

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

C8

The Aethirian Ocean

YILEYNA

MY HEART THUNDERED AS I felt the final severing of the bond, and the pain that came with it, unable to stop the tears from falling. This was it...

Thank the gods for the rain... the whimper of my wolf and the ache in my chest only grew as Theon stepped away from me.

“You should go, I managed to direct them the other way to give you some time, but it won’t be long before they realise -”

“I don’t need your help. I was doing fine... without...” I managed to say, still thrown by his acceptance.

For the first time, it was as if he did something to make me happy... and not for his own selfish gains...

Suddenly, a huge wave reached the sky. Theon pulled me on instinct away from the sea, but to my horror, there within the wave were not one, but three Sirens. Three terrifyingly beautiful Sirens and their eyes were on me.

“That’s...” I heard Theon murmur.

“Tempest...”

With cold realisation, I looked at the blonde in the middle. With her deep red eyes and black and red tail, I recognised her.

“The Siren from the Abyss...” I whispered, my eyes falling to her body. Sure enough, the long scars that covered her confirmed it.

“Fuck, run!” Theon growled as he yanked at my arm, just as I felt the darkness approaching. Arabella was near!

The Sirens began singing, and I felt Theon’s hold loosen, although he was still trying to fight it.

“Run, Yileyna,” he growled.

“We found you,” the pale blonde whispered.

“Kill the man,” I heard one of them command.

“No! Do not kill him!” I shouted.

I don’t know why, but I couldn’t see him dead. We may not be for one another... but I couldn’t let him die.

I tried to fight against them, but I couldn’t. Suddenly the water began swirling beneath me, and it made me lose my balance. Theon grabbed my arm just as I sensed Arabella and an army of wolves approaching through the blazing storm.

“We cannot delay. We are on your side,” the dark-haired Siren said, looking at me. I looked around, seeing Theon’s blood spreading as he refused to let go of me.

I had no choice... if they wanted me dead, I’d be dead by now. This may just be the start of my answers.

“Let me go,” I said quietly, looking into his eyes.

His eyes were a turmoil, and when the blonde Siren raised her hand, ready to strike, the anger and hatred in her eyes already clear, I used all my energy to send a surge of waves at him, throwing him onto the shore.

“Yileyna!” He shouted, and then I was pulled under.

Goodbye.

I closed my eyes, trying to reserve the oxygen I had.

“Sleep, little one... you are home,” the ethereal voice of the red-headed siren came, and I felt a heaviness begin to spread from between my shoulder blades, and then darkness welcomed me into its folds...

I awoke with a gasp, to find myself lying on what appeared to be some sort of bed. What on Kaeladia...

I sat up, my eyes widening as my hair flowed around me. I was in the water! I was in -

I froze, realising I could breathe. My heart was thumping as I looked around the odd room I was in. It was bathed in a deep aqua-blue glow. There were stunning flowers and coral lining the side of the room, which seemed to be carved from some sort of sparkling stone. From the glowing purple vines that ran down one wall and the shimmering water-like veils that covered the windows, I knew I was in a place far from Westerfell, and I knew exactly where I was...

In the Siren Kingdom...

I tried to walk before I gave up and swam to one of the windows. I pulled the delicate iridescent cloth from it and wrapped it around myself before swimming to the archway, which was the only entrance into the room. The moment I swam out of it, I stopped, seeing that it was a huge room. It was equally magical and mesmerising, but what terrified me was the five Sirens that lounged there, and to my horror, there were eight mermen as well.

These men were rumoured to be the slaves to the sirens, there for their protection and desire, yet they were just as dangerous as Sirens... or so the old stories told. The only difference was they did not venture to the surface. They were all as beautiful as the next, with long hair, pale skin and long, strong tails. My gaze dipped to the deadly weapons that each male held. I'm dead, or I will be soon. Wait, what if I was dead already?

"She's awakened," came the ethereal, powerful and beautiful voice of the eldest siren there, making my attention go to her.

Her hair was pure white, braided into a long plait, her tail a deep steel grey which bled into a rich plum purple. She wore a thin, sheer fabric wrapped around her breasts. Several necklaces hung around her neck, and her hands were adorned in bracelets and rings, but what caught my attention was the huge crown adorned with jewels of several colours that sat upon her head. This woman was powerful and of importance...

My heart pounded as I looked into her eyes. They looked almost black. She stared at me, and I wondered if I should bow. Doing what I thought was best, I lowered my head politely.

“Raise your head,” she commanded.

