

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

Chapter 51

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 51 A Dark Truth

MARIA

“So, we’ll follow secretly and keep hidden away.” Marcel was saying, the bedroom door was open as I finished getting ready for the evening. I had chosen a strapless lace beige dress that reached just below my knees, curled my hair, and slipped on a pair of matching beige heels. I wasn’t wearing any jewellery, and as I applied my makeup, making sure to cover up my mate mark, my mind once again went to my love. My wolf’s whimper in my mind squeezed at my heart, but what could I do? There was nothing that could take away the pain of the fact that he had died protecting me. I should have died that day, not him.

I closed my eyes, holding the lipstick in my fingers tightly. It took me a moment for that anguish to calm within me, and exhaling softly, I continued to apply my make-up.

“Yeah, we have a locator on Aunty, we just need to be careful.” Liam agreed with Marcel.

I had messaged the man, who I learned was named Carlos, and he was going to meet me at the corner. I had told him, that my ‘husband and stepson’ were going to be going out for the night and I wouldn’t mind him showing me around. Of course, he had jumped at the offer.

I just hoped we got answers, I was carrying my bag with a few items that may come in use. However, I also had some weapons on me. Down the back of my dress I had hidden two thin blades, and the few pins I had used in my hair to hold my curls to the side were dipped in poison. I walked out into the sitting room of our suite, only for Marcel and Liam to stop talking. “Wow, you look gorgeous, Aunty.” Liam smiled. “And very young.” Marcel added, scratching his beard. “I hope this man behaves.”

“I assure you; you don’t need to worry. No one gets to misbehave with me.” I replied with a small smile.

“Passive-aggressive, I like it.” Liam winked at me.

“Not at all, just stating facts. I’ll be reporting to Raven on your behaviour.” I threatened jokingly, making him grin. Well, if anyone did cross the line I don’t forgive easily. “Does Alejandro know what you’re doing?” Marcel asked. “I’m not a child. Now you two should get going.” I glanced at the clock on the wall and they both stood up.

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An hour later, I was laughing along with Carlos. It wasn't hard to pretend, I had been raised to be a good host and play the part. Those teachings came in use many times over the years, I poured him another glass of wine that was set on the table before us. I had been able to slip in

the extra drug to get him to open up when he had gone to get us some food. We were outside at a restaurant, music was playing loudly, and I was relieved that I couldn't sense any other werewolves around. I had a feeling Carlos brought me here on purpose, so none of his pack saw us. Well, that worked for me.

I rested my elbow on the table, reaching over and smiled sweetly as I brushed back one of his brown curls.

"You have beautiful eyes." I commented, knowing Liam and Marcel were close by somewhere. hidden away, listening and probably watching this.

"You think so? I don't think they are anything compared to yours." He said huskily, sitting forward.

He was a handsome man, and much younger than I, which was horrifying. "Thank you." I smiled seductively, brushing my fingers through my thick curls. "So, Malika... Isn't it? That's a beautiful name..." The drug was taking effect... perfect. "Do you think so?" I asked, placing my hand on his thigh. He tensed, his eyes blazing blue, and I almost smirked. He was so far gone he didn't even have control over his wolf. Forcing myself to run my hand up his thigh, I leaned closer. "So, tell me, what is your rank in the Fuego De Ceniza Pack?" I whispered. His eyes widened, a flicker of confusion crossing his face.

"What? How do you..." I ran my hand closer up his thigh and he blinked his eyes, becoming slightly hooded again.

"Shush... Now tell me what are you? A warrior? Maybe a Delta?" I whispered.

"Uh... I'm a guard, you know... I'm like meant to be a guard for the Alpha's family, but you know, most of them are abroad. So it's kind of been quiet." He sighed. "I don't know how this pack is going to survive if our Alpha doesn't come back." "Where has he gone?" I asked, removing my hand from his thigh and instead running it up and down his arm slowly. "To get revenge, you know we have been wronged." "Oh no... How?"

He frowned, peering at me, so I took his hand, placing a kiss on his knuckles. I needed to wash my mouth out after this... He relaxed and shook his head, grabbing his glass.

“You know years ago, our Alpha had just one daughter. We are a small island, yet when a powerful pack’s Alpha claimed her as his fated mate, we were ecstatic. She would go abroad and live a life of happiness as the Luna of the Luna Morte Pack. But no, no her life was going to be cut short. You know, she was going give birth but she was murdered by an enemy pack due to the two packs having conflict...”

I frowned. So this woman, from the Escarra pack, was mated to the brother of the woman

stolen and claimed by DeAngelo... Why did it feel like the Rossi family, or more so DeAngelo Rossi, may be in the wrong and the cause of all of this?

“Then what happened?”

“Our Alpha lost it, he was hellbent on revenge. His daughter was the jewel of his eye. How can we let her death go? He went to Italy. They say he made a deal with the devil for power... and you know... he won. He wiped out the entire Rossi line, save one. The one he couldn’t kill. They say the devil tricked him... he didn’t give him the full revenge he wanted... He could not kill one of the Rossi’s, until the time is right... You know... That’s where our Alpha has gone... They say... I shouldn’t be saying this... I don’t even...”

“You can trust me, all I want is to hear you talk, your voice is so charming...” I ran my finger up his arm and he shuddered, making me internally cringe. Gods and goddesses, do forgive me.

“Even we aren’t meant to speak of it, I heard by mistake, but they say...” He looked around, as if checking if we were alone or not. “They say Santiago Escarra made a deal with the actual devil himself, A Djinn. That he managed to summon one and the Djinn asked for a price in return for granting him power... If the price is not paid, the Escarra line will die. Time is running out, our Alpha is dying. They say the devil has possessed him, that he is paying for his ancestor’s crimes. Alpha Sebastian once said he will break the curse for his son, but now, now they say he has lost his mind. He is unrecognisable. The Djinn’s powers have burned him from inside, that even his face is unrecognisable.” My stomach twisted as I listened to what the man before me was saying. If this was true... This Crimson King was a puppet for the Djinn, who was hell-bent on getting what he wanted. “What is it that the Djinn wants?” I asked, my heart pounding as I stared into his eyes. “The blood of the beast.” He whispered, so low I could barely hear, I leaned in. His eyes looked haunted, sending chills down my own spine despite the warm weather.

“The Lycan King.” I murmured.

Carlos chuckled.

“The Lycan? No, what will he do with his blood? It’s the blood of the most powerful being on this...earth...” He slumped forward onto the table, knocking over the glasses of wine, spilling my untouched one. I stood up quickly, not wanting the liquid to spill onto me, my heart thudding as the words he spoke echoed in my mind. Deep down I had a feeling I knew who he meant... Glancing around, I quickly snuck away, seeing Marcel and Liam step out of the shadows. “That was... interesting.” Marcel muttered. “Well played, you really can pull the charm.” “Don’t ever mention this to anyone. Ever.” I said, casting him a cold warning look. Maybe I needed to get Raihana to remove this memory from their mind.

