

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

by Moonlight Muse Chapter 8

8. Pushing Our Limits

YILEYNA

The following morning dawned clear yet cold. The sun was shining, deceptive of the temperature outside.

Great, the weather was getting worse as winter approached.

I had just bathed and was towelling my hair dry as I stood in front of the full-length mirror in my room. I paused, tilting my head as I observed my body.

An hourglass body, with larger breasts than average. With the light of the sun shining through the window, the water that clung to my body almost look like little crystals clinging to me. Creamy smooth skin that Charlene always said looked breathtakingly flawless. Curvy hips that irked me as they indeed reminded me of the Omegas. And thighs far thicker than the lean ones I was used to seeing on most werewolf women.

I sighed, turning away from my reflection and tossing my towel aside.

Today was the day Charlene was going to begin her training, perhaps I could also pick up on some of the stuff that Theon would teach her.

I grabbed some black leather pants, squeezing into them and picking out one of Dad's oversized white shirts, tying it up with one of my leather corset belts. I rummaged through Mom's items, selecting a checked black and white hair scrunchy and smiling fondly.

Mom loved to do her hair, she often styled and braided mine as well. I was no good with this sort of thing myself. I tied my hair into a high pony, remembering when Mom did about thirty small braids in my hair.

Oh, I had loved them and when I opened them, my hair had been really pretty and crimped. She had told me on my eighteenth she'll do the same... I swallowed, exhaling deeply.

I shouldn't have been there... I cost them their lives...

I pulled on some boots, leaving my apartment and heading towards Charlene's quarters. To my relief, she was just exiting her bedroom, whilst Theon stood leaning against the wall, arms

crossed in a dark maroon T-shirt with a v neck and some black pants and boots.

"Ready?" Charlene asked, her hair was pulled into a sleek bun on top of her head. She wore tan pants and a matching crop top.

Now my girl is sexy, I'm sure Theon was going to secretly enjoy teaching her. Yes, I liked the guy, but if there was one person I wouldn't be bitter over having him, it was Charlene.

I'd die for her. Although I don't think Theon had anything but his damn looks going for him. Arrogant jerk

"Shall we go, my angel?" Charlene asked me, a smile on her face as she linked arms with me.

"Right away, my queen." "Where to?" Charlene asked Theon.

He didn't even look at her, stepping ahead of us and led the way without even speaking

a word. I rolled my eyes, exchanging looks with Charlene.
At least we get a nice view.' She mouthed, pointing at Theon's ass.
I smirked and nodded my agreement. Damn... this man had an ass you just wanted to touch. Urgh, we were as bad as all the men around.
Theon led us away from the castle, past the trees and down towards the coast. It wasn't far from where we had gone the other day, but he didn't stop there, he kept on going, making us head down the rock path, the water not far from our feet. "If we were to go down here, wouldn't travelling in wolf form be better?" Charlene asked, as her foot skidded on the wet path.
Theon paused and turned towards us. "Not everyone is capable of shifting." His eyes met mine and I raised an eyebrow.
"Good things take time." Charlene defended. "Besides, if we shifted, I'd carry her."
"No"
(Theon, can-"
"Have you ever carried someone on your back, princess?" Theon's voice was cold as he continued walking.
"No, but-"
"Are you used to rocky, uneven terrain?"
"No, but I-"
"So is the plan to drop her on her head and crack open her already empty skull?" 3
"Hey!" I frowned. Charlene furrowed her brow looking down, clearly disappointed. "It was a suggestion."
"Unthought out suggestions can kill. Use the brain you're given." His words were cold and harsh, I saw Charlene flinch at them. "At least he knows you have a brain?" I comforted, giving her hand a squeeze. I held onto her tightly as her foot skidded once more. Theon was right on one point; Charlene hadn't really had the experience in such places. Dad used to take me to all kinds of places to train. I remember fighting Dad on a plank in the middle of the ocean and every time I fell in the water I had to be careful something didn't attack me. But then again, I loved the water even if it was dangerous.
We finally came to a stop and Theon turned to face us, inspecting both of us. Charlene was a little breathless and I was simply frowning. "Begin sparring."
"What?"
Wasn't that his job? To teach Charlene.
"Why else are you here? Now start."
I turned to Charlene, we had sparred many times but something told me Theon didn't mean a friendly match... Charlene fell into her stance, and I motioned for her to throw the first punch, she preferred defence but Theon would be watching her. She lunged at me and I blocked through my own jab.
"Fight like it's real." Theon's voice cut in.
"I'm not hurting her." I replied, sensing the irritation in his cold voice.
"The Alpha has given me a job... and unless you want me to take your place you will do as I say." "Listen to him, Leyna." Charlene replied, her face was serious. I wondered if she knew about the prophecy. She must be feeling the same pressure that I was, to live up to the expectations set out for us. "Then attack me." I replied softly. She frowned and nodded before she spun and lashed out at me. I raised my arm, blocking her, spinning

around and hit her chest. She stumbled and my eyes widened. "Sorry!"

"Continue." Theon's voice cut in sharply.

