

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## EMPTY GUT

Kiara:

The next time I open my eyes, the first thing I notice is my decaying arm. That's the power of Argentum. It's not just any stake, but the most dreaded stake by werewolves.

I might wonder how Zane got a hold of it, but he loathes wolves and hunts them down. Even with the pain I'm going through, I get out of bed.

This is when I note my environment. This isn't the dungeon or the mansion, because the bed is rather small, and the furniture looks old and weird.

"You are awake."

His voice sends chills down my spine.

I shoot him a glance, and then back to my decaying arm, which hurts as much as a thousand bricks being placed on my body.

"Contrary to what you wanted, well I am," I say to him, and a frown etches his face, which I don't care about.

He stares at my hand weirdly before he walks away, slamming the door. At this moment, I don't have the strength to fight because I'm barely standing on my feet. Everything hurts and my legs are wobbly. I try to reach for the door, but he pulls it open before me, causing me to fall to the ground.

"Ouch!" I exclaim, holding my bad hand.

"Are you out of your mind?" He yells, and I look up to see him holding a tray.

He rushes to the nightstand to place the tray, then he lifts me off the floor in bridal style, placing me on the bed.

"Why the fuck are you helping me? Your wish is for me to die," I say, and he scoffs.

He grabs the bowl on the plate and brings it closer to my face. The aroma from it warms my stomach, but I'm in so much pain that I can barely appreciate it. I want him to disappear because he's not worth my love or attention.

"You have to eat because you've been unconscious for a whole day and the doctor says you need this soup to recover."

His words are annoying instead of comforting. This is a typical example of medicine after death because he has hurt me and now he acts like he wants me to be alright.

"Zane, please let me be. I'd rather die than take a bite from that soup," I say, and he stares at me coldly. "Why do you act like you care? You set me up for death, so let me be!" I yell, and then he chuckles.

"Funny that you think I care about you. I have a mission Kiara and it entails wiping your entire generation, so you better eat this soup or..."

"Or what, Zane?" I ask, staring into his eyes.

He gives off a low chuckle again, then he scoops from the bowl, bringing the spoon close to my mouth.

"Get it off me!" I yell, slapping it off with my good hand.

The bowl falls, and the soup spills on his clothes.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he yells, leaping to his feet to inspect his stained suit.

"You are what's wrong with me, Zane, and I want you to leave me alone! I hate you!" I scream, pulling the duvet over my face. His presence is painful, because facing the reality of having two mates who both despise me is overwhelming.

I remain under the duvet, expecting him to yank it away and force me to eat, but when I finally remove it myself, the room is empty. Heaving a vast sigh, I sit up, clutching my chest with my good hand and gazing at my decaying hand with a heavy heart.

"Ma'am," Ariana calls out, knocking gently on the door.

I sigh again. Her concern for me is touching, but at this moment, I feel like dying, and her affection isn't helping.

She enters, holding another bowl, which she places on the table before stepping out to fetch a vacuum cleaner. With a single sweep, she cleans the mess on the floor as I watch silently.

Once finished, she picks up the bowl of soup and sits close to me.

"Ariana, please, don't upset me. I won't eat that, and I thought I made that clear to your boss," I say firmly.

Her face falls, but I don't care. I look away, my brows furrowed, while she sits still, spoon and bowl of soup in hand.

"Then, I guess you wouldn't mind getting stabbed again," Zane says, prompting me to glance toward the door where he stands, transformed with the Argentum stake in hand.

I swallow hard, yet a part of me yearns to challenge him further.

"You want me alive, right? So, I'd love to see you try," I retort, and he smirks, striding into the room.

"You are so foolish, Kiara, and you think too highly of yourself, but you're not that special." He approaches the bed, causing Ariana to leap up instantly. "I wouldn't feel even the slightest remorse piercing your beautiful throat with this," he declares, placing the stake against my neck.

I take a deep breath, my body creeping with fear, yet I am determined not to back down.

"I will pierce you multiple times, even in your decaying hand," he moves the stick to my hand. "And nothing will happen, do you know why?" He whispers in my ear, pressing the stake against my neck once more.

"I have the one and only cure that exists, and you won't be getting it."

My eyes widen at once, and I swallow hard while he chuckles, standing straight with a smile on his face.

"So what's it going to be, Kiara?" he asks, running the stake along my body. "Will you eat, or keep playing my game? Your body is decaying fast, and who knows what will happen when it reaches your heart? I can watch you go dead for a couple of minutes. That would be fun."

I gasp when he says this.

"I will eat your stupid food. Just leave me alone!" I yell, and he shuts his eyes with a chuckle, then turns to leave.

"Very well then, I'll see you in a few," he says as he grabs the door handle. "Get to work, Ariana, because the stake doesn't discriminate species," he tells her, and then he leaves.

Ariana rushes to me at once.

"I'm fine, please don't console me to make me feel better," I say to her and she remains mute.

She feeds me. With each spoon of soup I take, I feel my entire gut begging to be set free. At first, I think it's just my mind but soon I let go, and the entire content of the soup spills out of my guts until I empty it and my blood begins to gush out too...