

# King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

## Chapter 46

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 46 This Fire Between Us

KIARA We had been talking for the last twenty minutes. He had explained everything about Liam to me, and now I felt stupid for even assuming that it wasn't him.

However, the most distracting thing was that he was sitting on the bed with the towel loosely draped over his manhood. It was so distracting, and I was doing my best not to stare. He was a work of art, one covered with so many tattoos that I wanted to trace my finger over every single one. How low did they go...

My cheeks flushed and I didn't miss the smirk on his face, almost as if he knew what I was thinking.

He raised one leg slightly, resting his arm on it making my attention instantly go to his muscular thigh.

Goddess, this man was made to sin...

I scanned the room instead, brushing my fingers through my hair, feeling a little jittery. "Any more questions, Amore Mio?" He asked.

I looked into his dark eyes and shook my head, before staring at his chest, where I realised my name was tattooed on his left breast.

"When did you get that?" I asked, staring at the words. 'My Nympho Queen Kiara, ruler of my heart, body and soul.'

"When Dante was just a pup, I got his name on my wrist and the girl's names on the other." He held his arms out and I leaned forward taking a look. Indeed, on one wrist it read Dante alongside numerous other tattoos, and on the other arm, he had both girls, with Skyla's name just above Katalaya's.

He had been nothing but truthful, and I believed him. I nodded, reaching over and tracing my finger over my name on his chest, trying to ignore the incredible sparks that rushed through me at our touch.

"What worries me, is the strong doubt that fills me so quickly that all logic seems to fly out the window." I mused, glancing up at his glowing red eyes staring back at me. "Then

next time when that shit happens, mind link me straight up.” He said, stretching his muscled arm and running his fingers through his hair. My gaze fell to the towel.

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Goddess...

“So... How about you give in to your temptation and remove this fucking towel? We both know you want to.”

My eyes widened, and if I wasn't red before, my face was absolutely heated up now. I tossed my hair, swallowing hard.

“I do not.” I lied.

“I don't need your fucking ability to know you're lying. So how about you come here, and I'll

give you a taster of exactly how we fucked.”

He didn't wait for a reply, reaching over, he grabbed me by my elbows and yanked me into his lap. I gasped, feeling his hard cock beneath the towel press against my pussy. “Aren't you getting a little ahead?” I asked, although my entire body and my mind were saying to just kiss him. “Who the fuck cares?” He murmured, his hand threading into my hair and yanking me close. His other arm snaked around my waist, his face inches from mine, making my heart thump wildly.

Did I care? I looked into that handsome face. No one looked as sexy as the man before me. To hell with consequences. 1

“Not me.” I whispered, locking my arms around his neck. We both leaned in and our lips met in a sizzling kiss that made my core throb with intense pleasure.

Fuck I should have kissed him the moment I woke up and saw him... This felt so... There were no words to describe the intense pleasure that consumed me. I whimpered, my entire body aching for more.

His kiss was rough, passionate, and fuelled with a hunger. Dominating me entirely, I kissed him back with equal passion and desire. Not holding back the moan that left my lips, arching my back, as I pressed myself against his chest, twisting one hand into his hair. ‘Fuck, Alejandro.’ I whimpered through the link as his tongue plunged into my mouth. It felt... natural. Our bodies moved together, as one. He let go of my hair and my stomach knotted as he began to undo the belt on my gown. I know we have been together... but this... I gasped for air, trying to avoid the hammering in my chest when he yanked me close and kissed me in the crook of my neck. My eyes flew open and I

felt a flare of heat rush through me. He ripped the gown off me, his fingers digging into my back as he ran them up and down my back, leaving sparks of pleasure in his wake.

Suddenly the urge to pull away ripped through me, but instead I dug my nails into Alejandro's shoulders, breathing hard.

What was going on?

THE

'Don't trust him.'

I gasped, ripping away from him as if I had been burnt.

"Amore Mio..."

"The voice." I whispered, my heart thundering as I stared at him.

AT

His eyes narrowed and I could feel his anger.

"It's trying to keep us apart..." His anger was palpable, and I could feel it through the bond too. He wasn't wrong. My instincts were telling me one thing, and this voice was telling me another...

"Then how about we ignore it, and you fuck me so hard I can't focus on anything but you?" I whispered, getting onto my knees. I reached behind and unhooked my bra, slowly letting it

slide off my boobs before I tossed it to the floor.

His eyes darkened with lust, his eyes on my breasts as I ran my hand through my hair enjoying his attention on me.

"Sounds like a fucking good plan." He growled sexily, making my core knot with anticipation.

"Then drop the towel, my sexy king, and show me exactly what I'm missing." I whispered, crawling towards him just as he picked up the towel and tossed it to the ground right next to my discarded gown. "Goddess..."

My core knotted as I stared at his huge cock. I licked my lips, desire enveloping me as it throbbed, its thick long length making me moan. I wrapped my hand around it, just as he yanked me forward, kissing me hard once more.

Passion and fire, he consumed me.

His kisses were fuelled with so much passion that I soon became dizzy in the throes of pleasure that made me feel like I was in heaven. How does one forget something like this? I pumped his dick in my hand, rubbing my thumb over his tip, spreading the beads of pre cum that had already escaped. I wanted to taste him, but he was in control. Yanking my hand away, he pushed me back on the bed, his hand around my throat whilst his other one squeezed my breast, pinching my nipple painfully.

I whimpered, the mix of pain and pleasure only making me wetter. Fuck, he was good. He kissed me down my neck, his hands running down my waist, placing kisses down my breast, sucking hard in between. Those would leave a mark.

He ran his tongue down the centre of my stomach, making me gasp, when his fingers slid my thong down, placing kisses along my pubic bone.

