking past him and up the stairs, heading towards his office.

Enjoy your time giving commands, Andres, for soon this crown, this title, and this kingdom will be mine.

The door shut behind Andres with a snap and he walked to his chair, dropping onto it as if carrying his own body had been exhausting. He ran his hand down his face, exhaling sharply. “Theon... Theon... Why?” He questioned silently. Our eyes met and I crossed my arms.

He didn’t need to announce what he meant, even if he had handled it calmly or didn’t react, it wasn’t a small matter.

“I have no excuse; I lost my temper and I attacked him.” He looked troubled before he placed his head in his hands. “Theon... You are to be future Alpha, alongside Charlene. You cannot hurt your future Gamma, Raiden is a good man.”

I don’t really give a fuck.

Yileyna... what was to happen to her? I looked down at the pendant in my hand, my heart clenching.

How did she have it? This should have been lost at sea...

My heart was thundering as I pushed away the grief that threatened to seep through...

I never thought I’d see this pendant again, was it a sign that Yileyna had it?

Memories from long ago rang in my mind and I swallowed hard as the voice filled my head.

This? It’s very precious son... it’s beautiful... it is, isn’t it? One day I will give it to you to give to the woman you love... Woman? Yuck, I’m never going to fall in love... Oh, is that so?’ 1

Mom's pendant... gifted to her by my grandmother and to be worn by the Luna of our pack... A necklace she had always worn, a necklace which she was wearing when she had been killed by that siren, a necklace which should have been lost at sea... 2

My stomach twisted as suddenly the siren's face leered in my mind, a face so beautiful yet so evil... a face which looked so like Yileyna it made me sick.

Fuck was my mind playing tricks on me? Blonde hair...

No, they didn't look alike.

I ran my hand through my hair, the sheer reality of Yileyna's truth hitting me once again.

Fuck 1

Did she know? Her having the necklace... My heart began hammering as a thousand possibilities came through my mind.

I needed to ask her. I needed to know where she got it from.

Was this why she felt so compassionate towards the young siren back on Bellmead Island?

No. She couldn't fucking know... right?

I turned, needing to see her now.

"We are not done, Theon." Andres said, his voice sharp. My eyes flashed, it took me a moment to calm my anger before I placed an emotionless expression on my face and looked back over my shoulder at him. "I'm waiting for an answer."

"I have no answer, I lost my temper..."

"It's the girl, isn't it?" His voice was quiet, and I clenched my jaw, turning around fully.

"Yileyna... What do you plan to do with her? I don't believe she is working alongside the Obsidian Shadow pack." I said quietly.

"You are not answering my question." He replied quietly, but there it was, those emotions and that... was it fear?

"Is something troubling you?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Worrying me? I... no... it’s...” His face looked haunted, and he closed his eyes. “It’s nothing... answer your Alpha, Theon. You said this girl was a mere distraction... Are you sure it’s not more?”

I clenched my jaw. Her life was already at risk... but to deny the obvious...

“I don’t know.” I said quietly.

She’ll hate me soon enough anyway.

He sighed heavily, standing up. “Theon, throwing away your potential for a woman.”

“I already agreed to this union, leave Yileyna out of it.” I growled, my eyes flashing dangerously. The king’s own expression darkened. “Do not disrespect me, son. Remember I am still your Alpha.” He growled. Like hell he was my fucking Alpha. I clenched my jaw but didn’t reply. “I said I’d accept the punishment for hurting Bolton. What will happen to Yileyna?”

The king looked away. “I do not know yet... she... I will talk to her first. I want to see what she says.” He said taking me by surprise.

Something was off.

I nodded.

“Give her a chance to explain.”

It was a statement.

“Theon... You know I trust you with everything. Did anything about Yileyna seem... odd to you?”

My heart fucking betrayed me, and the king looked at me sharply.

“Ah... so it did.” He chuckled humourlessly. “Yet you will not speak of it. You are far too deeply infatuated with her it seems.”

“I’m not.” I refuted dangerously.

“Deny it all you want, but whether you admit it or not... or if it’s just the magic of her temptations...” His voice became bitter as he trailed off and I saw the flash of anger in his eyes. I knew what he was insinuating, and although neither of us said it aloud, we were on the same page.

