

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

Chapter 41

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 41 My Actions

ENRIQUE

“Do it.” Dante repeated. “What are you waiting for? Kill me. That’s why you are here, aren’t you? I even left the window open for you.” He wasn’t afraid or even alarmed, he was simply watching me calculatingly. How did he know that? “You knew I was going to come?” I asked sharply.

How? “This isn’t what I saw though...” He murmured, a flicker of curiosity in his eyes. He closed his eyes and I frowned. Wasn’t he going to shout for help? “Kill me and get it over with. My parents are out as it is. Now is your best chance.” He added arrogantly.

My anger flared through me as he turned onto his side, his back to me. I raised the piece of glass, but once again the image of the Chica’s face filled my mind. If I kill him... she’ll... Her tear-filled eyes flashed in my head, and I stared at the glass

What the Queen Luna and the Lycan King themselves said... the fact that they didn’t need to keep me here in their home. They didn’t need to treat me nicely, but they did. If the Lycan wanted he could have beaten me as padre beat the Chica.

I looked at the prince, no... the boy before me. I then looked at my right arm, staring at the place where my hand should have been.

This wasn’t love, this extreme punishment was wrong... I watched how they treated their children here. How the Lycan treated his Queen... The Lycan... Maybe he was telling the truth... Perhaps he didn’t know what the debt was, or why padre was angry. Even I didn’t know the reason. Padre just wanted revenge... Maybe padre was wrong. “I’m getting bored, are you going to kill me or not?” The annoying boy said, sitting up.

The veins on his body looked painful and his skin looked pale despite how confident and defiant his eyes were.

I felt a surge of hatred for him. He and the Chica, they had a life of luxury. He would grow up and become the Alpha he was born to be... and me...

I stared at my bloody hand that still clutched the shard of glass and then at my other arm.

I would be useless...

“By now you should know your father is responsible for causing you pain. No one but him.” The boy on the bed stated.

“Aren’t you scared that I could kill you. You are currently very weak.”

He smirked.

“I won’t die. You made that clear the moment you hesitated... Why did you hesitate?”
He watched me curiously.

He knew I was going to come here. What powers did he hold? There was something about the boy on the bed. His aura in itself was immense, like an Alpha’s... but how was it possible he hadn’t even shifted.

“You seem to be all-knowing.” I retorted coldly.

He raised an eyebrow.

“Not all-knowing...” He looked out of the open balcony, staring at the sky. “Was it because of Kataleya?”

I frowned.

“No!”

Id

How dare he think I hesitated over a girl. I felt my irritation growing, feeling embarrassed.

“I hear you lost your hand for giving her food.”

“What are you, my interrogator?” I glared at him. “I thought we are having a conversation, future Alpha to future Alpha.” He remarked, leaning back against his cushions and crossing his arms. I didn’t understand him... I didn’t understand his calmness or his words. Why was he so calm?

“Alpha. I’m not worthy of being Alpha anymore.” I spat, holding up my right arm.

He smirked.

“You’re right, but it’s not your missing hand that is at fault, it’s your attitude. You better fix how you think and become a better person, or I will never allow it to happen.”

“Allow what?”

“Fate.” He muttered, closing his eyes. “Now go, I’m tired, thanks to your dad.” 11 “What do you mean, fate?” Why wasn’t he answering me properly? He opened his eyes, and for a moment it felt like I was looking at someone who was a lot older than me.

“The future isn’t set in stone... tonight you shifted it...”

This boy was annoying, but his words remained in my head.

Become better, the future isn’t set in stone... For some reason, I felt like I had a sliver of hope... I turned away, ready to leave the room when he called me.

“Oh, and one more thing.”

“What?” I glared at him.

“When she came home, she was worried about you. She kept that ripped piece of fabric by her side and begged everyone to find and protect you from your father. Don’t be so mean to her.” I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment. What a silly Chica. That is so awkward! What would

everyone be thinking!

“I don’t want to talk to her.” I scoffed. “She needs to stay away from me.”

He simply chuckled, much to my annoyance. I stormed to the door when he turned sharply.

“Where are you going?” “Yes you are right, it’s clear you are not all-knowing.” I replied mockingly and left the room, slamming the door behind me.

I wanted to see what they would do to me. In a flash, there were two guards before me. “The boy’s escaped!” One of them shouted, and just like that the Lycan’s nephew, Rayhan came out of his room, his eyes flashing green. One glance at the bloody glass in my hand and he rushed into the room behind me.

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One of the guards, disarmed me in a flash, pinning me to the wall. “What did you do!” He growled as the other one followed Rayhan into the prince’s room. “What’s going on?” The Lycan’s cold voice came, and I turned to see him and the Queen Luna coming up the stairs. My heart began racing no matter how calm I tried to act.

Now we’ll see what they do. Their true colours.

His eyes flashed when he saw the glass in my hand, and was that fear in his eyes? The Queen Luna paled as she hurried past us to check up on their precious son. “Dante are

you ok?" The queen whispered, worry clear in her voice. "Yes, perfectly fine. May I sleep now?" His haughty reply came. I frowned as the king muttered something in relief from the doorway. "You've done it kid." The guard muttered, his face pale. "Scared you didn't do your job properly?" I scoffed fearlessly.

What's the most they will do? Hurt me? I don't care, padre had done much worse. I was used to it.

"Watch it." He growled. "Go question him. I'm tired, I want to rest." "You really are a little prince." The queen's relieved voice came.

The Lycan king now stepped in front of me, his face was unreadable, his eyes sharp as he stared at my bloody hand. "How the fuck did you get in there?" I raised an eyebrow. "I've done far more complicated things with broken bones. What is one balcony away?" I replied rudely.

Go on, show me your true colours...

The queen and Rayhan stepped out of the room and shut the door behind them.

"Let's take this somewhere else." The Queen suggested softly. "I'll head back." Rayhan replied with a nod before casting me a final glance and returning to his room. To my surprise, the Queen put her hand on my shoulder, and I felt the pain in my hand vanishing. I pulled away from her confused.

