

King Alejandro The Return Of Her Cold Hearted Alpha chapter 1

A Message KIARA

The smell of sizzling barbeque food mixed with the fresh earth and flowers from outside the open window swirled around me, intertwined with the scents of my loved ones. Upbeat music was playing and the warmth of the summer sun bathed my holiday bedroom in a pleasant glow.

“Skyla, stop it!” My son Dante’s frustrated voice reached me.

“Make me, dumb dumb!” His younger sister, Skyla’s snarky reply came.

I smiled. The two often clashed. I shook my head, turning back to the mirror and adjusting the top of my dress over my boobs. I swear this dress wasn’t this tight when I bought it, or was it? I wasn’t sure, but with Alejandro, my deliciously dangerously sexy and hot mate, telling me it had looked perfect on me, no wonder I didn’t pay attention. I smoothed the creases in the satin dress, doing a slow turn and examining my reflection.

The fuchsia pink satin of my mini dress hugged my figure like a glove, emphasising my ample breasts, narrow waist, curvy hips and perky large ass. I smiled in satisfaction, adding a few delicate pieces of jewellery to finish my look.

I ruffled my light sandy brown hair that I had curled loosely, just as a familiar scent hit me; a deep, seductive woody scent with the intoxicating underlayer of fragranced musk. My heart raced as I turned to look at the man who had entered; my king, my mate, my Alejandro...

His dark piercing eyes ran over me, flashing a blazing red as they lingered on my boobs, making my core clench as it always did whenever his gaze fell upon me.

He wore a white shirt that strained over his muscular body. With the sleeves rolled up, the outline of his nipple piercings were visible, and he had it paired with black pants and boots. Tattoos covered his arms, neck, parts of his hands and peeked out from his chest from the open buttons of his shirt. His regular chains around his neck remained, and his dangly earring in his right ear flashed as the light caught it.

His black hair, which was short on the back and sides with the top styled back, only added to how lethally good he looked right now.

“If beauty could fucking kill, I’d be dead right now.” His deep, seductive voice came, making a whisper of pleasure wash over me as he made his way towards me. The power and arrogance in his every step exuded dominance and his rank. His hands grabbed my hips, pulling me against his firm body, making me gasp as

the intense sparks sizzled through me. "It's been nine fucking years we've been together, but every fucking time I see you, it feels like it's for the first fucking time..."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Then kiss me like it's the first damn time." I whispered seductively, locking my arms around his neck, my long nails scraping down his skin.

"With fucking pleasure..."

In a flash, I was slammed against the wall next to the vanity table, making me gasp. His body was moulded against mine, his lips came crashing against mine in a hot, sizzling kiss that sent sparks exploding within me and pleasure straight to my core, making me clench my thighs together as I kissed him back with equal pleasure and passion. His hand ran up my thigh, the other squeezing my ass and I felt him throb against me, groaning into my mouth as he dominated me completely.

No matter how strong I was, in his arms I was helpless, and I loved it. I loved the way he conquered me, the way he consumed me, the way he kissed me...

I moaned helplessly, unable to fight the pleasure that threatened to drown me.

"Fuck, Amore Mio..." He growled, pulling away, breathing hard, his eyes flickered from red to black as he tried to control his emotions.

"We should go outside before the kids and everyone else realise that we are taking far too long..." I whispered, running my hand down his chiselled abs, loving the way they felt through the fabric of his shirt, before playing with his belt.

"Oh yeah? Keep at that and I'm tearing this fucking dress right off you and fucking you right here. I won't care who fucking hears or not."

My stomach fluttered, and as much as that sounded appealing, I knew we had to head outside. Today was our twin baby girl's sixth birthday party. Some of our closest family and friends were waiting right outside too.

"I better stop then, but tonight I think I want you to do just that." I murmured sensually, tiptoeing and kissing his jaw. At five feet five inches, even in heels I didn't quite match his six-foot-four frame.

