

# King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

## Chapter 36

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 36 Was He A God

KIARA

I felt so comfortable snuggled against the hard, firm body next to me. A deep, seductive scent filled my nose and I inhaled deeply. A strong pair of arms were wrapped around me tightly, and to my utter surprise, one hand was firmly on my ass, his fingers between my cheeks, making my face heat up. My eyes flew open and I found myself staring at a tattooed chest.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! What happened? How did I get here? 3

Slowly, I pried his arms off me, trying to ignore the tingles that coursed through me and the way my body seemed to enjoy his touch and moved back. The lamps were on, but I could see the sun was rising outside. I stared at the man lying there and my breath caught in my throat. He was simply put, a complete and utter sex god. From his tanned skin, refined jaw and black hair, to his tattoos that covered his entire body, save some parts of his abs, he was hot as fuck. His nipples were pierced; his chest rose and fell deeply as he slept.

For a moment, I don't think I minded if he had his hands on me once again... He was fit as hell.

He was built with muscles and ridges that any man would die for. Right down to his bulging biceps, to his abs, and that V... He wore a pair of sweatpants and I almost gasped, noticing the long rod in his pants.

Goddess.

Did we fuck? Maybe, I'm sure I would be feeling it if we had... I looked down at myself, realising I was wearing a black lacy bodysuit. I slipped out of bed, my heart hammering. Where were my clothes? "Kiara?" A deep, husky, dangerously sexy voice came from behind me, making me jump as I spun around to see the god had risen. He was now sitting up and I found myself staring into a pair of dark, dangerous eyes. Eyes that seemed to peer into my soul. My heart raced even faster when I saw his gaze rake over me, his eyes flashing red and making me nervous. I could tell from his aura he was someone strong. Dad was going to kill me. "Hi." I said, inching away. He frowned, watching me warily as he got out of bed. "Kiara, are you alright?" How the hell does this God know my name? Did I die? Am I in heaven? Am I dreaming? No, I don't think so... Did I get drunk last night? He was inching towards me. He was tall... Maybe a foot taller

than me... or more... I backed away slowly, raising my hand. "Can you talk from a little away?" I said, my voice sounding shriller than it was meant to. "Amore Mio..." He seemed serious and concerned, watching me sharply.

"I don't know how I ended here... but I should go. Um, where are my clothes?" I asked, now realising I was practically naked and flaunting my assets in front of this god. 1

"Go?" His face seemed to pale slightly, his heart was thudding and I tensed, ready to jump if he tried anything funny. "Home?" I replied softly.

"Kia... Do you recognise me?" He asked, his voice so quiet and strained that it confused me. 2

He sounded like he was in pain...

"Nope... Should I?" I replied, backing away, until my back hit the wall. "If we uh met at a party or something... then I'm sorry, I should really get going. My dad will kill me." I scanned the room, assessing if the window or the door would be better. I glanced back at the handsome god, who seemed frozen despite the heaving of his chest. "Do you remember anything?" Why does he keep asking me that? "Excuse me? About last night? Nothing.... um, can I go now?" I asked in a hurry. I'm sure if I had sex with that thing, I would have felt it. Goddess, it looked big... "I think you should sit down; we need to talk." "No thanks, I'd rather go home." I repeated. "Kiara, this is your home." "No, it isn't."

What did he want? Was he trying to keep me here? "It is. If you have any doubt, you can take a look at the pictures around this room, or on our phone. You'll see there are plenty of photographs of us together. That ring on your finger? We're married, Amore Mio."

I glanced at my finger; indeed, I was wearing two rings, no that wasn't possible though...

This was a trick; I didn't need to see any pictures. I nodded, glancing at the phones he had gestured to.

Walk past him, then bolt for the doors... My heart thundered as I slowly edged past him acting as if I was about to go for the phone, and instead, I darted towards the door. But before I even reached it, he was in front of me, his eyes blazing red. A rumbling growl reverberated through his chest and before I even realised what was happening, he had me on my back on the bed, straddling my hips. "Let go of me!" I shouted, my heart pounding, when I felt an intense surge of sparks ripple through me, sending pleasure straight to my core. "Calm the fuck down. Listen to me, Amore Mio. We need to talk. You're my fucking mate. You know I'm not lying." He growled. I stared up at him, I couldn't deny the pain in his eyes that he was trying to hide. The concern that was enveloping him and the sparks of his touch. But how? How was this possible? I don't

remember him or anything, the last thing I remember is... What is the last thing I remember?

I shook my head, trying to push away the throbbing headache that was beginning to form. I knew he wasn't lying, I could sense that... "I don't know you. Get off me." I said quietly as he slowly got off of me but refused to let go of my wrists.

He knelt down in front of me on the ground, pulling me upright until I was sitting on the bed instead of lying down.

I was terrified. What did this mean? What kind of trick was this? Was I dreaming? I needed to call Mom or Dad. Or Liam... Surely, they must be worried about me...

He caressed my wrists and I felt a surge of fear rush through me. He was dangerous... I could sense the power from him. I was about to pull away, but to my surprise, he raised my hands to his lips and placed a chaste kiss on my knuckles before looking up into my eyes. "Do you remember anything?" He asked quietly. I was not going to sit here naked and tell a stranger what I remembered or not, whatever he meant by that.

"Just what I needed to remember." I replied, pulling free and covering myself with my arms. "Can I get some clothes?"

His heart was racing, I suddenly felt fear... and then it was gone. I shivered for a moment. It felt like it had been my emotion ... but it hadn't been. Strange. "Ok... let me grab you something to wear." He said quietly, he raised his hand to my face and I moved back, turning my face away. I don't know this man and I was not happy with him trying to get in my personal space. He didn't say anything else. Standing up and walking off through the archway, I looked down at my thighs, realising I had a garter belt tattoo around one thigh. I don't remember that either. What on earth was going on? As much as I wanted to run for the door, I didn't even get to ponder over it when he returned with a black t-shirt in his hand. Seriously? Did he bring me one of his shirts?

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"Where are my clothes?"

"In your wardrobe, but I thought this was easier to grab." He said. His eyes looked hard, his voice was dangerous and cold. Deep down, something told me he wasn't an enemy... My wolf wasn't panicked. Surely that was a sign?

I took the shirt and pulled it on quickly, watching him warily as he picked up the two phones from the bedside drawer.

He unlocked the first and held it out.

"That's your phone." He said quietly. If you say so. I didn't recognise it.

I looked down at the image on the screen wallpaper, frowning slightly. It was of me and the

god. His arms were around my waist, one hand on my breast, his nose buried in my neck as I smiled for the selfie.

What the...

