

## ALPHA, Alpha Leo And The Heart Of Fire, Alpha Leo And The Heart Of Fire novel, chapter, FIRE, Heart, Alpha Leo And The Heart Of Fire

Read Alpha Leo and the Heart of Fire Chapter 13 – Cookies and a Voodoo Doll

AZURA.

This kid was a little devil in disguise, and I liked it. With Katara having no interest in mischief, and the quintuplets too big to obey, I missed them at this age.

“So, you can’t c\*\*k?”

I looked at the tomato and cucumber sandwiches that he was gawking at disdainfully. “Yes I can, I made these.” I pushed the plate towards him, proud of my accomplishment. No, I can’t c\*\*k, all I can make is nachos and that’s in the microwave.

“Oh. We don’t call this cooking.” He added.

“Well, can you c\*\*k?”

“I’m five.”

“And?”

“I’m too young to c\*\*k.”

I smiled, reaching over and tugging his cheek. “Yeah sure, but you are old enough to judge. Let me tell you something, making a sandwich is an art. Look; I had to margarine the bread slices perfectly, then spread the cucumber that were cut into equal sized thin slices, we then added some sliced cheese before finishing with perfect thin slices of tomato.”

“The tomato is thick and the cucumber slices aren’t equal sizes.” Corrado mumbled, looking at the sandwich sadly. “I thought I’d have a home-cooked meal today.” 1

My heart squeezed at his pitiful tone.

“I will have Rosaline prepare you your favourite meal, Corrado.” Winona, the woman who had been minding him, offered.

“No, thank you. I will have the lumpy sandwich.” 2 “You really are your father’s son.” I grumbled. Prudish Rossi’s.

I smiled despite myself, watching the child bite into the sandwich.

See, I can do this. In a few years, it will be me and my pup, and I will make them sandwiches. My smile faded as I wondered if I'd be enough, but then I shook the thought away.

I had Mama, Dad, Liam, and Raven. I'd be ok. I had to be...

"Are you alright?" Winona asked, I smiled and nodded.

"After we eat, what will we do next?" Corrado asked. "I can take him to his room if you like." Winona offered.

"No, he can keep me company, I don't mind."

When I returned to my apartment, the bag of sewing supplies I had asked for were outside. I guess I would create a voodoo doll tonight and this little cutie could help me.

"His dad isn't back, right?" I asked once we had eaten, and I had sent Corrado to go set the stuff up on the table.

"No, is there a problem?" "No, not at all, I just don't want him to worry or anything." I was a little uneasy. Did I do wrong by inviting him like this? "I mind him for the nights he is out. He will be back after midnight. It's nice to see Corrado having fun." Winona smiled, watching Corrado take the things out of the bag and putting them on the table.

She was a pretty woman, probably in her mid-twenties, with blonde hair and brown eyes.

"Don't worry, the Alpha may be an intimidating man, but I will tell him Corrado wanted to spend time with you. I'm sure he'll appreciate it." I'm sure he won't. "Well, if he doesn't ask, then we don't need to mention it." I suggested lightly, pouring two glasses of milk for Corrado and me. "I'm sorry, I don't have any tea bags or anything, I don't drink hot drinks."

"Oh it's fine, I'm not hungry, the sandwich was rather nice. I will wash up whilst you and Corrado... knit?"

"Not exactly knitting..." I smiled, winking at her as I walked over to the table, placing the tray of milk and biscuits down before plopping down.

A wave of nausea washed over me, and I took a steady breath before I picked up the stack of fabric squares.

"Ok, so we are going to make dolls alright?" "Dolls? I don't want to make a doll." He scrunched up his nose and I chuckled. "We are going to make cool dolls." I said, taking up a light blue fabric. "So, we will sew this like this... and stuff it with wool... Then we

will create two legs... Feet... Look, we even have dark colours; we can make a pirate doll?" I suggested, offering him a cookie.

"Oh, I see! Can we have a robber doll!?" "Perfect, and I even have black and white striped fabric for the torso!" I waved the

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fabric square, and he smiled, now a lot more excited...

An hour and many pricked fingers for me later, we were done. There on the table lay two round-bellied cloth dolls. One had a striped body, with black legs and feet, and a strip across the eyes where we had attached two black buttons. The other had a creamy peach fabric face and arms, with a black body and grey bottoms. I was now drawing some black doodles onto the arms. "What are you doing, Azura?" He asked, leaning over curiously. "Oh, I'm giving him tattoos." I told him as we both munched on the chocolate chip cookies.

"Oh, like Daddy! He even has blue eyes like Daddy!",

"No no, it's not your daddy. It's just someone I know." I said, putting the doll aside, I would finish it later.