Goddess, I never wanted anyone to see me doing that.

“Noted.” Liam smiled slightly. “I’m sure Rayhan wouldn’t want to know his mom was flirting

I glanced at him sharply, and he shut up.

“What did he say at the end?” Marcel remarked, frowning.

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“You didn’t hear?” I asked sharply.

They shook their heads, and I frowned.

“Let’s get out of here, I’ll fill you in.” I replied. I’m sure I knew who it was and if I’m right then Dante was the one in danger. Right now Kiara and Alejandro were in Italy. I needed to let Rayhan know.

Immediately.

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King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 52 Italy

KIARA

We had reached Italy, landing at the airport in Milan late in the afternoon. After doing a little more digging thanks to Raihana, we found that this was roughly the area where the Lupo Nero

Pack once resided. An area now under the hold of a new pack and Alpha.

I was standing on the balcony and looking out at the scenery before me, we were in a small town on the outskirts of the city, in a small hotel that we were only stopping at for a few hours to rest and freshen up before we headed on to our destination.

It was haunting to know that powerful packs could be wiped out and forgotten, just like nations, empires, and tribes of long ago. Imagine diving into the past and learning about all this stuff? Would we one day be forgotten as well?

“Care to share what’s on your mind?” Alejandro asked, wrapping his strong arms around me from behind. I closed my eyes, relishing in the sparks of his touch. He had just showered and was only wearing pants as he held me against his bare chest. Goddess, he was so fuckable, all I wanted to do was turn around and drop to my knees... I quickly pushed the thought away, making sure he couldn’t hear my thoughts. I was learning to put up my wall but it was hard at times. “I was just thinking that who would have thought that your ancestor’s pack once ruled here.” I murmured, as his lips touched my neck. “Mmm, guess so, things are always fucking changing though.” “Yeah... one day... Would we be forgotten?” I asked softly, a wave of sadness washing over me. “Maybe? With time I guess yeah. Weird shit this conversation is.” “Hmm, maybe one day, someday someone would write our story and we will live on in the pages of our love story.” I said, before shaking my head sheepishly. “Sorry I just had this sudden moment of sadness.” “I have a way to make you forget about that shit.” He murmured huskily, kissing my neck harder.

I sighed softly, my heart beating as his teeth grazed my neck, sucking on it, his hand squeezing my breasts.

“Fuck, Alejandro...” “I would like to do just that.” He growled, making me whimper as his hand slipped under my skirt and massaged my pussy.

I moaned, feeling my core ache. “But we have somewhere to be.” I whispered, forcing myself to pull away from him. “Yeah? Who fucking says?” He raised an eyebrow as he advanced toward me.

My eyes widened as a smirk crossed his lips.

“Umm, don’t we need to get back on the road? To do some digging, you had the name of someone who might have some information...” I backed away, only for my legs to hit the bed.

Alejandro smirked, his hand closing around my throat as he pushed me back onto the bed and straddled me, making my core knot in anticipation. “Yeah, but we both know it doesn’t take long for this pussy to be dripping wet.” I didn’t get a chance to reply before his lips were on mine, dominating me completely. I kissed him back with passion, the hunger for him settling deep in my core making my pussy clench. His hands tore off my top and bra, letting my breasts bounce free, his eyes blazing red as he admired them.

“You’re fucking perfect.” He growled, squeezing my breasts as he ran his tongue along my under-boob tattoo, making me sigh softly. ‘Fuck.. I want you to fuck me hard Alejandro’ I whimpered through the bond

‘With fucking pleasure.’ He growled, attacking my neck with rough kisses, twisting my nipples before he went down, licking and flicking them, making me cry out in pleasure

He pushes my skirt up, and rips off my panties, slamming his fingers into me before I could even get my bearings, making me moan loudly.

In the back of my mind, I knew that the walls of the room weren’t that thick, but I was unable to stop myself from crying out as he finger fucked me hard and fast. Pulling out, he was about to flip me over when I sat up, unzipping his pants and pulling them down, freeing his thick hard cock

Goddess this man was so huge...

I wrapped my hand around it, licking the tip, enjoying his groan of pleasure as I pumped it with my hands. Sucking his tip, he yanked me back, flipping me over onto my stomach, lifting me up on my knees so my ass was up in the air. I blushed despite how horny I felt.

He delivered a sharp tap to it. “Want me to fuck you, baby?” “Yes, fuck me hard, Alejandro.” I moaned. “That’s my girl, now... tell me how do you want it?” “Fuck me like the beast you are.” I replied breathlessly, reaching behind me and stroking his cock for a second. “Oh yeah.” And with that he rammed into me, making me scream. For a moment I couldn’t breathe as he began fucking me relentlessly, his hands gripping my hips, our skin slapping against each other as pleasure consumed us.

How was it possible that someone could make me feel so good and had me turned on fast, that all I wanted was for him to fuck me day and night, and even then, I just wanted more.

“That’s it, baby.” I whimpered hornily, my orgasm building.

He moved back slightly, still half-buried in me, before he lifted my leg, yanking me onto my side. As he draped my leg over his shoulder, he placed one of his knees on either side of my other thigh as he began fucking me fast once more. The new angle only allowed him to bury himself deeper into me, making me cry out in pleasure...

Two hours later we were on the way to our destination, freshly bathed and aching down below, I felt refreshed. Dressed in tiny white shorts and a neon pink crop top, I was basking in having Alejandro’s eyes rake over me. There was something empowering knowing that someone craved me and desired me the way Alejandro did.

Even as we sat in the back of the car, his hand on my thigh sent pleasure to my core, and I felt at ease.

“So where are we going exactly?” I asked, tilting my head up towards him. Alejandro hadn’t actually told me the details of our trip. “To see someone who might have some answers about the history of the packs.” He leaned over, placing a kiss on my forehead, making my stomach flutter. “I see, how did you find this person?” “Through some connections. Although we don’t really talk to packs abroad much, I know a few and with the recent mating balls spreading worldwide, I was lucky enough to make some neutral ties with a few people.”

I nodded, leaning against his arm. After another half an hour the driver stopped, and we got out.

“Wait for us here.” Alejandro ordered.

We walked for a few minutes on foot, the area was greener and soon we stopped, spotting two men dressed casually, sunglasses on and as if waiting for someone.

Us. I could smell that they were werewolves. “Alpha King Alejandro Rossi, it is an honour.” One of them said in accented English. “In the flesh, I appreciate the fucking welcome.” Alejandro replied arrogantly, his alpha aura rolling off him in waves. His voice was serious, level yet exuding so much power that it was obvious he was silently showing his status. And it was not missable.

“Blessed Luna Kiara, it is an honour, we have heard of your powers.”

I smiled graciously as they lowered their head to me. “It’s a pleasure to be here too.” I replied warmly.

“Our Alpha is awaiting you. Follow me.” The second man said, motioning for Alejandro to step forward, respectfully taking their place a half step behind Alejandro, whose arm was around me tightly as he led the way into the trees.