Why heal me?

"How about we go downstairs to the kitchen." She said, motioning the guards away. The king smirked slightly. "Still the queen you were born to be." He remarked as he led the way down the stairs. Five minutes had passed, and the Queen Luna had put a glass of milk and some warm chocolate cake with ice cream in front of me as I sat there on the bar stool.

How strange. I tried to kill her son and she was giving me a treat? I wanted to think it was poisoned, but I knew her enough to know it wasn't. She was a strange one.

"Where's mine?" The king asked.

"You had ice cream already..."

"Well since I can't have my favourite dessert, I need to settle for what I can get and I still crave for more dessert." He replied, his cold eyes fixed on her.

She smiled and turning away, began to fix him a plate. I didn't touch mine, staying silent. What was going on?

“What were you trying to achieve?” He asked me suddenly. “Padre wanted him, so I wanted to kill him, for padre.” I replied monotonously. Even to me, my reason sounded empty. Why did I want to do it for padre? The queen turned, her eyes full of sadness and worry. Yes, now you know that I’m not someone you should be worrying or caring about. “But you didn’t do it.” She said softly, coming over and placing the second plate in front of the king who was leaning against the worktop.

He ran his hand through her hair, before picking up his spoon. “Eat.” He commanded, his powerful aura rolled off him and I was forced to pick up my spoon.

I don’t like being told what to do.

“I might have done it. I had every intention to do it, so will you kill me now?” I asked eating some of the cake.

It was really tasty...

“Why would we kill you?” The Queen Luna asked.

She was very beautiful. Her large eyes seemed to contain so many emotions. No wonder the Lycan said she had helped him see the light. If madre had treated padre like this... or more like if padre let madre be by his side, would he have been different? I pushed the thoughts away

angrily

“For trying to kill your son?” I raised my eyebrow as if this was obvious.

“That was a shit move, kid.” The Lycan added. “So, kill me.”

“You didn’t kill him, you yourself hesitated. You did the right thing, and I’m proud of you.” The Queen Luna smiled. “Why did you want to hurt him?”

“To do something for padre... because...”

“Because he doesn’t fucking need you anymore?” The king’s cold voice came. I looked up at him, trying to hide the pain inside of me.

It hurt.

I clenched my jaw and nodded, trying to act like I didn’t care. You’re the one who doesn’t need that fucking bastard. Listen to me kid, when I find him I am going to rip him to fucking shreds. He’s fucking abused you all your damn life and you think this shit is, ok? It fucking aint-” “Alejandro...” The queen placed her hand on his shoulder.

I felt the anger, the sadness, and the pain in my chest.

It was true, padre wasn't fair... it wasn't fair at all. He growled, slamming his fist on the table and denting the worktop, making me look up into his glowing red eyes.

"Listen to me pup, you don't need to go back there. When I find him, I will be fucking ripping his throat out, but it's up to you if you want to return to your pack or not.

He wasn't lying... he was going to kill padre... or padre would kill him... one or the other had to die... because it was clear neither would stop until the other was dead. But which one's death would ultimately be better?

Padre who always seemed to hurt people? Or the Lycan who padre said was a monster. Why did padre seem like the monster now? Was I being blinded or was I seeing things properly now? "I will be going back, if you let me, even if padre is killed, the pack needs me."

Did they need me? I was useless.

I stared at my stump, feeling bitter. "Then, I think it's high fucking time we find his ass." The king replied coldly. I know where padre may be... but should I tell them?

I looked up, catching the queen's concern as she watched me. A small smile crossed her face, and for a moment she reminded me of the Chica.

At that moment, I made my decision. I think it was time I told them, so I could get away from her and this family. I didn't like how they made me feel...

"I know a few names of locations where padre has houses in the United Kingdom." I stated, placing my spoon down. "But in return for the information, I want something." 3

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ALEJANDRO

Enrique had given us seventeen fucking locations. As much as I was fucking shocked that the fucker knew this shit and we had to wait for him to tell us, I was grateful he told us of his own accord. But I wasn't happy with his request... Kiara had become silent, and I understood her concern. His words rang in my mind... once again, I paused as I looked at my reflection. The conversation replaying in my mind. (FLASHBACK LAST NIGHT)

“Fine, what do you want in return, pup?” I asked.

“I want you to let me go. I don’t want your help, I don’t want to have anything to do with you. I just want to return to my home.” He said emotionlessly. I heard the sharp intake from Kiara. She knew the shit this kid has gone through, we hadn’t hidden anything from her, and I know hearing him wanting to go back there... She would always worry about him. “But... Of course, you can go back there, but will you be ok? I mean, do you have family who can take care of you and protect you from your father?”

“Yes.”

‘He’s lying, he doesn’t believe that.’ Her fearful voice came. ‘It doesn’t matter, he won’t have a fucking father to fear when I’m done.’ “Deal.” I said out loud. “Then after I give you the location, I want you to let me go.” “Do you want us to take you somewhere?” Kiara asked him softly.

He shook his head.

“No, padre will think you let me go to lure him out. I will stay hidden for a bit and make my own way home.”

“You’re only a child.” Kiara’s voice was full of sadness

Chances are his father would have considered that he knew the locations and may not even be there. It was obvious he didn’t care for his son, I hadn’t heard one fucking response from him. “I know how to survive.” He replied emotionlessly.

“Does your father know you’re aware of these locations?” “I don’t think so. I used to try to learn as much as I could, so if he ever asked me anything, he’d be proud.”

‘He’s telling the truth.’ ‘Yeah? Well the bastard had a son who seemed to want to make him proud and he actually went and fucking amputated his hand. He’s fucking psychotic.’

‘I know and it’s heart-breaking.’