“Fuck, I missed this pussy.”

I blushed, but despite his crude words, it only made me hornier. Tangling my hand into his hair, I closed my eyes as he pushed my legs apart and ran his tongue along my entrance.

“Fuck!” I groaned, arching my back.

His hands squeezed my ass, as he continued to lick my pussy, flicking my clit. Just when I didn't think he could make me feel any better, he thrust two fingers into me.

“That's it, baby girl, enjoy it.” He looked up at me, his gaze roaming over my breasts before I pulled him up kissing him hungrily, scraping my fingers down his chest, rubbing my thumb over his nipple. He grabbed my hand, kissing my wrist before pinning it to the bed. “Hands to yourself, Amore Mio.” He smirked, kissing me roughly on the lips just as he slipped a finger into my ass. “Alejandro!”

“Relax... You've had a lot more than a finger up there.” He whispered in my ear.

“I... Fuck!”

Goddess, it felt so good... I didn't hold back the cries of pleasure as I dropped back onto the bed and Alejandro went down on me, flicking and sucking on my clit as his fingers penetrated me hard and fast.

My orgasm was building, the pleasure ready to explode.

“That's it, fuck Alejandro! Faster! Ouch fuck!” I cried out. The delicious sensation of my release coursed through me, I screamed as my entire body trembled. He didn't let up, licking my clit as he thrust his fingers harder, hitting my G-spot as my juices leaked out.

“Goddess...” I gasped, dropping back onto the bed as Alejandro slipped his fingers out, delivering a sharp tap to my ass. “Fuck, you are one hot nympho.” He murmured huskily, grabbing me by the neck and kissing me hard.

I could taste myself on his lips and it only made me want more.

‘Fuck me.’ I whispered through the bond. His reply was to grab me by the ass, lifting me off the bed, and instead pinned me up against the wall beside it.

“Now I’ll fuck you so hard you’ll be begging me to stop.”

“Then fuck me.” I murmured sensually, claiming his lips once more in a sizzling kiss.

I gasped as he rammed into me without warning. For a moment, I couldn’t breathe, feeling the pressure in my lower back as I accommodated him. “What are you, a beast?” I giggled breathlessly, kissing his neck. “Yeah, your fucking beast.” He replied, kissing my neck as he began fucking me. He was right, he fucked like a beast, and I loved it. My entire body rippled with pleasure, each thrust hitting my g-spot and knocking the breath from me.

When a quiet moan escaped his lips, I bit my lip, fuck it sounded so good to know he was enjoying this just as much. The sounds of skin against skin and our breathless sounds of pleasure filled the room. Just when I felt myself nearing once more, he sped up chasing his own release.

I felt something in my mind once more, but this time it seemed to be struggling to make its presence known.

“What is it?” Alejandro breathed, fucking me harder.

“Mark me.” I commanded, my heart pounding, feeling a searing pain in my head. The urge to rip away from Alejandro was consuming me, and the moment I spoke those words, it only grew.

“Now!” I whimpered.

He didn’t argue, biting into my neck right on top of the mark that already adorned my neck.

I screamed as a storm of sensations filled me. His release matched mine as our orgasms tore through us, but alongside it, I felt the pleasure from my neck wash through me like a wave of pure water, bathing my mind in a coolness and with it I felt as if something inside of me snapped.

My eyes flew open, my head feeling lighter as I stared at him the moment he moved back, breathing hard.

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re Bottween Us

“What the fuck happened?” He asked, he was still inside of me. Even when he wasn’t hard, he was an incredible size and I could feel him getting hard again. “I...I think you marking me shut that voice out... but time will tell...” I whispered.

He frowned, before exhaling and pressing his forehead against mine.

“Fuck, Amore Mio...”

“Mmm... well... I was thinking... since I’ve forgotten a lot...” I pouted, caressing the back of his neck.

“Yeah?”

“Why don’t you show me what else you can do?” I blinked coquettishly, running my fingers into his hair as I bit my lip.

“That’s my girl.” He growled, grabbing my neck as his lips claimed mine once again... 1

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 47**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 47 A Past Forgotten

ALEJANDRO

“Harder baby!” She moaned.

The shower water poured down on us as I had her pushed up against the tiled walls, one hand tangled in her hair, the other hooked around her lush thigh as I fucked her ass hard from behind.

The pleasure that I had been deprived of was now rushing through me, as I stared at her ass which was covered in welts and bruises from our night of sex. We had crashed at one point, but I had woken up to Kiara on top of me, my cock in her mouth looking so fucking sexy, and that had awoken the beast within me all over again. Now we had come to shower, but seeing that ass of hers sticking up so fucking sexily had fucked me over completely, and that’s how we ended up banging against the shower wall.

“Fuck!” She screamed and I could feel my own orgasm close. I reached around, shoving two fingers into her pussy as I continued to fuck her in the ass. “I’m going to come, ah!” She moaned hornily.

“Then come for me.” I growled, yanking her back and biting into her neck just as she cried out in pleasure, triggering my own release, as I shot my load into that ass of hers. Catching her body against my chest as she caught her breath.

Her neck was a mess of bites, so I slowly ran my tongue along the latest bite. Fuck she looked a mess, but I fucking loved it. There was not a part of her that I hadn’t left my mark. Even now, exhausted as she clung to me, the fire in her eyes remained.

“Seems like I’ve reawakened the goddess within you.” I murmured, kissing those sore lips of hers.

She kissed me back, staring up at me with lust-coated eyes. “One that can’t resist you.” She whispered, placing a kiss on my neck “Just as I can’t fucking resist you, but if I fuck you one more time, I don’t think you’ll be able to hold up.” I murmured, squeezing her breasts. She smiled, closing her eyes and resting her head back against me. “I will get my memories back, won’t I?” She asked after a moment. “Yeah, you will.”

