

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

ONE KISS

Zane:

The next time my eyes open, I find myself in the familiar room at Mindy's cottage. Mindy was an ex of mine. I inherited the cottage from her mother, who left it to me instead of her daughter after we broke up.

I ended things with Mindy because she was unstable, hurting innocent people with her powers, unlike her mother. I've never shied away from hurting people, but only for revenge. Mindy, on the other hand, was a murder machine.

I scan the room and see Kiara slumped in a chair, her head thrown back, a blanket wrapped around her. She's asleep. The events of yesterday flood my mind, and I quickly check my body, realizing the wounds have healed perfectly. Guilt washes over me as I recall all the pain I've inflicted on her throughout our lives.

I made her life a living hell, yet she chose to save me. Why? This is something I can't understand, something I wish she would explain. I get to my feet and approach her, lifting her gently in my arms. I carry her to the bed and place her down softly, covering her with the blanket.

My mind replays her admission that she was awake the last time we were here. I refrain from saying anything or touching her beautiful face, but my thoughts are restless. As I study her sleeping, all I can think about is how much I desire her. She's so sexy, and her lips...

She coughs and jerks awake, her eyes immediately locking onto mine. Her brows furrow.

'The first thing he does is think of me sexually after I save him from dying.'

Her thoughts hit me like a slap, a reminder that she can hear me. She's letting me know deliberately. I fall silent, and she swings her feet off the bed, standing up.

"Good morning, Mr. Malibu," she says, making her way toward the door. My ego battles with the gratitude and turmoil in my head.

I can't let her go like this. She saved me, one of the few who ever cared for me, even as a kid.

"Kiara, wait!" I say as she grabs the door handle. I get out of bed and reach for her hand before she can open the door.

"Is there something you need from me, Mr. Malibu?" she asks. My mouth hangs open as I stare at her lips.

Why is she suddenly more attractive? I shake my head, trying to focus. She raises her brows, waiting.

"I... I just wanted to..."

Why am I stuttering? No woman has ever made me stutter.

"Thank you for yesterday, for saving my life," I finally say. She smiles faintly and turns back to the door. But I still want more answers.

"Wait," I say again, and she glares at me, taking her hand off the handle.

"Is something wrong?"

I shake my head, then grab her hand, taking a deep breath before letting out all the questions burning inside me.

"Why did you save me?" I ask. She blinks, her expression unreadable. "I've been the worst person to you, but yesterday you stepped up to save me. You would have taken a bullet for me. Why?"

She remains silent.

"Kiara, please. I need an answer. This question has been bugging me for so long, and I feel like even the stupidest answer would give me some peace."

"Our principles are different, Zane. I'm a Luna, responsible for the welfare of my people. This is how I was raised. I was just doing my job. I'm not waiting for the right time to strike you dead."

When she says this, I let go of her hand.

"Then tell me what I must do to make us even. I can't owe anyone a favor. I want us to be even so we can forget it ever happened."

She scoffs.

"We're talking about a life here, Zane. I'm not going to ask you to buy the world."

"What do you want?" I peer into her eyes, dreading her answer.

"I want you to set me free."

I shake my head, stepping back. That's impossible. This mate bond is a tangled mess, and I don't know how I'd handle losing her.

"I thought as much. You'll never set me free because you can't do without enslaving me. It pleases you, doesn't it? If you'll excuse me, I'd like to leave," she says, turning to go. My intrusive thoughts take over, and I pull her to my chest in one swift motion.

As the gap between us closes, I grab her face and plant a kiss on her lips. She struggles at first, but then her body relaxes, and she reciprocates. This is something I've longed to do, something I never believed could happen. But here we are, and she's not pulling away.

A knock from Boris breaks the kiss, and we pull apart, panting heavily as my old man pushes open the door...