I began scrolling. There were lots, some with some young women I didn't recognise... I even looked a little older in these images. Did I somehow jump into the future? Was that possible?

My head began throbbing. Each picture I looked at made my mind reel. There were too many for me to think these were fake... There was even an image of Dad and the guy in front of me, although it looked like whoever took the picture did it sneakily... I stopped scrolling, staring at an image of me, the god, and three children. My heart thundered as I stared at it...

This looked...

"Our kids, our son Dante, Skyla is the one with black hair, and mini you, Kataleya." His deep voice came.

My ears rang with his voice, a sudden squeezing pressure wrapping around my head.

This... This wasn't possible. What was going on?

The ringing only grew louder and I gripped my head. Why did it feel like the truth, but it didn't add up?

"Kia... Kia, baby look at me..."

His voice was distant and suddenly I felt a surge of emotions the moment his hands gripped my arms, I looked up into his eyes. My vision blurring as tears threatened to fall. I didn't know him. I didn't know how to digest his words, and above all, I couldn't remember much. "I want to talk to my dad or mom. Now." A flicker of hurt flashed in his eyes, but it was gone as fast as it had come and he nodded. "I'll call them. Can I ask for one favour?" He asked quietly. "What is it?" I asked, shuffling away from him on the bed. "Our son is currently sick. Our youngest daughter, Kataleya was kidnapped. Around the time you found her, that's when they did something to your memory, but I'm not trying to justify anything. I just... at least treat them as your own. You've always loved everyone... but I don't think Kat could cope if she knew you have forgotten her." My heart clenched at his words. Our son? It sounded foreign, but a child who was sick? I nodded. He didn't need to ask that of me, I wouldn't do anything to harm a child in any way.

I pulled my legs to my chin, wrapping my arms around them as I sat there trying to comprehend what was going on. After a moment, I looked up sharply. 1 “Wait, if we’re from the same pack, we should be able to mind link.” I said suddenly. ‘We sure fucking can.’ His reply came in my head, making my heart thump. Unless he forcefully marked me... But that didn’t explain why I couldn’t remember anything much. I needed Mom or Dad...

“Call my parents, I want to talk to them.” I whispered.

I couldn’t remember anyone but my family... He took the phone from my hand, his hand brushing mine, and a surge of sparks rippled up my, I jerked away.”

Our eyes met but he didn’t say anything, and instead dialled a number. If he really wasn’t a kidnapper or something, Dad or Mom would pick up the call.

“Hello?”

My heart leapt when I heard Dad’s voice, and I jumped from the bed, snatching the phone from his hand.

“Dad!”

“Kia, are you alright?” He sounded sleepy, I guess it was still quite early. “Dad, please come get me.” I whispered, my heart thundering as I felt the god’s energy fill the room.

“Kia, what happened?” Dad sounded concerned and fully alert. “I don’t remember what I’m doing here... Do you know where I am?” I asked him.

Silence.

“Fuck... Kia, it’s alright, Alejandro won’t hurt you. You had an injury and you hurt your head. I’ll be there in an hour’s time, ok. Just relax.”

“But Dad, I don’t know him.” I whispered, knowing he could hear me,

“He’s your mate and I assure you he cares for you. Just hold on for me, I’m coming.” My mate? Why was Dad saying the same thing. Was it really the truth? Nothing made sense.

“Ok... Please come soon.

“I will, don’t worry princess... Can you pass the phone to Alejandro?”

Alejandro...

The god, or should I call him Alejandro, was watching me, his face cold and unreadable as I slowly held the phone out.

He's my mate... "I'll be there soon. We'll figure this out..." I heard Dad say. Alejandro didn't reply before hanging up. He tossed the phone onto the bed as he advanced towards me. I moved away, making him stop, his eyes blazing red with anger. "You're mine, I'll fucking tear this world apart until I find the one responsible for fucking with your mind and make sure this shit is fixed." His cold threatening voice came.

He reached out for me and I flinched, making him pause.

He clenched his jaw before looking away. I couldn't remember him, but I could tell beyond that calm, cold exterior there was a man who was in pain and raging with immeasurable anger

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 37**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 37 Not Letting Her Go

ALEJANDRO

Crushing, agonising pain, that's how it fucking felt. I hated to admit it but I felt like I couldn't breathe. She was my fucking world, but she had forgotten me... Deep down I had hoped she wouldn't forget me, but she had. Fuck she had.

From the corner of my eyes, I could see the way she was hugging herself, her eyes watching me warily. Had she forgotten my touch? Nine years... Nine years of being together and she had forgotten it all.

The anger and hatred I felt for this so-called fucking crimson king and his Djinn was growing. I was ready to pay the price to kill them both as long as it didn't affect my queen. She stood by the window now, her heart racing, my shirt draping off her shoulder.

Amore Mio...

Focus Alejandro.

I was trying, fucking trying to keep myself in control but the urge to go on a fucking rampage was growing "You're bleeding." She said softly making me snap out of my thoughts. I looked down realising blood was spilling onto the floor where I had dug my claws into my palms. "It'll heal." I replied, my voice sounding cold but seeing her flinch

hurt fucking more. I had a feeling she had forgotten her abilities too... "Is this your pack?" She asked looking out of the window. "Yeah, it's our pack." I correct. "The Night Walkers Pack." "Night Walkers.... Isn't that the name of the Lycan King's pack..." She asked thoughtfully.

My heart thudded, so there were things she still remembered.

"Yeah, you're fucking looking at him." I remarked crossing my arms as I walked over to her. Instinctively she stepped back until her ass touched the wall behind her. "You're the Lycan king?" She looked confused and I raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, I fucking am." I replied. Would she remember me if I kissed her? I wasn't sure but I was not going to fucking risk it and end up pushing her away. No matter how much I wanted to express my love to her and show her that she was my fucking lifeline I couldn't. Not until she was ready...

Raihana hadn't been able to pick anything up...so whatever this is... it should be able to be undone by killing the Djinn... "I'm going to use the bathroom..." She said, smoothly moving away from me. "Through there." I jerked my head towards the dressing room and bathroom and she all but

ran.

I heard her shut and bolt the door, something she would never usually do, leaving me alone in our bedroom. I looked at the ground feeling tiredness settle over me.

Life...

I walked over to the bed, dropping onto it and picked up my phone, I stared at the image on my lock screen... Me, Kiara and the kids... I unlocked it and stared at my wallpaper. Her and I...

The smile that lit up her face... Fuck.

I swallowed, clicked on her number and skimmed through the messages. 'Love you more.... Can't fucking wait to see you when I'm back... Want me to make you brownies tonight?... One hundred fucking percent, do I get to smear them over your tits and lick them off?... I like the idea...' I kept scrolling, each one making the pain in my chest grow.