And I fucking meant it.

I had left her to sleep whilst I went to train, Darien had taken photos of the pup for a fake passport. I was currently with Leo who had spent the night at headquarters. “So, got anything?” “Maybe.” He said dropping his legs to the floor and clicking something on his laptop. “As far

as it comes to the Escarra name, there’s plenty of shit. They aren’t a pack with the cleanest record in businesses, it may involve drugs and shit. Anyhow, something else interesting did actually come up but I don’t know if it is of any use.”

He threw a knife up in the air, catching it between his teeth, before sitting forward and pulling up a few files. “What is that?”

He placed the knife into the side of his boot. How many weapons did he carry?

“The Escarra’s had dealings with a certain company called Lupo XII Rossi over a hundred years ago. Not sure if it rings any bell, but it’s a coincidence, ain’t it?”

I frowned bending down, I had not heard of any such company... but it was too much to be a coincidence.

“Lupo. That’s not a coincidence.” “Yeah, the Rossi’s are originally from Italy, correct?” “Yeah, obviously, it was our great great grandfather who moved here after his pack was destroyed or some shit.”

“So how many years ago on estimate would you say?” “Over a hundred and fifty. Would you be able to find anything about that company?” “Already did. There’s nothing on the public domain, but if you dig further and get past some security systems, you will find that it was an arms company that was actually funding the Italian Mafia or some shit. Then enter the Escarra Enterprise, apparently there was a ‘dealing’ and the Escarra bought out the Lupo XII Rossi. Then listen to this, this all happened around one hundred and forty years back.”

Around the time the Rossi’s moved to England... The fucker was smart, got to give him that.

I scanned the documents, frowning.

“So something had gone down between our ancestors and the Escarra’s...”

“Something that made the Rossi’s leave Italy and set up here. I don’t get why they’re saying there’s a debt... Unless...” Leo ran his fingers through his hair, sitting forward and picking up a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. “Want one?” “Sure. Ain’t you a tad fucking young for this shit?” I asked allowing him to light my cigarette. “Ain’t you a few years fucking late to comment on this shit?” He countered, copying my tone but sounding ten fucking times worse.

Fucker.

“Bastard.” He smirked and I narrowed my eyes, he sure fucking knew what I was thinking. He lit his own cigarette while staring at the screen.

“Unless what?” I asked, glancing back at the screen.

“Unless the Rossi’s did something to the Escarra’s regarding that takeover...”

He had a point... Why else did they run?

“You may be onto something... Well, your dad and Maria are going, we’ll see if they find anything from there. If this is the case, then the Rossi’s must have done something to have made the family forever remember it. But what exactly... Pay the debt... by the blood of the beast...”

“What else is new, the Rossi’s just take whatever the fuck they want right?” His voice was cold and bitter, I sighed.

“Look kid, I know the Rossi’s have done shit, the past is gone, but we can pave the future.”

He shook his head.

“Nothing can change, because no matter how much time passes, there’s still discrimination in every fucking aspect of life. We say we want to be open-minded, but isn’t it the same? Racism, homophobia, and prejudice still exist. We are no different, we are still ranked, not only by blood but by packs. We have the elite packs at the top, such as the Black Storm, The Nightwalkers and The Blood Moon, then we have the influential packs, the standard packs, the weak packs, and then right at the bottom, we have the Sangue Pack. Rogues. I’m right, aren’t I?”

“That’s not true Leo, the Sangue Pack is not at-”

“It is not because we haven’t progressed, or the fact that we aren’t strong enough, but because we are rogues.”

“Were rogues.” I corrected.

“We still are. A rogue pack, a pack of outcasts among regular packs.” He stood up and looked me in the eye. “We won’t ever fucking agree on this, and I don’t give a shit. Whilst you were enjoying your long night. . .” He glanced at my neck pointedly, before smirking humourlessly. “I pulled up anything I could on the Escarra and Rossi interactions, it’s all there, plus some addresses Dad can use in Puerto Rico. So whether the king loves it or not, I’m fucking out.”

He tossed the memory stick he removed from his laptop at me and snapping the laptop shut, walking out the door smoking his cigarette.

I sighed heavily. He was a smart kid. . . I just hated seeing the resentment within him. . . My phone rang, and I pulled it out of my pocket. “Yeah?” I answered, seeing whose number it was. “I hope you have a fucking answer.” “Oh, I do. I don’t think you will like it.” “Try me.”

Janaina sighed heavily. “Well to kill a Djinn. . . You need the blood of six hundred and sixty-six virgins coating a blade made of pure iron.”

I scoffed.

Was she for fucking real?

“Virgins?”

“Yes, if even one isn’t a virgin, it can ruin the entire thing. We just need about a syringe worth from each, combine them, and then dip the iron blade into it.”

“That’s it?”

“It’s not so easy.” “Sounds pretty easy to me. Now we just find virgins willing to give fucking blood.”

“They must all have hit puberty. It won’t be easy.”

“No shit sherlock, finding ten virgins is fucking hard and you’re asking me to find over six hundred.”

“You wanted answers, I found you the answers. Now listen carefully. There’s more. The price.”

“You mean the consequences of killing a Djinn...”

“Yes. The cost is...”

She hesitated, and I couldn’t deny I waited with bated breath for her next words...

