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Read Alpha Leo and the Heart of Fire Chapter 5 – Devastation

AZURA.

Four weeks had passed since his rejection. That night had shaken me far more than anything Judah had ever done to me. I still remember grabbing my clothes before I stumbled out of the penthouse. I had nothing, not my phone, not my bike. I had managed to beg someone for a phone, and I had rang Liam as the rain began falling, washing away the scent of my so-called mate. But it couldn't wash away what he did to me. My mark burned with agony, the healing slowing due to the rejection.

When Liam had shown up, I had been silent. When he saw the state I was in, the anger in his eyes had made me succumb to tears. I had never seen him so enraged, and if I didn't grab onto him and beg him that it was consensual, he was ready to kill. I had managed to tell him that my mate had marked and rejected me. If it was anyone else but Leo, I wouldn't have cared, but I couldn't tell anyone because it would ruin things. Alejandro would lose it and Marcel, Leo's dad, would feel guilty over it. This involved my entire family, not just me. I just couldn't.

I now clutched at my neck, where his mark stained it. It had taken a full week for it to heal.

Frustration and anger filled me as I stared at the message on my phone.

Judah.

He was a problem that still didn't go away and he, like the rest of my pack, had found out I had been marked and rejected. His anger had been clear in his messages and he had begun to ring me too. Calls I refused to answer, which only made his threats worsen.

The Blood Moon and its sister pack, the Blue Moon, combined were over four thousand members. We literally shared the same territory, although the residency homes were separate. Years ago, we were like this pack of people living in the woods, weird right? Yeah, tell me about it, but now, we had a mini town here; shops, a restaurant, cafés, even a school, and of course a huge hospital. Somehow word of me being marked had still travelled like wildfire, even though I had tried to keep it a secret.

My mark... a crescent, shimmering, midnight blue moon, with stars and a lotus, set against a background of blue flames. A beautiful mark with an equally ugly story too. A reminder of the painful memories I wanted to remove.

I still remember the look on Dad's face when Liam had brought me home, the way he had hugged me, the way his heart was thumping... Mama's pain, the worry and anger in her blazing eyes. I had to stay quiet for everyone's benefit, but they only got angry at me for refusing to share his name. I still hadn't said the words to accept his rejection... I knew I didn't need to be face to face to do so, but still, it was daunting.

Everything had made me sick; I had lost my appetite and I was unable to focus on anything. I needed a break from it all, I wanted to run away... and although Liam told me it wasn't the answer, I still wanted to.

A light knock on my bedroom door made my head jerk up.

"Hey Zu," Liam's voice came, concern clear in his magnetic blue eyes.

"Hey." I replied, picking up my jacket and slipping it on.

"Were you going out?" He asked.

I nodded as he stepped into the room, wrapping his arms around me tightly. I closed my eyes, hugging him back, his familiar scent reminding me of home. I wanted to cry and throw a tantrum for him to fix. But I wasn't a child anymore, and this wasn't his problem to deal with. He had enough to handle with six kids and a pack to take care of.

"Talk to me Zu." He whispered, kissing the top of my head.

I didn't reply, simply hugging him tighter.

"Am I your favourite sister, Liam?" I asked, looking up at him, using my best doe eyes on him and trying to sound cute.

He smirked, amused, and cupped my face, kissing my forehead.

"Without a doubt." He gave me a wink and I smiled.

"You're my favourite too." I said quietly, taking a deep breath as I stepped back. "Do you know where my old collection of voodoo dolls are that I didn't want to throw away?"

He looked at me worriedly. "Umm, are you really going down that path?"

"I am tempted to learn some dark magic... I think I wouldn't mind causing a few people some pain." I'm sure I had a Leo Voodoo doll somewhere.

Leo Rossi.

A man who was known to be ruthless, cutthroat, and dangerous.

A man whose heart was frozen in ice.

A man who cared for no one...

I had heard the stories, but what he did just made them all seem very real...

"I'm going to head out for a bit." I told Liam, before I grabbed my bike keys and left the house.

I rode through the streets of our small town. Maybe some pastries from Granny June's might cheer me up. Luckily for me, today was her day off. She hated me, and I disliked going there if she was around. I parked my bike, ignoring the looks that a group of girls who were sitting at the outside table gave me, and entered the bakery.

All five of those barbie dolls had gone to school with me, and well I can't deny that I did prank them once, ok maybe twice? Let's just say we no longer got on...

It was a harmless prank, I swear.

"We're closed." A grumpy voice came.

Just my luck.

Granny June was here.

I looked around the bakery, it was definitely not closed. Three of the old crones who hated me were here too.

Perfect. I wish I had checked with Justin before coming here.

"Leave, you're dirtying my floors." She growled.

"Aw, come on Granny June, my shoes are clean. I'm only here for a few pecan pies then I'm out."

"Leave."