How did it come to this?

I frowned remembering her voice message from last night, I scrolled down until I reached it and clicked on it.

"Alejandro... I know I can say this in person, but I just wanted to tell you... I love you; I will always love you... no matter what." 5

Her voice became a whisper, and I could tell she was fighting back her tears.

“I thought I’d message instead, because tonight we might get a little busy and I... I might forget to tell you... I love you; I love you, Alejandro. No matter what the future holds, you’re mine and I’m yours.”

The message ended and I closed my eyes, hanging my head. This was a fucking nightmare...a fucking nightmare that I wasn’t able to wake up from... What did the fucker want? Did he not give a fuck that his son was here? Was this all a fucking game, what was he waiting for?

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It was two hours later and I was pacing the hall. Elijah had shown up, having run in wolf form and Kiara had been fucking ecstatic to see him. In a way, I was glad she remembered someone, at least someone who could guide her, but it still fucking killed me that she had forgotten me... I was half of her soul... So why had she forgotten me...

She had been uncomfortable with me in the room, so I had stepped out. They were in our bedroom, still talking, although I was out here I could still pick up what they were discussing despite the soundproof walls. I guess having far better hearing than Some of her questions made my heart fucking clench though.

‘How long have I and Alejandro been together?’ ‘How did we meet?’

‘I’m scared.’

Elijah had explained everything that happened with this fucking Crimson King, and from what I could tell even showed her some videos of our wedding and shit. For the last half an hour she had been asking about the children, their favourite food, their

likes, dislikes, personalities... it was obvious she was going to give it her all for them.

You could take away her memories, but you cannot fucking take away her personality, good heart, or what she believed in. I hoped deep down... the memory of her love for us all remained

Because I fucking felt empty... “What about Alejandro? He seems...cold.” Kiara’s hesitant soft voice came.

Had I been cold? Didn’t fucking mean to. What the fuck was I meant to do now? Be gentle? I don’t even know the meaning of that shit. I can’t act like a fucking pussy now, can I?

Elijah chuckled.



“Coming from you that’s a first, his cold exterior has never bothered you.” “So this was our wedding...” I heard the faint music as she replayed the video. “We look happy

I stopped pacing, leaning against the wall near the door as I lit a cigarette. “You two are happy together and I’m positive that things will return to you.” Elijah’s firm reply came. “Your memory may have gone, but you are still the woman that I’m proud to call my daughter. The Lycan king’s queen and the best of mothers. I would love to take you home to give you time to heal but the kids need you, Alejandro needs you here. Just follow your heart Kiara and I’m sure you’ll be ok.”

“Yeah... I can’t believe I’m twenty-six... I was somehow imagining myself so much younger.” She laughed sounding embarrassed. “When I woke up, I was thinking you would kill me.” “Nine years too late. He’s sixteen years older than you, imagine how I felt when I found out you and he were mated when you were only eighteen...”

She giggled and I couldn’t resist the twitch at the corner of my lips. Elijah was right, she could forget me, but not the bond or the love that remained subconsciously.

So, all I had to do was win her over. It wasn’t that fucking hard the first time and that time I tried to push her away. This time I wasn’t going to let her go, no matter what.

With renewed resolve, I took a long drag on my cigarette. Call it corny or shit but what we had between us was far too strong for any power in the heavens or earth to destroy and I was ready to prove that to the fucking world.

It was a few hours later and Kiara had asked Elijah to stay for a while longer. He agreed and said as long as he didn’t have to see the dickhead Kenneth whilst he was here. Well, we were on the same fucking page. I had gotten Darien to entertain the fucker because I was done with that dickhead.

I had gotten ready, waiting for Kiara to come out of the dressing room. When she did, she was dressed in a black strapless corset and some wet look pants with heels. Her hair was open and her face was free from makeup. For a moment she reminded me of the young woman I had met at the Blood Moon Pack.

She was still wary of me, although all I wanted to do was pull her close and kiss her until she fucking begged me to take her. Instead, I had to be the fucking gentlemen and so I tried not to

stare at her boobs all pushed up in that corset and swallowed instead.

Down boy.

“Let’s get going.” I said sounding as cold as ever.

Yeah, I can't do nice, but it doesn't matter, she'll fall for me because this was what she fucking fell in love with. She was no fucking angel so we were going to be fine. We had to be. She nodded, strands of her sandy brown hair falling in front of her eyes, I shoved my hands into my pockets although all I wanted was to reach out and brush them back. We entered the lounge where Rayhan, Delsanra and Dante were having breakfast already.

"Dante." Kiara murmured.

Dante looked at her sharply as Kiara inched forward before she crouched down before him, reaching over hesitantly she cupped his face.

"It's ok, Mom... you don't need to pretend." He said quietly, making me glance up.

Rayhan and Delsanra turned too as Kiara shook her head.

"I'm not pretending." She whispered, sounding genuinely upset before wrapping her arms around him tightly. He hugged her back his eyes trained on me.

"Your memory..." He mumbled.

"I'm sorry." Kiara whispered moving back as she took his hands, kissing them gently. "Don't be. It's not in your control."

Rayhan looked at me with concern in his eyes and I remembered I still needed to talk to him about Maria.

"Kiara, Alejandro, are you eating in the lounge or dining room?" Maria asked from behind. "Dining room is fine." I said, wrapping my arm around her shoulders and kissing her forehead. "Yes, I'm watching television, can I not be disturbed?" Dante remarked.

"I don't think I've watched this much TV since I first had the leisure to." Delsanra added, looking up at Rayhan with a smile on her lips.

He kissed her passionately before smirking slightly. "Yeah, I guess there's a lot more we prefer to do in our free time." He whispered, although we all heard.

"We don't want to know." Dante retorted with a small pout as Maria smiled. 1 "Go eat." Maria said to the two of us and Kiara slowly stood up before smiling at Rayhan and Delsanra.

We left the room and she looked at me.

"The man with the long hair, he looks a little like you." 2

"He fucking doesn't." I growled.

She blinked but didn't speak and I sighed. "He's my brother's kid. Maria, the woman at the door is his mom." I explained.

GO

Don't go comparing that fucker to me, why the fuck did she think that? I know it was just my ego and the memory of that one night that didn't want me to be compared to him. Even if

ilarities which I doubted. I don't want my woman pointing that shit out.

"You don't like him?" She asked curiously.