Our eyes met and I reached over, giving her hand a small squeeze. “Enrique, are you sure you want to go back? We can help-”

“No. I want to go far away from all of you. I hate being here. I want to return to where I belong.” He cut Kiara off, the anger and pain in his eyes fucking clear. “Fine. I’ll make some provisions and you can go.” Kiara’s eyes widened as she looked at me, clearly not happy with my agreement. “And you promise not to send guards after me to watch me?” “I promise.” I said and I meant it. This pup had been fucked around all his life, and

if he needed someone to show him that they believed in him, then I would do it. Even if he fucking thought it's because I didn't care, it didn't matter as long as he was happy. He's a survivor and I knew that he'll make it. "So when I tell you the locations, will you let me go straight away?" He repeated it as if he didn't believe that I agreed. "No. I need three days."

"Why?"

Kiara looked at me curiously too.

"Because I'm not setting you loose in England, you're from Puerto Rico, right? I'm having you flown there." 1 Both looked at me surprised, before a ghost of a smile crossed the boy's lips and he nodded.

"Deal."

(END OF FLASHBACK)

I sleeked my hair back, put the comb down and left the bathroom only to see Kiara in the dressing room slipping some sheer black tights on. Her back was to me, and my eyes fell on her ass clad in a thong.

Fuck...

She tensed, i knew she could sense me watching her... but fuck did I want to bend her over and fuck her senseless...

"It's rude to stare." She said softly, not even turning as she picked up a hot pink cami, slipping it on over her bra.

I'm sure she was doing that on fucking purpose... and if only she knew how much I loved that ass of hers...

I walked towards her and just as she reached for her skirt, I gripped her hips, her racing heart only fucking turning me on even more. "Well since I don't have any fucking manners anyway, can I just say how I want to bend you over and fucking fill up both your ass and pussy, then watch my seed dripping out of you as you fucking lay there unable to move from exhaustion?" I growled huskily, running my hand

down her stomach.

She gasped, her heart pounding, but to my satisfaction she leaned into me, a soft moan leaving her lips when she felt my dick hard against her back.

"Alejandro... we..."

I know. She was not fucking ready... but fuck did I need her. I kissed her neck, right on top of her mate mark, my hand cupping her perfect pussy, massaging it for a few seconds and making her moan softly. The smell of her arousal filled the air, and feeling fucking satisfied at her reaction, I pulled away. "See you downstairs." I remarked huskily with an arrogant smirk, tapping her ass before I turned and left the dressing room, leaving her struggling with her emotions. I'm sure sooner or later, memory or not, she'll want me. Just like I crave for her, I was her fucking drug too...

My smirk faded away, remembering that our enemy was powerful and there was always a price ... I pushed the thought away. 1

It was a while later and Liam had just arrived as we had some important things to deal with. Plus, he had wanted to see Kiara. Currently watching Kiara meet him was interesting, to say the least.

"You look so... different."

"Do I?" He grinned, raising an eyebrow. "You have a scar... You look so big and older." She looked him up and down.

"Care to share what age you think I am?"

"I don't really know, just younger." She smiled sheepishly before hugging him tightly. He hugged her back, kissing the top of her head. "So, tell me, what brings you here?" She asked. "Well, I wanted to see my sister, but it's regarding work as well." He kissed her forehead and she nodded, resting her head against his chest. I won't deny I felt a tad fucking jealous that she remembered him... Fucking Westwoods... 2 "Well, if you two are done with the fucking reunion and shit, shall we get to my office? Then you can spend the entire fucking afternoon together after." Kiara smiled amused, cocking a brow at me. "Are you jealous?" "No." I growled.

She giggled.

IELLE

'You are.

I turned, walking down the hallway and to my fucking office. I am not doing this shit with her. I heard them both laugh quietly as they followed me. 1

Ten minutes later, Maria, Darien, and Rayhan were in my office as well. "So... that was your plan?" Rayhan asked me, looking surprised. I raised an eyebrow. "No, I was planning to send Maria abroad without any protection." I replied sarcastically. "I knew you couldn't go because of Delsanra, I fucking can't either. After the Rossi's, I'm sure the Westwoods are the next best thing."

Darien chuckled as both siblings glared at me, and Liam raised an eyebrow as Kiara pouted.

“That’s not nice to say.” She stated.

“I told you I’m not nice.” I shrugged, looking at Liam. He was probably the biggest Alpha in size and aura I knew after me, the closest thing to the original Deimos. A little like how me being a Lycan was fucking rare, he and Kiara were powerful too. “We Westwoods are powerful too.” Kiara replied, as Maria smiled at her. “Too bad you’re a Rossi now.” “Oh...” She paused, realising what I had said, and I saw her glance at her ring.

“Well Rossi or Westwood, we kinda just blend into one. Both are pretty capable and I won’t deny I feel a whole lot more relaxed knowing Mom will have Liam with her.” Rayhan added, running his fingers through his hair.

“Not only Liam.” I said with a smirk. Maria was my brother’s queen, and there was no fucking way I was about to risk her life... I heard the footsteps in the hallway and smirked, taking a cigarette and lighter.

Right on fucking time. ‘Come in.’ I said, through the link. “Then who else?” Rayhan asked, frowning slightly, just as the door opened and everyone turned to look at the two men standing there. “As I said, the Westwoods are the next best thing after the Rossi’s so who else but a Rossi to go too? Marcel, welcome.” I smirked. 2

“Alejandro.” Marcel said giving everyone a small nod.

Sitting back, I lit my cigarette as everyone in the room looked at each other surprised, but my attention was on both my nephews. Leo and Rayhan looked at each other, the hatred in Leo’s eyes was unmasked, and the hostility between them was fucking obvious... 1 “Leo.” Rayhan said, his eyes sharp, his voice level.

I know it’s been ages since these two saw each other, and although Rayhan tried to get through to the younger boy, Leo had refused to allow him in, and with time Rayhan had backed off.

“Bastard.” Came Leo’s cold, arrogant reply. I frowned, taking a long drag on my cigarette.

42 Eng & Wartwoods

I may be one to revel in other’s problems, but yeah, I didn’t like this shit one bit. Not when it involves my own fucking nephews...

