

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## NOT READY

Third person pov:

As Boris walks into the room to check on his son, Kiara stands behind him, gripping the handle of the door, trying to catch her breath as her eyes lock onto Zane's. Zane forces himself to keep a straight face.

"How do you feel?" Boris asks. Zane, unable to tear his gaze away from Kiara, hesitates before speaking.

"F-fine. I... feel better."

He stutters again, wondering how much power she holds over him. No one has ever affected him like this, but she does, and it makes him feel strange.

"I must say, you have one smart woman around you," Boris says to Zane before turning to Kiara. "Where did you learn to do that?" he asks. Kiara glances at Zane, who subtly shakes his head.

Was the godfather not aware of how he had tortured her? She wonders.

"We are taught a lot of things at a young age back home, and this was one of the few I picked," she replies humbly.

"Beauty with brains. Hard to come by nowadays," Boris remarks, and she forces a smile.

Grabbing the handle, Kiara opens the door and rushes out of the room. In the passage leading to the living room, she takes a huge breath, still holding the door handle.

She walks to the living room, pacing as her mind fixates on the kiss. Surely, he didn't mean to kiss her; it was all a mistake; she tells herself.

She tries to hear Zane's thoughts, but he shuts her out, even after hearing hers. She attempts to clear her mind, only to be interrupted by Ariana entering the room.

"Is there a problem?" Ariana's voice snaps Kiara back to reality. She shakes her head.

Ariana, seeing through the lie, probes further. "Did something happen to Mr. Malibu?"

Kiara shakes her head again, then grabs Ariana's hand, leading her out of the cottage.

As soon as they are outside, she whispers into Ariana's ear, causing her to gasp. Ariana knew Zane was interested in Kiara, but she didn't expect him to act so quickly. A part of her fears for her mistress, knowing Zane's obsessions often lead to hurt.

"I... I don't know what to say, but I hope it isn't serious. He doesn't know how to control himself around women he's obsessed with, and he ends up hurting them," Ariana whispers back.

Kiara is about to respond when Zane walks out of the house with Boris. He avoids Kiara's eyes, and as everyone prepares to leave, he gets into Boris' car, leaving Kiara in his own. Ariana climbs into the back with Kiara.

"Such an asshole," Ariana mutters through her teeth to avoid Rufus hearing and reporting to his boss.

The ride back to Zane's house is quiet but swift. As soon as they arrive, Kiara rushes to her room for a breath of fresh air. She shuts the door, pacing with her heart pounding.

Meanwhile, Zane leaves the house to get drunk, unable to process what he's done. He knows he'll have to talk about the kiss eventually, but he's not ready yet.

He spends the entire day getting drunk. When night falls, he makes his way back home with thoughts of Kiara haunting him. He staggers to her room and knocks desperately. Kiara, who is about to go to bed, opens the door to find Zane reeking of alcohol.

"Zane, are you okay?" she asks as he falls against her. She struggles to support his weight, eventually wrapping his arm around her neck and guiding him to her bed. She places him gently on it.

Seeing him like this isn't new, but she senses it's related to the earlier events. She helps him unknot his tie and opens the buttons on his suit jacket. Suddenly, he wraps his arms around her waist, pulling her down to him.

"Zane, what are you doing?" she questions. He smiles against her lips, inching closer until they meet. The soothing sensation of the kiss makes her surrender to him. He tugs her leg over his body, positioning her on top of him. He kisses her gently, nibbling on her lower lip, making her open up for him. Their tongues engage in a fierce battle for dominance as he rolls her beneath him.

He breaks the kiss, staring into her eyes before trailing kisses down her neck, his hands exploring her body. He feels every muscle awakening, his arousal growing. The sensation drives Kiara wild, and she grabs his hand, pressing it against her face before kissing him deeply.

But Zane wants more. His hand travels to her gown, reaching her thighs. Kiara shuts her eyes, waiting until his fingers find her pussy, stroking its lips and gathering her wetness. As he slides a finger in, she moans softly before pulling his hand away.

"I... I don't think I'm ready for this," she says, her heart racing.