

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

CHAOTIC EVENTS

Kiara:

I open my eyes to a very comfortable environment, but a sharp pain courses through my head, reminding me of the accident.

I hear a familiar voice. "You're awake."

I look up to see Mr. Fernandez in a robe, holding a wine glass. I sit up, examining my surroundings. It's clear I'm not at Zane's place, and this place seems way better. It is cozy and has a warm aesthetic compared to Zane's.

"What happened? How did I get here?" I ask, and he walks up to me, his handsome face sporting a small smile.

"I'm sorry for what happened. My chauffeur ran into you, but you barely had a scratch," he says, taking a sip from his glass.

"But I can't say the same for my ride," he adds, gesturing towards me. I rub the back of my neck, muttering an apology.

The room falls silent for a moment.

"I didn't mean to, and I.. I am truly sorry." I say again.

"It's all good. I'm glad you're alive," he says, walking toward a minibar in the corner.

My eyes scan the room, taking in the beauty around me. I spot pictures of Gia and her mother when she was a child. Even though I can't see the lady clearly, I sense her beauty. Mr. Fernandez, even at his age, exudes a Greek god-like aura. His taste in women must be impeccable.

"Are you hungry?" he asks, interrupting my thoughts.

I stare blankly at him. He seems like a nice guy, but Ariana warned me to be cautious. She's been here before me and likely knows more than I do.

"I'm fine. I should get going-I don't want Zane to get angry with me," I say, standing up from the seat.

"Let me arrange a chauffeur for you," he offers, but I shake my head.

"I'll be fine, sir. Thank you for your hospitality, and I promise to come back here in full health-not while colliding with your convoy."

I lie because my balance isn't great, but I know I need to leave. My mind can't shake the suspicion that he might have an ulterior motive, despite his kind demeanor.

When I say this, he gives a brief smile, and he doesn't push further. As I make my way toward the door that leads out of the large living room, he says nothing. Each time I turn back, I see him staring without a word.

As I grab the door handle, I realize why he's mute. Right in front of me stands Zane, his face scrunched up. I back away, mouth agape, but he grabs my hand.

"Zane," I say, swallowing hard, my eyes wide, and a lump forming in my throat.

He ignores me and leads me into the room. He tosses me onto a seat and walks straight to Mr. Fernandez, who's by the counter sipping wine.

"Easy on the girl," Mr. Fernandez says, and Zane glares at me for a split second.

He's probably going to give me hell at home.

"I'm sorry about your car and any other damages she might have caused. I promise to get it repaired and-"

"Loosen up, boy. You work yourself up too much," Mr. Fernandez says, a smile spreading across his lips. "Here, have a drink."

He pushes a glass of wine toward Zane, who catches it with his palm resting on the counter.

"Maybe some other time. I have a lot going on and-"

"Take the drink, Zane. It's an order!" Mr. Fernandez's voice rises, and his face hardens.

Zane takes the glass and gulps its contents without saying a word. Tension courses through the room, and I wonder why Zane fears this man so much.

He rolls back the glass to Mr. Fernandez, who quickly wears a smile on his face. His smile is soothing, easing the tension a bit.

"Thank you," Zane mutters.

"I want you to take everything with a pinch of salt. Life's too short to be this worked up, and you are young, boy," Mr. Fernandez says, and Zane nods at him.

"I should get going. I have a lot to do," Zane says.

Zane turns around and walks towards me, and at that moment, I hear Gia's voice in the hallway.

"I hate it here, Daddy, and I want to go home."

The door swings open, and we lock eyes. She looks at Zane and her father; her face scrunched up with her hands curled into fists.

"I should have known that everything is about her. I don't know what stupid claim she has on you all, but I am done, and I want to go home!" Gia yells.

Then she marches up to Zane.

"To think I was going to give you a chance. I fucking hate you!"

"Gia, that's enough! That is no way to talk to your elder brother," Mr. Fernandez yells.

"He should have considered that before agreeing to take my virginity. He didn't know he was my brother when he fucked me, and now he wants me to believe that. Spare me that bullshit!" Gia yells with every vein in her throat popping out.

Zane hangs his head low.

I try to take a deep breath as the matter escalates, and somehow I find myself at the center of everything.

"Enough? She is twenty-one, Dad, and I bet all you can imagine are ways to get through her pants," she snorts. "Animals," she adds, turning to leave.

Mr. Fernandez rushes at Gia with a slap, and she looks at Zane with tears trickling down her eyes, her face red as hell.

"You should have died instead of Mum," she says to her father, then runs up the stairs.

An awkward silence hangs in the room for a while before Mr. Fernandez breaks it.

"I'm sorry you had to see that," he apologizes and leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

Zane walks up to me and grabs me roughly, pulling me out of the door.

"I believe we have a lot to talk about, Kiara," Zane says...