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 48**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 48 The Lupo Nero Pack  
ALEJANDRO

The weight of Janaina’s words lingered in my mind. The price to pay... Well obviously, it wasn’t going to be a fucking walk in the park, but I did hope it wouldn’t come to this shit... Well, I’ll deal with that when the time comes. But for now, how the fuck do I find six hundred and sixty-six fucking virgins... Do I go round asking all the damn teens in the pack, nah I’ll come off like a fucking creep. This was fucking messed up.

I took a drag on the cigarette as I walked out of headquarters, spotting Leo leaning against the wall, as two young she-wolves talked to him. He didn’t seem to mind the attention, although he wasn’t giving them his full attention, but I guess girls loved bad boys.

What are the chances he was a virgin? I could ask him though, won’t be too fucking odd. Right? The girls saw me approaching and bowing their heads, left quickly.

Pups... “So, are you a virgin?”

The girls gasped from behind me as I looked at Leo, waiting for a reply. He gave me a withering glare, clearly pissed that I asked that. Shame, I don’t really fucking care. That got his attention, glancing at me sharply and raising an eyebrow. “Do I look like a virgin to you?” He asked coldly. “Don’t know, you might be all talk or some shit. Putting on a bad boy front or something.” He looked at me as if I had grown an extra fucking head, and I don’t fucking blame him. This conversation was weird as fuck.

“Although it’s none of your damn business, no, I’m not a virgin, but at least now I know that you were at my age.” “I sure as fuck wasn’t.” “Really? You seem to have been the most insecure dipshit around, full of self-loathing?” He mocked.

Fucker.

“Not that my sex life is your business-”

He scoffed.

“But mine is yours? Ah yeah, the double standards, right?”

I sighed. Why did he have to do this every fucking time? “No, actually it’s regarding the situation.” I glanced around, making sure we were actually alone this time. I wasn’t going to let him just carry on with that assumption. “I need the blood of six hundred and sixty-six virgins who have hit puberty to defeat the fucker.”

Leo raised an eyebrow, before snickering. “That’s fucking crazy. Where will you find that shit? I mean, if it was just blood, you could have gone around and taken it from all the pups. But resorting to asking an almost eighteen year-old? Yeah, you won’t have any luck.”

“I know, but I still wanted to try my luck, I had hope that one Rossi had kept it in his pants.” I grumbled.

This was going to be fucking hard.

“Well do what you’re best at, commanding others. Use your alpha command on your pack to have all virgins step forward.”

Not waiting for a reply, he walked off.

I frowned, I know he meant it in a mocking way, but if done properly, I could use the command to make sure that they were indeed virgins... or I could ask Raihana for help.

That might actually work...

I guess I needed to hit the archives, and see if I could find anything about the history of when the Black Storm pack was formed. Rafael had given me most of the archives, along with old history books and stuff, I had just stored them. If not here, then the ones that remained at Black Storm, may have something.

It was much later, and I was in the archive vault. Lola, Rayhan’s Beta, was searching the archives over at his pack, but so far neither of us had found shit.

The sound of heels reached my ears, I didn't need to turn or smell who it was to know it was my nympho.

Her scent was strongly mixed with mine thanks to the intense night of sex. I turned as she knocked on the open door.

"Hey." She smiled, her cheeks flushed a gorgeous pink.

"Hey." Dressed in a black long-sleeved fitted dress and black sheer tights, I knew it was to hide the mess I had made. Her hair was left open and she was wearing make-up. On her feet, she wore red heels that matched the red on her lips. "Can I come in?" "You don't need to ask for permission, Amore Mio."

She smiled and walked over, holding out the large mug of coffee.

"I thought you might want a drink?" She said with a pout, her heart racing as she looked away from my intense gaze.

I smirked.

"The only thing I want is you." I placed the book down, snaking an arm around her waist and bending down, kissing her deeply. Her breath hitched before she kissed me back slowly, whimpering slightly. Fuck, I could do her all over again, but I had to give her a break and find these fucking answers too.

Forcing myself back, I looked her over, my eyes lingering on her tits. "Thanks for the fucking coffee." I took it from her grip, amused that she was blushing despite being naughty as fuck all night long. "What are we looking for? I could help." She suggested, ruffling her long locks. "We're looking for when the Black Storm Pack was founded and anything to do with events that took place around one hundred and fifty years ago." I replied. Nodding, she turned to the shelves, walking to the end and began looking at the book names. Damn, I'm glad to have her back. Even if she didn't have her memory of us, at least we had come together once again. Another half an hour passed, and the dust was fucking pissing me off. We still hadn't found any fucking answers.

"Uncle, it's Ri."

I turned to see Rayhan holding his phone out. There was no connection in here, so I strode over to him.

"Nothing from Lola?"

"Not yet, but Ri was adamant to talk to you." Rayhan replied, but it was obvious he wasn't impressed.

“Oh, stop acting like I’m wasting your time, I’m offended.” Raihana’s voice came. I took the phone from Rayhan, looking at the screen where Raihana was seated on a sofa, giving me a small wave.

“What do you want?” “That’s not a nice way to greet me, uncle, especially when I’m here with information.” She replied, rolling her eyes as she admired her nails. “But if you don’t want to know... Fine, I have better things to do with my time.” “Alright, don’t be a damn diva. What the fuck do you know?” “Ask nicely.” She replied, smirking.

This woman...

Chris appeared from behind, placing his hands on her shoulders, and she tilted her head back

to kiss him.

“I’m covered in fucking dust, and I’m pissed as fuck. Spill.” I growled.

“Please?” Ri persisted.

“Be nice.” Kiara whispered. Her words made my heart fucking race.

Be nice.

Something she always fucking said to me... Turning back to the screen, I gave Raihana a cold glare. “Please.” I growled, making Rayhan smirk

“Well, that wasn’t so hard, was it.”

