

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

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Unveiled Betrayal

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Kiara:

The scorching sun above the city is gradually fading, which makes me happy because I have been driving for over an hour. Today is the memorial for the late Luna, who died two months ago, and as her heir, I must pluck a handful of Lunaria, a mystique plant that blooms only at night. Being the Luna alongside the Alpha king is wonderful because of how much he adores me. It is all butterflies, but the responsibilities are daunting.

After a while, I arrive at the foot of the elysian whisper hill and park my car. I look around, and when I am certain there are no humans in sight, I get back into my car and transform into Bailey, my wolf. I sprint up the mountain, plucking a handful of the beautiful blue plant that stands at the crest of the hill. Then I sprint back down the hill and revert to human form. Being able to do that in a matter of minutes makes me wish I could transform into a wolf and travel from the pack to here.

My phone beeps as soon as I get into my car, and I check to see if it is my best friend calling.

“Veronica, I’ve got it, and I’m on my way,” I say to her without allowing her to speak, then I end the call and get into my car.

I make my way out of the woods and onto the road. My car speeds through the empty highway, creating a blur of motion. Just a few meters away from the mountain, I hear a loud pop sound that startles me, and my steering wheels jerk violently in my hand. I try to keep my car under control, but it lurches unexpectedly, causing me to grip tightly and my knuckles to turn pale. The car swerves left and right, and I notice an approaching delivery truck. I try to keep a firm grip on the steering wheel, but it will not stop, and the driver continues to honk.

“Get out of the way!” he yells, and I apply the brakes again and again, but nothing happens.

When the cars are about to collide, I try to transform into a wolf, but my car comes to a halt, causing me to slam my face against the steering wheels.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” the driver inquires as he opens my door. I lift my head gently and hold my throbbing head.

“I...I am fine,” I say, and he steps back, allowing me to exit the car.

Seeing the extent of the tire damage, I realize there is nothing I can do at the moment, so I sink back into the car and attempt to call my father. I call his number several times, but he never answers. I try to call my husband and my best friend, but neither of them pick up. Where is everyone when I need them?” I grumble.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” The guy asks, and I look up to see his face through his delivery cap.

“I am fine. Do I not look fine? I mean, my tire is flat, no one in my family is picking me up, and we have this big party tonight that I need to attend.” I continue to speak while he looks at me with a smirk on his face.

“I could drive you back to town,” he offers, and I immediately remain silent.

“But you are going the opposite way, and you are driving a delivery truck. Do you not have any deliveries to make?” I ask, and he scoffs.

“I left Shadowville about an hour ago after running some Blackwoods errands.” When he says this, my face freezes for a moment, prompting me to look up the company’s name.

Frostings, it was the cake company from which we had ordered. I quickly say yes to his offer, and I offer to accommodate him tonight at a hotel with food. This is to keep him from attending the party, which is strictly by invitation only and only for werewolves.

After the delivery guy drops me off, I make the reservations for him and give him the address to a hotel in town. Then I rush inside the house, which is strewn with busy people. No one has time to talk because they are busy planning the memorial, so I leave and go to Alpha Blake’s room.

“You will not believe what happened today, honey...” I say as I open the door, and my jaw drops before I can finish.

As I watch my best friend and husband on our matrimonial bed, lost in their own world, a chill runs through my veins, freezing me in place. It diametrically opposed the scene of the love and trust that once defined our relationship.

“Oh, yes, right there. I want you to go harder,” Veronica moans with her eyes closed, and my breathing quickens as I watch her dig her nails and grip tightly on my husband’s body.

The pleasure in his voice clashes with the slapping of flesh, and the way he holds her tells this isn’t their first time.

My heart is pounding in my chest, each beat echoing the agony of their deception. As I fight back the tears that threaten to spill from my eyes, the world around me appears to blur.

“Say my name!” he demands, gritting his teeth and thrusting in with uncontrollable force.

“Daddy Blake!” Veronica says, and then she opens her eyes to see me.

“Argh!” she screams, instantly turning red and yanking Blake away from her body. Blake turns around, and time appears to stop for a moment. The shock on their faces is a minor consolation for the heartache they are causing.

“You are not supposed to be back yet,” Ronnie murmurs, and tears well up in my eyes.

“How could you?” I ask with shaky breath, walking up to them and tossing my purse on him. The guilty expression on Blake’s face fades, and he stands up, grabs the sheet to cover himself, and walks up to me.

“Okay, you found out our little secret, so what?” he asks, and my eyes widen in surprise.

“For how long has this been going on, and the silly promises, Blake?” I say, and I pause to let out the enormous lump of painful air in my throat.

“All this while I thought you loved me, and...”

“I love you,” he says at once, and I shake my head.

“Then what is this? What did I just see?” I ask, clutching my forehead and hoping it is all a dream and I will wake up in the arms of my adoring husband.

“People change, Kay, and...” he says, attempting to grab me, but I slap him across the face and walk away.

“Let us see what the rest of the pack has to say about this!” I scream, and he grabs me firmly, pulling my back against the wall.

My head lands painfully on the wall as he grabs my throat. He tightens his grip on me and plants kisses all over my body.

“You are mine, and I can do whatever I want with you, so if you like being Luna and getting the respect that keeps your ego high, then shut up or I will make your life miserable,” he says, then beckons on Ronnie, who walks up to us. Then he crashes his lips into hers, and they slurp their tongues.

“We have a memorial, don’t we, my dear Luna?” He turns to me and pulls me away from the wall. Then he pushes me outside, allowing me to crash on the floor as he slams the door shut and the moaning continues...