I gave her a cold glare. "Na, we're cool." She didn't speak after that and I felt fucking guilty. I swear this was fucking rough. We entered the dining room and Kataleya smiled seeing us. "Mama, look we having pancakes." Skyla said stabbing a pancake viciously "Oh, they look lovely." Kiara said walking over to her and giving her a peck on the forehead. "Hey Kat." Kataleya smiled, Kiara gave her a hug and kiss before taking a seat next to her. "Good morning Mama, good morning Daddy." Kataleya said smiling at us both. "Morning angel." I said ruffling their hair before I sat down opposite my three girls. "Mama, I put Nutella on my pancake and Skyla had maple syrup." Kat explained quietly. "Oh, they look so yummy." Kiara smiled, looking much more relaxed than she did when we were alone.

"I love syrup, shall I tell you what syrup is made out of?" Skyla smirked, her green eyes glinting, and I knew for a fact whatever she was going to say was going to be fucking twisted.

"Sure, enlighten us." I said taking a gulp of my coffee. "It's the blood of aliens." She whispered loudly, holding a square of pancake up and letting the maple drip onto her plate. "Eeee!" Kataleya shuddered, giggling a little.

"I think it's more like melted gold." Kiara added.

Skyla shook her head.

"No no, it's blood." She said in a hushed sinister voice. This kid was fucking psychotic but guess so was I. 1

Kiara smiled and our eyes met, her heart skipped a beat before she looked away.

Yeah, it still hurt like a bitch.

It was a short while later and Elijah was about to leave, Kiara was in the living room playing a game of monopoly with Del, Maria and the kids. I had filled Maria in about Kiara's situation along with Darien and Serena.

“What’s the issue between you and Ken-fucking-Arden?” I asked glancing at the dickhead.

Elijah frowned.

“It doesn’t matter.”

“I want to know.” I said as Rayhan tilted his head looking at us.

We were all standing near the car Elijah would drive back. Darien had been the one to bring the car, he too remained silent, watching Elijah. We all wanted to know, and Elijah’s reaction was only making me more intrigued. “It’s in the past.” Elijah replied, irritation clear in his tone. “Not if you can’t get over it.” I remarked smoking my cigarette as Elijah got into the driver’s seat of the Range Rover. I had lost count of how many cigarettes I’d been through since morning. Elijah gave me a scathing glare as he shoved his hands into his pockets. “No.”

“The fucker tried to get me to agree to tie my girls with his fuckers. In a fucking alliance, I don’t need him or that fucking alliance, not sure what the fuck he considers himself. So, for him to have the fucking cheek, makes me think what he did to piss the shit out of you.” I growled, my hand on the car door.

Elijah’s eyes flashed and he shook his head before exhaling. “That’s crazy...” He sighed. “You’re fucking pushy.” “I fucking know.” I retorted knowing I had won. “I don’t know if you remember, but I once saved Raf’s life...” A silence fell over us as both Rayhan and I nodded, Raf had mentioned it many times but never told the story behind it. I never asked because I was never fucking interested. “It was thanks to that fucking dickhead that he almost died.”

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 38**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 38 A Grudge

ALEJANDRO

My eyes widened in shock; I wasn’t expecting that.

“Was it an accident?” Rayhan asked, his eyes burning green. Elijah scoffed, “Accidents are forgivable. I’m not discussing this out here.” “Then we’ll get in the fucking car. I want to know.” I growled. That fucker hurt Raf, and I actually dined with him? Hell fucking no. “Yeah, sounds like a plan.” Rayhan added, his voice dangerously low. I knew he was angry but was trying to remain calm.

Ever the perfect one. I walked around and got into the front whilst the other two got in the back.

“Dad said it was a training accident or something.” Rayhan mused. “I heard a few different stories, but never fucking bothered about some fucker’s heroic tactics.” I remarked mockingly as Elijah scowled.

“Well, the Shadow Wolves Pack are powerful yet private. Rumour has it, they excel in experiments and such. Healing remedies, poisons, energy vials.”

“We all know that shit, it’s baseless research and they ain’t gotten far. We had some dealings with them, there’s nothing special.” I remarked taking a drag on my cigarette. “Oh, they definitely got farther than we think. You may not know but Kenneth has a lot of links abroad, not only will his mate’s pack become his, but he has several research labs here and abroad.”

I knew that.

“Yeah, I don’t get what this shit has got to do with Raf and you being a blue-eyed dick-faced hero?” I hated when people took time to get to the damn point. “Can you ever keep that fucking mouth shut and listen? Or shall I drive off?” Elijah replied smirking coldly.

My eyes flashed as Darien sighed. “Can we hear the story, if anyone sees the four of us sitting in a car they will be damn confused.”

“We were on a camping break after our exams. When it came to tactical and strategy, there were three of us who were chosen to go forward for the annual recognition award.” He smiled humourlessly looking into the distance and I wondered what he was thinking. “Me, Arden and Rafael, ultimately Rafael took the award. Unlike me, who was happy with being known for my combat skills, Arden had an issue... one he didn’t forget.”

“What did he do?” I asked coldly. “Cut to it.”

“He gave Rafael a drink, said to him to drink to his victory. Not even a few minutes after he drank it, he began convulsing and bleeding from his mouth, nose and ears. There were only a

few of us, but no one seemed to move. I remember making him puke it up and cutting him in several places to bleed it out. Grandma Amelia taught me that. She said a wolf can die of poison but we won’t die of heavy blood loss. It slowed it down and I managed to get him back to camp as he bled out. We found that the drink had contained a high level of silver and wolfsbane, and it was so strong it could have killed him. If I hadn’t done what I did.”

“Didn’t dad smell it, that it contained something?” Rayhan asked.

“Strangely no. The rest of it was spilt and there was no proof but even when I smelt the remnant of it, I didn’t pick up on anything either.” Elijah replied. “And if that’s the case, why is he still a fucking Alpha?” I growled.

“It was my word against the other seven. Arden was adamant he didn’t know how it was poisoned and said perhaps someone was trying to poison him. Rafael said he had a drink, but he didn’t want it to cause trouble with other packs. He was a young Alpha with no father behind him and the Arden’s had a lot of influence, so Raf told me to drop it. He made me promise to drop it, although we both knew that bastard was behind it.” Elijah sighed.

“I don’t get it; didn’t they even look into it?” Darien asked as I sat back taking in what he had said.

I hated that man a thousand fucking times more.

“They did, there was no proof, but I’m sure with their research they could have made very concentrated pills or something to transport with ease. Either way, me and Rafael knew what happened, but The Shadow Wolves Pack are one of the richest packs in the country and unlike the Rossi’s whose wealth may be higher, The Shadow Wolves Pack have ties to allies across the borders. They may not be the Pack of the Lycan King, but they do hold power. Rafael was a peacemaker and said let it be when that fucker apologised, saying to forgive him if he had done anything wrong, but he stuck by his word that he didn’t poison the drink...” Elijah scoffed bitterly “I swear if Rafael didn’t make me promise to keep my mouth shut about it I’d have fucking destroyed him.”