Damn this woman was fucking hard work. Kiara’s presence next to me was fucking calming. “What do you know, Raihana?” Rayhan asked. “I heard from Chris, who heard from Lola, that you were looking for the founding history of The Black Storm. Well, you are in luck, Dad made me study it all.” “You know the history of the Rossi’s settling in England?”

“Yes, as well as the controversial reasoning. Although I don’t know how true it is.” She replied. “The Rossi’s origins are from Italy, Alfonso Rossi was the bastard son of DeAngelo Rossi, the Alpha of the Lupo Nero Pack. A pack that was massacred by an enemy pack.”

I frowned, I knew we didn’t have any other family out there, but I didn’t really care to research either.

“What enemy pack?”

“It didn’t actually say, just that DeAngelo Rossi had taken the Alpha’s daughter and claimed her as his own. Making their enmity grow. She was one of the five women he had claimed over time. His original mate, gave birth to a son and daughter, then the next two women he ended up killing in anger within months of taking them as his mistresses. His mate committed suicide, and he then took another chosen mate. This woman was Alfonso’s mother. However, he also ended up taking her life, it’s said that with each passing woman, he became more and more insane. DeAngelo then saw a woman at a pack meeting and, taking an interest in her, took her by force, making her his fifth woman, hence starting a war between the two Packs. The Lupo Nero Pack managed to win the battle and destroy the other pack, but it cost them far too much. Alfonso was one of the rare survivors along with his half-brother, the new alpha.” I frowned, as Raihana took a deep breath, fanning her face.

“I need a drink, my throat is dry.”

Seriously, this woman. Did she take anything seriously? Remembering her pregnancy, I decided not to say anything.

Fuck I was becoming soft. How the fuck did that happen?

She smiled, holding an iced drink in her hand that she had picked up from the table, and took a sip. “Anyway, the woman DeAngelo had taken as a mate, her brother’s mate was from abroad and he had killed her in that battle too. So, her family came for revenge. They were powerful and bought out all the Rossi business shares. By hook or crook, they relentlessly began to isolate the Rossi’s from the other packs and the world. Then, when they were at their weakest, they killed them.”

It still wasn’t making sense.

“Alfonso barely escaped with his newfound mate, he came to England and set up here.”

“Then?” Rayhan asked.

“That’s it.” Raihana shrugged. “There’s got to be more, let’s say this pack was the Escarra’s who came and sought revenge. Then what debt are they on about?” I shook my head. “Unless of course, the last of the Rossi’s, Alfonso Rossi, did something before he escaped? Or they want all the Rossi’s dead?” Kiara murmured thoughtfully. We fell silent, pondering over her words.

It did seem like they were the only viable answers... “So, we need to find out exactly what happened before Alfonso Rossi left for England.” Rayhan added. “Yes, although DeAngelo was an insane man, from the books and journals I did read, he was loved by Alfonso.” Raihana added.

“So now we find out exactly what happened then, and there’s only one way to do that shit.” I said, frowning deeply. “We go to Italy.”

# King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

## Chapter 49

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 49 More Than He seemed

KIARA

It was the day Enrique was leaving. The weather was cool, and although the sun was shining, it didn't match the mood of the Rossi Mansion. Looking at him standing there with nothing but a small cross-body bag with some cash and a passport, broke my heart.

He was a child with his life ahead of him, but seeing the empty look in his eyes, it was like he had given up on his life. Katalaya stood hidden behind the front door. She didn't say anything to him or try to meet him again, he had said nothing to her. I could hear her stifled sobs as she peeped out through the crack, knowing that this was the last time she'd see him. I hated seeing her in pain too... "Are you sure you don't want the phone?" I asked, holding up the phone he had passed back to me.

"No thank you, Queen Luna." He replied, his eyes cold.

"He doesn't fucking trust it." Alejandro said, crouching down before the boy. "So, one of my men will take you to the airport, you get on the flight and you're in Puerto Rico. Are you sure you'll be ok once you're there?"

I know he wasn't keen on sending a ten-year-old alone, but everything was prepared and he'd be allowed onto the flight.

"Yes."

Alejandro exhaled in defeat and nodded. "You're a stubborn little fucker. Here's my number, if ever you need it." He handed him a black card and then held up a small velvet pouch. I heard Katalaya gasp from behind me and I wondered what happened. I was about to go check on her when Alejandro stood up. "Now I don't want to force you or anything, but if my girl gives you a damn gift, you keep it." I looked at the small pouch in his hand, realising what he meant.

"I don't want it." Enrique replied coldly. "You haven't got a fucking choice, kid." Alejandro growled, opening the boy's bag and placing it inside. "Keep it." I heard Katalaya's footsteps retreating and looked at Enrique, who was frowning coldly at it. "I will throw it away when I get to Puerto Rico." He spat, turning away from us. "Goodbye." I said quietly, walking towards him. I placed my hand on his shoulder but he pushed it off and

hurried towards the waiting car, getting in and slamming the car door shut after him. "Enrique..." "Let him go." Alejandro said, quietly taking hold of my wrist. I looked up into his eyes, before nodding as I watched the car drive off.

"I'll go to Kataleya." I replied softly, pulling away. My daughter was in pain, I hated how things had ended.

Hurrying inside, I went to find her, only to spot her in the lounge. Delsanra had her arms around her, stroking her head soothingly. "It's going to be ok, my little pot of cotton candy." She comforted her. I could tell she was barely able to sit up by herself. We needed to figure everything out fast. I walked over to them, and sat on the other side of Kataleya, who was crying into Delsanra's lap. "I'm sorry," I whispered to her.

I knew she was hurting, but I didn't know what more to say...