He knew she was part siren... It must have been her display of power... I had hoped no one would notice but they had. *Who else had seen her?*

"I will take Charlene as my chosen mate as promised, let's leave Yileyna out of this." I said quietly.

He knew she meant something to me, no matter how much I denied it. Right now she was in his grasp...

"Theon, being king means we make hard decisions. If I find that this... girl... is coming in the way of my plans: You know the consequences... I will handle it swiftly before the problem becomes far too."

"She will not come in the way of any of your plans. As long as Yileyna is unharmed... I will do as you say." I cut in, trying to control the flaring rage within me at his obvious threat.

He knew she meant something to me and he was willing to use her against me.

So these are your true colours. I hated him with a vengeance, and until I destroyed him, I would not rest.

A small smirk crossed his lips.

"Good. Very good... You are dismissed."

Without even a second look at him, I left the room, controlling the rage within me. I wanted to shift and rip them all to pieces, but we didn't need a rebellion... I made my way through the castle, heading towards the dungeons.

My heart was thudding, and my hands were shaking with anger.

"Leave us." I commanded to the guards as I walked down to the cells, her scent guiding me. My fists balled with anger.

Sea breeze...

I slowed down as I took a deep breath, spotting Patrick standing there near her cell with two other guards. Behind them, I saw Yileyna on the floor behind the bars, still in her dress. Her hair was half down, as if someone had yanked on it, making another wave of anger rage through me. I was like a storm waiting to be unleashed, and I wasn't sure I'd be able to hold back for much longer.

"Queen's orders, no one can see the prisoner!" One of them said blocking my path.

My eyes flashed, and I grabbed his throat.

"You are speaking to the future Alpha, I'm here to question the prisoner." I growled. "Leave!" His eyes widened in fear. His heart beating irritatingly loud. What would it feel

like to rip his heart out? But before I could ponder on that thought, Patrick stepped forward. "Yes sir, we will leave you." He said curtly as both he and the third guard pulled the guard free from my hold.

I let go, satisfied with the blood that dripped down his neck. The three men were about to walk past when I held my hand out.

"Key." I said coldly.

The two hesitated before the man who had dared bark at me passed me the key. I didn't move until they had all left. The dungeon door slammed shut and we were left in silence.

Just the two of us...

I swallowed hard as I slowly made my way over to the silver-barred cell. She sat there, with her knees tucked under her, her face turned away from me. For a moment, I pictured her with a siren's tail, and my stomach churned at the image.

She's a hybrid, not a full siren... She isn't a monster...

I unlocked the door to the cell, letting it swing open. The hinges creaked and the sound echoed

in the cold, damp dungeons. She tensed but still refused to look at me.

"Yileyna."

"What do you want?" She asked quietly.

"Look at me." She refused, making my eyes flash as I closed the gap between us and crouching down before her, I took hold of her face, forcing her to look at me. My heart skipped a beat as I saw the tears she refused to shed. She lowered her gaze and I eased my grip. I reached behind her, taking out the few pins that held up her half-loose hair, allowing her hair to fall free around her shoulders. Neither of us spoke, all I wanted was to pull her close... tell her it was going to be ok... But was it? I had hurt her time and time again... "Where did you find the necklace?" I asked.

I still had it, in my pocket.

She looked at me sharply, and although she tried to pull free, I didn't let go.

Fuck, she was beautiful...

"I don't want to talk to you. When I am tired, I will speak then." She replied coldly, pulling free from my hold. She stood up and put as much distance as she could between us.

But the cell wasn't that big...

I advanced towards her, her heart racing as she watched me sharply.

For a second, I couldn't even recognise her... Where was that girl who looked at me with adoration and love? 4 "Answer me Yileyna, you know not everyone around here gets a trial... You were wearing the crest of the Hale family... that's no small matter. Now will you talk? Or do I need to force it from you?" I asked quietly, placing my hands on the walls, caging her between my arms. She looked away, pursing her lips. When I thought she wouldn't reply, she frowned.

"It's the necklace you saw me cleaning, the one I bought from a merchant in Bellmead." She said after a moment.

I scowled, looking down at her, only for my gaze to fall to her breasts. I averted my gaze.

"So you had no idea what it was..."

"Obviously not, or do you think I would wear it openly? I am not a traitor." She glared at me, trying to push me back

Her hands felt good on my chest, and to piss her off I stepped closer. Chest to chest, our hearts beating as one as we stared into the other's eyes. "So it was a mistake..."

