

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

FLOWERS FOR HER

Zane:

"You're breathing so hard," I whisper to Kiara as we inch closer, my breath rising too, anticipation building as our lips nearly meet.

"I've waited for this moment, Mr. Malibu," she replies, her voice barely a whisper. I grab her waist, pulling her closer so that her breasts press against my chest.

"Call me Zane," I say, and then our lips finally meet. I want to be gentle with her, but the intensity of my feelings takes over. My heart races wildly, and our kiss turns fierce and passionate. I bite her lower lip, eliciting a soft moan from her.

"Zane," she gasps, tugging hard on my body.

I lift her up, wrapping her legs around my waist, and I carry her to the bed. My lips trail down her neck to her chest, and as I unbutton her shirt, revealing her bosom, my phone rings, jolting me awake. Sweat trickles down my body as I sit up in bed, realizing it was all a dream. She's now haunting my sleep, goddamn!

Anger surges through me as I grab my phone from the nightstand, ready to lash out at whoever is calling. When I see it's my father, I groan and answer.

"I want to see you at the villa today," he says before hanging up. I toss the phone away, frustration boiling inside me.

I shut my eyes, torn between wanting to return to the dream of Kiara and not wanting to face the turmoil it brings.

"Why can't I get her out of my head?" I groan, pressing a pillow to my face.

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When the sun rises, I get dressed for my meeting with the godfather. As I descend the stairs, I spot Kiara in the dining room, having breakfast. Our eyes meet, and I can't help but stare at her lips. The memories from my dream surface, and the demon inside me that wants her, try to break free.

"Good morning," she mutters. I ignore her, hurrying out of the house and into my car.

I throw my head back, panting as I loosen my tie. Why is the air suddenly hot and tight when the weather is calm and airy?

"Sir, where..."

"The villa," I reply before Rufus can finish his sentence. He nods and drives towards the villa.

A part of me dreads this place because I don't want to see Gia, but I can't defy my father. It's that or face his wrath, and Gia's anger is a different beast altogether.

When we arrive, I get out as soon as Rufus stops in front of the house. Taking a deep breath, I put on my sunglasses and make my way to the front door. Just as I reach for the handle, someone opens it from the inside.

Yusuf and Gia stand there, their laughter fading as our eyes meet.

"Yusuf," I say, extending my hand. He scoffs and glares at his sister.

"Have you come to rub your prized possession in my face?" he asks, his words confusing me.

"I'll be waiting in the car," Gia says, sizing me up before walking past, her shoulder grazing mine.

I let it slide. I'm in her father's house, and I can't afford to deal with her now.

"Father prefers a stranger to his own son. You took the entire empire from me, but I tell you one thing, Zane. Watch your back! You'll never be a true Fernandez, even if you bear the name Malibu, and one day, I'll take what's mine."

"Enough!" Father's voice booms. Yusuf turns to face him, a frown etched on his face. "Ever since you returned, this house has been chaotic. I will not condone that."

Yusuf chuckles bitterly. "Then you shouldn't have sold my birthright!"

"Who decided it was yours?" Father retorts.

"Your father, his father, and generations before," Yusuf spits back.

Father laughs boisterously. "You're just like my father, who nearly ruined this empire. I revived it with my hard-earned money. I won't allow a fool to run it into the ground-a fool who only cares about sleeping with women, doing drugs, and spending recklessly. The world isn't a bed of roses, boy! And you're not getting any younger." He clenches his hand on his walking stick, causing Yusuf to back away.

"Have fun with your monster of a son. Let's hope he doesn't go wolf tomorrow." These are his last words before he gets into the car. As I stand there, lost in thought, all that remains of him and Gia is a cloud of dust. I turn to my father, confusion evident on my face.

"You're handing over the empire to me?" I manage to ask, and he nods, confirming my words.

I stand in awe, realizing why he asked Kiara to attend the function as my wife.

"I hope you understand." He says before I leave his house.

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For the rest of the day, I'm on my feet, trying to make proper arrangements for the next day. His choice still baffles me, but who am I to question my father? Once he makes up his mind, there's no going back. I keep busy until I've perfected all the arrangements.

On my way home, I pick up a dress for Kiara, but it doesn't stop there. I spot a bouquet of white and red flowers and impulsively buy them for her. I haven't gotten flowers for a woman in forever, so I'm unsure of what I'm doing.

When I get home, my heart races as I approach her room, holding the paper bags and flowers. I stand at her door, unable to knock. Instead, I hand the flowers to Rufus and retreat to my room, my mind consumed with thoughts of what she'll think.