“Cut it out.” I growled.

Leo raised an eyebrow, crossing his muscular arms over his chest. Dressed all in black, it only made his light blue eyes look even icier. He now scanned the room, taking a drag on the

cigarette in his hand, before turning his gaze on me. When he spoke, his voice dripped with sarcasm and pure, unfiltered hatred. 1

“Well, it sure is a fucking honour to be in a room full of the so-called elite. To what do I owe the fucking pleasure?” 13

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RAYHAN

The tension in the room grew, to the point where it felt suffocating. I know he hated how I handled things years ago, but like I've said, I wouldn't do anything differently. All I can do in return is be patient with him.

I hadn't seen him in a while and he looked older, bigger, and bulkier, but the hatred in those eyes of his only seemed to have grown... He held my gaze, and although I didn't submit, for the sake of peace, I broke our eye contact, turning back to Uncle Al. The rest greeted one another, I gave Marcel a nod before glancing at uncle.

“So, Marcel and Liam will go with Mom?” I asked, crossing my arms. “Yes, they will. They'll be leaving tomorrow morning.” Uncle sat forward, his eyes on Kiara, who was standing next to Liam a lot more comfortably than she had been around any of us lately.

This entire situation had messed everything up for us all. We just needed to have this all sorted out. It was fucking with me seeing Delsanra in that state... “Now Enrique has given us some locations, I'm planning on having all the ones tracked up north to see if we can find anything. This fucking dickhead doesn't seem to give a shit for the boy either, so that's a damn dead end.” Uncle growled, frowning as he smoked his cigarette. “I'll go.” I said quietly, the closer we get to finding him, the closer we get to fixing everything. I heard a 'hmp' from Leo but ignored it. “I wanted you to go, you are the best.” Uncle nodded. “But can we defeat him without knowing how to kill a Djinn?” Mom asked him.

“We'll find that shit out, but we do need to find his location first, hence why I want it done on the low, so we can prepare.” “So why the fuck did you call me?” Leo asked, as if he was bored just being here. I glanced at him, it was weird seeing him and Uncle together,

it was almost like a mirror image with the cigarettes, the tattoos, piercings, and the coldness in their eyes. But they were different.

“I actually didn’t think you would fucking come, but I wanted to see if you could hack into a certain system for me. You’re pretty good when it comes to computers, right?” Uncle said with a smirk.

“I could do that, if I want.” Leo replied, taking a drag on his cigarette. “Is that legal?” Kiara asked, her eyes wide as she stared at uncle. “Amore Mio, I don’t think anything we do is really legal. Kidnapping a pup, killing people, the usual shit we do out here? We’re supernatural beings, we don’t fucking go by the damn law.” He smirked arrogantly and she nodded slowly as if she had just realised this now.

“That’s true...”

“In your defence, you didn’t want him to kidnap the boy.” Liam added, wrapping his arms around her shoulders, making me smirk as Uncle glared at him.

“I didn’t?” She actually sounded relieved.

“Didn’t fucking matter, I was still going to do it.” Uncle shot back, glaring at Liam.

Loved the guy, but he did have a knack to put his foot into things without meaning to. He gave Uncle a small sheepish smirk as he ran his hand through his hair.

“So if that’s sorted, shall we go through the details?” Mom asked, waving her hand, I knew the smoke was annoying her.

She would probably go shower after this. “That would be a good idea.” Marcel added, stepping forward.

Mom gave a small smile before looking back at Uncle, I knew she found it hard looking at Marcel considering he looked almost identical to dad. “Well the main thing you lot need to do is gather intel and see what we learn by just being there. There has to be something about this fucking debt that will help us get the answers that this so-called king is refusing to fucking share...”

It was a while later and I entered our bedroom silently, not wanting to disturb her in case she was asleep. My eyes fell on her. She hadn’t realised I had entered, and it fucking tore at my heart to hear her whimper as she hugged her body, taking deep breaths. Trying to control the pain she tried to hide from me... I walked to the bed, sitting down and scooped her into my lap. She gasped, tensing as she stared at me. Her tear-filled eyes only made the pain in my chest far worse. I knew she was trying to downplay how she felt for me and everyone else.

“It’s going to get better.” I whispered, brushing her hair back.

It had lost its lustre, I could tell she was in so much pain. She had lost weight, she was beginning to look a lot like how she had when I first met her and it brought back the memories of the pain and suffering that she had experienced.

I pressed my lips to hers deeply, trying my fucking best to be gentle despite the emotions that were coursing through me. "I love you kitten, we are getting closer to fixing this." I whispered tenderly, placing another kiss on her forehead.

The veins beneath her skin pulsed and she nodded, her lips quivering. She pressed them together, nodding as she curled into me, running her hand weakly down my chest.

"I love you, my yum yum." She smiled up at me weakly and I smirked. "Just the way it should be." I whispered as she threaded her fingers into my thick locks and gently pulled my forehead to hers.

She really was the sexiest, most beautiful woman to ever exist, and one that meant the fucking world to me.

Goddess was I lucky that she was mine.

KIARA

"Mama, is it true Enrique is leaving?" Kataleya asked, sadness and worry in her eyes.

"Oh baby, who said that?" I scooped her into my arms. I didn't know she knew that. I glanced at Liam who was letting Skyla do face painting on him or so he thought, she was doing a full face of make-up. I may have lost my memory, but in the short time I've spent with her, I realised she was not to be trusted. Strangely when she had asked him if she could do a Spiderman face painting on him, he agreed and sat on the floor... But he was currently turning out to look more like a clown with garish make-up. 1

I looked back at the girl in my lap, brushing my fingers through her hair. These were my children, no matter what else was true or not, I could feel it. I kissed her forehead softly,

"Tell me who told you that?" I repeated. "Enrique said it this morning before he left the table at breakfast, that he's happy he's leaving in three days." She whispered. I looked into her worry-filled eyes and sighed. "Yes, we are sending him somewhere safe though. He's going to be ok." "But his papa will hurt him." I could sense she was getting really worked up, the pain in her eyes for the boy was breaking my heart. She had suffered too, but she was still worried about another. "We won't let his father hurt him anymore. I promise." I said confidently and I meant it. She seemed a little at ease at that and nodded.