“So, he basically got away with attempted murder? Because Rafael had no one...”

“Yeah, at the time he wasn’t mated to Maria, so he didn’t even have the support of her pack. I told him my dad would help but he refused. So, I’ve told you, now I don’t want to talk about that bastard again.” Elijah said coldly. “And now you’re going to say to honour Raf, I can’t fucking do shit?” I growled. “Yeah but kick him off your pack grounds.” He replied. Yeah... I will... and although Elijah made a promise to Raf, I didn’t... The moment I find some dirt on this fucker, I’m fucking destroying him. I just needed some proof.

Elijah had left, Rayhan and I had gone for training as I knew Kiara needed some space. She got all tense around me and seemed to enjoy spending time with the kids and women.

Maria had told her about her healing, and she had used it on Delsanra, I knew Kiara’s healing was the only thing keeping her able to stay upright. The spitfire I knew was weakening and we needed to move fast.

I had told Kiara about Enrique because I knew she'd want me to tell her, and as expected she

had brought him down to join the family. Although he sat silently ignoring everyone.

It was now late in the afternoon, Rayhan, Darien, and I were in my office. There had been a lead up north and we were hoping for some answers. The fucker still didn't seem to give a shit about his son.

"Is Tia down?" I asked Darien as I know his daughter was meant to come, she had found her mate in a neighbouring pack not long back.

"Yes, she and Serena are catching up. She isn't here for long." Darien remarked.

I nodded. "Then you should go spend some time with her." He looked surprised. "You sure?" "Do I fucking look unsure?" "Alright, I'll go." He nodded, closing the file he was looking at. Life was short and family was important. Although at one point I never thought I'd say that shit...

Once he left, I looked at Rayhan who was making some marks on one of the maps, frowning in concentration as he scanned some images.

When we had some clues, the both of us were meant to go, we were both excellent trackers... but with the state Delsanra was in and if shit got worse, I couldn't let him. It had to be me... When the time came, I wasn't going to let him risk his life. If something happened to me... he needed to be here...

"Maria said you were ok with her going?" I asked, taking out a cigarette. He paused, his brows furrowing as he looked at me.

"She didn't really give me an option." He replied icily. "I know it's not what you want... but she's a Rossi." "We aren't invincible." He replied with a bitter smile. Yeah, I know... Raf, Kiara, Del.. they were all proof of that... "She'll be safe, I'm sending my best with her, plus she'll be spelled to appear human, they all will."

"There's always a risk, Uncle. I've lost Dad already I don't want to lose Mom." He said quietly, trying to mask the pain from his voice.

He was a strong fucker I'd give him that. "I know, but imagine being told you can't fucking do anything, it's driving her crazy, she needs this." I said quietly. I didn't want to say I was seeing her spiralling... I hoped it wasn't true, I fucking did, but I had seen the signs many times.

He didn't reply for a moment and nodded.

"You both won't listen to me, so I'm not having this conversation." He said curtly, his eyes flashing green when he looked at me.

I took a long drag on my cigarette. "I'm sorry for all the shit you're going through, I'm going to fix this. I promise." I replied, standing up.

He nodded, looking down at the map once more, his hair curtaining his face.

"We will."

"Yeah."

No. I would

Because he was right, no one was fucking invincible and I'm going to protect my family, with everything I had and until my last fucking breath.

KATALEYA

He didn't even look at me, it was all my fault, his papa hurt him because of me and now he hated me too... I didn't want to cry but it hurt inside. He was sitting there just staring at the TV, but I knew he wasn't watching. He was angry "Kataleya, are you alright?" Mama asked me, she smiled at me, I tried to smile back and nodded.

"Go play with Sky, Kat..." Dante said coldly. He was angry at me too. I don't know what I did wrong to upset him. "Dante, be gentle." Mama scolded gently before she came over and put her arm around me. "I'm ok." I whispered forcing a smile. "Queen Luna, may I go to my room?" Enrique asked Mama suddenly. He wanted to go already? He didn't talk unless someone talked to him...

"Yes of course." Mama smiled.

"I'll take you." Aunty Mari offered. He stood up silently, I hoped he'd turn and look at me, but he didn't. Not even once... "Don't bother trying." Dante's angry voice came, I blinked and looked at him. "Dante..." Delsanra said gently, shaking her head at him. "No. She needs to realise he is the enemy. "He isn't." I said feeling sad and upset. Why didn't Dante get it? Enrique isn't bad. "Dante, please." Mama murmured. "Heed my warning Kat, stay away from him. Remember he is not a friend." "Stop it! Stop saying that! Enrique hasn't done anything for you to hate him! Stop being nasty!" I cried, jumping up from Mama's hold.

Tears filled my eyes as I stared at Dante. "Dante don't. Please, for me." Delsanra said weakly. "She's going to do something stupid and regret it. Trust me. I don't trust him." Dante shot back; his red eyes full of anger. 1 I don't understand why he hates Enrique, why Daddy has Enrique watched like a prisoner. Enrique didn't do anything wrong. What Daddy and his papa were doing to him was wrong! "Baby, don't cry." Mama



whispered trying to hug me, but I pulled away. "I hate you!" I cried at Dante, casting him a final glance before I ran from the room. I don't like being mean, but Dante was making me sad. I feel miserable inside. I'm always scared, and I know Mama isn't well. Dante isn't well either and I'm horrible for being mean to him too.

"Kat!" Mama called.

I ran faster, I wanted to hide. I needed to get away. Turning a corner, I quickly hid behind one of the large vases, wrapping my arms around my knees as I breathed steadily. I didn't want anyone to find me... "Kataleya..." I jumped to see Mama kneeling on the ground in front of me. How did she find me? I looked down realising she must have seen my dress. I broke into tears, feeling awful for behaving like that, but she simply pulled me into her arms and hugged me tightly. "Things are going to be ok. I promise." She whispered as I cried into her chest. "I'm sad Mama, it's hurting here." I sobbed patting my heart. 1 "Oh baby, I'm so sorry." Mama whispered tears in her eyes too. She held me tightly, rocking me as we sat on the floor in the hallway. The beating of her heart and her smell soothing me. We stayed sitting there until I heard Daddy approach, I kept my eyes closed, I didn't want to talk to anyone...

"Why are my girls sitting on the floor out here?" Daddy's deep voice came. "She had a small argument with Dante." Mama replied, kissing my forehead. Daddy sighed, and I heard him bend down, kissing my forehead, his beard tickling me. "It's going to be alright." He promised.

I wanted to believe him. I wanted to hope that everything was going to be ok. I wanted Dante to be ok, I wanted Enrique to be ok... Mama to be ok... I wanted the bad man to go away... Delsanra to be ok...

