

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

## by Moonlight Muse Chapter 1

### 1. The White Dove

There was no love nor emotions in the eyes of the man before me... only the flames of hatred burning brightly, consuming them.

"Tell me... what are we?" I asked softly. The pain in my body was suffocating and no matter how strong I tried to remain, I couldn't keep the pain from my voice.

"Nothing more than Heaven and Hell." His voice was equally cold, destroying the last of my resolve.

"Then kill me." I whispered hoarsely, trying to ignore the pain of betrayal that was tearing me up from within.

A ruthless smirk graced his handsome face, his fingers curling under my chin and making the sparks from his touch rush through me; pleasurable, yet equally painful.

He was so close... yet so far away...

"That would be far too easy... but I assure you, when I'm done with you, you'll wish you were never born."

"You don't mean that..."

"Watch me." He turned away, pushing me to the ground roughly, "Burn her."

My heart sank, my head hanging as the pain of his rejection tore through me. Even when I was doused in gasoline, I didn't move, trying not to gag on the strong pungent smell that now cloaked me entirely, keeping my eyes clamped shut.

Didn't he realise I was already burning in agony from the pain he had inflicted within me?

My eyes stung as I forced them open, watching him retreat, hoping... praying... that he'd turn back and change his mind. That perhaps deep inside of him, that man that I loved still existed.

He once said that I was his kryptonite...

Was it all lies?

He paused, my heart leapt with a glimmer of hope, but then I saw it, the blazing match in his hand as his eyes met mine...

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UNLESS THERE IS SOMETHING EXTREMELY DISTURBING, I WILL NOT BE INCLUDING ADDITIONAL TRIGGER WARNINGS. THIS BOOK IS PURE FANTASY AND I DO NOT CONDONE VIOLENCE OR ABUSE IN ANY FORM.

YILEYNA

The smell of beer and mead laced through the air, mixing pleasantly with the sound of men and women chatting and flirting in the White Dove. Despite it looking like the local pub, everyone knew that The White Dove was a brothel. One that was busy every day, no matter the season.

Night had fallen in the streets of Westerwell. The heat of the sun still lingered in the air despite its absence. The soft breeze dancing along my skin was warm as I wrapped my hand around the delicate wrist of my best friend, Charlene.

Her green eyes widened, the lights from the lanterns that hung from every wall cast shadows over her delicate features, highlighting the peppered freckles that adorned her cheeks and nose.

"Yileyna, really?" She whispered, her heart thumping as I looked down at her from the low wall that I was crouching upon.

"There's no show to see from down there, my queen." I replied, my eyes sparkling with excitement.

Yes, we were not meant to be here, and I'm sure if either of our parents found out, they would surely disapprove, but what's life without a little risk? Being the daughter of the Alpha and Beta couples, we were both of high class and everyone knew who we were, so we'd better not get caught.

"Ok." She huffed, blushing, as she allowed me to hoist her onto the wall.

We both jumped down over to the other side silently. I was glad there were no guards around this side, but I knew that, I had timed this so well. The last time I came here I had seen a lot, and I won't lie that I was curious to see what was going on down there. Or better yet, ruin Charlene's innocence. I loved the girl, but she was far too prim and clueless.

We squeezed through the bushes, and I placed a hand on my blonde hair as it snagged on the branches behind us. Making it out the other side, I gathered up the skirt of Charlene's dress, unlike me who was dressed in pants and a backless top, she wore a pretty summer dress that was now all caught up in the branches.

"Ouch." She winced.

"You are the future Alpha Queen, are you really wincing from this pain?" I whispered as I helped her free.

"It still hurts, there were thorns." She pouted, making me feel sorry for her.

I was about to reply when the sounds of grunts and moans reached my ears, and I placed a finger to my lips. Her eyes were now as wide as saucers making my lips curl in a smirk.

This was exciting.

I pulled her along, until I reached my spot, a hand span wide gap behind the ivy curtain that covered the wooden planked fence, one that seemed to have been broken and no one seemed to have realised. Slowly, I reached forward and moved the ivy aside, motioning Charlene to move too. It was just a few feet above one of the windows in the brothel, in this warm weather the window was open, giving us the perfect view of what was happening inside.

Charlene gasped, and even my eyes flew open at the scene before us: Two well-muscled men, who I could tell were warriors from the thick muscles in their legs and arms, were standing facing one another, both pounding into the same woman. Her arms and legs were around one of the men, whilst the other man held her hips from behind as he thrust into her.

The erotic sounds of their skin meeting and their lust-filled moans and grunts filled the air, making my cheeks heat up. The woman's pale cream skin was coated in a sheen of sweat, her breasts slapping against the chest of the man she was facing, her lips meeting his hungrily.

"Goddess, Yileyna! No wonder you are so sinful! How often do you come to taint your eyes?" Charlene hissed.