We didn’t need to walk much until we reached a wall surrounding some premises. It was silent,

especially if this was pack grounds. The gates opened and we were led to one of the buildings, it became obvious it was not the living area but more just a work area of a pack.

“Please take a seat.” One of the men said when they led us to a formal-looking lounge. Alejandro took a seat and I followed suit. “Our Alpha is on his way.” The man bowed, motioning to the array of refreshments that were on the table. “Please help yourself.”

They left us alone and I glanced around. 'Don't eat anything.' Alejandro commanded through the link, just when I was about to reach for one of the yummy-looking pastries.

'But they look so good.' I pouted.

'I'll take you to some bakery or some shit when we're done with this crap, so just wait. We can't trust anyone even if they are willing to help.' His words were weighed down with seriousness and I didn't argue.

I'll hold him to that. I would make sure he got me some fresh Italian pastries. A man who looked a lot older than Alejandro entered, a metal cane in hand, despite his limp he held himself with arrogance. "To have the Lycan king himself visit our pack is a great honour." He said, his deep voice resonating in the room. The two men that had accompanied us here stood in the doorway. "Alpha Matteo Bianchi, I appreciate the welcome." Alejandro said standing up. The men hugged as if they had met before, but I knew that wasn't the case.

"Queen Luna." He bowed his head slightly and I bowed mine.

He held his hand out and I took it, he gave it a firm shake before taking the seat opposite, the curiosity to know what was wrong with his leg intrigued me and I was tempted to ask.

"I didn't know you were bringing the queen, or I would have had my daughters be here." "It's fine, it was short notice for the both of us, I just appreciate the fact you took time from your schedule for this." Alejandro replied, his eyes cold. Watching him, it was like he was a completely different person than the one I knew. Cold, aloof, powerful...

"Then let's get down to business. Shut the door." He commanded his men, motioning them to leave.

They bowed their heads and backed out of the room, shutting the door behind them. "So, you want to know about the Lupo Nero Pack." "Yes." Alejandro responded with a nod, as he took out a packet of cigarettes and placing one between his lips, flicked his lighter on. My heart thudded as I watched him, his eyes flicked to mine and my core knotted.

Goddess, why did he have to look so handsome doing something so bad like smoking?! I pouted slightly and he smirked, looking back at the other Alpha as he took a drag on his cigarette.

"I'm all fucking ears." Alejandro said leaning back on the sofa.

"Then let me tell you, I don't know too much, but what DeAngelo Rossi did was a heinous crime that none have forgotten. His barbaric ways shaped the future of the Packs of Italy."

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha

Chapter 53

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 53 Unexpected Events
ALEJANDRO

Kiara frowned as she listened to him. Matteo was straight to the point, and it was clear he didn't have any hidden agenda. Well so far, he hadn't displayed anything strange. But I'll withhold judgement until the end of this meeting. "DeAngelo Rossi was the most powerful Alpha around, and he proclaimed himself a king of alphas. A title he took by his own means, forcing the other packs to bend to him or they would be slain. At first, many packs refused to obey and he followed up on his threat." Matteo frowned slightly, shaking his head. "But that was not enough, he began to interfere in other pack's internal affairs and taking women of choice for his entertainment. Many women were stolen away and never seen again." .. "He had five women over the course of time, correct?" I asked sharply. Matteo shrugged. "He took many women, but only a few of those who he took were recorded or given any importance. Those are the ones you are most likely referring to. The fear of our women being taken, tortured and abused the way he did, made each pack isolate themselves from other packs. Not wanting anyone to see their women, other Alphas began copying the path DeAngelo had set. Seeing it as a display of power." "That's fucked up. The fourth woman that he took as his chosen mate, she was from a prestigious pack, correct?" I asked. "Yes, I don't know the name. It's a pack that was completely wiped out. In fact, everyone thought the Lupo Nero Pack was completely annihilated in that clash as well. If you yourself hadn't told us about the link, I would never have made the connection. In fact, when I mentioned it to someone who I thought may know of this matter, it turns out you were correct. Alfonso Rossi made the wise choice to leave, or he would have been killed by the many enemies that his father had created." Matteo motioned to the snacks as he poured three glasses of wine.

Kiara leaned over, taking one, despite the fact I had told her not to. Although I knew she could sense a person's intentions, I still didn't take anything.

"Yeah, so you don't know anything about the pack that went to war with The Lupo Nero Pack, but do you know about the link they had to a pack from abroad?"

Matteo shook his head.

"No, but I do know someone who has more information, the one I mentioned earlier. I wouldn't have wasted your time to call you all the way here. However, to protect them, I couldn't mention them over the phone. I hope you understand." Well, what do we have here, a fucker I actually don't fucking mind. "I appreciate that. Is there anything you want in return?" I asked. He smiled slightly, and it was the first time he had.

“I would only hope that the Lycan King considers the Zanna Di Diamante Mortale Pack as its

ally.”

“Consider it done, especially if you have the information of someone who knows more.”

“I do and as asked, I have written the address-”

I gave a curt nod, not wanting Kiara to think anything of it. “That’s great. We should head out then.” I said, standing up swiftly. He looked surprised but said nothing and nodded as he too rose from his seat. “May I ask what’s wrong with your leg?” Kiara asked, smiling warmly at him. He looked down at his leg and gave a wry grin. “This is the battle injury I gained when I saved my little petal from a rabid wolf.” Rabid? Did he mean rogue? “Oh, and it didn’t heal?” Kiara questioned. “No, due to the poisoning. I can in fact no longer shift. The poison from his fangs made me lose my wolf. I don’t sense his emotions in my head, my mind link and my ability to heal have all gone.” He smiled gravely. I frowned. How the fuck was that possible? “How the fuck did that happen?”

“That is a problem we are handling. You should focus on your own troubles, Alpha King Alejandro. Come, I will show you out.”

I frowned. That sounded fucking crazy. I guess everyone has their own shit going on. He led us through the building, despite holding his back straight with pride and arrogance. It was obvious he was in pain and was no more than a human, but he was still the Alpha... The fucker remained stubborn, leading the way to the gates. “Thank you for gracing us with your presence.” He said politely. “No, thank you for having us.” Kiara replied, taking the elder man’s hand, I felt her aura surge around her.

His eyes widened, but Kiara didn’t let go, her purple aura becoming visible as she fuelled her power into him, a deep frown creasing her gorgeous face. “You... You’re in a lot more pain than you are letting on.” She murmured. Matteo smiled slightly, trying to remove his hand from Kiara’s but without a wolf to help him, he had no fucking chance. She was way fucking stronger. “I do not want the queen Luna to heal me, it is not why I called you here.” He replied, and I could sense the pride he had.

“I know that you are telling the truth, but it’s not something I can do. To walk away from healing someone when I know I can help them.” Without another word, she continued to heal

him, whilst the elder Alpha could do nothing but watch.

My own attention was on Kiara, memories or not she was a fucking queen at heart. Born to be one and fucking full of compassion for all...

