

Open the Gates

Zane:

If there's one thing I despise more than Kiara's pack, it's taking someone else's advice. Rufus is right, and this mate bond seriously messes with the mind. Kiara is attractive, but I've met other women who look twice as appealing, and all I can think about is how she looks without clothes.

I want to hold her, rip off her dress, kiss those plump and juicy lips of hers, and make her moan my name all night.

Fuck!

I grab her hand immediately, pinning her against the wall, and I stare at her captivating figure. My body twitches with anger and my wolf howls in excitement, yet I know I can't give in to its desires.

"Smack me already if you will," Kiara interrupts, breaking through my internal mind bugging struggle.

I remember finding her voice annoying on the first day, but now there's nothing I crave more than hearing her call out my name in a high octave of pleasure.

'Get a hold of yourself,' I tell myself.

Despite my inner conflict, I can't resist. I grab her neck, tightening my grip and slamming her against the wall.

"The only reason I'm not pressing a knife against your pretty throat is because I need you to wipe out your pathetic pack," I tell her.

She scoffs, a smirk playing on her lips.



"Remember your position, darling, because if you forget, I won't hesitate to end you."

As I utter these words, I see her eyes widen, a flicker of fear crossing her face.

Well played, I think to myself, a sense of satisfaction washing over me.

Then, I ease my hold on her neck and seize her hand. I haul her towards the door as she futilely strikes my hand, trying to break free. Midway down the corridor, I release her, causing her to tumble onto the floor. I swivel around to face her and she knits her brows.

"Asshole." she mutters, and I march towards her.

I bite back my words, lifting her onto my shoulder like she's just some object.

"Put me down!" she shouts, her small hands pounding on my shoulder.

Right now, my whole body is shaking with anger, but there's a bigger problem. If I don't do something soon, she'll figure out that her actions bother me more than they should.

When I reach her room, I swing the door open and see her maid in a corner. Ariana tries to run.

"Stay back!" I command, my voice echoing in the room. Ariana attempts to speak, her mouth opening and closing in a silent struggle.

With a swift movement, I toss Kiara onto the bed, her eyes wide with surprise. I then turn to face Ariana with a hardened look on my face.

Grasping Ariana's hand firmly, I guide her towards the closet, pushing



her into the room. I grab a reasonable amount of clothes, and I fling them on the floor.

"I need this closet emptied, now!" I demand, my tone icy. "Burn the clothes, donate them. I couldn't care less. Kiara is not to wear anything from this collection."

Ariana nods, her eyes reflecting understanding and fear.

"But what am I supposed to wear?" Kiara asks, her voice shaky as she rises from the bed.

Ignoring the tremor in her voice, I stride back to her, gripping her shoulder in a firm hold, my fingers digging into her skin.

"The fact dare to fight me, knowing I could end your life in an instant, amuses me. But I'm not here to play dress-up with you. I have actual problems," I say. I toss her aside like a rag doll.

Next, I pull out a black card and throw it at Ariana.

"You're going to take her shopping for clothes. And let's be clear. No slits! Nothing revealing, and every piece of clothing should be above knee length," I instruct in a stern tone.

"The day I leave this house, Zane Malibu, I..." Kiara starts, her voice trembling with anger.

"You'll do nothing!" I interrupt as I slam my hand on the bed.

I give her a quick, intense stare, then I stride towards the door, slamming it shut behind me. Trying to control my anger is almost impossible. It's not even a week, and this woman is already driving me crazy. I never thought something like this could happen, and there's something



different about her. Something I can't quite put my finger on.

"Sir," Rufus calls out, and I turn around to find him standing behind me.

Choosing to ignore him, I stride towards my room, attempting to quell the anger bubbling within me.

"Whatever you have to say can wait. I'm not in the mood for calls or meetings," I state in a firm voice.

He continues to trail behind me.

Whirling around, I seize him by the collar before he can utter a word.

"You've been testing my patience lately. Do you want me to drive another knife through your hand? Perhaps both hands at once?" I question.

He shakes his head.

Releasing my grip on him, I walk into my room, slamming the door with a force that could bring down the entire house.

I make my way to the bathroom to confront my reflection in the mirror. The image of my wolf surfaces, causing me to groan in frustration.

"I thought you were here to protect me, but all I see is weakness. Why are you doing this to me? It's like when you see her, I lose control of my mind, and..."

"She's our mate, and there's nothing I can do about it. Go ahead, sever the mate bond and see how well you fare," Kade retorts.

I scoff at his words, my hand curling into a tight fist.



"Perhaps you're so blinded by your thirst for revenge that you can't see beyond it. This could be a good thing, and Kiara is a decent person. I want her and..."

Before Kade can finish his sentence, the shrill ring of my phone cuts him off. I bolt out of the bathroom to see who's calling.

"If this isn't important, I swear to God I'll..." I threaten, my voice trailing off as I catch sight of the caller ID.

"Godfather," I mutter under my breath, taking a deep, steadying breath and swallowing hard.

I snatch up the phone and press it to my ear, bracing myself for the worst.

"Zane, I hear you've deviated from the initial plan. I've been waiting for your call ever since you disobeyed my orders. I've tried reaching you on the general line, but since you won't..."

"I've captured the Beta's first daughter, and I plan to use her as bait," I interject, cutting him off mid-sentence.

"You don't interrupt me when I'm speaking," he warns.

"Too bad you're not here to enforce your punishment. How's the wheelchair treating you?" I retort, a smirk playing on my lips. He responds with a hearty chuckle.

This is the man who rescued me after the incident. Even though I was an outcast, he let me run with the Mafiosos. When he discovered I had a wolf, he didn't cast me aside.

He was like a father, but he never hesitated to punish me, and he did that to everyone, including his biological son, and his son despised him



because of that. For me, it was a love-hate relationship. I couldn't completely hate the man who provided shelter when I was orphaned, or the man who handed me a quarter of his empire when his health began to deteriorate.

"Too bad," he murmurs in a low tone.

"Trust me, old man, I've got everything under control," I assure him, and he chuckles lightly.

"That's why I'm here in person, to hear this grand plan of yours."

My heart skips a beat at his words.

"What?"

"Open the gates, or my men will bring it down," he orders, then ends the call.



Gigi



Author

"Hello. I am not here to promise that I will update daily, but I will try my best. I do not want to bore you with my life problems; rather, I wish you could comment and tell me what you feel about m"



Like