I pouted as I dragged my eyes away from the male's shaft, wondering how the hell that could fit up her ass. She was rather small...

"No, this is the first time I've seen anything that's caught my attention." I suppressed a giggle when she gasped.

"You're into that...?" She asked, blushing as she dared not look again.

“Hmm it looks fun.” I shrugged.

What was I into?

My heart skipped a beat when a certain face came to my mind, my cheeks burned as his gorgeous amber eyes filled my mind. The one man who could make my stomach knot and my core throb with desire.

The first and only man I ever craved in an intimate way.

“Oh my goddess, you are!” Charlene exclaimed, completely misinterpreting my blush.

“Who’s there!” Someone shouted, snapping me from my thoughts of having a certain sexy werewolf make love to me.

“Shit!” I hissed, despite having used a small scent disguising enchantment we had purchased from a vendor a few days ago, it seemed they had realised we were here.  
“Run!”

In a flash, I was on my feet, grabbing Charlene by the wrist and rushing down the narrow path. It wasn’t physically possible for any of the grown male wolves to fit down here, so I knew we were safe, for now.

“Oh goddess, protect us! If Father finds out we were here!” Charlene whispered, her heart thundering as I continued down the narrow path, trying not to hiss in pain as I squeezed through the gap between the fence and the large bushes behind us. My breasts snagging against the rough wood of the fence in front of me.

“I think I saw some runts down back! I’m sure it’s those lads from earlier!” I heard a man growl.

We continued on, praying that we weren’t caught.

“Yileyna, you are not going to fit.” Charlene whimpered in panic as the gap became narrower.

“We’re almost there.”

I paused trying to hear if we were still followed, but it seemed whoever it was had given up. I exhaled in relief, giving Charlene a reassuring smile before I glanced up at the dark clear sky, noticing despite the fact there were no clouds, the stars were hidden.

Strange.

“Just a little further then we climb up, no one will see us by the marshes.”

She nodded and I glanced at the starless sky before taking a deep breath, feeling a little claustrophobic in this tight place. Charlene was a lot slimmer with smaller breasts but I knew I was not going to be able to go any farther, we had to climb up.

“I’ll go first.” I motioned upwards and reached up. I grabbed hold of the fence and squeezed myself out, I knew my back was going to be covered in scratches and it was going to be messy to make sure none of the splinters or anything was left inside of me.

I took a deep breath of fresh air, happy to be out of there when I froze, a distinct rotten smell seeped into my nose, replacing the smell of the warm night and the bushes.

My heart thundered as I looked over the marshes, my stomach sinking when I saw the pack of wolves that were inching closer. There were far too many to count, their heads low, their dark fur matted and dirty. Their red eyes glowing with a hunger as they stared ahead towards the outer wall of Westerwell.

Rogues...

We were under attack.

“Stay down.” I whispered to Charlene as quietly as possible.

“What is it?”

“Nothing, don’t move and stay out of sight.” I replied calmly. “Promise me.”

She hesitated before nodding in defeat.

There was no way they could get to her in that narrow alley, she would be safe as long as she stayed there but the city wasn’t. I needed to alert everyone.

Staying low, I stuck to the shadows and began edging towards the city wall. How did they even get out here in the marshes? This place was empty, with the forest to the left and the patrol, not to mention that it was a danger to even cross this place.

I kept my eyes on the growing glow of the city lights, all I needed was to get close enough to alert one guard who was able to sound the alarm and pass on the message.

I had just reached the wall to the outer city when a low menacing growl made me spin around, just as one of the wolves leapt towards me. I jumped back, my heart hammering.

My cover was blown.

I turned, grabbing the blazing torch from the bracket above me and swung it at the wolf.

“ATTACK! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!” I screamed at the top of my lungs knowing that someone would hear me.

My heart was a storm of emotions as I hit the wolf over the head with the torch.

“All of Westerwell knows you’re here.” I hissed.

I was my parent’s daughter, the future beta of this pack and I will not...

My mind went blank when I suddenly saw the huge influx of dark wolves that were now running towards me.

How many were there?

Something flew past my head and I gasped in horror as the entire section of the wall blew up, rubble and debris went flying in all directions and I was thrown off my feet due to the impact. Flames erupted and began spreading high and fast, faster than was naturally possible.

What was this?

“Yileyna!”

My heart leapt at the voice that called me just as the same wolf lunged at me once again.

“Dad!” I shouted.

“Beta William! Don’t go out there!”

“My daughter is out there!” I heard dad growl.

“Beta! It’s dangerous!”

I saw Dad running towards me, shifting mid-jump and biting into the neck of the rogue, stopping it from attacking me.

“Get inside, Yileyna!” Mom shouted.

I turned, spotting her just before she shifted. My hair was blowing in my face as I gave her a nod, brushing it back and running towards the broken wall. As much as I wanted to help, I would only be a distraction, I needed to get inside and make sure the area was clear at the very least.