That night we stopped in Verona, our next location was not far from here. Matteo had been beyond grateful, the image of him placing his cane aside and taking a few steps stayed in my mind. It wasn't his ability to walk now that he was healed that stuck, it was the look of pure happiness on my nympho's face. I don't know how I got so fucking lucky to have her as mine, but I was not fucking complaining. My fucking perfect queen... It was now morning, and we had left the hotel before the crack of dawn. We had gotten a few hours of sleep after a round of hot sex, which I'm sure several people heard because the staff that was around in the morning were unable to look at us and had red faces when we had checked out.

Not that I fucking cared.

Kiara was dressed in a white halter top which was just about covering half her tits, leaving her stomach and the middle of her breasts uncovered, showing off her underboob chandelier tattoo and her entire back. I was going to fucking enjoy the view all fucking day. She had paired it with khaki cropped cargo pants and a pair of block heels. Her hair was up in a messy, stylish bun.

Our designated driver had been waiting outside by the sleek black car, and we were now on our way to see a man by the name of Antonino Venturi. Kiara hadn't asked me for any details, and I was relieved. I didn't want to hide anything from her, but if the Djinn still had some sort of hold over her. I couldn't risk giving her all the details.

I hated that, knowing that I was keeping secrets, but I hope she understood. If worst came to worst, I would just tell her why. She'd understand but it would also give the Djinn a heads up that we knew.

After a while, we finally made it to our location, and following the instructions Matteo had given me, I finally found the vineyard with a moderate-sized house belonging to this Venturi guy. "Welcome Alpha, Luna." A young woman at the door said, clearly expecting us. "Is Antonino Venturi here?" "Yes, he's waiting for you." I gave a curt nod as we both stepped inside, I just hoped he had some fucking answers...

It was half an hour later and after pleasantries, we had gotten down to business. It was obvious Antonino wanted a price for his knowledge, saying it could put him in danger. I was willing to pay that price, and the fucker knew it.

After coming to an agreement of fifty thousand pounds, he was finally sitting back ready to speak. I had gotten half wired over to him and he would get the other half after we got our damn information.

"Yes, it has come through." He replied, smirking slightly.

I could rip the fucker to shreds if I fucking wanted, dickhead. Kiara placed her hand on my thigh, and I slung my arm around her slender shoulders, casting Antonino a warning

glare as his eyes roamed over Kiara. He looked away swiftly, at least he was smart enough to know you don't fucking mess with me.

"The pack in question is from Puerto Rico, run by the Escarra families, one of the oldest packs to hold the Alpha title in their family. They indeed started buying out all the shares to the Rossi businesses, selling them off at very low prices, and even framing them for illegal arms distribution. I'm not saying the Rossis were innocent, after all, they funded many illegal avenues. Also, I know Matteo has already told you about what your ancestor DeAngelo did."

"Yeah he did, and regarding illegal avenues, you're talking about The Lupo XII Rossi, right?" I cut in, I didn't have time to waste here. "Ah, so you know that already." "A little yeah, carry the fuck on."

"I will, I will. Anyway, this company was the main source of income for the Rossi's, the only holdings they had left, but the Escarra's were not finished. When the Rossi's were financially weakened, they then began isolating them from other packs, destroying their trust by truth or by lies. Who knows, but the Lupo Nero pack was falling apart. DeAngelo's son even tried to get his father to step down. He refused, and then there was open war. The Escarra's gathered their allies, and they ambushed the pack, killing DeAngelo. It's said Cortez Escarra was so consumed by his daughter's loss he made a deal for power. He even called upon the help of witches to assist him, and he succeeded, he gained such power that he was a beast that could not be slain."

Antonino paused as if waiting for a reaction.

"We know all that already." I stated, if he was thinking he could ask for more money, I don't think so. We got a name, Cortez Escarra, but it still didn't answer the questions we needed. "I heard there's some debt that was left."

"Well, I guess the fact your line has lived on, I am assuming Sebastian Escarra now wants you all dead as it was meant to be."

I frowned.

"Do you know anything of use, because if that's all you fucking had it's no damn use." I growled.

He raised his hand and looked thoughtful, as if he was actually trying to remember,

"Well, if memory serves, Cortez knew one of DeAngelo's bastards got away, but he said he couldn't do anything about it – that when the time came, they would both get the revenge they wanted."

"They!" Kiara asked curiously.

“Well rumours it is, but apparently, it means he and the demon that possessed him. The demon that witches helped him summon. A devil that he struck a deal with. A deal that meant he couldn’t kill the Rossi bastard. Not yet anyway.” I frowned, so he was waiting for something... Pay the debt by blood of beast? Did he want my blood? Did they know a Lycan would be born? And waited? What was with this blood and shit? There’s this fucking Djinn after my blood, and then there’s me who needs the blood of six hundred and sixty-six fucking virgins.... Yeah, I hope my Delta’s and Rayhan were enjoying handling that shit. “And how do you know all this?” I asked sharply.

He was a lone wolf, so although he had a pack, he didn’t live with them. Matteo had said he was not from their pack.

“Knowledge is power King Alejandro. Power.” 1 “Yeah? Well, I hope it does you fucking good. Let’s just hope you’re not killed for power.” I smirked sardonically, standing up. “Ah no, that is your forte.” He tensed as if scared of my response, but I didn’t have time for this shit. I looked down at him.

“When I return home, I will transfer the rest of the money. If anything else comes to mind, you will let me know.” I commanded coldly, my aura rolling off me.

His heart began racing, and I saw the panic that flitted across his face. “What do you know?” I growled, grabbing him by the collar and slamming him up against the wall. “..... I can’t say.” He choked, “You can. What. Do. You. Know?!” I thundered, releasing my aura. I heard Kiara gasp as the man struggled to breathe.

“King Alejandro, you are a fool... Your son... We all know he appears like a normal boy, but the eyes of the world are on him. We know you have witches on your side, it’s easy to mask his abilities but tell me, how long will you hide what he is?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, my heart racing. Why was this fucking pointing at Dante? Was the ‘beast’ they talked about Dante? And if so, did that mean he was a Lycan?

“It means your family will always be in danger.” He chuckled coldly and my anger flared through me, I was about to rip his fucking throat out when Kiara pulled me back “Alejandro!” Her eyes were wide with concern as my chest heaved with rage. “My family will deal with whatever shit is thrown at us.” I hissed.

“Even if it’s forces beyond this world?” He muttered, massaging his throat.

“Explain what the fuck you mean.” I commanded coldly. “There’s a prophecy... I can’t say!” “I don’t care, you will tell me!” I growled, lifting him up and slamming him against the wall. The smell of blood filled the air as I hit his head hard against the wall.

“Alejandro, maybe he can’t-” “ANSWER ME!” I thundered, ignoring Kiara. “Al...”

I needed answers, and I wanted them now.