I did as I was told, looking at the other sirens. The three who had brought me were here, as well as one other that I didn’t recognise.

“She looks a lot like her. She is hers without a doubt,” the blonde with the scars down her chest said as she swam towards me and grabbed my chin. The older woman frowned as she rose from her seat and came toward me. She didn’t respond to the blonde as she examined my face.

“Your father must not know, not until she arrives. Shall I lift the last of the spells from her? By Oshera, if anyone else finds out she is here, they will come for her.” The elder siren turned, and I couldn’t help but wonder what they were talking about.

“How am I breathing underwater?” I asked, finding it weird that I was even able to talk without gargling bubbles.

“A spell. I am a sea witch, and we have been waiting for this day since the day you were given away. My name is Lavina.” Given away? What was she going on about?

“Nice to meet you... I’m Yileyna,” I replied warily. Sirens were monsters... right? The women looked at each other.

Shouldn’t we hide her before she sees her? The redhead asked.

We must explain to her that we have brought her here before she loses her temper, the fifth siren said, her voice now in my mind.

You are correct, Cailena, but there is not a chance that she does not know. She would have known the moment she touched the ocean water, Lavina replied firmly.

My heart thudded as I remembered the young siren who had asked for help. A wave of guilt washed over me, and I realised how I had heard her, she had somehow felt or known what I was...

Oh, I want her to come, because it’s high time she realised that this is a fact we can’t hide any longer, the blonde with the scars replied. Did they not realise I could hear? And who were they talking about?

Calm down, Ariella, let her come.

I didn’t say anything as Lavina motioned for me to take a seat and I obeyed. Right now, these women may look effortlessly beautiful, and I could admire them all day... but I

knew what they were capable of, and I wasn't sure me being a hybrid would guarantee me my safety.

I felt the intense stare of one of the guards, turning and staring at him. With his angled jaw, slightly silvery skin, plump lips, and sharp eyes, he was handsome, but unlike the sirens, he looked more like a predator. I gave a hesitant smile, and he returned it with one of his own. My stomach sank at the sharp piranha-like teeth in his mouth, and I quickly turned away, my heart pounding.

Focus, Yileyna.

Ariella chuckled as she came over.

"Don't be too scared. If we wanted you dead, you'd be dead back on that insulting ship. We let you pass without incidence," she said, her tail swishing as she swam around me. She seemed to be telling the truth, but... was that why our journey had gone rather smoothly after that initial attack?

I looked around, realising I had no idea where I was. The worst thing was, what if they didn't let me go from here? What if I'm held captive forever? What will happen about the Obsidian Shadow Pack?

"She's here," the redhead announced, and I felt the sudden tension that spread from them. Who was here?

Stay calm. I will handle her, Lavina's voice came in my mind. The other four sirens nodded, and my heart pounded.

Who had they called? Was she their leader? Did she hate werewolves? Well, all sirens did, what am I thinking. It was taking everything in me not to run from here. The cloth I was wearing was ballooned with water, making it float around me. I pushed it down, trying to look presentable for whoever was coming.

I turned to the entrance to see two males enter, each one carrying a spear. They had their dark hair in ponytails and a silver band around their foreheads. Both had tails of completely black glittering scales, and for a moment I wondered where their male parts were. Did they magically grow? Or were they hidden behind those scales? I shook my head, annoyed at my own random train of thoughts.

If the men in this room looked dangerous, then the two in front were absolutely lethal. They flanked the door before a beautiful siren entered. Power oozed off her. Her long, pale blonde hair, that was the same shade as mine, was pinned back from her face with

an extravagant crown that put Lavina's to shame. Her breasts were barely covered with a small armour-like silver metal piece that came from behind, cupping them. Several chains of diamonds and pearls wrapped around her slender toned waist and stomach. Her wrists held jewelled cuffs, her upper arms had bands of silver around them, and her ears glinted with jewels. Her silver and blue tail sparkled magnificently, and it was clearly longer than the ones in this room.

I didn't need a statement to tell me this woman was far more important than any of the ones I had met so far. Everyone in the room bowed to her. I was about to lower my head to her when her deep blue eyes met mine, my heart thudding as I held her gaze. Nervousness filled me as I watched her. She glanced at my legs before she frowned and her eyes snapped back to mine, a glimmer of recognition in them. Her heart began racing, and my own emotions were a mess. Not once did I ever think this would be possible... but it was...

Goddess...

I didn't need anyone to tell me who this was... how could I when her face reminded me so much of my own?

"Ah, Queen Deliana, thank you for gracing us with your presence."