More men and women were coming to join Dad and Mom, some in human form, others in wolf form.

“Goddess help us!” I whispered, observing the destroyed outer wall of the city, wondering what kind of enchantment had been able to break through our defences.

I climbed over the rubble, but if I had thought the inner walls were going to be better, I was wrong...

Fear and panic pierced my heart as I took in the scene before me. The anguished screams of my pack members filled my ears. The stench of coppery blood and burnt flesh filled my nose, making my stomach churn.

The rogues were mauling whoever they could reach, ripping them to pieces with their bloody mouths. The carcasses of our people were scattered on the ground, and the pain in my chest was suffocating. It was as if I was drowning underwater, but there was no surface to break through to find any reprieve. There seemed to be no end to the horror that was ravaging my pack.

I saw Gamma Henry’s seven-year-old son, Rhys, crying as a huge wolf covered with blood and dirt launched itself at him. His eyes were burning with hate.

“No!” I screamed in panic, running towards them. I swung the torch in my hand at him, only for him to swipe it from my hold. “Rhys! Run!”

He remained frozen in his spot. I looked around, but every side was in chaos, and it was then I realised they had ambushed us from all sides.

The wolf before me growled menacingly, his claws ripping through me as he brutally slammed me to the ground.

I jumped up, shouting at Rhys to move. The rogue growled, his blazing red eyes burning into me.

I grabbed the torch from the ground and rammed it into his eyes, taking my chance and dragging Rhys away from the chaos.

“The Beta’s down!” Someone shouted, making me freeze.

I spun around, my heart in my throat. The blood was pumping through my body loudly, and a cold chill enveloped me.

Goddess no....

I forced my body to move, trying to rush back outside.

I had to get to Dad!

Someone blocked my path and I slammed straight into a hard, muscular chest. I jerked away, trying to get past them, but a strong pair of hands grabbed my waist.

“Yileyna!”

“Let me go! Dad’s out there! Mom too!”

“YILEYNA!” His deep growl made me freeze. “Listen to me.”

I stared up into the amber eyes of my crush, his hands cupped my face, a frown creasing his brow. But this time, it wasn’t his beauty or touch that hit me, but the words that left those plump lips.

“It’s too late. They’re dead.”

And just like that, my world crashed down around me. Tearing me apart with pain and guilt. Even I didn’t realise the scream that ripped through the air belonged to me...

## 2. Down By The Coast

YILEYNA

Two months had passed since the night of the massacre, but the horrors of that attack still haunted the dreams of many. We lost thirty-four people that night, and another seven later on due to fatal injuries.

What hurt the most was I knew Dad left the safety of the walls for me, to protect me and to make sure I was safe, and with his death, I lost Mom too. True mates who have marked one another will die together.

A lot has changed since then, people look at me with contempt and hatred. I knew they blamed me for the loss of their Beta couple, but I blamed myself too. It was my fault.

“The cheek that she’s showing her face here...”

One of the two women who walked past us muttered. I smiled sadly, not bothering to look back at them.

I don’t think they realised that they may have lost their Beta couple, but I lost my parents.

The familiar painful hold on my chest returned and I swallowed hard, trying to focus on the destination we were heading towards.

Charlene turned, glaring at the back of the two women.



“Ignore them.” She said, wrapping her arm around mine.

“I do, my beautiful queen.” I smiled at her; among everyone, she was the one who didn’t change towards me.

Sure, the Alpha and Luna were ok with me, but I didn’t see them too often and I did feel a hint of hostility from the Alpha... I still remember when he asked what I was doing out there, how my carelessness had cost us all...

“Come on, we better hurry before Theon realises we are no longer in the baths.” She giggled.

Theon. That was someone else who treated me indifferently, the same as ever. The most emotion I saw on him was when he told me their fate...

“You know, he’s going to get angry. Again.” I smirked, brushing away the thoughts that flooded my mind.

“Oh well, you are one of the strongest people I know, in the last two months you have taken that to an entirely new level. He’ll know I’m safe.” She stated confidently.

She was exaggerating. I was skilled, but I was by far one of the strongest.

Charlene... what would I do without her?

But it didn’t take long for someone to turn on me... Would I lose her too?

Since my parent’s death, I had focused on working harder, and pushing myself to my limits. I was seventeen, but I still hadn’t gotten my wolf. Werewolves usually shifted at any age from thirteen, the latest recorded shift was at nineteen. But the average age was fourteen to sixteen for most wolves. Charlene had shifted at fifteen, and I was now seventeen, nearly eighteen with no sign of a shift happening.

I know it was something that everyone talked about. I was the daughter of the Beta couple, I should have shifted by now.

In the kingdom of Astalion, there were ten packs, with the centre and the largest territory belonging to King Andres, father of Charlene and the Alpha of the Silver Storm Pack.