“Answer me.” I commanded, my eyes blazing red. Unable to resist my command, his gaze fell to the floor. “When the blessed wolf gives birth to a...” He trailed off, his entire body tensing, and then, to my shock, he stilled. 3

I let go of him, realising his heartbeat had vanished as he tumbled face-first onto the luxurious woven rug. “He’s...” Kiara gasped, stepping away, her heart beating erratically. I looked down at the body, the cold reality of what had happened settling in. I don’t know how, but he was fucking dead.

(A/N – Today marks exactly one year since I first signed my first ever book on GN, I am hosting a giveaway on my ins ta if anyone wished to follow before I launch it. Thank you)

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 54

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 54 Pastries & Flirting

ALEJANDRO

We had left Antonino’s place and were heading back, my mind was still reeling with everything that had happened i had straight away told Matteo what happened, he had said he would deal with it and to leave it to him. I knew they had been friends as he had protected Antonino’s identity.

We were now a few hours drive from Verona and the weather was scorching hot although it wasn’t even midday yet and I could tell even in the air-conditioned car that Kiara was going to fucking feel it when we stepped out.

She had asked if we could stop an hour ago before she had fallen asleep, the driver had said he knew of a good place where we could stop on our way back

I glanced over at her, what with the fact we had been out and about since yesterday, I could see she was fucking exhausted. Her eyes were shut, her breasts rose and fell with every deep breath she took as she caught up on some sleep

Fuck did she look good in that sexy outfit of hers, although I knew she’d look far fucking better naked. Or even better, wrapping those tits around my dick so I could fuck them until i came over that gorgeous face of hers “Where would you like me to stop, sir?”

I pushed the thoughts away, trying not to get hard right here

“You can stop here” I told the driver in Italian

We had just gotten into the middle of a town, not far from Antonino's place. Looking out, I spotted a bakery, remembering the promise I made to her yesterday.

Despite the weather, the place was packed. Even though I had my aura reined in, people could still sense it.

"Ah, of course sir, will you be ok from here?" The driver asked in Italian.

"Yeah, we will. We won't be long," I replied, unsure if I had said that correctly.

Kiara smirked and I knew it was because my Italian wasn't the fucking best, what was she expecting? Raf was the only one from us who spoke fluently, and I think Rayhan could. Fuckers.

'You sound sexy speaking in Italian. 'Yeah, we both know I fucking don't.' 'You do when you call me Amore Mio.' She responded teasingly. 'You're mocking me,' I gave her a cold glare, 'I'll be punishing you later.'

'Can't wait.' Came her seductive reply.

Kiara thanked him for the ride, telling him to take a break and go for a stretch, before I opened the door and stepped out into the open. Holding the door for her, she got out gracefully, adjusting her top over her breasts, making my attention fall to them.

Fuck was she hotter than fire, the urge to take her down a deserted street and bury my dick between her breasts sounded like a good fucking idea.

We were in a cobbled town centre, with a variety of shops and shit all around. There was a fountain in the centre and as much as I wanted to just go to the bakery and leave, seeing Kiara's eyes widen as she looked around with curiosity made me fucking hesitate.

We have been in Italy twice since we've been together, but this wasn't a place we had come to, and by the looks of it her eyes had fallen on that small bakery.

"Want to stop over to grab something to eat?" I asked.

"Can we?" She asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Guess so."

"Great! Raven texted and she said I needed to try this certain pastry, which apparently, I loved on our last visit..." She trailed off and looked up at me with a wave of sadness filling her eyes,

“Maritozzi or some shit like that, its sweetened bread with cream inside of it.” I replied, remember how things had gotten a little messy with those, in a fucking good way.

“Yeah, those are the ones Raven mentioned.” She smiled, grabbing my hand as she hurried towards the bakery.

Seems like Liam had got them two talking again, I was glad, not wanting her to feel any further doubt, especially with the fact that the Djinn still had some level of hold over her.

I pushed the door to the bakery open. The smell of dozens of freshly baked treats was actually fucking appealing

But the place was too fucking packed, although Kiara didn't seem to fucking mind. We walked over to the counter, waiting until the few people ahead of us were served. A built, tattooed man wearing an apron was behind the counter, a big fucking grin on his face Not sure what he was finding fucking joy in. 1

Kiara scanned the display of treats, and I felt my heart squeeze remembering how she loved to bake

“You loved to bake.” I remarked, placing my hand on her ass.

“I did?»

“Yeah.” I cupped her neck with my free hand, pulling her close and kissing her passionately as I squeezed her ass.

“What did you like the most? From what I baked I mean?” She asked me when we broke apart, her cheeks coated a pretty shade of pink as she tried to ignore the stares we were getting.

“Your brownies.” I said, when we finally got to the counter where the fucker who now was reminding me of someone else flashed Kiara a smile.

“Hey Bellissima, what pleasure can I offer you today?” The fucker said, with a suggestive wink that made Kiara blush. Why the fuck was he speaking Italian when he was obviously fucking American. + Dickhead.

” How about you stop fucking flirting, and -”

“Could we get some Maritozzi? And what else would you recommend?” Kiara cut in quickly, placing a hand on my arm.

“With your face and that accent, I can get you anything you want... Although maybe something a little less sweet, you look sweet enough, gorgeous.”

Ok this fucker was getting on my last damn nerve. Why the fuck did I even come into this fucking place?

“Thanks... but I’m not that sweet, so I’ll take some Maritozzi... You have beautiful eyes.” Did she actually just fucking compliment this fucker?

What the fuck was amazing about his eyes, blue, I hated that shade of blue.

“Thank you, beautiful.” Stop smiling. “Yes they’re real, no they’re not contacts, and absolutely I can step around this counter so you can get a closer look.” The fucker remarked with a wink

Does he want me to gouge his precious blue eyes out?

“Wouldn’t mind getting a better view of your ink anyway...” He added, making Kiara blush lightly.

“No, it’s ok! They’re startling, I can see them from here... What would you like?” Kiara replied quickly, before turning to me and giving me a warm smile, she sure fucking knew I was ready to lose my shit.

I grabbed her elbow, pulling her against my chest, I did not need this fucker eyeing her tits.

“Do you have croissants?” I growled, glaring coldly at the fucker behind the counter, he was pissing me off with his irritating flirty attitude.

His smile vanished and he nervously scratched the back of his neck.

“I umm... The last batch I was in charge of wasn’t great, kind of got distracted, the boss man won’t let me near them again, but I’ll see if he’s got any fresh ones out back for you, my man.”

He smiled as if he couldn’t sense my fucking displeasure.

Americans..

“Yeah, distracted fucking flirting with every woman that passes through. Maybe if you focused on your damn job this shit wouldn’t happen. And do not call me your man.” I growled.

“Alejandro... be nice. We’ll just take the Maritozzi and some Cannoli, please. He doesn’t need croissants.” Kiara added quickly.

It was obvious she was trying to be quick, well good, because I was getting sick of looking at fuckers who smile for no damn reason.

'You're so grumpy, my love.' She giggled through the bond.

'Yeah, well I don't like people hitting on my woman.'

'He was only being nice.'

