

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TASTE OF VENGEANCE

Kiara:

Ever since I witnessed Zane with that lady, my life hasn't been the same. Two days have passed, yet my body still aches, and I had been crying nonstop. On any other day, I wouldn't give someone as condescending and disgusting as him a second thought, but he has cursed me with this bond.

"Ma'am," Ariana interrupts my thoughts, "I think you should rest. Overthinking won't solve anything."

I sigh, my mind a whirlwind of confusion. Zane's silence for the past two days has me on edge. What more does he have planned? I should have heeded Ariana's warning not to play games with him.

"How can I rest at a time like this?" I ask, sitting up. "My life is crumbling, and I should have listened to you."

Outside, something crashes in the hallway. "Zane," I tell Ariana, standing abruptly. "And he's not alone."

Ariana tries to hold me back, but I swing open my room door. There stands Zane, his hands all over a different woman-she doesn't resemble the one from two days ago.

"We should go back to your room," the lady says. Zane chuckles, pinning her against the wall, kissing her hungrily.

My legs wobble, and I try to retreat, but our eyes lock. His smirk sends a shiver down my spine. I stumble back into my room, slamming the door shut. Ariana rushes to my side, concern etched on her face.

A few hours later, I hear a knock on my door.

"Kiara, come out now!" Zane growls, and I spring to my feet.

Before I get to the door, he pulls it open, and I see him all dressed up.

"What do you want now?" I sigh, and he closes the space between us.

"My girls and I had a little fun earlier on, and I need you to get the place ready for me tonight," he says, and I look at him with my brows wrinkled.

"Your favorite guest will come over tonight," he says, and I immediately know he is talking about Natalie.

"You disgust me!" I spat.

"Sure, sure. That was what you said the last time, but the heat in between your legs never lies," he says, pulling me close to him by my waist.

"Do you remember how it felt watching me fuck her? Your own mate who is supposed to belong entirely to you buried deep inside the walls of another woman," he whispers, and I shut my eyes, trying to fight back the tears.

Of course, it hurts a lot, and I can't help it. I hate myself for it. The moon goddess has cursed me because I can't understand why I'm the only Luna to witness something like this. The past lunas of our pack lived happily with their spouses, and they always died in the comfort of their homes at old age, but here I am, leaping from one heartbreak to another.

"Feeling how wet I made you was sexy, and I would love to explore that, only if you would be a good girl and listen to me," he says, and I push him away at once.

"Over my dead body," I say, but that's a lie because my body wants him badly.

Bailey is already excited from his touch, and the way she wriggles in me makes me hate myself.

"Anyway, get my room cleaned up," he says, and then he leaves.

That's it; I am reduced to a cleaner for him and his pile of girls. Ariana offers to help, but I stop her. I want to push myself to the limit because I am tired of being a good girl for Zane.

A few hours after I finish cleaning up Zane's room and taking a bath, I hear his car pull up. I open the curtains a little and peek to see him with Natalie. She is dressed in a black skimpy gown with her butt cheeks almost sticking out. Zane takes her lips in the middle of the compound and grabs her ass, causing my stomach to knot in disgust.

I rush to my bed and sit down, burying my hand into my palms. My heart aches badly as the memory of what Natalie did the last time replays in my mind.

"Is everything okay?" Ariana asks, but I ignore her, standing up from the bed with a smile on my face.

"Ma'am. Your eyes are.."

"I'm fine," I say to her as I glance at the mirror to see the glow in my eyes.

My claws pop out at once, and I hide them under the sleeves of my clothes.

"On no account should you come after me or follow me," I say to Ariana, who takes a step back. Then I walk out of the room, grabbing Ariana's bucket with me. I hear Natalie moaning in the hallway downstairs.

"Where is that whore?" She asks Zane, and he groans, silencing her with more kisses.

I make my way to his room at once and wait for them. As soon as Zane pulls the door open, they stop what they are doing, and he stares at me with a smile.

"Why haven't you finished with cleaning?" He yells, rushing towards me with a fist, but Natalie stops him.

"You shouldn't hit a woman," she says in a calm tone, and I stare at her with my face scrunched up.

I hate her, and nothing she says or does will redeem her.

"We can put her to good use again. This time I want to have a go at her. I wanna know how she tastes," she says, walking up to me, and circling her hands round my waist from front to back.

"Good idea," Zane says, and then he pulls Natalie into a kiss while hurriedly undressing her.

As soon as Natalie is half naked, Zane pauses and faces me.

"Strip!" He commands, and I stare at him like I didn't hear him the first time.

He tries to walk over to me, but Natalie stops him. Then she walks over to me and grabs my breasts from behind, moaning into my ears, which elicits a strong surge of anger.

"Turn around!" She commands, and I face her with a pale face, waiting for her to fall prey. She kisses me on my chin, and I pull away a bit.

"Gosh, I can't wait. My pussy is excited," she cries. She runs her hands into my pants, and I wait patiently for her to grab my shirt. The moment she pulls it off and leaves me in my bra, my claws pop out, and a half-smile forms on my face, causing her to back away.

"Zane," she calls out, but before Zane can do anything, I dig my claws into her chest, and I toss Natalie's heart to him.