

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

SHE WANTS TO KILL ME

Kiara:

As soon as the car comes to a halt, I jump out, grabbing the keys from Rufus. My hands tremble, nearly causing the grimoire to slip from my grip. He hurt me, but why am I so afraid to lose him? I get that he's my mate, even if it was forced, but here I am doing what he could never do.

"Take him to the bedroom!" I order, pushing the door wide open as Rufus rushes into the house with Zane slung over his shoulder.

I grab Ariana's hand, pulling her to the living area where I move the lamp aside.

"Kiara, what are you going to do to him?" Boris asks, but before I can answer, the secret passage opens, causing his jaw to drop. "Where does that lead to?" he questions, and I step up to him, dipping my hands into his pockets.

"There's no time for questions, sir. This will take some time, and I just need you to trust me."

I hold out his phone, turning the torch on, then make my way down the passage with Ariana following closely.

"What am I supposed to do?" Boris yells, and I sigh.

"Make sure your son is okay!" I yell back as we enter the room.

"Wow!" Ariana exclaims as she steps into the main lair.

I've tried my best to clean up the place, making it more conducive than before. I place the book on a table to begin the spell while she wanders around, looking at the jars on the shelves.

"Are these real?" she asks, reaching a shelf with a collection of animal parts.

"It's a witch's lair, so yes," I say with a shrug. "Now come over and help, because we need to get this done as soon as possible." She rushes over to the table at once.

We go over the spell one more time, and I realize I've forgotten the main ingredient-the Ghost Dahlia.

"I'll be right back," I say to her, and she points the torch down the hall, enabling me to see as I rush out to get the plant outside the cottage.

With a handful of the plant, I hurry back inside. I hear Zane groaning from the room, his pain palpable. My heart pounds as I make it back to the lair, tossing the final ingredient into the pot.

The usual reaction follows, and we're both coughing, gasping for breath before the air clears. I pour the concoction into a bowl, and we leave the lair, heading back to the bedroom.

"It's ready."

When I say this, Rufus and Boris turn to face me, their faces scrunched up at the terrible smell. I walk towards Zane, who clutches his stomach tight.

"Drink this," I say, and he scoffs, his face contorted in suspicion.

"Do you think I'll willingly let you kill me?" he asks, and I remain silent, glancing at everyone.

Boris signals Ariana and Rufus to leave the room. They exit, shutting the door behind them.

I place the bowl on the nightstand, then grab a seat, sitting close to the bed with my arms crossed. Zane sits up, his eyes filled with mistrust.

"I know what you're doing. You want to play it cool so everyone thinks you tried to help me, but you really intend to kill me. Coming clean would do us both good, Ms. Levine."

Hearing him address me by my father's name still stings, but he's dying, and he's spewing nonsense.

"I'm not going to argue with you, Mr. Malibu. Yes, I should want you dead, but we're not the same. I was raised right by my parents, but you..."

"Would have faced the same if your stupid pack members hadn't chosen to end my life! I hate you all!" he growls, and I remain silent, watching the veins in his face bulge.

He's exhausting his strength in anger, which is dangerous due to his weakened state. I don't know if he'll listen, but after a moment of contemplation, I take a deep breath, rubbing my temples.

"I gave you something to chew in the car. How much did it help?" I ask calmly, and he remains silent. "The cure your doctor gave you was fake. I discovered this in a witch's lair. I don't know what you did to them, but I found my way around and discovered the main ingredient to cure an argentum wound."

"What are you saying?" he raises an eyebrow.

"I'm saying I was cured before you brought the cure. I would've been dead if I hadn't found my way. This plant can only be seen by the pure-hearted. I'm not saying I am one, but I can see it. So, will you take the goddamn cure?" I ask, and he's silent for a moment.

"So, you were awake the entire time that day?"

"Yes, Zane. I was awake, and I'm tired of going over this," I say, standing up and making to leave.

"Bring me the bowl!"

The depth of his tone shows command, but I don't care. I take the bowl from the nightstand and hand it to him. He stares at it for a while before lifting it to his mouth, gulping the entire contents. A piercing scream escapes him, followed by the crackling of bones.

"What the hell is going on?" Boris pushes the door open, and they see Zane collapsing to the ground.

I keep a straight face, looking at Rufus.

"Pick him up. He'll be fine in the morning."