"Promise?" I whispered, opening my eyes. Daddy smiled, his dark eyes glittering, and he nodded. "I fucking promise." He said, making Mama gasp for some reason. 2 I simply smiled and nodded.

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 39**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 39 Night Time Ride

KIARA

Alejandro had said he would put Kataleya to bed and I had agreed. It was strange to explain, but when I saw those children, I didn't need a DNA test or anything to tell me they were mine, I felt it. Which would also mean the king was my mate, right?

That one was a little harder. I could hug children and make them feel better, but a man who looked as dangerous as he did handsome, was an entirely different story. I won't deny that his every glance made me feel all giddy, but at the same time, I was wary of him.

I took a shower before I rummaged in the drawers, the clothes were all my size and this place smelt of me.

I sighed, I knew it all pointed to their words being the truth, but it was still odd. Mom had called earlier, and I had ended up talking to her on video call for nearly an hour. She had tried to ease my mind, but the terrifying reality was, that I only had their word to go on. Raven, Liam's mate and my apparent friend, had called too. It was hard knowing I had forgotten everything. It was strange. I felt tired by the end of the day.

Everyone was trying to help, giving me small tips and reminders, but each thing I was told made the reality that I had forgotten most of my life sink deeper and deeper into me. Would I ever recover my memories? Was what they said really true?

I put on a black thong and some black loungewear before I brushed my hair. I heard the bedroom door open and I froze, my heart thundering. Wait, were we going to share a room? All day I hadn't been anywhere alone with him. Although his eyes were on me whenever he was around, this was the first time we were completely alone again.

I placed the hairbrush down and slowly edged towards the bedroom, peering inside I froze, realising he was taking his shirt off. My eyes widened as my gaze fell on his abs and I became distracted. That was until he tossed his shirt to the side, brushing the long hair on top of his head back.

"Like what you see?" He asked with an arrogant smirk on that sexy face of his.

I crossed my arms. "I'm sure you already know the answer to that, considering we were mates." His eyes flashed red, a deep frown crossing his face. "We ARE mates. That doesn't fucking change." My heart thudded and I nodded, suddenly feeling cold. He sighed and was about to approach me when I quickly walked over to the bed, but before I even got there he grabbed my elbow, spinning me around to face him. "What do you want?" I asked trying to calm my emotions. "I didn't mean to scare you." "I don't get scared." I replied defensively, pulling away slowly.

"I just don't like you talking about us in fucking past tense. You may have forgotten me, but you're mine, Amore Mio, and if I have to fucking win you over all over again, then I'm ready for that shit."

He didn't need to tell me that, I could see it in his eyes, that he wouldn't let me go. I don't know if that should terrify me or make me as lightheaded as I felt. Unable to come

up with a comeback, I simply stared at him. His eyes dipped to my lips, his hand threading into my wet locks as he leaned forward. My heart thumped, and for a moment I thought he was about to kiss me, only for his lips to touch my forehead.

“You’re my fucking world.” He whispered, his large hand cupping my face as he stared into my eyes.

A wave of guilt washed over me; If this was all true, how could I have forgotten him? I slowly stepped away and turned my back to him. “Good night,” I said, feeling as if I had failed in something. “Night.” Came his deep reply. I walked over to the bed and got in. I may have forgotten everything, but I felt a deep sense of disappointment in myself. I could sense his pain even though he was trying to block it off.

I closed my eyes, hoping to sleep before he came back, but that didn’t happen. He was back pretty quickly, his intoxicating scent filling my nose. My heart skipped a beat when I felt the bed dip as he got in on the other side. “Relax, I won’t do anything unless you want me to.” His deep, rough voice came, laced with a mocking tone. My eyes flew open when his hand landed on my hip and he kissed my shoulder from behind, sending a thrill of pleasure through me. Unless I wanted him to...

My cheeks burned at the very thought. It was weird knowing he knew things about me that I seemed to have forgotten. It all made sense. But deep down, there was a sliver of doubt that maybe, just maybe, something else was at work. I couldn’t just blindly trust their words. I had to tread carefully... 1

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“My queen.” I frowned, looking around the dark hallway of what looked like a stone castle. “Who’s there?!” I called out, my voice echoing. “Your king.” My heart skipped a beat as I turned, trying to look into the darkness. “King?”

Alejandro?

It didn’t sound like him.. “I’ll find you, I promise. Don’t trust them.” His whispered voice came before I was suddenly

plunged into darkness. 3

A shriek left my lips as I felt myself falling at a terrifyingly fast pace.

“Help!” I screamed.

“I’ll find you.” The voice came again. “KIARA!” I felt a sharp slap on my face, my eyes flew open and I found myself staring into two red glowing orbs. Why was it dark? I couldn’t see anything! Why was it dark?! I pushed him away, my aura raging around me as I jumped from the bed. Why couldn’t I see?! “Kiara, calm down. It’s me.” Alejandro’s

deep voice came before the lights came on. "Why couldn't I see." I whispered, fear and panic beginning to surge within me.

"You can't see in the dark, Kiara. You were born like that, a price for your gift of healing." He said, walking towards me. The words from my dream returned to me. 'Don't trust them.' I stepped back, nodding. "Isn't that one of the first things you should have told me?" I asked quietly.

He didn't move towards me as if worried I would run away, I had half a mind to.

"I'm sorry; it's something that we're so used to, and the mansion is equipped with being bathed in light, I didn't think to remind you. Come to bed."

I shook my head, running my fingers through my hair. "I'm not really tired. I'll just take a seat on the couch."

He closed the gap between us, reaching for me. I tensed but he only ran his fingers through my hair, the sparks of his touch along my head, soothed my thumping heart. I just needed space; this room felt too tight. "Are you ok? You screamed?"

"Yeah perfectly, I just need air." "Want to go for a ride?" He asked softly, making me look up at him. "Uhh..." I glanced around the large room; the car would be tight too... "I just need some air..." "I have a bike." He said with a small sexy smirk. I nodded after a moment, knowing he wouldn't give up. "Then give me a minute. I'll go get dressed." He said, walking off. I looked around, thinking about my dream. It had felt so real... "Here." Alejandro's voice came as he held out a jacket and heeled boots to me. "Thanks..." I took them from him, slipping them on as I watched him pull on his own leather jacket.

His shirt rode up a little, showing off the band of his boxers and his sexy back. I looked away quickly.

"Come on. We haven't done this in a while."

He held his hand out to me but I looked away, following him to the bedroom door. I gave him a small smile, not wanting to appear rude, but I wasn't just going to hold his hand.