Obviously, I knew she wasn't a traitor...

"So you believe me?" She asked with disbelief.

I cocked a brow, looking down at her. "When have I ever doubted you, Little Storm?" Little Storm... was it ironic that the name suited her so well now? They said only the imperial sirens could control the weather.... My heart thumped at the sudden thought, but before I could delve further into my thoughts; she smiled, scoffing as she shook her head.

"Now that you got your answer, leave me alone. What you did to Raiden is something I won't forgive you for. Ever." She whispered, her voice full of rage.

"I told you time and time again, the moment you agreed to become mine that no other man could touch you." I growled dangerously.

She raised an arched eyebrow. "That deal was off the moment you walked out of my life. I will do whatever I want, with whomever I want, and I will like to see you try to stop me." She spat as she shoved me away from her, and this time she managed it. I was forced to move back, the sheer strength in her push taking me by surprise. Had the fae managed to awaken her powers? "No, I can't stop you, but I will fucking kill anyone who

dares to touch you.” I growled possessively. “Don’t you dare try to claim me when I am nothing to you!” She said pushing past me, the tingles of pleasure that danced along my skin as she brushed against me was something I had missed...

I growled, grabbing her arm and slamming her up against the wall, making her breasts bounce. She gasped as I pinned her wrists to the wall. “Do not push me Yileyna, or I swear I will paint this fucking city in the blood of every man who dares to approach you.” I warned darkly. “Or better yet, I wouldn’t mind painting you with it, you look good covered in blood.” I whispered, leaning into her, my lips brushing her neck. She shivered in response, I didn’t care if it was from fear or pleasure.

She was mine...

The urge to kiss her... claim her and fuck her was overpowering me, but I forced myself back. I smirked arrogantly and her eyes flashed. I saw the iridescent multi-coloured shades that now painted her iris’. 1.

Beautiful...

Her plump lips curled into a smirk as she looked me over. “The thing is Theon, I realised that my feelings for you weren’t enough. Not enough to keep you happy, and so I let you go. You no longer hold any claim over me. Touch anyone ever again and I swear...” She left her threat hanging, her chest heaving with anger. “Move aside or you will regret it.” Her voice was soft, yet the coldness reminded me of the harshest winters.

That aura around her was there again, the temperature plunging, and then ice began spreading from beneath her feet.

“Enough.”

We both froze. We had been so caught up that neither of us had noticed when the king had arrived. His voice was powerful and dangerous, his aura now swirling around him so strong I wondered how I had fucking missed it. 1

powerful and dangerous, his aura now swirling around him so strong I

I looked into Yileyna’s eyes, which had returned to her usual beautiful grey, before I looked down at our position.

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Chapter 69

69. His Strange Reaction

YILEYNA

Theon moved away smoothly, yet I didn't miss how swiftly he had backed away from me. I almost smiled bitterly.

That was all I was to him, something to play with when night falls and darkness blankets the city... something to hide and use when he pleased. A plaything to enjoy and toss aside when he was done so the world never knew.

That is why I was done with him.

All he did was come and go as he pleased, but I couldn't deal with it anymore. How many chances did one person deserve?

My gaze snapped to the ice on the ground, it glittered under the moonlight that seeped through one of the tiny gaps in the walls. It was obvious it was spreading from beneath my feet

Goddess... How was I going to explain this? I turned my attention to the king, who now stepped into the cells, his hands clasped behind his back. Without his crown, he had lost his regal look, but he now looked even more menacing and dangerous. His glowing eyes were on me as if he was trying to look into my soul.

I held his gaze as he approached, but what unnerved me most was the look in them. An emotion that seemed familiar...

I could smell something mixed in with his usual scent when he stopped a foot away, and then it suddenly dawned upon me what it was.

Fear.

Why though?

The king didn't care for me, nor did he care about Charlene's attachment to me, so what did he fear? And it was obvious it wasn't my abilities, as he had approached without care.

"If I say I'm not a traitor, you won't believe me, will you?" I asked quietly.

He didn't reply for a moment, before he tilted his head slightly.

"Leave us." The king commanded Theon without turning towards him.

Theon narrowed his eyes, and I saw the distrust in them as he looked at the king.

Why are you confusing me Theon, it was almost as if he cared...