"Promise?"

“Pinkie promise.” I vowed, raising my pinkie finger. She giggled as we sealed our pinkie promise. “I trust Mama and Daddy.” “Uncle stop scrunching your eye!” Skyla scolded. “Princess, you poked me twice.” He replied. “Oh, don’t be a baby, you’re such a scaredy puppy!” ? I felt sorry for him, but he seemed to be used to the treatment, trying not to flinch as Skyla dabbed bright purple to his lids and then added some glitter. My eyes widened as I realised that was nail polish!

“Skyla, that’s not for eyes!” I exclaimed, startled.

“But it’s more glittery.” She responded, glancing at me. “But it’s not good for eyes.” I repeated. “He’ll heal if it gets in his eyes. Don’t worry, Mama.” She reassured me with a sly smile.

Well if I had any doubt that Alejandro wasn’t my mate, it was gone. She had the same wicked

smile as her father. 5

Father... My stomach fluttered, remembering our moment earlier on. Goddess, he was a dangerous temptation... “Glitter? But Spiderman has no glitter... What are you doing Sky?” Liam asked, opening his eyes suspiciously. 1 “Just trust me.”

He wasn’t going to fall for that, was he? “Ok...”

He did. Wow.

Dante snickered and I looked over to where he was sitting with Ahren, who was watching something on the tablet.

“Uncle, I would think you would have learned from living with Azura that you should not trust girls.”. 2

“I’m trusting you, Skyla. Go less on the glitter...” Liam warned, opening his eyes a little. I felt sorry for him when he was going to have to remove that nail varnish from his eyes... Didn’t he realise by the smell what it was or wasn’t he worried? My poor simple brother.

“Uncle, you look pretty.” Kataleya added before she patted my arm. “Mama... before Enrique leaves, will you ask him to talk to me? Please?” My stomach twisted; I didn’t miss how he seemed to get angry when he saw her or how he ignored her, and it broke my heart. I understood she wanted to see him, but would he just be hurtful to her? Looking into those dark eyes full of sadness, I knew I had to try.

I cupped her face and nodded.

“Ok, my little angel, I will try.” I promised, placing a soft kiss on her forehead. “Can you ask him soon?”

The need to talk to him, the despera

on in her eyes, was so obvious that I nodded.

“Ok. I’ll go ask him now.” “Thank you, Mama!” The sound of crying came from the hallway. Sienna!

I stood up, rushing out, only to see the boy Leo, or more like Mini Alejandro, crouch down as he picked up the one-year-old who had tumbled over. 1 It seemed all the Rossi’s were easily noticeable, they had their similarities.

“You should be watching her.” He said coldly, glancing at Claire who had hurried out of the playroom after the little girl.

“I’m so sorry.”

“It’s ok, Claire.” I smiled gently, knowing she looked terrified.

Leo looked at the little girl who watched him, her eyes wide with terror. “Who is she?” He asked me, flicking a strand of her curls out of her face and raising his eyebrows questioningly at her, only making her lips quiver. “She’s my daughter.”

Leo and I both turned, seeing Rayhan standing on the stairs. His eyes were sharp as he stared at his cousin... 1

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KIARA

Leo’s eyes seemed to turn even colder as he glanced at the girl in his arms.

“Your daughter...” A dangerous smirk crossed his face, making my own heart race.

“Come here, si.” Rayhan came down the stairs, walking towards Leo, only for the younger man to step back and hold up a finger warningly.

“What’s the rush, scared I’ll hurt her? I guess she is in my hold...” “Leo.” Rayhan’s voice was menacing and cold, his eyes flashing green as he glared at his cousin in a clear warning.

What was wrong with them? The thick tension in the air was scaring me, what do I do?

Suddenly, Leo threw the girl in the air, making me gasp, although it was only a foot in the air it was obvious he was trying to rile Rayhan up. Rayhan lunged to catch her, but Leo pushed him back, catching the girl, who now burst into tears. It hadn't been a high throw, but it was obvious she was terrified and that Leo was taunting Rayhan.

'Alejandro! We need you at the mansion! Now!' I called through the link, unsure what else to do.

"Bastard!" Rayhan hissed, grabbing his daughter from Leo's arms and shoving the younger man back roughly. "This is not a fucking joke!" 'Coming.' I was relieved Alejandro didn't question me and was coming. I heard footsteps behind me only to see Liam, Kataleya and Skyla approaching. "Go inside, girls." I commanded, wondering if I should take the crying child from Rayhan, as Leo laughed sadistically. Both girls hesitated before Skyla nodded and pulled Kataleya away. "Don't worry, unlike you, I don't target the innocent." Leo replied coldly, his laughter vanishing as he stared at Rayhan with pure hatred. "Don't ever fucking think you can do that again. Touch my kids one more time and I will fucking." "And you will what? If you want to kill me, you need to do it now whilst I'm still wolf-less, 'cos once I shift..." He left his threat hanging, raising his arms as if inviting Rayhan to attack him.

Mustering my courage together, I hurried over, hoping Rayhan trusted me and took the crying child from his arms. To my surprise, he let her go and I stroked her hair backing away from the two men.

"There, there, princess, it's going to be ok." I whispered, hurrying back to where Liam stood with a face full of make-up as he watched the two men sharply.

Come to think of it, his eyes weren't the shade I remembered, weren't they meant to be cerulean blue? Why were they that dark, magnetic blue? And that scar... "Just a fake, he isn't the real Liam.' A voice whispered in my head, making my heart thunder as

I pushed the terrifying through away." "Don't try me Leo-" The front door slammed open. "What the fuck is going on?" Alejandro's cold voice came, and I had never been more relieved to see him.