Ten minutes later we were sitting on a gorgeous black motorbike with red accents. I may not know the make or anything about bikes, but I knew this one was a beast even before it roared to life.

"Hold on Amore Mio." He said, looking at me over his shoulder.

I nodded, slowly wrapping my arms around his strong waist. My core knotted and I resisted the urge to run my hand over his abs. I held on tight as we rode out of the garage and down the

path.

I stared at the sky, it was pitch black and as we left the light of the pack living area, I was enveloped by darkness. My only source of light was that of the moon shining through the trees. I clung to him, knowing that if he wanted, he could just drop me in the middle of nowhere or kill me. 2

Everything I had been told yesterday, from Dad, Mom... Alejandro... the children I spent time with, the way they all treated me... Wasn't it tog perfect? I don't know... The dream was odd. Maybe I was just being paranoid.

I inhaled the smell of the leather mixed with his seductive masculine scent, and I closed my eyes, enjoying the wind that rushed through my hair. After a good while, I felt we were travelling a little slower and I opened my eyes realising we were in a city. The streetlights glittered and I looked around, unable to see much despite the dim lighting, but I could still make out some things as we passed. "Want something hot or cold?"

"Hmm?" I asked, looking at the back of his neck, noticing his tattoos disappeared into his hair.

I felt a little hot with my arms around him like this...

"Ice cream? Beer? Pizza or some shit?"

Why did that all sound good...

"Ice cream." I decided after a moment. It was a little hot being so close to him so something cold was better.

"Perfect."

We drove for a few more minutes before we stopped outside a brightly lit dessert shop. He parked up, getting off the bike with ease, his long legs catching my attention.

I had to admit he was really hot everywhere... I gasped when he lifted me off the bike, his hands on my waist and for a moment our eyes met. I gave a small smile, looking away. He let

go of me and I let out a breath I didn't even know I was holding as we walked to the shop entrance.

He took my hand as he pushed open the door to the shop, my heart skipped a beat as I stared at our combined hands.

"Hey, what can I get you guys?" The man behind the counter asked, looking cheerful despite the late hour in his pink and white striped shirt.

“Anything in specific or want me to order?” He asked me. “You order.” I said, if I liked it, it means he knew me as he said.

“We’ll get two of the ice cream roll pots, one in Oreo Blast the other in Nutty Dream. Weird fucking names.”

The man chuckled nervously and I could tell he looked a bit scared of Alejandro, I didn’t blame him, even though he was masking his aura he still had a very powerful energy around him.

“Ah yes... Anything else aside from that?”

“Na.”

The man got to work, and I watched with interest as he began to create the ice cream rolls. So fascinating

Once he was done, he sprinkled some Oreo biscuits on top, before starting on the second one and drizzled some melted chocolate on top. Alejandro took out his wallet and I frowned seeing a picture of me in it. I only caught a glimpse as it was at an angle, and he flipped it shut sliding his wallet back into his pocket.

Hmm... He didn’t even open it in a way for me to see it... Maybe I was being paranoid.

He picked up the pots and we stepped back into the cool night. Passing me the Oreo pot, he took my hand as we walked back over to the bike.

“Thank you.” I said, tugging my hand free from his and slowly began eating.

It was so yummy...

I glanced at his pot, so he liked nuts.... “Hazelnut chocolate. You smell just like it but better.” He smirked.

My eyes widened in surprise. “I don’t think I smell like chocolate.”

I sniffed my jacket and he smirked.

“Trust me Amore Mio, you do. Hazelnut chocolate had always been my favourite until you came into my life. Want to try?” He held his spoon out to me and I tasted it slowly. It was nice but I preferred the Oreo. “Fucking small spoons.”

I smirked.

“Don’t you complain about everything?” I asked before realising what I said.

“Maybe.” Our eyes met, my heart racing under the intensity of the emotions in his eyes.” Guess you’re the only one who can put up with me. You came into my life and fucking turned it upside down. Not only did you become my favourite dessert you also became my all... You are and always will be the only one I will love.” 2

I swallowed, my stomach a mess of nerves at his words.

He placed the back of his finger against my lips.

A Night Time Ride

“You don’t need to say shit, I waited years for you to find me.... I can wait for however long I need to, as long as in the end, you return to me.” He said quietly. The emotions in his husky voice made my heart thunder. “Alejandro...” I didn’t know what to say, he wasn’t lying, I felt like I could sense that... His emotions were so intense that I couldn’t breathe properly, but he was right... I didn’t need to say anything and so instead, I simply raised my cup of ice cream. “Thank you.” 1

A small smirk crossed his lips and he nodded as we stood there, gazing into each other’s eyes, and something told me that maybe, just maybe things will be ok... 2

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 40**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 40 For Him

ALEJANDRO

She had relaxed, I could sense that much as she ate her ice cream, licking her spoon slowly as if savouring every little drop. Her eyelids fluttered shut and I leaned against my bike, tugging her gently by her hips in front of me. Her heart hammered as her eyes flew open, staring down at me.

“I won’t bite Amore Mio.” I leant up, brushing a strand of her hair aside. Unless, of course, you fucking want me to, then I’m ready to mark every inch of this divine body and make you fucking see stars.

She nodded, giving me a small hesitant smile.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on, from her unique blue-green eyes to her plump lips... My fucking goddess...

“Is it... does it hurt that I’ve forgotten you?” She asked quietly.

She was watching me sharply despite asking that, and I wondered what was going through her mind. I smirked.

“I won’t lie, because you can fucking tell if I do, right?” She nodded, and I placed my empty cup down on the bike next to me and caressed her hips. “Yeah, it does, a whole fucking lot, because the thing is, you are my fucking lifeline, the light that kept me focused. My reason to

live and my reason to be the best I fucking can be.” Her cheeks turned a gorgeous hue of pink as she nodded, her gaze falling to my neck before she looked up at me, her eyes sharp as if a sudden thought came to her. “We are mated and marked?”

I nodded. “I’m sure these sparks are proof of that.” I whispered huskily, slipping my hands under her top and caressing her smooth skin, the sparks between us surging through us and her breath hitched.

“So how did we first meet?” She asked me, her heart pounding as she placed her hand on my shoulder.

I knew her enough to know the effect I was having on her. This was going to be pretty fucking simple. All I needed to do was take advantage of the attraction she felt towards me. “The story isn’t pretty, I won’t fucking lie. Let’s just say first we fucked. I still remember that day in my office... since the first time I saw you, there was just something about you... you felt the same, one thing led to another...” The urge to kiss her right now was getting the better of me, and so I broke our eye contact. She let out a breathy laugh, and I smirked. “That actually sounds believable, even if I couldn’t sense if you’re telling the truth, it sounds like something that could happen between us.” She said, turning and tossing her ice cream pot in the trash can not far from the bike. Smiling when it went right in.