He was one of the king's most loyal followers, his reaction made no sense to me. But then again, he only feared another man touching me. Did he think the king would?

I doubted that.

I knew the looks of lust, hatred, love and so much more... The only person I was never able to read properly was Theon. His signals were so mixed that I had become entangled with him. I knew better now.

"I will not hurt her." The king snapped, now glaring at Theon. Like you care, Theon. Theon looked at him sharply, staring at him for a moment before his gaze flicked to me. calculating before he looked back at the king. His frown vanished and a look of understanding dawned upon his handsome face as he stared at me. His chest was heaving and the look of pure disbelief on his face unnerved me. He shook his head slowly as if denying something to himself.

My stomach lurched sickeningly. The fear that I had doubted came back to me with vengeance. What if they had come to the same conclusion and realised what I may be?

Please no...

"Please." The king said quietly, taking me by surprise. Theon looked at the ground, his heart was racing as he glanced at me once again, as if seeing me for the first time, but what shocked me the most was the look of hatred that flashed in his eyes as he did a once-over of me.

What was it?

Why was he looking at me like that? 1

Not saying anything, he turned and strode out of the cell. I watched him walk away. He paused at the end of the hall, and my heart skipped a beat when he looked at me over his shoulder, but my blood ran cold when I saw the hatred in his eyes.

Theon...

The king sighed heavily, I turned my attention to him.

I knew he hated me... "Yileyna, where did you get that amulet?"

"From a merchant in Bellmead, it was filthy and I'm sure he didn't know its worth. He sold it for a mere few gold coins. Once I had cleaned it I even took it to a jeweller to ask about its value! You can ask him if you want proof." I said, suddenly realising I had someone to vouch for me. "And Theon! He saw me when I was cleaning it."

"I'm not asking for an alibi." He replied, curtly staring at me so intensely that it was beginning to unnerve me.

His eyes were boring into my face, as if he too were seeing me for the first time. He was making the link...

I tried to hide my fear as he slowly looked at the ice that covered the floor.

"How long has it been since you discovered this... ability?" His voice was grave and dark.

His eyes were now cold when he looked back at me.

"Not long... since my eighteenth birthday. The cold became easier to bear as well, but you don't need to worry; my powers are blocked anyway." I assured him quickly.

"Blocked?" He asked sharply, something flickering in his eyes.

"Yes, so you have nothing to worry about." I replied. "Who said they're blocked?"

I didn't want to mention Zarian.

"Just someone who was helping me with my powers. I realised I could be a hybrid of some sort, and so I sought out help." I didn't trust the king enough to tell him everything. "Tell me Yileyna, what kind of hybrid do you think you are?" My heart thumped, and a sliver of fear rippled through me at the look in his eye.

"I don't know, Alpha." I lied quietly.

His eyes darkened dangerously. He reached out, taking a strand of my hair, making my heart thump in fear.

"Hair lighter than most in Westerfell, beauty that is indeed the talk of the town, and the ability to manipulate ice and the weather..." His words were quiet, yet with each one that left his lips, my stomach began to sink.

He knew... Goddess, he knew...

He let go of the strand of my hair and placed his hand on top of my head just as he used to when I was a child.

"How did I not see it..?"

I frowned in confusion, but he simply turned away, sighing heavily.

“Speak not of your abilities or your heritage. I will handle this myself.”

“My heritage?” I asked quietly. Why did he sound so grave and almost defeated? “We both know what you are, or dare I say it, the three of us including Theon know. Tell me Yileyna, does anyone else know of your abilities?”

“Raiden, Charlene and... Zarian, the fae whom I sought help from.” I answered quietly.

“I will have a word with them myself. I will give the order that no one is to come to see you.”

Without another word, he left the cell, shutting the door with a loud resounding clang, he locked it before he paused and glanced at me.

“Make sure you speak to no one until I summon you.” He warned once more.

I nodded as his footsteps retreated. I slumped against the wall, letting myself slide to the ground. I locked my arms around my knees and closed my eyes. This was not how I was expecting the night to go...

Raiden, was he ok?

It was my fault that he was hurt. It had never been the plan to kiss him for a reaction. That had happened on impulse, and I didn't hate it. I sighed as I opened my eyes, leaning my head back against the wall.

I'm sorry Raiden.

Theon's words still rang in my mind... If any man touched me, he would kill them.

A ripple of anger washed through me, and I shook my head.