Charlene threw a punch and I ducked, kicking her legs out from underneath her. She gasped when she hit the rough ground and my heart leapt in worry. I held a hand out to help her up, when Theon knocked it aside. "Useless. The both of you."

"We're trying." Charlene said struggling to her feet, massaging her head.

My stomach sank when I saw the blood that mixed in with her ginger hair and stained her fingers. I couldn't. I just couldn't do this.

"So, the future Alpha of the pack is being defeated by a wolf less woman?" Theon questioned, a small sneer on his face as he looked at Charlene.

I hated his words, but the fact he called me a woman... that sent my stomach into a fluttery mess much to my irritation.

"She doesn't like to hurt me because I'm her friend." I added in her defence.

"The weak always die. Very well then, I'll spar with you." Theon stepped forward and Charlene paled.

We both knew no matter how handsome and sexy we found him, he was ruthless, and he wouldn't hold back from doing actual damage. They began sparring and it was obvious that Theon wasn't even giving it his all, with every fist that connected with Charlene's slender frame my own anger began to rise.

"This is far too brutal for her first day!" I growled. "She's been training all her life." Theon remarked, his boot-clad foot connecting with her stomach, knocking her back a few feet before she tumbled to the ground, rolling over several times before she came to a stop.

"Get up."

"Theon..." I went to help Charlene up, but Theon grabbed my arm stopping me. "One more step, little storm, and you're next." His cold eyes turned to me, and my irritation arose.

"This isn't teaching, it's beating." "It's called survival and it's high time you both learned that." I stepped back when Charlene gave me a smile telling me she was ok. Was this what was wrong with me? That I wasn't doing enough? Was I really not pushing myself hard enough?

I watched them spar, and every time Charlene got up, he knocked her back down; criticising her footing, her strength, and her analysing skills. My nails dug into my palms as I clenched my fists. Every time Charlene hit the floor it was painful to watch, and I wished it was me getting hurt.

"Enough!" I shouted when Charlene hit the floor once again and Theon's fist stopped inches from her stomach.

This time Charlene didn't protest as she rolled onto all fours and struggled to sit up. Cuts and bruises covered her, and she was bleeding. "I don't think the Alpha will approve." I hissed, helping her up to a sitting position. "He gave me permission to train her as I deem fit. And I'm getting irritated with you constantly challenging my orders." His eyes flashed with a hue of gold and he yanked me away from Charlene, gripping both of my upper arms as he glared down at me. "You had the chance to spar with her, you failed."

"So, this is my fault?" "Watch and learn." He said icily, looking down at Charlene before pulling me away from her. I wrenched free from his hold as he rolled his neck. "Let's see how long you last in comparison to our future Alpha." The insult in his tone grated on my

nerves and I fell into my stance. I didn't wait for his signal and spun forward, feinting a kick to his thigh but instead, I aimed a hit for his chest. He blocked both, grabbing my wrist, he twisted me and pulled me closer. My back grazed his chest, his seductive scent filling my senses. "Far too slow."

He pushed me away and I spun around, not wasting another moment and aimed a few kicks. Each one was easily blocked by him and then I realised, he wasn't throwing any hits.

"Can't find an opening?" I taunted, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure I can, just find it pretty amusing that you're trying so hard." His mocking reply came. I narrowed my eyes. If he wanted to play like that... I twisted around, about to kick him in the crotch when he frowned, his hand shooting out and wrapping around my neck at the same time he knocked my foot aside.

"And if this was a real fight, I would have had snapped your neck by now." He looked down at me, his gaze dipping to my heaving chest and he smirked. "Out of breath already... weak." He wasn't even breathless... This wasn't fair... but fights usually aren't. "Is grabbing someone by their throat your favourite move?" I snipped in. "If it's yours... Yes." 7

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My eyes flew open, my core clenching at the words that could mean something entirely different... "Well then, it's getting boring." I shot back, trying to swallow, only for him to tighten his hold.

He leant down, his lips almost brushing my ear and his voice dropping a few octaves.

"Then maybe we should take it up a notch." His minty breath fanned my ear as his thumb caressed the centre of my neck. My eyes fluttered shut, unable to stop the intense surge of emotions and desire that coursed through me.

Goddess...

"No thanks." I managed to whisper, forcing myself back to reality. "Then stop disobeying me."

"I don't answer to you." I reminded him, glaring into his eyes with defiance.

Not caring that his arm was now pressing against my breasts, the urge to hurt him and show him that he wasn't invincible, consumed me. I was once told the ear is quite a sensitive part of our body... "Either you like a punishment or you really are stupid."

"Who knows..."

Taking the chance as his eyes locked with mine, I yanked his head forward, snaking my hand around his neck and sank my blunt teeth into his earlobe, tugging hard. Oh, how I wish I had my canines!

A low growl reverberated from his chest and I thought I felt something throb against my stomach, but it was fleeting, my own heart hammering when he yanked away as if he had just been burned and for the first time since I'd seen him, his eyes were filled with surprise. A trickle of blood dripped down his neck from his ear.

Our eyes were locked on one another, and I was unable to stop myself from licking the droplets of blood that coloured my lips. His eyes shimmered a dazzling gold as they dipped to my lips...