"Corrado, shall we head to bed now? It's late." Winona asked him.

"No Winnie, five more minutes?"

"It's bedtime." She persisted gently.

"Six more minutes... ok then, seven more minutes?" He bartered, as she continued to shake her head. "Well, I'm going to sleep now too, so how about you go to bed?" I offered gently. "We can hang out tomorrow if you are a good boy and go straight to bed?"

He seemed to ponder it over, before nodding.

"Promise?"

"I promise."

It wasn't like I had anything to do whilst I was here. He stood up, giving me a hug before he ran off, taking hold of Winona's hand, his robber doll in hand.

I smiled, getting up and walking them to the door.

"It was nice to meet you, Azura. Thank you for spending some time with him."

“You too, Winnie. Nice meeting you.”

She smiled and waved as Corrado gave me a smile. I closed the door and went back to finishing off my Leo doll. Now all I needed was something that belonged to him...

Then when it was done, I will staple gun his a\*s, or better yet, his d\*\*k. It would look just like his precious Jacobs ladder. 5 I began cleaning up the sewing stuff. It was a relief that Winona had cleaned the kitchen for me, although I had just made sandwiches, I had created quite a mess... I was now gathering up the needles, trying to find the lid to the thread picker.

Earlier Corrado had referred to Nikki by her name... which meant she wasn't his mom, so who was?

My stomach churned at the scary déjà vu the entire situation was giving me. Two children from two women... one a mate... a mate that he didn't want...

Stop it, Azura. You are not Indigo.

“Where have you gone?” I murmured, bending down to look under the table for the lid, when the door went. I frowned, glancing over at it and stood up.

I wonder who that would be?

I pulled the door open, only to see Leo standing there, dressed in a suit, his eyes blazed steely blue as he grabbed me by my neck, making me gasp. “Stay away from my son.” He growled threateningly, his hand around my neck painfully tight.

“If you think that you can use a child to weave your way into my life, you're f\*\*\*\*\*g wrong.” 2 My eyes flashed,, and using the thread picker that I held in my hand, I rammed it straight into his arm, making him let go of me, his eyes flashing.

Taking advantage of his disbelief of what I had just done, I raised my hand and punched him hard, aiming for that pretty fuckboy face, but he was fast, dodging it and I only managed to graze his jaw.

Works for me. “Don't you EVER manhandle me again.” I growled, my own eyes blazing silver, my heart thumping A cold smirk crossed his face, and in a flash, he had grabbed my arms, twisting them painfully behind my back before he spun me around and pushed me up against the wall. My first thought went to my baby and I shifted position, letting my shoulder take the impact.

“Then don't come near my son.” He whispered menacingly in my ear.

His scent and his touch sent my heart into a frenzy, but it did nothing to soften the pain that squeezed my heart at what he was insinuating. “I wouldn't use a child to get

something I want." I shot back quietly. If that was the case, I'm carrying your child in me...

that alone would have given me leverage if I wanted. "Your actions say otherwise." He said, shoving me away. I turned back to him, my own anger blinding me. "I don't want you in my f\*\*\*\*\*g life, Leo. As for the boy, he was lonely, if you were a decent parent, you would at least try to be around for him." I growled. "And next time you f\*\*\*\*\*g touch me, I will claw your eyes out. Do not test me."

"I'd like to see you try." He spat. I stepped closer, my heart beating. "Don't push me, Leo, because I do as I say, and I'm sure you don't want this entire pack knowing who I am." I hissed. His eyes darkened and he clenched his jaw, fighting his anger.

"Stay away from him, he's mine and I don't want a Westwood anywhere near him. You don't belong here. The sooner you're f\*\*\*\*\*g gone, the better." His words hurt, but I just stared at him challengingly, unblinkingly matching his glare. "I can't wait either." I spat resentfully.

"At least we agree on one thing." Leo's icy reply came. Grabbing the thread picker and ripping it from his arm, he tossed it onto the ground, our eyes meeting once. "You are a f\*\*\*\*\*g psycho." 3

With that, he turned and stormed off. My heart was raging. I grabbed the b\*\*\*\*y object from the ground before slamming the door shut. I tossed it in the kitchen sink, trying to calm the intense storm inside of me.

Staying here wasn't helping... Maybe I should just leave... This baby's safety worried me... What do I do... This was a bad idea...

Maybe I should just come clean to someone about everything... including what happened last year... 1

I wondered if Judah would try to contact me soon; hopefully he thinks I'm still wounded or dying somewhere. A girl can hope, right?

I ran my hand through my hair, an evening that had started off pleasant and happy, had been ruined by just a few words.

Dickface.

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