There was no way I would allow him to dictate what I should do with my life, but before that, I needed to be free from here.

I truly was bad luck...

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Chapter 70

70. Buried

Truths ANDRES

She was mine... My daughter, and I hadn't even realised it. 3

Why had I not seen it? Did William know that she was mine? Is that why he never told me she was adopted? I had not realised nor suspected it, not until tonight, the moment she had turned I thought I was seeing my past... A secret that I had not told anyone, not even when I told Theon had I revealed the full truth. Deliana had not been a one-night stand...

The memories of long ago haunted me, and no matter how much I wanted to push them away, I couldn't.

We had met by accident; I had been injured by some rogues and I was by the coast at night. I had heard her singing and it had drawn me, yet instead of ripping my heart out, she had helped me when she realised I was injured. Stemming my bleeding and

wrapping my wounds.

She had been the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, goddess there was no woman who held even a candle in comparison to her beauty... Despite being a siren, she seemed to be innocent and pure-hearted, curious to learn about our world. That night she kept me company since I couldn't move from my injuries, I had put up with her knowing she could kill me within seconds. The wolfsbane in my system stopped me from mind linking for help too... That had been the start of a forbidden love story. 2 (FLASHBACK – NINETEEN YEARS AGO) "Are you waiting for me to heal so you can rip my heart out?" I asked, wincing in pain.

The weather was warm, and the only reprieve was the slight warm wind that sometimes blew past on this hot humid night.

She giggled, batting her gorgeous big deep blue eyes rimmed with thick dark lashes. Her tail was a pretty silver and blue, and although I knew she could kill me with ease, I was helpless.

"Why would I kill such a handsome man?" She ran her hand down my chest and I flinched, feeling sharp pleasurable sparks rush through me. She removed her hand instantly, cupping my face. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, don't touch me." I growled. Why did I feel those intense sparks? I only felt them with Soleil... I stared at her, trying to ignore the intense emotions that rushed through me. 4 She tilted her head, a huge smile spreading on her lips. Her teeth were pearly white yet almost normal, but I knew those could transform into extremely sharp ones if she wanted.

"Is my appearance scaring you?" She questioned.

"No, sirens don't scare me." I shot back, watching before my very eyes as she transformed into a woman. It was more dangerous than before as she stood there in all her beauty, but this time accompanied by a very appealing sexy lower half of a woman's body one, that awakened something deep within me, blood rushing south as she did a slow twirl.

"Tell me, Alpha Andres, do I look pretty now?"

I swallowed hard, trying not to look at her pussy.

"You may look like a woman, but you aren't acting like one... cover-up." I muttered, sounding rather grumpy.

She giggled. "You are so adorable."

But she didn't bother covering up as she sat down by my side cross-legged. At least her hair covered her perfect breasts, but her smooth lower region was still distracting me. So I instead stared at the ceiling of the cave she had brought me to. The sound of the waves lapping against the rocks filled my ears. Something she said came to my mind and I paused, looking at her sharply. "How did you know my name?" She blushed lightly and looked down. "I just do..." Her eyes softened, and if it were not for her beauty, I would have almost forgotten that she was a siren...

"What do you want in return for helping me tonight?" I asked instead. "Or are you just waiting to rip my heart out the moment I'm healed?" "No, I already told you I won't do that, but I request you spend one night with me every week for four weeks. To tell me about your world, your kind, how things are on land?"

I narrowed my eyes as I sat up, holding my chest, trying not to grunt in pain.

"Why are you so curious about it? Are your people not trying to kill us?"

She looked at me and shook her head.

“No, we just want what is ours, what the people of land stole. I want to learn so that in the future, we are friends.” She smiled brightly, and I wondered how many sirens were truly like the one before me...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

One night a week became two... then three... She and I had a connection that confused me, it was almost parallel to the mate bond but far more intense, but I guess it was the seduction of a siren that made me feel like that.

I continued to walk through the silent halls of the castle, the very castle she had always wanted to see...

Yileyna... She was my – our daughter...

The signs had always been there, but I never thought it was possible. Growing up, I kept her at arm's length because she reminded me somewhat of Deliana. I had never actually thought she was ours, it was just her hair colour that had lured me. Soleil had also never questioned my nights away. Although she knew I was cheating on her, a true mate would always feel it... But she never said anything, not until she was pregnant with Charlene, telling me that I needed to cut it off with whoever I was seeing, saying she had given me the heir I wanted...