"Without a fucking doubt." He squeezed my ass, his other hand wrapping around my neck as he kissed me once more, squeezing my throat slightly, cutting off my air supply for a moment.

Goddess, I loved this man...

We stepped out into the sun, and I scanned the beautiful set-up, in bright pink, white and gold. We were at a family-owned villa not far from both our pack territory and Alejandro's nephew Rayhan's pack territory. Alejandro was the King and the Alpha of the Night Walkers Pack, whilst his nephew was the Alpha of the Black Storm Pack.

Unlike the rest of us, Alejandro was a Lycan, the only one of his kind. He had created a council and brought all the packs under him, creating peace and law. He had been thirty-four when I found out he was my mate, when I had been only eighteen myself. Despite our sixteen-year age gap, we were perfect for one another.

Back then, he had been consumed by his own darkness, considering himself nothing more than a monster whose only job was to protect our kind. But now... nine years later, we were together, with a family of our own.

Our eldest, Dante, is eight years old. Two years later, we had Skyla and Kataleya. Today was their sixth birthday and both my princesses were dressed in matching white lace dresses with a bright pink sash, with pink bows in their hair.

"Mama, Skyla was being annoying, as usual." Dante stated, frowning as he came over to me shoving his hands into the pockets of his black jeans. Like his father, he was wearing a white shirt with his sleeves rolled up. His black hair was styled messily and his eyes, which were as red as the day he was born, were filled with annoyance.

"What the fuck did she do?" Alejandro asked.

"She keeps sprinkling the stupid glitter poppers on me." He almost growled.

"I'll tell her off, but it is her birthday. Won't you let her have a little fun?" I proposed gently, crouching down and brushing a strand of his hair from his face.

He rolled his eyes in frustration. "Girls."

I chuckled lightly as he ran off towards one of the other children.

"Well, that fucking worked." Alejandro remarked as we walked over to the other adults.

We had kept it small, only inviting our close friends and family. But even then, there were plenty of little ones running around. My brother Liam Westwood, the Alpha of the Blood Moon, had quintuplets, five boys, Jayce, Theo, Ares, Carter, and Renji, who were two and a half years old. Then there was my sister Azura, who was eight years old, like Dante, and she was the leader of the Westwood Quintuplets. She was fiercely protective of them and would let them get up to whatever they wanted.

There was also Artemis, my friend Alpha Damon's daughter, who was two and a half years old, and their one-year-old son Asher.

Rayhan's son Ahren, who was almost two, and his one-year-old daughter Sienna. Finally Raihana's son Tatum, who had turned two a few weeks ago. Raihana was Alejandro's niece.

Plenty of kids, but I loved it.

"Baby, no!" Raihana scolded Tatum as he almost put his hand into the cake. "I swear these kids."

"You were a fucking handful too." Alejandro drawled mockingly.

"Uncle! Seriously, all I seem to do is run after him."

"Good exercise."

"I'm sure she gets enough of a workout." Chris her mate remarked with a cocky smirk.

"I'll pretend I didn't fucking hear that." Alejandro replied coldly.

"Pups don't just get made by themselves." Chris shot back.

"Ok put aside the male testosterone." Raihana warned them, kissing Chris on the cheek before pouting at Alejandro. "I'm not a baby, Uncle."

"I didn't say you fucking were."

"Foods done!" Dad called.

I smiled warmly at him. Although he was just six years older than my mate, at forty-eight, he looked no older than his mid-thirties. I guess being a werewolf, our genes help in many ways.

"Kiara, where are the sauces?" Mom asked me, drawing me out of my thoughts.

"Oh, I think I left them inside." I brushed my hair back.

"Shall I grab them?" Delsanra, Rayhan's mate asked me.

I shook my head. "I'll go get them. Just keep an eye on the kiddies!"

I ran towards the lodge, feeling Alejandro's intense gaze on me. I turned, looking at him over my shoulder, and he winked at me from where he stood with Rayhan and Damon.