Nice, my fucking foot. I knew a player when I saw one,

The fucker in question packed the damn pastries, holding them out to Kiara.

"Here you go, call it six euros? A smile like yours adding so much beauty to this place definitely deserves a discount." He winks so much it's like he has a tick.

"Thank you so much. It was nice meeting you..." Kiara smiled.

"Kage. And the pleasure was all mine..." 1

"Kiara."

"Ok, if you're both fucking done let's get out of here." I growled, placing a twenty note on the counter, I did not need his damn discount.

I pulled Kiara closer, as she turned and mouthed a thank you, I kept my hand firmly around her waist and led her out of there.

Fucker.

Stepping out into the open, Kiara pulled away.

"Were you jealous? He was so sweet." She smiled slightly.

"He wasn't fucking sweet; he was irritating as fuck." I growled.

"You are still the most handsome, sweetest man in the world." She smiled and I knew she fucking meant it too.

"I ain't fucking sweet."

I noticed a couple step out of a sports car across the street, but they were acting fucking suspicious, the man was big and probably my height. Nah, maybe a tad fucking shorter, but he had an aura of power around him. His eyes were sharp as he scanned the area. Although I could smell they were humans, that one was dangerous.

The mixed race woman behind him was slim, but her volumes of curl, made her hard to miss. 1

The man was now looking in my direction, I was about to ignore them when I tensed, hearing what the young woman was saying.

“...werewolf books, and that guy right there is her fantasy come to life. I just want to send her a picture of what an alpha really looks like... Oh, I really considered sending her a photo of you too. You’re just not quite pretty enough.” 2

Werewolf books?

‘Is she on about you?’ Kiara asked through the link, curiously glancing towards the man, although all we could see was her curly hair from behind him.

No fucking idea.’ I replied, about to walk towards our car that was awaiting us.

They were almost in front of us, I was about to step to the side when the man did the same, stepping in the opposite direction and the wild-haired woman stumbled, crashing straight into me. I caught her by her shoulders, frowning coldly.

“Watch where you’re fucking going.”

She looked up at me and I glared at her. Noticing the photograph that she had snuck of me. I cocked a brow. shoving her back.

“Well, if you didn’t take up half the fucking street then it would be easier to miss you, wouldn’t it? Tone down on the roids, mate, they’ll shrink your dick.”

I smirked coldly, did she actually just say that to me? Doesn’t she realise her hair took up just as much space? 2

I could see Kiara trying to hide her smile at her comment.

“I assure you, unlike the fucker next to you, I don’t take steroids, kid. And delete that picture you took.” I replied cockily, casting the silent fucker next to her an arrogant glare.

Could he not look after his fucking woman?

“It’s just one picture, let her have it.” Kiara added softly, placing her hand on my arm, sending a rivet of pleasure through me.

The man pulled the mouthy girl possessively against him, he looked a lot fucking older than her. Our eyes met and I could sense the power he was trying to exude. Maybe there was Alpha blood somewhere in his past, or as his woman stated, he might just be high on drugs. He was not at my fucking level.

To my irritation, his attention flicked to Kiara, not even hiding the way he ran his eyes over her, his gaze lingering on her breasts, making my anger rise.

“Watch where you’re fucking looking.” I growled venomously in Italian, pulling Kiara into my arms.

“If you did not allow your wife to dress as a whore, I would not treat her as one.” The man replied in Italian. 2 My anger flew through the fucking roof and I was ready to kill him. How dare he have the fucking balls to say that shit to me!

“Alejandro!” Kiara exclaimed, keeping a tight grip on me. “It’s ok, my love.” She murmured soothingly, placing a hand on my jaw. It was obvious she knew he had insulted her but I doubted she knew exactly what the bastard had said.

‘We can’t cause a scene here, this place is packed. What did he say?’ ‘He fucking insulted how you’re dressed.’ I hissed through the link, my eyes fixed on the cocky fucker who smirked arrogantly. “Keep up that shit and you’ll die quicker than you can open that fucking mouth.” I growled in Italian at the man, doing my best not to rip him apart. He reached into his back pocket and something told me he probably had a gun on him. “You would do well to remember that you and your whore are in my home now, you are not amongst friends here.”

The urge to rip the fucker – whose English was as fucking annoying as my Italian – was only heightening, but there were far too many people watching us, there was no way I could do anything without anyone noticing.

“Your toy weapons wont fucking hurt-” “Alejandro, stop. Let’s go.” Kiara cut in firmly, poking her eyes out at me. I looked at the woman next to him and for a moment she reminded me of Kiara long ago, with

a sudden rush of icy realisation I vaguely remembered insulting Kiara in a similar way back then.

“Don’t let this fucker break you.” I said coldly, knowing if Kiara wasn’t holding me, I would have done something. Her touch sent waves of calmness through me. “And since we’re judging by appearances and his face looks like he’s an A-class man-whore, could you kindly escort the fucker away before I break his fucking bones?”

She sucked in an unnecessarily large breath as she gawked at me.

“Please break his bones, daddy.” I heard her mumble under her breath. I’m not your daddy, kid. 1

She shook her head, as if trying to push the thought away that she didn’t mean to say out loud, before she glanced at the fucker then back at me. “Don’t listen to him babe, he’s just pissy because he was woken up with bullets instead of butterfly kisses this morning. Plus, he’s totally jealous, you’ve got all that ink and I’m sure this fucker is afraid of needles.”

I couldn't resist the smirk that crossed my face, and Kiara pressed her plush lips together as if trying not to smile. The fucker looked like he wanted to kill the sassy woman, but it was obvious no matter how fucking pissed he was he wouldn't. The real-life princess Poppy, or whatever her name is from that Trolls movie, shrugged carelessly at his anger.

Yeah that name suited her perfectly, I'm sure I got the name right, the twins watched that movie countless times and all the little dolls had like big hair.

"Now, can we stop with the dick measuring contest? We get it, you're both giants who need therapy, move the fuck on." She's a cheeky fucker.

"Good plan." Kiara added, about to lead me away when she paused, seeing the woman hobble slightly. "Are you ok? Do you want me to take a look at it, I'm a... doctor." She offered, making my gaze snap to her.

"Yeah, I'm good, five by five." Poppy replied, but it's obvious Kiara didn't believe her. Now that she mentioned it, she did seem to be limping a bit ever since she knocked into me.

Kiara reached over with her free hand, touching the younger woman's arm, and I sensed her healing aura around her.

Don't Kia.'

'Just a little... she's still in pain.' She said to me as she smiled softly at Poppy.

'Let's go.'

Kiara nodded, but she paused, looking at the man.

"One more thing... It's a free world and if I choose to wear a crop top or walk around in nothing but lingerie, that's my choice. You should learn to keep your eyes to yourself. At least to show respect to the woman you are with." She said, her voice held confidence, a small smile graced her plump lips and her eyes held a confident spark of defiance as she stared up at the huge man fearlessly.

That's my queen, dauntless, strong and fucking perfect.

I was done with this.

"Come on, Amore Mio, let's go."