"Kataleya, boys are dumb. Come on! Do you want to go play?" Skyla tried, coming over to her sister.

"No Sky, I don't want to play." Kataleya whispered, trying to stifle her sobs.

Delsanra and I exchanged looks. I stroked Kataleya's hair and at the same time placed my hand on Delsanra's, allowing myself to heal her a little. "Don't cry over him, Kat." Dante added from the sofa, where he was lying down. "Don't be mean, Dante." Skyla scolded. Dante sighed heavily. "I'm not being mean." He opened his eyes and looked at me with a thoughtful expression on his face, it unnerved me. I wasn't sure why but it...

My heart began racing and I felt an odd surge of fear rush through me. Why though?

I stared back into his red eyes, unable to hear Kataleya crying any longer. It was as if I was being sucked into a burning abyss of power. He didn't blink, just holding my gaze. My head felt like it was being crushed, the fear within me growing, but why? He was only looking at me.

"Mama? Mama!" Skyla shouted, making me gasp. My eye contact with Dante broke, and it felt like I could breathe once more. "Y-yeah?" I asked, my heart still racing wildly.

From the corner of my eye, I saw him smirk slightly, making me nervous once again.

"I was saying we should have a girls sleepover; me, you, Auntie Mari, Delsanra, and Sienna, oh and Ahren can come too because he's a baby. All us girls."

"I don't know... I mean, sure, if Delsanra is up to it." I didn't want to agree, especially if she wanted the comfort of her mate at such a trying time. "I don't mind, it sounds fun!" She replied, smiling happily despite the tiredness on her face.

“Then I think we should get some midnight snacks ready and a movie.” Maria said, entering the room, a small smile on her face. “Dante will be the only child left out then. Shall we invite him?”

“No thanks.” Dante added at the same time, Skyla shook her head vigorously.

“See, Dante doesn’t want to come.” “Delsanra and Mom need to stay with their mates.” Dante added, staring at the ceiling. “That’s a first.” Delsanra replied with a giggle. Dante tilted his head and looked at her, pouting slightly, and to my surprise, a little blush coated his cheeks. “I’m just saying...” He mumbled.

Maria frowned thoughtfully and nodded. “Well, I’m sure we can have a girl’s night, then Delsanra and Kiara can go to their own rooms, and the five of us can stay together.” She suggested “Ok! Pyjama party!” Skyla jumped excitedly. Kataleya had become silent, her sobs becoming tiny sniffles, but I could tell she was in pain. I lifted her from Delsanra’s lap, the woman looked like she was going to faint at any moment, “Come on my little angel, things will get better.” I whispered, kissing the top of her head. I just hoped they would get better soon.

Night had fallen, and somehow the girl’s time had become a family night. So everyone was in the cinema room with blankets, pizzas, desserts, and snacks. Rayhan was holding Sienna in his lap, with his arm around Delsanra, who was leaning against him. Maria was sitting with Ahren and Dante. Skyla was right at the front with Marcel, whilst Kataleya was between Alejandro and me. We were watching a live-action movie.

“This is the life.” Skyla stated, taking another pizza slice. I was quite surprised at the amount she could eat.

“Eating pizza and watching a movie is life?” Dante asked, sceptically.

“Yes.” Skyla replied confidently. “It’s fun.” “Fun.” Dante scoffed. “Alright, no arguing.” Maria intervened lightly and I was glad she spoke; from what I saw, those two did get a bit temperamental.

I still worried about speaking up as I had forgotten everything. What if I said something that upset them... Remembering what had happened earlier with Dante, I glanced over at Alejandro.

He was breathtakingly hot, a beast in all aspects and one that I craved. There was just something about him devouring me that made my core knot. ‘Keep thinking like that, and I will fuck you all over again.’

I blushed when his voice came in my head. I knew there was a way to block your mate out, but I wasn’t used to it and often forgot.

'I wouldn't mind reliving that night all over again.' I replied back in a flirty tone, keeping my

gaze fixed on the screen ahead.

'Fuck, Amore Mio.' He growled back. I almost giggled when he readjusted his position, grabbing a sharing pack of Doritos and putting it on his lap. I smirked before glancing down at Kataleya, who was staring at a chocolate bar in her hand.

"Want to eat it?" I asked her gently.

She shook her head and I didn't push it, although I was sure it would melt soon enough if she kept a hold on it. 'Alejandro. Dante, he's special, isn't he?' 'Aren't all these fuckers?'

"They are... but I mean, there's something different about him... Earlier we had a moment where our eyes locked, and I felt as if he was looking into my soul. It scared me and I don't know why.' I said through the link, knowing I sounded stupid.

Alejandro frowned thoughtfully.

"That's strange, but with Dante it's best not to ignore shit, I'll talk to him.' He replied, making me feel a little relieved.

"Thanks.

'You can make it up to me after.' Our eyes met, and his eyes dipped to his crotch pointedly, making my cheeks burn. 'With pleasure.' I responded, tossing my hair. He smirked, but before he could respond, our attention fell to Kataleya.

And what I saw made my heart break. She was fiddling with the chocolate, trying to open the wrapper, but what devastated me was that she was trying to do it with one hand, using her mouth to help her. Her other hand rested on her lap, clenched in a ball, silent tears streaming down her cheeks. I was unable to hold back my own, pulling her into my lap and hugging my daughter tightly.

The painful truth was that it was going to take a lot for her to get over the trauma that she was suffering or to come to terms with it to some extent. This enemy had committed the worst crime by targeting children, and I will never forgive him.

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ALEJANDRO It was much later, Kiara was helping Maria get the children in bed, although Ray's pups had fallen asleep whilst watching the movie. Sienna was with her parents for the night, seeing Delsanra's state was getting worse was making me fucking uneasy.