"You know... the faster you give me those pastries, the faster I'm out of here?" I slipped my hand into my jacket pocket and pulled out my wallet.

"No, I've ran out. I don't serve fr..." She pursed her lips, looking me over with barely disguised contempt, knowing if she said those words, it would be direct disobedience to her Alpha.

Freaks of nature.

That was what she always liked to mumble. We may be in a time where we lived in peace amongst witches, although most of the pack were absolutely fine with witches and the way I was born there was still the handful who didn't change and didn't approve of how I was born. Usually where I would snap back at them with everything I had lately I had just had enough.

"Well then, I will wait here until someone shows up to serve me." I crossed my arms.

The smell of the various baked goods suddenly made me sick.

Maybe I should just leave.

She tensed and I saw her eyes dart to the window, as if checking if anyone who may support me was around.

"I have nothing to give you." She said suddenly, picking up the tray of freshly baked croissants she had brought out and walking into the back kitchen, slamming the door behind her.

"I don't understand why we have to tolerate her." One of the hags muttered from behind me.

I didn't bother to look in their direction. I sighed, my smile fading before I turned away, pushing open the bakery door. The urge to find some bugs to infest the bakery tempted me, but I didn't have the time nor the will to do so.

Note to self—make a Granny June voodoo doll.

I stepped out into the fresh air, my stomach lurching nauseatingly, about to get on my bike.

"No wonder she was rejected. No one would want her. She's a psychotic freak." I heard an old woman who sat at the table outside with her mate, mutter.

I swear if it wasn't for how good Granny June's bakes were I would avoid this place, all the same type of people gathered here.

Don't do this now.

My anger was rising, and I knew I was on the brink of losing control.

Don't.

I got onto my bike, trying to ignore them.

"Yeah, definitely a freak." The old man grumbled.

I froze, my head snapping towards the couple who had spoken.

“Want to say that again?” I growled menacingly.

“I said nothing, pup, move along.” He growled standing up.

“Don’t lie. Say it again.”

“I said I said nothing.”

“I SAID SAY IT AGAIN!” I screamed, not caring that two passer byes had stopped and were staring at me.

“Azura come-”

“No! if you want to call me a freak, then say it to my f*****g face!” I screamed, cutting off whoever had tried to stop me.

The older man’s face turned an angry shade of red as he glared at me.

“There’s no such thing as respect around here! I said nothing!” He lied as everyone shook their heads in disapproval.

My chest heaved, my emotions a turmoiled mess as I looked around.

These people knew me growing up, and although they were silenced, recently since my rejection they were becoming vocal once more. June and one of the other hags came to the door watching me with contempt, disapproval, and irritation.

“She’s so dramatic.” One of the girls from the academy muttered.

“I’m not dramatic.”

“You shouldn’t lie, dear.” The elderly woman at the table scolded gently with fake sympathy in her eyes as she stood up taking her mate’s arm. “It doesn’t look good on your parents.”

Yeah, I get it, I’m a failure and a disappointment to them too.

“I didn’t lie.” I retorted defensively; my emotions were getting out of control as I stared at the man whose face held the tiniest of smirks. “You know exactly what he said.”

“I said nothing. Stop trying to get me in trouble.” He scoffed, walking off.

“Hey!” I shouted, getting off my bike.

I stormed over to the old p***s.

I was about to grab him when a hand grabbed hold of my wrist and stopped me.

I was ready to lash out when I looked into the eyes of one of my thirteen-year-old nephews, Renji.

“Come on Azura, let’s go home.” He coaxed gently.

“I don’t want to go home; I have things to do.” I growled.

“Dad won’t let this slide, don’t worry no one will get away with this.” He said clearly, about to pull free from his hold, but the look of concern in his soft blue eyes made me close my eyes and nod in agreement.

“It’s no big deal this bunch of wrinkles will never change, don’t tell Liam.” I said quietly not wanting to cause him more work.

They were already concerned over my mark and rejection. He nodded hesitantly and I gave him a small smile.

“I’m just going out of the town for a bit. I promise.”

Renji, the sweetest angel of the quintuplets. I knew if it was anyone else, I wouldn’t have listened. He believed me and nodded.

‘Don’t let them get to you.’ One of the two passer byes said through the link.

‘I never do.’ I got back on the bike as the woman gave me a warm smile and I flashed her a grin before casting a deathly glare at the old, wrinkled vaginas before getting back onto my bike, feeling super nauseous. Revving the engine, I suddenly froze. For the last week or so I had been feeling like this... As a werewolf, I should have healed from any cold by now... My heart thundered as I quickly rode out of the pack territory.

A sudden and terrifying thought occurred to me, and the fear of the possibility of it enveloped me.

Please no.

Thirty minutes later, I was in a public stall at the drugstore. I held a stick in one hand, my eyes shut as I counted the seconds before taking a deep breath and looked at it.

My stomach sank when I saw the two clear lines that stained the test.

I was pregnant.

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