Casting a murderous glare at the arrogant fucker, my eyes flashed red before I looked away quickly. My hand slipped around her waist, pulling her close and away from the couple.

“Fucker.” I muttered as we reached our awaiting car and I opened the door for Kiara.

“What was all that about?” I heard the man say.

But it was the woman’s reply that made me pause.

“Werewolves.”

“That was so strange.” Kiara whispered as I got in after her. “Yeah, tell me about it.” I glanced at the driver. “Let’s head back to Milan.”

With that, I sat back as he nodded.

“Yes sir.”

“You know that man looked like an Alpha.” Kiara mused quietly, settling back against me.

“Na, like his woman said, he’s on steroids.”

“She didn’t say that... you said that.” Kiara reminded me, now smirking. “Are you jealous he was so big but was human?”

“He was shorter than me.”

“No, he wasn’t, I mean a little bit only.” She burst out laughing, clearly enjoying teasing me. “But you’re right, he was a teensy tiny bit shorter... but he was a real Italian.” 1

“What the fuck does that mean?” “Weren’t you born and raised in England? So that makes you British, doesn’t it?” “I’m Italian and yeah, British.” I growled, knowing she was pushing my buttons and fucking succeeding

She smirked.

“Well, either way, I like my British Italian more.” She whispered, leaning up and planting a soft kiss on my jaw.

“Yeah, you fucking should.” I replied as she sat back and opened her bag of pastries.

“They were a fucking weird couple, he looked old enough to be her fucking dad.”

“Alejandro! Isn’t that kind of hypocritical considering you are sixteen years older than me?”

“I don’t fucking look it.” 1

“True.” She pouted and I smirked.

One fucking win for me.

“He was a fucking dick.”

“I do agree, but I guess he just needs someone to tame him.” She smiled her attention falling to her bag of treats. “But the man in the bakery was so sweet, oh look he even put in a few extras!” She held up the bag, her eyes sparkling, and I couldn’t resist the small smile that crossed my lips.

It was good to see her so fucking happy. I just hoped with all the shit that went down earlier,

that things didn’t get any worse. “So, we head home now?” She asked me, biting into one of the cream-filled pastries. “Yeah. We got the answers we needed, so we head back.”

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 55

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha Chapter 55 Sinful Magic

RAIHANA

I had told Chris about the pregnancy the same day we had returned from Uncle’s pack, he had been concerned with everything going on but super happy. Pampering me even more than normal if that was even possible, and although I wanted to share the news with everyone else, now was not the time. With Mom in Puerto Rico and Uncle gone to Italy, I felt even more restless. I had initially suggested to Chris we should go to Uncle’s pack but he refused, saying they’d call if they needed us, but I knew he was just being protective of me and our unborn pup.

I had gotten a scan done and our little baby was healthy and growing well, although it was still early days.

“You need to relax, Ma Chérie.” Chris whispered, walking around the sofa as he placed his hands on my shoulders, massaging them, making sparks dance through me.

I moaned softly, loving the feel of his hands on my skin. It was past midnight, Chris had been finishing off some pack work in the living room and I had stayed with him.

“You know baby, there’s one way that really relaxes me...” I placed my hand over his and looked up at him.

“Oh, I know exactly what you mean.” He smirked, running his hand down my neck and over one of my breasts. “I actually had an idea...”

“Care to share what that idea is?” I asked, scraping one acrylic nail down his jaw.

Goddess, he was so handsome. I’m proud to call him mine. His lips touched my neck, making me sigh softly as he squeezed my breasts sensually, making me moan.

“I was thinking, since you did that spell last time making a double of yourself. . how about you use it on me. So, I can see exactly how you look taking two dicks.” His words sent a spark of excitement through me, and I smirked slightly, tilting my head up. 2

“Oh, that’s a fantasy that has crossed my mind.” I replied, twisting my hand into his lush blond locks as I stared up into his sharp green eyes.

“Then let’s make it a reality.” He smirked, winking at me before he stepped away and peeled off his t-shirt. He walked around the sofa, tossing his shirt to the ground he held a hand out to me. One I took willingly, allowing him to pull me up and into his arms. I instantly hooked my legs around his waist and allowed him to carry me out of the room as he kissed me passionately.

A spell that created a body double, the one who it’s used on can see through both pairs of

eyes and feel what the body double could. Although it was a spell created for spying and deception, I think I put it to much better use. I smirked as I ran my tongue along his lips before kissing him deeply.

The moment we were in our bedroom, he slammed the door shut, and I whispered a spell,¹ locking it. Twisting my hand into his hair, I whispered the spell staring into his piercing green eyes. A surge of power swirled around me, and I felt Chris tense. Then I felt the pull from inside and I pricked Chris’ neck, using the drop of blood needed, then suddenly there stood another Chris right next to the original.

“Fuck, that’s still crazy” Chris remarked as his double, who I think I’ll refer to as Kris, stood there smirking.

The only thing about the spell was that the double couldn’t talk.

“Very appealing on the eyes.” I replied, gasping when Kris stepped up behind me, his hand twisting in my long hair and kissing my neck sensually from behind.

“Now let’s have some fun.” Chris growled huskily.

Chris’ hands roamed my body as Kris made quick work of ripping my top off, his hand reaching over as he unzipped my pants, before Chris carried me to the bed, placing me

down he pulled my pants off. My heart was racing as I stared up at the two sexiest men on the planet

Two pairs of piercing eyes that were looking at me as if I was a feast to be devoured. I cupped my large breasts, massaging them sensually, looking at both hunks.

“What are you boys waiting for. Strip.”

Both smirked as they reached for their identical zippers and began pulling them down, before taking their jeans off, looking so damn hot that my core was already clenching in anticipation. The dampness in my panties increased. Clad in their designer-fitted boxers that now supported their huge cocks, I bit my lip, sitting up and pulling Chris' boxers down.

Fuck, I could never get enough of him.

“Oh fuck, look how hard you are for me, baby.” I whimpered hornily, running my hand around his shaft.

“Then open up. Let me see how much this pretty mouth can take.” Chris commanded huskily, tangling his hand into my hair, pressing his tip to my lips.

I gasped as Kris bent down, ripping my G-string off.

“I think we can tag team.” Chris winked as my core knotted, knowing what was to come.

“Fuck, yes.” I gasped when Kris pushed my thighs apart, burying his face in my pussy just

as Chris shoved his cock into my mouth, stretching it as I began sucking him off. Pleasure ripped through me, and the scent of my arousal filled the air.

I tangled my hand into Kris's hair, the other on Chris's cock as he thrust into my mouth, fucking me roughly. I moaned against him, my own pleasure heightening. Chris was a sex god, and he could ruin me with pleasure. Now there were two of him, both of whom knew what turned me on, only made this even more deadly in a sinfully pleasurable way.

Every emotion and feeling in my body were heightened, the pleasure sending me into a lust and sex-filled haze.

‘Fuck, that's it!’ I moaned through the link.