I knew the expectation of shifting and proving my worth to take the Beta position had only grown since my parents had passed away, but there was nothing that I could do to force it to happen. I just had to bide my time and wait for the shift.

We walked through the bustling streets and past the lines of trees heading towards the coast. The sun was already low in the sky, and we would only have an hour at most.

“Finally! Some space to breathe.” Charlene whispered as we headed down the rocky path.

I didn’t blame her, things had been rather tense as of late and I knew there was something troubling her. If she wanted to share, she knew I was there for her, when she was ready to tell me.

We reached our destination, and she smiled, slipping off her shoes and beginning to take her dress off. It was safe down this side, well, as long as we were gone by nightfall, that’s when the waters became a threat.

The coast this close to Westerwell was for the most part not too bad, but the sea was the kingdom of a dark species and it was common knowledge not to linger anywhere close to the waters at night.

I unzipped my boots, unbuttoned my leather pants and stripped them off, leaving the white shirt that I had tucked into my pants on, it only partially covered my derriere which was clad in tiny underwear.

I was five feet seven, in comparison to Charlene’s five-foot-ten. For werewolves, I was slightly on the shorter side, and unlike Charlene who had a slender toned body, I had slightly curvier hips and an ass that had a little more fat than the average she-wolf. With double D breasts that made me appear more like an Omega at times, I was a little more conscious of stripping bare even though we were alone.

Charlene was only in her lingerie and was already splashing around in the water. I walked into the water, allowing the soothing tides to wash over me.

I loved the sea, the feel of the waves rippling against me, the calmness of the fresh air and the smell of the clean salty water. It was more relaxing than anything else.

“Yileyna!”

My eyes flew open just as Charlene grabbed my ankle, dragging me into the water and making me gasp as I stumbled, tumbling backwards into the water. I gasped again as I broke the surface, brushing back my wet hair and giving her a mocking glare.

“Charl! Oh, you asked for it!”

We splashed each other, shrieking and giggling when we managed to shove the other under the water. I think for a while I was able to forget all my troubles, when the red glow of the sun bathed us in its warm colours, I looked at Charlene.

“I think we better head back now, I’m sure Theon found out we’re missing.” I suggested reluctantly, not wanting to leave the warmth of the water.

“Not that I’d mind him showing up. He’s so stiff and indifferent, I wonder if seeing us almost naked would even bother him?” She mused, swimming away.

“I doubt it, nothing bothers him. Charlene!”

“Five minutes! One swim and I’ll be back!” She called out, swimming away.

I sighed, staring out at the glittering water and taking a deep breath. I ducked under the water, looking at the fish that were swimming around. I held my breath for several moments enjoying the beauty beneath the surface, before my body begged for oxygen and I broke the surface, taking in a deep gulp of air as I brushed my hair off my face.

“Get out.”

My heart skipped a beat and I turned, staring up at the man that stood at the edge of the water; his coppery brown hair brushed back, his amber eyes burning with a fury that was barely contained, and his chiselled jaw set taught as he clenched his teeth. His bulging arms were crossed over his broad chest, the tattoos that peeked out from the collar and sleeves of his clothes only added to how hot he looked right now. The sun making his hair look like it was on fire, emphasising every angle and curve of his face.

“Excuse me?” I raised an eyebrow, very aware that if I got out now my shirt would be sticking to me and reveal my lilac lacy lingerie.

“You left without telling me.”

“Obviously, or you wouldn’t have allowed us to leave. I’m surprised it took you this long to come here.”

“Get out now.”

“You’re not my guard, Charlene’s gone for a swim, go find her instead.” I suggested, sinking lower into the water, leaving only my eyes above water.

“You know the waters are dangerous once night falls Yileyna, we need to head back.” His deep, sexy voice only made my core clench. “Do not make me get you out.”

That wouldn’t be a bad idea...

I sighed and swam to the edge in defeat. Getting out of the water, I glared at the taller man, wishing I was wearing my boots, at least I would have had a few extra inches on me. Standing at six feet five, he towered over me.

“I never knew you were so scared of sirens.” I smirked tauntingly.

“I’m not, I just don’t think you’ll be of much use with a few missing limbs.” He remarked, his gaze dipping down to my soaking body.

I kept my eyes on his, trying to gauge his reaction. His eyes seemed to burn through the flimsy fabrics that covered me, and I felt very bare. My white shirt was now see-through, clinging to my curves, and the lace of my bra was clearly visible, my nipples stiff from the water that had cooled considerably. That, or due to the man that stood before me.

Not one movement... not one hint of desire... His gaze ended at my thighs, and then I got the tiniest reaction. His tongue slid over his bottom lip, his eyes glimmering with a hue of gold before he turned his back on me smoothly.

“Get dressed and get Charlene, the Alpha wants to see the both of us.”