He stood at the front door, his large frame filling it with his Beta Darien just behind him.

"Nothing at all." Leo smirked. "Either he leaves from here or I do. I'm not keeping my family here unless he's fucking gone." Rayhan's voice was calm, yet the anger in it sent a chill down my spine. "What's this, making Alejandro choose between blood? Well, that's not a hard choice, of course he'll choose the son of the oh-so-perfect Rafael Rossi." Leo taunted.

“What happened?” Alejandro repeated, his eyes simmering red, ignoring Leo’s remark. “Your favourite will fill you the fuck in, whilst I’ll make it easier for you and leave. You don’t need to pretend to care.” Leo replied, ignoring Alejandro. I rocked the girl in my arm, relieved she had calmed down, her tiny heartbeat still rapid.

“Leo.” Marcel’s voice came from behind Alejandro and Darien.

“Come Dad, grovel at their feet.” Leo shot back before pushing past Alejandro roughly. “I won’t be joining you.” I looked at Liam, who if the situation hadn’t been so dire would have made me giggle. He looked concerned and when I turned to Alejandro, I didn’t miss the look of pain and torment in his eyes.

The urge to go over to him almost took over, but what was I meant to say?

“How about we sit down and talk this shit out?” He suggested now, turning to glance at his nephew, who was almost out the door.

“How about you deal with that?” Leo countered, cocking a brow towards the ceiling.

He turned, throwing something incredibly fast, aiming it at the lighting fixture on the ceiling. I saw the flash of silver and I quickly turned my back, my every instinct telling me to protect the child in my arm just as the entire thing came crashing down with a huge clang, the glass shattering. I felt a surge of aura surround me and looked up to see Liam had raised some sort of blue force-field, stopping any of the glass from touching me. Once again, that sliver of doubt flittered through ‘me. Was this Liam?

I looked around at the hall; the anger in Rayhan’s eyes, the way Alejandro was frowning, the look on Marcel’s face... The family had appeared so perfect... but it was clear it wasn’t...

Once again, the terrifying doubt that this was all an illusion overcame me, I didn’t realise I had stepped back until Alejandro called me. “Amore Mio, are you ok?” My eyes snapped up to him and I nodded. Just then, Rayhan came over, taking his daughter from me.

“Ray, a word?” Alejandro called after him as he made to go upstairs.

“Not right now.” Came his quiet yet dangerous reply. Alejandro ran his hand through his hair and looked at Liam, sighing in frustration.

“The fuck you meant to be?” He asked, and I wasn’t able to stop the giggle.

“Spiderman.” Liam replied with a small sheepish smile.

“You mean Glitterman or some shit?” Alejandro raised an eyebrow, whilst Darien hid a smirk. 3

“Yeah, sky got a little carried away.” Liam bunched his shirt up and began wiping his face, flinching when he saw the purple and pink make-up transferred onto it. Oh, if only he saw the nail polish... Some was in his eyebrows too...

Alejandro shook his head, “I will never get how the fuck you let these girls walk all over you.”

“I think you do too...” Darien remarked, earning a glare from Alejandro, who now turned to Marcel.

“Don’t let it bother you, they’re just kids, they’ll argue and shit all the time. Come on, I’ll get Claire to bring us something to drink.” He said, slapping his brother’s shoulder. “It’s not a light matter, Alejandro. He must have done something to trigger Rayhan like that.” Marcel mused gravely. “Yeah...” Alejandro agreed. All eyes turned on me, and I felt a rush of nervousness as Alejandro approached me, reminding me of a predator advancing on his prey... “Care to share what exactly went down, Amore Mio?” I looked at the other three men, Liam gave me a small encouraging smile. Pushing that niggling doubt regarding him away, I turned to Alejandro, taking a deep breath, ready to tell them what had happened..

It was later in the day, I finally managed to get a moment alone and I was planning on speaking to Enrique as I had promised Kataleya. Alejandro’s mood had darkened when he learned that Leo had taunted Rayhan by throwing his daughter up in the air, even though it was clear he had no intention of harming her, yet he had scared her and succeeded in riling Rayhan up.

Marcel had been apologetic, but Alejandro had told him not to blame himself, Maria had tried to smooth things over. I felt dreadful for saying what happened in front of him, I didn’t know he’d feel so guilty. Rayhan had avoided everyone, his mother said to give him some space.

My own doubt had eased, I could sense when someone lied and I had to remember Alejandro had not lied to me, not once had he hid anything from me or had I sensed him lying. I decided I would tell him about the voice I had heard in my head later. I knocked on the door to Enrique’s bedroom before opening the door and stepping inside. The boy was standing by the window, his arms behind his back, head straight up and shoulders squared. My heart ached for him. When his hazel eyes met mine, all I could see was a child who had

suffered so much.

“Hey.” I said, smiling softly as I entered, leaving the door slightly ajar. “Can I help you, Queen Luna?” He asked, his voice sounding dead. Must he leave? Couldn’t I keep him and take care of him? He needed to be loved and nurtured...

I smiled, not wanting him to notice how I was feeling, knowing he hated pity.

“I have actually come with a request today.” I explained gently, taking a seat at the edge of the bed.

He waited for me to speak, I looked up at him. “It’s about Kataleya.” Instantly a frown flashed on his face. “What now?”

“Before you leave, will you talk to her?”

His anger seemed to rise and he turned away from me, his heart beating fast as he glared out of the window.

“No. I never want to see her or speak to her ever again.”

“Please? Enrique, she really just wants to speak to you, just once?” I pleaded. “Will you force me to speak to her?” He asked icily.