'I love how that ass of yours jiggles, but I love it even more when I'm the one who's working it.'

My heart skipped a beat, and I teasingly licked my lips before disappearing inside, unable to wipe the smile from my lips. Goddess, I can never get enough of him. I hurried to the kitchen, about to grab the tray of sauces I had prepared earlier when I froze.

An uneasy feeling suddenly filled me and I felt the hair at the back of my neck stand on edge. My heart thundered as I spun around, looking through the archway that led back into the hallway. Leaving the tray I walked out, my eyes blazing a dazzling purple as I scanned the hall.

Silence.

The only sound I could hear was the laughter and hustle and bustle of the party outside. My wolf was restless, and the urge to follow my instincts overtook me, leading me down the hall and up the stairs to the first floor. The wooden floorboards creaked under my heels.

I walked down the hall, paying attention to everything, including the dust particles that hung in the air, the rays of light that shone through the windows, and the sound of my own heart beating like the drums of war as I walked down towards the twins' bedroom. I pushed the door open slowly, scanning the room sharply.

The sun had lit the room aglow. The pale blue walls, bright white curtains, and bedding were all in pristine condition.

Nothing.

I exhaled, that dark feeling of foreboding vanishing, and I shook my head. That was weird.

I was about to leave the room, when I saw it: a black piece of paper lying in the centre of the double bed. Frowning, I crossed the room staring down at it. I couldn't smell anything strange about it, yet the moment my fingers touched it I felt a burst of power swirl around me. Whatever this paper was, it contained powerful magic.

My eyes fell to the words that were written in the centre of the paper. They seemed to almost burn orange against the black paper.

PAY THE DEBT BY THE BLOOD OF THE BEAST AND YIELD TO THE CRIMSON KING.

What did that even mean?

Suddenly the paper caught fire and I gasped, letting go of it, stepping back as it turned to ash before vanishing completely. Leaving me completely derailed.

Someone had placed that there... but how? With so many Alphas and even witches gathered outside, how had no one sensed it? I looked out at the clouds

that were now gathering in the skies, and that unsettling feeling that had settled within me returned with vengeance. I turned to hurry downstairs when suddenly flames sprang up all around me, making my heart thunder.

“Alejandro!” I shouted, panic filling me as the heat of the fire began to lick at my skin. “Alejandro!”

Nothing.

I tried to mind link him but it only made me dizzy.

The screams of the children filled the air and I spun around, trying to run to the window when another blast of flames made the floor give way, I stumbled back trying to find a way out.

Which way was the door?

I couldn't breathe. The smoke was becoming suffocating, and the lack of oxygen was weakening me. I ran blindly, screaming as the fire burned my skin as I finally burst through the door and into the hall. Even here, everything was on fire. A part of the ceiling caved in and I jumped out of the way just in time.

“Dante! Kat! Sky! Mom!”

No one was answering!

What was going on?

I needed to find Alejandro! Or anyone!

“Alejandro! Liam! Delsanra!”

I stumbled, realising I was near the stairs, and ran down them as fast as I could, trying to summon my aura to shield me but it wasn't working, I was far too weak.

My eyes were on the front door and the fear of where everyone was consumed me. I stumbled through the doors and froze as I stared at the blood bath before me. The entire forest surrounding the villa was on fire, destroyed as if the fire had been ongoing for hours, yet the most horrifying thing was the bodies of my loved ones that were strewn across the grounds; charred, lifeless, but still clearly recognisable as to whom was who.

My heart stopped for a moment as the sheer terror of what had happened consumed me.

No...

My entire body shook as I looked around in horror at the bodies of all the pups.

No...

Alejandro, please, this can't be happening.

My eyes stung with tears as I searched for him, panicking. I spotted him lying not far from where I stood and ran down the stone steps, falling to my knees near him and turning his burnt body onto his back. Summoning my healing as I tried to heal the burns that covered him.

There was no heartbeat...

No! Fuck!

"Alejandro!"

Nothing.

He was... dead...