I also knew I needed to, I was the Alpha, and our enemies were the siren's, the Dark Fae Kingdom, the Rogues, and above all, the Obsidian Shadow Pack...

I knew that no one could find out about what I had done. She was a monster...

Keeping that in mind, I had drunk plenty before I had gone to see her, to end it once and for all. She had been waiting for me, dressed in a small blue dress that revealed half her breasts and most of her thighs. She had been happy, unknowing as to what I was there for. Wrapping her arms around my neck as she tip-toed, claiming my lips in a sensual kiss that had consumed me. She had asked me how I was.

She had worried over me, concerned about my silence and questioned if I was ok, but I had reassured her that all was fine. I wasn't able to end it straight away. Being with her had a powerful pull on me and so we had gotten intimate once again.

Making love to her was very different than when making love to Soleil, and so I had given in, relishing in it for the last time. Yet when I had told her this was the end of our relationship, she had lost it...

(FLASHBACK) “What? How can you end this? We are meant for one another, don't you feel it?” She whispered her panic, making her aura swirl around her.

“No, we are not, I have a fated mate. In fact, we are about to become parents too.” I told her. Her heart was thundering as she shook her head vigorously.

“No! You can't do this to me! You are mine!”

I could see her sharp teeth now become prominent, her eyes glimmering with hues of silver, blues, and purples. Eyes that burned with rage as she began to show her true colours.

“Now you reveal yourself for who you are.” I said coldly.

“No, Andres! You can't do this to me, I can give you an heir!” She clung to my arm desperately.

“My father has already become suspicious, I may have to leave the sea, I thought you would let me come home with you!”

I cocked an eyebrow.

“Allow you to come with me? You look like a siren, Deliana, everyone would realise what you are.” I said frowning

I could not have her linked to me in any way. What if the other packs found out? I had just about won the crown...

No, I couldn't let her ruin my life.

"Please Andres, my father will kill me if he realises I have had an affair with a werewolf." She looked horrified and full of fear as she clung to my arm.

"I'm sorry Deliana. Just don't tell him, but it's better to end this completely from here on. My kingdom and my crown mean everything to me." I said coldly.

Her face paled, hurt was clear in her eyes, and I could feel her anger rising. "Betray me Andres, and I will let the world know what you did!" she spat. I frowned, wanting to leave her right away, but... I had to be careful... I needed to make sure no one learned of this.

A plan crept into my mind, and I looked into the beautiful face that was full of rage and sighed heavily, stroking her hair.

"Calm down, you are right, I can't leave you like this." I said quietly. She hesitated, searching my eyes, but it wasn't hard to show my love for her when it did exist. She broke into tears, throwing herself into my arms.

"I love you, Andrés. Don't leave me."

She looked up at me with eyes that begged for reassurance.

"I won't." I lied.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

I stepped into the snow and sat down on the stone steps of the courtyard. A wave of guilt I had formed a plan, I had no intention of staying by her side. I had waited for her to fall asleep and then I had tried to take her life... She had lost it, switching back to her siren form unable to retain her legs, the weather became violent... But I didn't stop, it was my only chance to kill her before she got away. But she was powerful. She had gotten away, but not before she promised that she would release her wrath upon the werewolf kind, that she would get her revenge.⁶ That was why I made sure my men began searching for any sirens, to kill them all, I hoped she was killed in the process and our secret would remain buried forever...

But clearly not before she left this child on shore... I sighed as I looked at my hands. I had almost taken the life of my daughter that day...

But what do I do now? I couldn't kill her, that much I knew the moment I saw her in those cells.

She was my daughter, and unlike Deliana, I didn't see myself being able to kill her.

But people had seen what had happened, I had to form a plan, I needed to protect her, I needed to make sure no one found out the truth, because if they did

"So, she's your daughter."

My thoughts came to a crashing stop as I turned slowly to look at the man that stood against the stone pillar. A man I had begun to see as my closest confidant, but at this moment, he held a power over me, the power of a dark truth. Something I did not like one bit.

A confident glimmer shone in those amber eyes of his as he watched me, almost as if he knew the hold that he now had upon me... For the first time since I had met him, I felt as if maybe I couldn't trust him...

"Theon." ⁶