

Her Cold-Hearted Alpha by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 6. A Tense Dinner

ALEJANDRO

I looked out at the river; I was just outside of Blood Moon Pack territory. Although I had sent the message, I was coming, I couldn't bring myself to enter that pack. The young woman I saved last night flashed through my mind. I was sure she was from that pack.

There was something about her. For one, she wasn't looking at me when she asked who I was. The second was that I hadn't been able to get her voice out of my head. It was slightly husky yet sensual. She was young. I could tell that much from how perfect her skin was. She had her legs crossed, hiding her lower regions, and her arms and hair covered her breasts. For someone who had just been attacked, she still seemed to have cared about her modesty. I've seen more women than I can remember. One more was nothing to it...

That was a fucking lie. I had been tempted to pull her arms back, to see what she was hiding from me, and it was that very thought that had put me in a real fucking mood. Sure, I could go find her and I'm sure she'd be willing to spread those legs of hers. But the fact that I had taken an instant interest... I wish I had taken a proper look at her face. Having gotten more distracted by her body. She smelt fucking divine too. Like hazelnut chocolate. If there was one human weakness I had, it was hazelnut chocolate. Why did the woman fucking had to smell like the one fucking thing I would say I liked? I picked up a pebble and threw it into the water. A deep frown on my face.

Her wolf had been a brilliant white. It was too fast to see it all, but from what I did see, there was no other colour on her. There was only one other light wolf I knew of, and that was Scarlett Westwood. The Alpha female of this very pack.

"Alpha, shall we get going? It's almost evening and we are to dine with the Alphas." One of my warriors, Dustin, said.

"Let's go." I stood up, pulling out a fresh cigarette. I was dressed in a

black t-shirt, a leather jacket and black jeans. Paired with black boots, I was done. I didn't really give a fuck about my reputation or trying to keep up an image. We headed back to our cars, and I got into my Lamborghini.

"How long are we staying Alpha?" Dustin asked before I shut the door.

"About a week, that thing was too close to their pack and it is not the first time they've headed in this direction." I frowned. It hadn't gone for the kill when it attacked that woman... Why?

20 min later, we were driving through pack grounds, slowing down at the open gates to the Alpha mansion. It was actually in a woodier area than I would have expected. Trees lined the narrow road. Only one car could travel down it at a time. We drove past a few warriors who were standing there and just as I parked up outside the medium-sized mansion, I saw Elijah and Scarlett step out of the mansion. I got out of my car and walked over to them.

"Alejandro." Elijah said, holding his hand out. I knew the fucker didn't like me. I gave a humourless smirk.

"Elijah." I replied giving his hand a bone crushing handshake, one he returned with equal passion. Scarlett rolled her eyes and broke our handshake.

"It's nice to finally have you visit." She said, "How's Maria and Rafael?"

"Not seen them in months." I replied moodily. I hated small talk. She greeted the three warriors who had come with me, Dustin, Travis, and Jack. She seemed to have mind linked someone and an omega came for my bag. The other three would be staying elsewhere.

"And how long are you staying?" she asked, leading me inside.

"A week or so. There are a few things I need to figure out."

"Which means it's not good news." Elijah frowned.

"Well, you're welcome for as long as you need." Scarlett remarked.

The smell of delicious cooking filled the air and I had to admit I didn't mind it at all. But it was then, laced in with the food, that I smelt it. That same intoxicating smell of hazelnut chocolate, but better. I frowned deeply as I glanced towards the stairs. The smell was stronger from that area.

"Alejandro?" Scarlett called, watching me with a small sharp frown as I stared at the stairs. I gave her a cold glare and followed her into the dining room. The table was already set with food for 8. "Liam our son." She introduced

Liam was definitely a younger version of Elijah. He had grown a lot just like Rayhan. We shook hands and I could tell he was sizing me up. I last remembered him when he was a kid. Him and his sister...

My thoughts vanished when that same scent hit me hard and I turned to the door. My eyes flashed red when I heard footsteps. And then in walked the young woman from last night... I swallowed as our eyes met.