Maria, Marcel, and Liam would leave tomorrow, and I hoped they found the answers we needed. Liam had gone back to his pack to spend time with his mate and pups before their trip, which hopefully wouldn't last too fucking long. He would be back here in the morning, Raihana was going to come down in the morning to spell them so they appeared human.

As for our other lead, I was going to go to Italy myself, I didn't want to leave the rest behind but I didn't really have a fucking choice. Scarlett was going to stay at the Blood Moon Pack and Elijah would come here. I hated that I had to leave the kids and Kiara, but Rayhan and Elijah would be here, which gave me a little fucking reassurance. I had just settled my damn debt with Skyla, who said I apparently owed her a hundred pounds for using the fuck word. I swear the little devil was robbing me. She had walked off smug as fuck, leaving me irritated as fuck.

I had now come to Dante's bedroom to help him settle to bed, although the fucker acted like he didn't need any help. The fuck was wrong with these kids? What Kiara had said earlier was still on my mind, I planned to ask him about it.

"Wanna share what happened earlier? Between you and your mama?" He looked at me, his red eyes calculating. It was kinda hard to explain but it felt like he was fucking looking into my head. "Stop with the staring shit, answer me pup." "What did she say?" He asked after a moment, lying back and placing his hands behind his head.

The dark veins moved slightly under his skin as he stared at his overhead ceiling of the galaxy "She said she felt scared."

He smirked.

"Why would Mama feel scared of me?" His eyes snapped to me, raising an eyebrow pointedly. I frowned, my stomach sinking as a thought occurred to me. "What are you fucking saying?" "I'm not saying anything, I'm just asking, why would Mama fear me?" "Are you trying to say something else is in her head?" He shrugged but didn't say anything, but I got the fucking answer that I so fucking did not need... "You should take Mama to Italy with you." He added, closing his eyes.

I frowned, leaning over and brushing his hair back, I hated how he had the weight of the fucking world on his shoulders. I hadn't told him about Italy but he knew... I often wondered how much he knew. Could he see the future? The outcome? Did he know what was going to happen?

We once asked him and he had replied; I can't say too much or the balance will be destroyed.

The haunted look in his eyes at that moment had made me promise myself never to question him about it again.

"I'll take her with me." I promised, standing up. "Must be fucking hard to have to deal with all that shit. You must feel fucking tired."

He smirked slightly, his eyes remaining shut. "Or I feel like the game master, watching all the pieces move on the chessboard." Came his arrogant reply.

I glanced back at him sharply.

"Fucker." We both said at the same time. I smirked, shaking my head. "Night."

"Goodnight, Dad." I dimmed the lights, leaving his projector to illuminate his room. I left the door open a crack so Milo could keep an eye on him through the night and made my way down the hallway.

'Drake. Kiara will be going with me to Italy. We leave in two days. Make sure her papers are ready as well.' I said through the link.

'Got it, Alpha.'

Dante's words replayed in my mind as I returned to my bedroom, seeing my nympho removing her earrings, a beautiful smile on her face. It fucking killed to know she was still in the grasp of the enemy. Did they know exactly what was going on? Did I have to start hiding the truth from her?

I knew the answer to that and it fucking killed me with guilt. I had just won her trust. By hiding certain things from her, would it affect her faith in me? Closing the gap between us, I kissed her with everything I fucking had..

## **King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 50**

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 50 Puerto Rico

MARIA

Just over an eight-hour flight later, we had landed in Puerto Rico. The moment we stepped out onto the steps, I was hit by how humid it was. The weather was rather warm and I waved my hand, fanning my face.

"It is really hot." Liam murmured. Dressed in three-quarter pants and a white short-sleeved shirt with sunglasses, he was prepared for the weather.

I was too, wearing tan pants and a chiffon white blouse, with a large tan-coloured sun hat and sunglasses.

"It is, it's nice." Marcel replied, he was dressed the most casual in a t-shirt and jeans, unlike both Liam and I, who looked like tourists.

His similarities to Rafael were always a painful reminder of the man I had lost, but they were moons apart. My Rafael was one of a kind, no matter how similar one looked.

We made our way down the steps, I could hear music in the distance, and as we made our way through the airport to collect our luggage, I could tell that the locals all seemed rather friendly. Smiling as they walked past or from behind the counters. "Would you like a drink?" Marcel asked me. Once again, the similarity to Rafael, caused a stinging pain in my chest. "Yes, I wouldn't mind one." I replied smoothly with a small smile. "Are you ok?" Liam asked, taking off his glasses to reveal his dark magnetic blue eyes.

I nodded.

"Of course, you should let them know that we have landed." I advised.

We were posing as a family; Marcel and I were meant to be married, and Liam was meant to be my stepson. I glanced at his dyed dark brown hair. Although it was strange to see Liam with anything but strawberry blond hair, it did suit him and did tie him in a little with Marcel, who had his hair pulled back in a bun and had trimmed his beard, which made him look a little neater. He had also donned some glasses to make him look older. Being werewolves, we looked to be in our thirties, not forties. My fake passport age was thirty-five, whilst Marcel's was his real age. "I've texted her." He smiled, and I knew he was referring to Raven. He grabbed one of our suitcases from the luggage belt. I looked down at my plain black suitcase. It was a shame I couldn't bring my designer luggage set, but we were meant to blend in. I wasn't sure we were doing a good job, as several young women and a few older women admired Liam.

It was obvious he didn't realise that half of the looks he was getting were suggestive smiles, as he innocently smiled back. He was very different from his parents.

