

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## I KILLED HIM

Kiara:

"Rufus!" Zane yells the moment Mindy's bullet hits him.

I crash to the ground at once, pulling Rufus' head onto my lap. I rip a piece of my dress, applying pressure on the wound, trying to stop the bleeding. He has a smile on his face, but his eyes are slowly shutting.

"Rufus, stay with me," I say, tapping his face. "You cannot die on me, not now, you idiot! Stop smiling!" I yell at him.

Without giving it a second thought, Zane rushes towards Mindy, digging his hand into her chest. Blood trickles down his hands, then he pulls out her heart, and I watch Mindy crash to the ground.

"Zane." His name is the last thing she mutters before she dies.

My body feels weak, but I manage to hold on to Rufus as I keep tapping on him. Zane tosses Mindy's heart away, and he walks up to us, then he takes off his shirt completely.

Preparing a potion for Rufus wasn't the best idea at the moment, because he was human, and he couldn't wait that long. Plus, the entire mansion is in ruins, so the herbs are damaged.

"We need to get him to a hospital right away," he says, and I nod, then he lifts Rufus onto his body. "Stay with me, buddy." Although Rufus' eyes are completely shut, he says this to him.

As we make our way through the path that leads out of the house, my heart crumbles, looking at the dead bodies lying around. The Lunar Shadow Pack is dead, and I cannot help but think of it being my fault, but I am glad I made it out alive with Zane.

I try to blur out the thoughts of Blake dying as the fleet of cars comes into view. There are about ten cars, but only three are occupied, because the rest of the members died. Two men walk up to Zane, taking Rufus from his arms. They lay him in the back seat properly, and they get into the car while I turn to Zane with his blood-stained clothes.

He grabs my hand, walking me to the last car, opening the door. I get into it, and he follows. As soon as the door is shut, I burst into tears, covering my face with my hands. This was bound to happen, but still it hurts-it hurts more than I imagined it would be. Watching my father's lifeless body on the ground. In my heart, I forgave him, but I could never have anything to do with him, yet it still hurt.

"I am sorry," Zane says, sliding his hands onto my lap. I reach for it, pressing hard on it. "This was the only way we could, and..."

"It is fine." I look at him with my tear-stained eyes. "They hurt you as a kid, and you tried your best to avoid the situation. Now your parents can get the rest they deserve, knowing the pack doesn't exist anymore." Those words are difficult to choke out, but I do it anyway.

The little boy in him deserved this, and now he had gotten it.

"I will need a long time of therapy to get over this," I sigh, leaning back into the seat, then he pulls me towards him, laying my head on his chest.

It is bloody, but I do not mind. I have seen a lot of gory images to think of this at the moment.

Shortly, the car pulls up to a hospital in the nearest town. As soon as we stop, and the nurses are alerted, they rush out at once, placing Rufus on a gurney and leading him into the hospital while we follow suit.

Rufus is booked for emergency surgery while we wait in the reception. Zane does the paperwork while I sit still, clutching my shoulders in fear. Isabella sits close to me, but I barely acknowledge her presence.

"He will be fine," she says, and I look at her, taking a deep breath.

Zane returns, and Isabella stands for him. He sits close to me while she takes a seat behind us. We sit there for a while. The wait is long, and I fall asleep on Zane's arm. The next time I wake, we have food ready.

The men with us got us food, which I barely eat. It has been a long fight, but it is very difficult to accept the situation we are in.

How could I eat while every tick of the clock on the wall feels like a hammer striking my chest? My throat is too dry for food to pass through it, but I watch four of the men with us munch down on their meals like Rufus isn't fighting for his life. But I understand-they are used to this situation. I was Luna, but for only a year. The past Luna was on the seat when Blake and I married, so how would I see war with her around?

"Will he make it?" I whisper as I turn to Zane. His hands are still stained with blood, and he stares into space, probably hoping for a miracle like I am.

"He has to," Zane growls. I try to read his mind, and I can tell he is angry-he is angry at Rufus for not being a werewolf, and he swears to give him a second death if he dares die on him.

"Who am I kidding?" he exhales hard, and I reach for his hands.

A nurse appears in that moment, her shoes squeaking against the polished floors as she rushes through the swinging doors of the ER. For a moment, I want to chase after her, to demand answers. Is Rufus okay? Did they stop the bleeding? But I can't move-I'm frozen by fear, clutching Zane's hand as if letting go would cut the thread of Rufus' life.

Minutes blur into hours.

The sound of the hospital-muted conversations, the occasional cry of a newborn, the beeping of distant monitors-all ring in my ears as I try to pick up sounds from Rufus. But the fear in my heart cannot let me.

Finally, a doctor emerges. His scrubs are stained, and he looks exhausted, but his expression is calm. My heart thumps fast in my chest, and I feel air leaving my lungs, as I do not know what to expect.

"Family of Rufus?" he asks, glancing around. Zane and I stand immediately, rushing towards him.

"How is he?" Zane asks first before I can speak.

The doctor sighs as his hands rest on his hip. This single act sends my heart pumping at the highest rate.

"The bullet caused significant damage, but it missed his vital organs. He lost a lot of blood, but we've stabilized him for now. The surgery was successful, but he's not out of the danger zone yet. The next 24 hours will be critical, and we have to watch him to know if he will recover or not."

Relief floods me so quickly, and my knees buckle, but Zane catches me before I hit the floor. I let out a small cry as tears stream down my face while I grip Zane's arm for support.

"Can we see him?" Zane asks, trying to maintain a steady tone.

The doctor nods. "He's in recovery. Only one of you at a time."

Zane looks at me, and I shake my head.

"He deserves to see you first, because he sacrificed his life to come on this mission."

When Zane says this, he helps me on my feet, then I try to compose myself before following the doctor who takes me to Rufus' room.

Rufus lies on the bed in the room, and I watch as his chest rises and falls in shallow breaths. His face is pale, but the steady beeping of the monitor reassures me he's still here. Machines surround him, and some tubes have been passed into his body. Tears glisten in my eyes, but as he turns to face me, my heart lights up.

I rush to his side, taking his hand in mine. It's cold, but I grip it tightly, as if my warmth could somehow pull him back.

"You scared me, you idiot," I whisper.

Although he cannot talk, I catch the corner of his lips raising slightly, but the ripple of pain courses through him, and his lips return to normal.

I let out a short laugh.

"You better not die on me, Rufus. I still owe you a proper slap for scaring me like that. Why would a human jump in front of a werewolf about to be shot by a regular bullet?"

He stares at me without a word, but I understand him somehow.

"I am positive you will be fine. Zane will come in now," I say, then I leave his hands.

I take a deep breath as I walk out of the room. Then I make my way back to the reception, but I do not see Zane. The sliding doors that lead outside the hospital open, and Zane walks in with reddened eyes. I rush up to him at once, and he pulls me into a hug, crashing his head onto my shoulder with his hands clutching my body desperately.

"My father is dead. I killed my father," he mutters.