Now, under the brightly lit lights, sage green with a startling blue ring. Her plump lips were slightly parted. A few strands of her hair fell in front of her face. My eyes ran over her, taking in the long blue maxi dress with purple flowers that hugged her upper body. Her waist was narrow with large breasts. Damn for someone who had just turned 18, she was rather fine... I frowned, my anger growing at the very thought. I could hear her racing heart. Her grip on the tray she held trembled. I reminded myself that she was literally half my fucking age.

Elijah growled and I didn't really blame him for once, I was literally staring at his daughter.

"Our daughter Kiara. Remember her?"

"No actually. But I remember her from last night." I remarked, taking a seat at the table without an invitation

"Last night?" Scarlett asked as everyone took a seat. To my annoyance,

Kiara sat opposite me, her irritating scent filling my nose. She glanced at her twins. They both looked nervous. I raised an eyebrow.

"Your daughter was bitten by a Managal last night. Or did you not know?" I asked Elijah mockingly, earning myself a glare from the girl opposite.

"Is that true?" Elijah asked, his eyes flashing.

"Dad I'm fine." Her sensual voice sent pleasant hums through my body. I wondered if it was really so bad to have a little fun before I left. I mean, if Elijah found out he'd be fucking pissed, but I didn't really give a shit. It was his daughter who was fucking tempting me. I didn't really go for girls that age... So why now?

"You were bitten? I asked you both about last night." Scarlett's icy voice came, now walking over to Kiara and tugging her small cardigan off her shoulders, growling when she saw the wound that was almost healed on her smooth tan skin.

"You could have fucking died." Elijah said, turning his gaze on his son. "You were supposed to take care of her."

"We'll do this later." Scarlett said curtly. I raised an eyebrow.

"Don't mind me, carry the fuck on." I said, helping myself to some food. I saw Kiara glare at me, and I raised an eyebrow. It was kind of intriguing that she wasn't scared of me. Even if women wanted me, they were still scared of me.

"I'm fine. Can we just eat, please." She said, tearing her gaze away from me.

"Fine." Scarlett said, sitting down next to Elijah, she gave him a kiss. Family drama. This is why I fucking love being alone.

Dinner was over and my men went off to the pack house where they would be staying. The tension between the Westwood's was strong.

Even though Elijah tried to make small talk about work, the Manangals and Wendigos. I knew he was seething. His eyes kept flickering from cerulean to cobalt and if his mate didn't have a hold on him. I'm sure he would have lunged at his son.

"This is your room. I hope you have a pleasant stay." Liam said curtly, I knew he was going to hear it from his dad.

"Hm." I replied, walking into the room. My stuff had already been bought up. I took off my jacket, pulling off my shirt and decided to go shower. I could hear the family arguing downstairs. No matter how quiet they tried to be, no one really realised how good my hearing was.

Twenty minutes later, I stepped out of the bathroom, wrapping a towel around my waist. I walked over to the bedside table to plug my phone in when the door burst open to reveal a flustered and pretty pissed off Kiara.

Her glare turned to shock when her eyes fell on my body.

Chapter 7. Towel & Tattoos

KIARA

Dad was blowing things way out of proportion, blaming Liam for something that wasn't even his fault. We were in the family lounge, although we were keeping our voices low. Everyone was tense and pissed.

"Alright, I get it. I'm sorry!" Liam said closing his eyes, trying to be the calmer one.

"Dad enough!" I said frustrated. Mum frowned, placing a hand on dad's chest. She was angry we had lied but what did they expect? They always blamed Liam and I hated it.

"Elijah. Enough. She's ok and you need to stop thinking she's a baby." I gave mum an appreciative smile. If anyone understood it was her, I just wished the others did too. I hated that Liam already blamed himself and

now dad was only making matters worse.

"I get it, I messed up. I should have stayed with her until she came out of the bathroom." Liam said frowning. I shook my head, hell no.

"Dad! Liam! I left the cinema of my own will. If I just returned to the screening room, I

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