I remember when I found out Kiara was mated to Alejandro and not Rayhan, I had been very disappointed. I am glad now, because they each have the perfect mate, I cannot imagine anyone but Delsanra for Rayhan now. However, after that time, I remember hoping Liam and Raihana would be mated, but it wouldn't have worked. They are far too different, and Raihana would have transformed poor Liam into a slave.

If reincarnation is real, I'm sure Raihana was an empress in a past life. I shuddered at the thought. The moon goddess always knew what she was doing and created us in pairs that worked well together. Most of the time, she was right. There were cases where things were far from perfect. "Here you go." Marcel said, holding out a cold bottle of juice. "Oh, thank you." I took it gratefully, unscrewing it and taking a few sips.

"This is the last one, are we getting a taxi, Dad?" Liam grinned, grabbing the last suitcase.

We had to be careful, Puerto Rico wasn't big and only one pack ruled over it. The fact we were

actually going to be digging up information about the pack, it was bound to get people's attention, so we needed to stay low for as long as possible. It was a short visit to try to find out what exactly the history of the Escarra family was.

"Alright, let's check in to our hotel, it's not far from here. Then we get something to eat before we begin exploring." Marcel said, picking up two suitcases, whilst Liam grabbed the other two.

Exploring. Meaning get to work.

I nodded. I was fluent in the language, and I would be the one doing most of the digging, with both men acting more as bodyguards. Their huge sizes weren't easy to miss, and as I walked between the two men, it was obvious they were drawing attention.

It felt long since I was of some use to my family and our packs. I don't like to fail, I hoped we found the answers we needed and I would do my best, I thought as we stepped out into the sun

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It was a while later and we had checked into our hotel suite, which had two rooms, I had my own and the men were sharing the other. We had showered and headed out to find something to eat. We were now down by the beach where there were a variety of restaurants and kiosks, Marcel and Liam were happily trying out several different dishes.

I had settled on a deep-fried dish called Alcapurrias. It was made up of a plantain-based dough roll filled with crab. I had to admit it was rather tasty, despite the warm weather. I was enjoying sitting out here in the sun.

Music was playing loudly, and the atmosphere around us was a very happy one. It was hard to believe that this was the home of the Crimson King.

“You can tell you are Ri’s mother right now.” Marcel remarked quietly, making me look at him

sharply.

“What do you mean?”

He smirked slightly,

“Nothing at all.”

I frowned slightly. I had a good idea of what he meant, but I was not complaining despite how hot I was feeling

I bit into my roll, looking around. From behind my glasses, I could see there were a few werewolves amongst the humans. Seeing one who looked just a little younger than me at a kiosk, I decided to make myself busy. “I’ll be back, I’m going to go get myself something else.” I said, removing my sunglasses and motioning with my eyes. “Sure love.” Marcel replied, trying to play the part. I turned, walking away. Even with the sun shining, the gloomy weight of sadness washed over me, threatening to pull me into the abyss of darkness once more. I took a deep breath, trying to focus on the present. “Can I get an iced lemonade, please.” I asked the man behind the counter. “Right away!” I fanned my face and, as expected, the werewolf glanced at me, his eyes skimming over me. “New here?” He asked in accented English. I smiled charmingly, taking a seat on the stool and crossing my legs. “Yes, just having a small family holiday.” I said, making sure to look tired, and sighed softly. “Oh? It doesn’t seem like you are as happy as one should be when visiting here.” The man behind the counter placed my iced drink before me and I smiled slightly, running my finger along the rim of my glass. As expected, his gaze fell to my perfectly manicured long nails.

“Trying to be.” I replied, looking him over, hoping this worked. The only man I ever tried to seduce was Rafael, and it didn’t require much work. In fact, he had been the shameless one, trying to sneak into my bedroom when he wasn’t meant to until we were married. I blushed, remembering his shameless tactics. One wouldn’t think that Rafael Rossi, who was always so charming, had another incredibly sexy side to him. One that was reserved for me.

My king, how I yearned to be with him...

“You know, if you want, and of course, if you can get away from your family, I could show you the true magic of Puerto Rico.” He suggested, ordering himself a drink.

“That actually sounds great, but I don’t know, I don’t even know you.” I said hesitantly, I couldn’t pretend to be that easy.

I knew the men could hear me but we didn't really have time to waste, and if flirting was the way to go, then so be it. Even if it left a sour taste in my mouth.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to abduct you and take you far away." He chuckled. "We'll remain

in public places if that's what you prefer." "Well..." I hesitated, until he reached over, picking up a napkin and grabbing a pen behind the vendor.

"If you change your mind, senorita." He held the napkin out and I took it smoothly. "Thank you." I smiled, letting him notice me looking him over.

He smirked, flashing me a wink before walking off. Werewolves.

Humans would fall for them with ease, so he was probably thinking I was up for it. I resisted the urge to run my fingers over my mark that was hidden by a layer of makeup and Raihana's spell. We were taking extra precautions just in case. "She's sexy." I heard another man say quietly to the man who had spoken to me. "She is, I think if I'm lucky I'll have some fun." The man chuckled, speaking Spanish. "You know, I like foreign women."

I took out some money to pay for my drink, not even turning toward them, after all, they didn't know I could understand and hear every single word. The man behind the counter smiled.

"It's paid for by the kind sir." He replied sunnily. "Oh, thank you." I replied, turning to see if he was still around, but he had vanished.

Taking out my new phone I quickly typed in his number and sent the message, 'Thank you for the drink.' Hitting send, I walked over to the table and sat down. "That was smooth." Liam complimented quietly. "Hmm." I responded, looking up at the sky. I just hoped I got some answers out of him. I had a few things in my possession that would get him to speak, and if not him, then I'd find someone who would give me the answers that we needed.