Kris slammed three fingers into me, his tongue flicking my clit with just the right pleasure that sent me crazy. At the same time, Chris shoved his entire length into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat.

Fuck!

I barely managed to relax my throat before I gagged as he throat fucked me harder. I was no longer in charge of anything, the intensity of how he was making me feel driving me crazy. The erotic sounds of me sucking him off mixed with his sexy moans as he neared, only tipping me over the edge, making an intense orgasm rush through me. I tried to breathe and move away from Kris, but he didn't let go, pinning me to the bed as he licked up my juices. My entire body shivering from my orgasm. The pleasure was beyond delicious and an addiction that I could never get enough of.

Chris pulled out, stroking his dick a few times, and shot his load over me. I gasped, sticking my tongue out as he pumped his dick until the last drop dripped onto my tongue. 1

He tasted so, so good.

"Fuck, princess." He growled, pushing me back onto the bed as he straddled my hips, grabbing my breasts as he claimed my lips in a hungry kiss.

Kris was placing soft kisses along my pussy and whilst Chris sucked on my nipples, I cried out loudly.

Oh fuck! This was intense.

Suddenly, Chris flipped over, lying next to me, sucking on my right nipple, his hand running down my stomach as Kris dropped onto the other side, giving me the classic smirk I was so used to. He took my left nipple into his mouth, making me moan.

"Softly!" I whimpered, recently my nipples felt extra sensitive.

"Fuck, you look so fucking good.." Chris murmured, taking a second to look me over I pulled him close, kissing him passionately as he rubbed my pussy for a moment before he

Tan his fingers lower and between my ass, pressing against my back entrance "Let's stretch you out a little bit so you're all ready for us."

My core clenched at just the thought, and the moment his finger slipped into my ass, Kris shoved his fingers into my pussy My eyes flew open, and Chris chuckled, attacking my neck with hot kisses Sucking hard as they both pleased me, fuck it was too much

My eyes fluttered shut as I saw stars, my cries of euphoria getting louder

"Fuck me now, baby" I whimpered, twisting my hand into Kris's lush blond locks

“Cannot fucking wait” Chris replied huskily Slipping his fingers out of me, Kris adjusted his position, resting back against the pillows and lifting me on top of him, my back to his firm hard chest. “I want to see you filled to the fucking brim.”

Chris’s eyes darkened as Kris positioned his cock at my back entrance, wrapping one arm around my waist whilst the other squeezed my breasts from behind. I spread my legs wider, licking my fingertip softly before placing it over my clit and moving it in a circular motion, my eyes fixed on Chris.

He grabbed the tube of lube from the bottom drawer beside the bed, squeezing some out and running it along his double’s dick.

I moaned, not holding back how horny I sounded as Kris squeezed into me, making me gasp

“That’s it baby girl, breathe.” Chris commanded, running his hands up and down my thighs.

We used toys, but anal wasn’t something we did often. Knowing that there were going to be two monster cocks buried in me was already exciting me, despite knowing it was going to hurt a little

Chris bent down, running his tongue along my pussy once before he positioned himself at my entrance, his eyes running over my body as Kris carried on playing with my breasts.

“You’re made to be worshipped.” He murmured before he thrust into me, making me scream in pleasure.

Oh fuck, this felt so good.

“Fuck, Chris!” I could feel them both buried deep inside of me. They gave me a moment to adjust and then they began fucking me.

| Drowning me in pain and pleasure.

The perfect mix of sin and love.

My moans were so loud as I held on to Chris and they both fucked me relentlessly

“Fuck, Ri.” He growled, his eyes blazing, and to my surprise, I could see his canines.

“Chris, Ah!” I cried out.

I was so close! The pleasure was too much. Goddess I was in heaven.

He suddenly pulled me up by the back of my neck, sinking his teeth into me just as my orgasm tore through me and I felt both men release their load in me.

Chris's groan of pleasure making me whimper before he pulled out at the same time as Kris, leaving that pleasant ache behind. I knew it was going to hurt later but it had been so worth it...

Chris rolled onto the bed next to me, claiming my lips in a rough, passionate kiss as Kris kissed my neck from behind, dizzying me. I whimpered softly as Chris pulled me tightly against his body.

"You can get rid of him now." He whispered with a cocky smirk.

I smiled back, staring into the eyes of my love as I turned and looked at Kris, who wore an identical smirk on his face. He leaned over, wrapping his hand around my neck and kissed my lips passionately before I whispered the spell, and with a small puff, he vanished.

I turned back to Chris, who was smirking cockily, running his fingers down the curve of my hips.

"Well, that's something I wouldn't mind doing again. Seeing you taking two dicks... Really fucking turned me on." He whispered in my ear, making my heart skip a beat.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Good because I loved it too." I whispered, locking my arms around his neck before we kissed once more. 'I love you, baby'

'I love you too mach

The phone ringing made us both pause, if it was any other tone we would have ignored it, but it was Rayhan's, and with the current situation, there was no way we could not answer.

Chris leaned over, grabbing his phone.

"Yeah?" He answered, his arm still holding me close.

"Sorry to bother you so late at night. Mom just rang, Dante's the target. Can you and Ri come here? I think we could use any extra security possible, just in case something happens." Rayhan's voice came.

Chris frowned slightly, I know he didn't want to put me in danger knowing I was pregnant. But I placed my hand on his chest and nodded, giving him a look.

'Please just agree.' I said through the link.

"We'll be there within the hour." Chris replied after a moment, before hanging up.

He tossed his phone onto the bed, exhaling sharply, all playfulness vanishing as he sat up.

"Chris."

"You need to prioritise yourself too Ri, I can't have what has happened to Del to happen to you." He said quietly, running his hand through his messy blond hair. I got up onto my knees, my legs feeling like jelly, and wrapped my arms around his shoulders from behind.

"It's ok baby, I can handle this." I whispered, very aware of my nipples grazing against his back.

"Yeah, I'm sure, we all think that, but when shit goes down, we don't even fucking realise where things went wrong. You know some of the reasons witches began hating werewolves? It's because they're always used as collateral damage." He said quietly, unable to keep the bitterness from his voice.

My heart clenched. I understood him, I really did, but my family needed me.

"I know baby, but uncle wouldn't allow me to."

"Tell me princess, when stuff went wrong, who did Kia call first? Delsanra. Then what happened? She ended up in the state she is. Now that Dante may be in danger, who did Ray call? You. Fuck this. I'm tired of you risking yourself again and again."

"Chris, it's not like that. Ray has a witch mate too, he understands how you must be feeling plus I'm his sister. Look, we are all risking ourselves, doing the best we can, and I need to do my best too."

"But the witches are always the first line of defence." He responded quietly, removing my arms from around his neck and standing up.

A flash of pain rushed through my chest. I hated when he was upset... and I hated it even more that he was upset because of me.

"I'm telling Rayhan you're pregnant when we get there." He added quietly before he stormed out of the room, his anger palpable through the bond.

I closed my eyes, sighing heavily. I knew once he made up his mind, there was no changing it...