I shook my head.,

“No, but I’m begging you, as a mother. Please, just speak to her once. You won’t see each other again. Do you think you could find it inside of you to fulfil her one wish?” I whispered, joining my hands together in front of me, a sudden overwhelming sense of Deja Vu filled me and I brushed it away. 11

“I hate her.” He hissed. “If she comes before me, I won’t be nice to her, so it’s your choice.” I felt a sharp pang of pain, but I nodded, I couldn’t force him to. “Ok... Could you at least be patient with her?” I asked gently. “I can’t promise anything. The Chica should realise we are not friends. I don’t even want to see her. She’s just a useless Chica, one who annoys me!” ‘Luna, princess Kataleya, is outside.’ My heart thudded as I closed my eyes. I hadn’t sensed her... ‘Ok...’

ATTUTELLA, MUTTA

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“Ok, I will let her make the decision.” I replied defeated, standing up. “Thank you.” I left the room, shutting the door after me just in time to see her little head of sandy brown hair vanish around the corner. I closed my eyes, leaning against the wall, not even noticing the guards who stood there. The only thought in my head was that she had heard his every word... Knowing that it only broke her pure little heart a little more...

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King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

Chapter 45

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 45 A Goodbye

KATALEYA

I ran down the stairs quickly before Mama caught me listening, my tears spilling down my cheeks. Why did Enrique hate me so much? Was it because his papa took his hand off because of me?

I clamped my hand over my mouth, rounding the corner as I stifled a sob, only to knock into Daddy and almost fall back. I got to my feet, ready to run away when he caught hold of my arms, kneeling down in front of me.

“What’s wrong, princess?”

I shook my head, flinging my arms around his neck and sobbing into his arms. He picked me up and I clung to him. I know Dante calls me a baby when Daddy carries me, but I’m sad.

“It’s going to be fucking ok.” He stroked my hair, and I closed my eyes, inhaling his smell.” Tell me what happened?”

Safe. I was safe with Daddy.

I slowly moved back, staring at him, I needed to be brave and strong.

“Nothing Daddy, I’m a brave girl.” I whispered, brushing away my tears with one hand. “My girl is fucking brave. Always remember that.” I nodded, playing with the chains around his neck

“Yes. I will.”

And I will talk to Enrique, even if he doesn’t want to talk to me, I will make him see me because this was my last chance to thank him and say goodbye. Forever.

Dinner was over, everyone usually went to the living room and Enrique would go to his room, not wanting to spend time with us.

Rayhan was still angry, over what happened earlier with Leo I think, so everyone was very quiet. I pretended to play in the playroom with Sky, Sienna, and Ahren, but I could

hear Uncle Marcel asking Enrique about Puerto Rico in the entrance hall, that's where Enrique was from.

I took the chance to sneak away when Clara wasn't looking. They never noticed when I snuck away because they couldn't hear me. I needed to go before Enrique. I quietly made my way upstairs and hurried to my room to grab the present I had made him; I then ran down the hall and slipped into Enrique's room before he came up. Otherwise, the guards would find out I was there. They only guarded the room when Enrique was in it.

I looked around the room, panicking. Where do I hide? I didn't ask Mama about talking to him because I heard what he said earlier. If I was stubborn and said I wanted to talk to him, it would only hurt Mama even more because she would stay with me, and I know Enrique was

going to be angry.

I heard the door handle turn and hurried into the bathroom, clutching my present to my heart. I heard him shut the door and sigh. Should I go out? I peeped through the gap, watching

Enrique walk over to the window and stare out at the moon.

He looked sad. The angry face he makes wasn't there, it made me unhappy that he looked so lonely and sad...

He turned, glancing towards the bathroom door. I quickly hid behind it, my heart racing. I heard him approaching and then he pushed the door open, roughly stepping into the bathroom and looking around.

This was my chance. Taking a deep breath, I pushed the door shut just when he turned to look behind the door. He became so angry when he saw me and was about to grab the door handle, but I stood in front of it, blocking his way. "Please don't ignore me." I pleaded softly.

Please.

"What do you want?" He frowned, crossing his arms. My heart ached, as I looked at my shoes. "I wanted to say I'm happy you are going to be safe. I -" "Hurry up!" He snapped, making me jump. Don't cry. "O-ok. ... I'm sorry you suffered because of me, if I could turn back time, I wouldn't have allowed you to bring me food. I wouldn't have let you get hurt, I wish-" "If I could turn back time, I wish I had never met you!" He hissed, his anger burning in his eyes.

I nodded.

"I know." I whispered. It hurt. "The thing is, we can't change the past, but I can look to the future. Stay away from me. I hate you; I hate the fact that I ever met you. You were nothing but a bad mistake. You cost me my entire future; I hate you! I should have left you to die!" He shouted.

My lips quivered, but I simply nodded, agreeing to his every word. He was right, it should have been me who lost my hand, not him. It was my fault. If I could give my hand, I would.

"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry." I whispered. "I wish I could make it up to you."

"If you want to make it up to me, don't ever talk to me again, because talking to you makes it hurt even more! You destroyed everything; don't you get it? Seeing you hurts me! I hate remembering what happened, because of you!" I flinched, brushing my tears away as I stared at him.

If this was what he wanted, then I would do that.

The little pouch with the crystal necklace I had made almost slipped from my fingertips.

"Ok, I promise that I will never speak to you again," I whispered. "Then leave me alone now!" He hissed. I swallowed, staring at my little pouch, but I wasn't

brave enough to give it to him. "GET OUT!"

I jumped, dropping the pouch and pulling open the door, I fled before my tears fell. I rushed from the room, ignoring the guards who called out to me. I just wanted to be alone. I reached my bedroom and rushed inside, curling up on my bed and sobbing quietly.

I'm so sorry Enrique, for ruining your life... I'm not sure when Skyla came and saw me crying or when Mama came and held me. All I remember is Enrique screaming at me to get out, all I had to remember him by was that little piece of torn fabric. I will always keep that. The pain had become stronger, I felt strange. It was hard to breathe... It hurt but I also couldn't feel anything else either.

What was happening to me? 3

ALEJANDRO I had not been fucking expecting Kat to sneak into the fucker's room and try to talk to him. Whatever he said to her had made her cry for hours. Only about ten minutes ago did Kiara say she had calmed down and fallen asleep.