“Yeah?” I asked.

“Yeah...” Her eyes dipped to my lips before she looked away.

Seeming to be very aware of our position. “What is it? Want me to fuck you all over again?”

“No! I meant I just...”

“You know Amore Mio, if you want me to revive that memory, I’d be more than willing.” I added huskily, yanking her close, her chest against mine. Her heart was pounding wildly as she stared into my eyes.

“No thanks... so umm, what happened next?” She asked, trying to change the topic.



“I tried to push you away, I knew you were too fucking good for me. I was in a dark place and

In’t think anyone needed that shit in their life, but you remained stubborn, I chose someone else to be my Luna... but when it came to marking her, I couldn’t do it. All I could think of was the fact that I wanted my nympho, even if it was selfish of me. The rest is history, found out I had put a fucking pup in you too.” I placed my hand on her stomach, and fuck it took my all not to kiss her.

I didn’t sugarcoat shit because there was no point in lying or hiding it. I hated what I did back then, but we got passed it. “You sure are to the point.” She replied, amused.

“Yeah, I am.”

“I kinda like it.” She whispered hesitatingly.

“Yeah?”

‘Yes, but don’t let it get to your head.’ She replied through the mind link, rolling her eyes.” Now let’s go home. I want to sleep.”

As much as I would have preferred to just talk to her all night long, I knew I had to take this at her pace.

“Sure thing.” I moved back on the bike, tossing my pot in the trash can.

Flipping my leg over and motioned for her to get on in front of me.

“A little keen to have your arms around me?” She replied, and I smirked. She may have forgotten most of her memories, but she hadn’t lost that spark. “No, I rather have you bouncing on my dick if we’re being honest.” 1

And that is how it’s played.

She blushed and I motioned for her to get on. It felt good to have her in front of me. I inhaled her scent before revving the engine and driving towards home.

“Alejandro...”

“Yeah?”

She leant back but I could sense her unease. She may know certain things like mind linking, but she didn’t know how to block her emotions off, and I was not about to point that shit out

either.

"I had a dream."

"A dream?" I asked, the wind rushing through my hair as I looked ahead, frowning deeply.

Did she mean today? Is that why she panicked, and I had to give her a slight slap to wake her?

"Tonight... I was in a castle, it was dark, but I knew it was some sort of stone castle, and someone called me. He said, 'my queen'. I asked who was there and he replied, your king, but it wasn't you, it didn't sound like you." My heart rate quickened, and a thought crossed my mind, was that fucker somehow getting into her head?

"Anything else?" "He said he'll find me and not to trust anyone... but I know that I can't get my head around everything, but I can't deny that we have a connection."

As much as that made me smirk cockily, now was not the fucking time, this was not fucking

good.

"I won't lie to you. No matter how fucking hard this shit is, I won't. Don't trust him, it's probably the one responsible for your memory loss." "I thought that too, it made me doubtful... but after what Dad and you both told me about this Crimson king... I didn't want to just stay quiet about it."

"Smart move. We can't trust him, and from what I know, to break this curse on Dante and Delsanra, we need to find him."

"How can I help?" She asked, her voice full of sadness and concern.

"Just take care of yourself and if anything else weird happens, make sure to tell me."

"I will... I promise." "I'm liking that one ice-cream bought your trust pretty fast huh." I teased, nudging her shoulders.

She smiled slightly, glancing up at me. "Don't get too cocky, it was not the ice-cream." "Then what was it? My fucking charm?" "As much as I find you rather... appealing. No. it was your honesty." She said. "Thank you for not treating me like something fragile or broken." "You've never been fucking fragile or broken, trust me I know." I winked at her and she turned away, her eyes wide and her heart thudding. Neither of us spoke, a comfortable silence falling between us and when I bent down kissing her neck, she didn't jerk away. A soft gasp escaped those plush lips of hers, her heartbeat picking up, and she simply turned her face away.

Yeah, that's my girl.

## ENRIQUE

They had installed cameras in my room, I wasn't stupid. But I planned to use them to my advantage. I had pretended to be asleep and had set the bed to look like I was sleeping when the guards changed spots. It was risky because if they had a recording, they could turn it back and see what I had done, but as long as I got to do what I needed to do. Then I didn't mind what they did to me.

At least I can make Padre happy. I had been pressed against the outside of the window, making sure to stay against the wall when the patrol passed. I had stood here for long enough that I knew the exact timing. There were two standing at the bottom, but they took a ten-minute break twice every night. I had my window open and so my heartbeat was the same as if I was in the room.

Now I just need them to go...

"Let's go grab some coffee, bro." one of them murmured. "Yeah." They walked off and I quickly looked to the adjoining balcony. I had less than ten minutes. I needed to get to the Lycan son's room... Padre wanted him. I'll make him proud. I stepped back, ready to jump, and broke into a run, flipping in the air for leverage and grabbing onto the wall of the balcony next to mine. I winced, wishing I had my right hand; it was always my better one. I struggled, pulling myself over the ledge and looked at the window. I had to be careful about passing the next window, because it was in use. The Lycan prince's room was the one after. I glanced at my pocket where I had my weapon ready. I had broken a mirror earlier today but pretended I was just angry and upset. I took the chance to hide a piece, and that piece would kill the lycan's son... I jumped onto the other balcony, praying no one heard me, but the windows were shut. The next room was my destination, and even if I had to break the window, it was ok as long as I killed him in time... 1

My heart was thumping, the fear of being caught and failing padre growing with each passing moment. But there was something else too...

The chica's face.

I didn't understand her... She kept defending me, kept worrying for me. It must be because she knew I lost my hand because of her. Well, it wasn't worth it. She was just a spoiled princess who didn't understand anything about life.

She makes me angry.

I kept down and with ease, climbed onto the small balcony outside his room. To my surprise, his balcony doors were wide open. I frowned, peering inside.

There he was, sleeping on the large bed, his heartbeat steady. The lights were off, but the star ceiling above his head moved peacefully. I slowly padded into the room, taking my weapon out. Plunge it into his heart and then tear it out.

It was simple. Just like padre had taught me.

Kill or be killed.

My heart was thundering, and I wondered if the boy in the bed would feel it. If I make it fast, it won't hurt, right? He was young, but he already had such a strong aura....

I raised the piece of glass, clutching it so tightly it was cutting into my hand.

Do it, Enrique.

Only a coward would attack someone who was sleeping...

No. Padre said it didn't matter...

But then why, deep down, did it feel wrong?

Kill him and make Padre happy....

"Do it." 2

My eyes flew wide open, and I found myself staring into a pair of deep red ones... 9