

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

WANTING KIARA

Zane:

This is probably the hundredth time I complain about hating myself ever since Kiara walked into my life, but truthfully, I do. I hate to see her in pain because I share her pain. Having to pretend I'm not in pain the whole day is the worst thing I ever do.

Now I need comfort and all I can do is drown myself with a bottle of whisky. Normally, it would have worked, but it feels like my soul is detached from my body.

"There is more to what you see on the surface and I warned you, but you wouldn't listen. Werewolves aren't humans and you shouldn't joke with a lot. We have hurt Kiara and Bailey, and..."

"Oh, shut up!" I groan at my wolf, gulping down the entire content which burns my throat.

I try to act like I'm fine in this club filled with people, but I'm not.

"You know what? I need a good girl," I say to my wolf, standing up from the bar stool.

I look around the bar through the neon lights that glow. There are many women in it, but none of them is Kiara and at the moment, she is all I want.

With a huge sigh, I sit back on the stool.

"Pour me another glass," I say to the bartender, then I sit there, taking more and more shots until my eyes become heavy.

"Zane." Someone calls out, but I'm too drowsy to look at them. "Zane!" The person grabs my shoulder, pulling my face up from the counter.

I look in their direction and I see Kiara standing in front of me in a very short, black gown with a dangerous slit in the front.

"Kiara?" I gasp, and she frowns.

"Not that it is any of my business, but you are still related to me, and I cannot leave you like this wasted at a bar far from home," she says, and I grab her hand at once.

"Look, I'm sorry for all I have done. I do not know exactly how I feel, but I know I was foolish to have said and done all those things to you, and I'm sorry, please forgive me," I say all of this in a rush.

"You are drunk and I need to get you home," she says, grabbing my hand while trying to lift me up. To make things easier for her, I stand up, but my legs are wobbly.

"I... have a room upstairs."

"I have a date here, but I'll take you there. Hold on to me," she says, putting her hands around my waist.

She has a date? The thought of that annoys me and pricks my soul. How could she move on easily?

She helps me up the stairs to my room as directed and when we get in; she helps me to the bed. As she tries to stand, I grab her hand.

"Please do not leave me. I am a miserable man, and I know that, but I will change. I promise," I cry out, and she stares at me with no words.

She is my mate and the thought of her with another man pricks my soul badly. I am terrible to her, but she doesn't have to leave me soon, and I will never forgive myself for hurting her after she leaves.

"Please," I say, holding onto her hand, and searching her beautiful eyes for at least the slightest mate bond.

"Zane, what are you saying?" She asks, and I swallow hard, not wanting to let the words out.

"I'm saying that I love you, Kiara, and I want us to work. I have been a fool for so long, ignoring you, but the heart truly knows what it wants, and mine craves you."

When I say this, she takes a deep breath, staring at me, then she presses her lips on mine. The warmth envelops me so much that I can't hold back. I press my lips softly on hers, biting her to open up for me, then I fight for dominance with her tongue, grabbing her waist, and pressing her body into mine.

"I love you so much, even though this will hurt," she says, pulling away.

Her words mean nothing, because I'm sure I won't hurt her anymore.

"I will never hurt you," I say, turning her over and pinning her down on the bed.

My hands roam around her perfect body as I kiss her face down to her neck and to her cleavages.

I take her left breast in my mouth, sucking and biting her nipples gently while she lets out a soft moan that sends untold emotions through my body.

"You are so beautiful, and I am sorry I have been an.."

"Shut up," she says, placing her hands on my lips, then she leans in close to my ears. "Stop talking and fuck me. I'm getting impatient."

Just as she wishes, I stop talking. I run my hands down to her hips and up her thighs, resting on the fabric of her panties. Gently, I slide my hands into her panties, drowning myself in her wetness as a moan escapes both our lips.

"Fuck!" she groans as my hands circle the lips of her core.

I start off slowly, then I slide in three fingers at once, causing her to grab the sheets and arch her back. I take off her panties, then I increase my pace in her, pumping faster.

"I want you now, please," she whispers, running her hands down my pants to my crotch area.

Hurriedly, I unbuckle my belt, and she helps me pull off my trousers before holding onto my cock.

"You are so big, and it's been ages," she groans.

I grab her hand, pinning it on the bed, then I rub my cock on the entrance of her core before gently sliding into her.

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I wake up to the memories of fucking Kiara in my dream. Now that the alcohol has faded out, I feel like shit thinking of her in that way.

My body craves her, and I hate myself for that.

"That was just a dream and that won't be happening anytime," I say to myself as I roll over.

"Ouch!" I hear a familiar voice, causing my heart to skip a beat.

I roll away from whoever, then I sit up at once, and grab the duvet covering the person.

"Gia?"