As much as I wanted to sort the pup out for upsetting her, it was fucking complicated. Her infatuation with him fucking worried me too, once gone, it was going to be fucking

easier. She needed to get over her guilt, and the best way was for her to forget him. They both needed to heal, and time would do that. More like I fucking hoped it would. I now looked at the fucker in front of me. He was smart, that was for sure, despite being a mouthy dickhead.

“Want to say something?” Leo asked, as he clicked away at the keyboard. He had spent the last two hours hooking up several screens to his own laptop, which he had brought along. I raised an eyebrow at the image of the busty woman in a barely-there bikini, that was covering his entire screen. “Sexy, isn’t she?” He asked.

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“Far from it.” I replied.

The fuck was hot about her? She was a fake as fuck, silicon walking plastic doll. “I’m sure you wouldn’t say that if you were single.” He gave me a humourless smirk before he pulled up some windows. Fucking kids. “I do want to say something actually. What you did to Sienna... You don’t mess with kids. Do that shit again and I won’t just stand by.” I growled, resisting the urge to smack his head.

“I tossed her up, just like I’d do any of the kids back home. I wasn’t going to fucking hurt her. “He cast me a scathing look, his icy blue eyes rolling irritatingly.

“Yeah? But you did it to piss Rayhan off. It was fucking wrong to use a pup like that. She’s fucking one.”

“Yeah, I did, and?” 1

.

“You need to allow him to explain his reasons, Leo.” “I don’t need to allow him shit. The wanker fucking thinks he’s some sort of big shot.” He sneered, sitting back as he carried on working. “If you want me to do this, I need you to stop fucking bothering me.” He glanced up at me and I knew he was at the edge of snapping. “Hatred and bitterness won’t get you far... We all make mistakes... but sometimes try to understand what the cause behind those actions are.” “I could say the same.” His voice was quiet and dangerously level now, and I could feel the anger rising from him. I ran my hand through my hair. How do I tell him what Delsanra had fucking been through? I had seen some of her memories and they fucking made me sick. The thing is, Leo refused to fucking listen. “One day, you’ll realise what he did. When you find your mate and realise that you’d destroy the world for her, that’s when you’ll realise that he didn’t do anything wrong. I saw some of her memories... what she suffered... I wouldn’t wish it on anyone.” I explained quietly. He didn’t react, and I didn’t wait for a reply, knowing I wouldn’t get one, leaving him to do his job but mind linking two of my men to keep an eye on him. I was not having him walk around the pack alone, not after that fucking stunt he had pulled with Sienna.

I returned to the mansion that was silent. The hallway had been cleaned up and someone would fix the light tomorrow. I had examined the weapon he had used, very thin and extremely sharp. Something like this could slice through someone's neck if thrown with enough force... Leo would shift soon when he turned eighteen, and I didn't want to think of the chances that the darkness within him might grow...

I headed to my room, needing Kiara, I just wanted to fucking hold her and kiss her senseless. She was the only thing that kept me fucking sane. The anger I was feeling inside towards this Crimson King and Djinn was only growing with every passing day. I entered our bedroom, but she wasn't there, I glanced around before deciding to take a shower first. I entered the bathroom, the smell of her shampoo and body wash lingering. I stripped, stepping into the shower that was still wet. 'Where are you?' I asked her. Since she had showered, it meant that she had been in here not long ago. 'I was making us some hot chocolate...' 'Came her hesitant reply.

I smirked.

'Sounds fucking good.'

Although the only thing that smelt of chocolate that I wanted was her... My dick twitched and the urge to wank off to her was fucking tempting. The only problem was that she had ruined that for me. She was all that I fucking wanted to get me off... I heard the bedroom door open, and then the key turned in the lock. I smirked, a thought coming to me. I finished showering quickly, grabbing a towel, but instead of wrapping it

around me, I quickly wiped myself down, glancing down at my fucking hard-on. I was probably going to scare the fuck out of her... But who fucking cares. I left the bathroom, towel in hand, it just about covered my dick and I smirked, spotting her bent over as she plugged her phone into the charger. To my surprise, she was clad in a black silk nightgown and, from the way she was bent over, I could see she was only wearing a thong underneath... The fuck was she trying to do to me? "Nice view." She turned startled, tugging at the hem of her gown, which only resulted in making the fabric strain against her nipples. Fuck she looked too fucking hot. Her eyes flew open when they landed on my body, I tilted my head smirking as I stood in front of her naked, the towel in my hand only covering my raging cock.

I heard her breath hitch as her gaze skimmed my body. She swallowed, biting her lip as her gaze lingered on my towel.

"What's wrong, Amore Mio?" I asked, walking towards her.

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"Nothing at all." She replied defiantly, despite her pounding heart and the tell-tale sign that I was getting to her when she pressed her thighs together. "Really? Because

seeing you like this is fucking turning me on..." I murmured huskily, taking hold of her chin just as I let down the barrier on my emotions.

Letting her feel exactly how I was feeling. How much I wanted to fuck her and how much she fucking meant to me. She gasped, almost stumbling backwards if I didn't catch her. "Al... Alejandro..." She whispered shakily, her eyes widening when she felt my cock press against her through the towel between us. "Fuck..." Yeah, fuck is the right term, baby.

Her heart was pounding, so I reined in my own storm of emotions, not wanting them to influence her. If she wanted me, I wanted it to be of her own accord. I looked into the beautiful eyes of my fucking queen and just then the scent of her arousal filled the air, making my eyes simmer red.

The hunger and desire within me threatened to unleash themselves.

"Wait... I... There's something I need to tell you first." She whispered, her hand going to my shoulder, her heart thundering as she looked up into my eyes. It was taking my fucking all not to kiss her right now.

"What the fuck is it?"

"Earlier, I heard a voice in my head." And just like that, my mood changed, the harsh reality of what she had just said hit me like a fucking freight train...