

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## TRY THIS ON

Kiara:

One would think hearing those words would be pleasant, but they do nothing but create a hollow feeling in my chest. The last time I heard those words was before Blake cheated on me. He always said them like he meant it, but going on with Veronica proved it was all fake.

We both sit up at once, throwing our legs over the edge of the bed, facing opposite each other in silence for a while. It's evident he regrets his words, and it disgusts me.

"What did you say?" I ask, grasping the sheets to cover my bare body, as though I hadn't been entangled in a fierce moment of passion with him just moments ago.

"You lo..." Before I can finish, he cuts me off. "It was a mistake."

How could he say that? I didn't want it to be true that he loved me, but the way he says it, like he has no use for me anymore, gets to me.

I raise my tone, turning slightly to face him while he gets to his feet. "Of course, it's a mistake. With you, every fucking thing is a mistake!" I say, then he stares at me briefly, and I shake my head.

"How can you blame me? I was caught up in the moment, and this bond has been affecting me a lot, but what can I say? I did have a great time," he says, and I scoff, wrapping the sheet tighter around my body.

I ignore him and make my way towards the closet, and the room falls silent again. Deep down, I begin to curse and criticize myself.

'How could you?' I question Bailey, who has nothing to say to me. It was her fault I gave in to this madness, and now all that is left is regret.

"Or did you want it to mean something more than that, Ms. Levine?" His voice makes me stop in front of the closet with my hand still gripping the handle. I tighten my grip, trying to calm myself, then face him with a straight expression.

"You wish. We both wanted sex, and we got sex, so there is nothing more to it. If you don't mind, I have other things to get to." He chuckles when I say this, then walks up to me, still unclothed. "Stay away and put some fucking clothes on!" I raise my tone.

"A few minutes ago, we had no clothes on, and you liked it. So I can do whatever I want," he says, and I roll my eyes. "Or does it entice you so much that you would love to go another round?" he asks, and I scoff.

I fold my arms and look him in the eyes. "For someone as cocky as you, someone who can't keep his dick in his pants, I expected more from you. But it's just bleh. And call me Ms. Levine all you want; it doesn't change the fact Blake is my husband, and he fucks better!" The scrunching of his face shows his ego is bruised, and it makes my heart leap for joy, which is cut short as he closes in on me.

I fear he may do something drastic, causing me to inch backward until my back rests against the closet door.

He leans in close to me, whispering in my ear. "You should have seen your face when I was fucking you. Never been more beautiful."

He runs his hand across my hair, causing me to slap it away.

"Too bad I am no longer horny, and I do not need you anymore," I say to him, then he pulls away with a brief chuckle, grabs his robe, and leaves while I pause to catch my breath.

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After the incident with Zane, I get dressed and make my way downstairs for breakfast. When I arrive, he is already seated with a newspaper in hand, which he folds as soon as he notices me.

"Nice of you to join me, Ms. Levine." I force a smile onto my face as he says this, then I grab some pancakes from the bowl, some fruit and juice, filling my plate and glass.

Shortly after, his phone goes off. He answers the call, then grabs his briefcase and leaves the room without saying a word to me. He wasn't mine, but why is it mind-boggling that he leaves without a word on where he's off to?

The entire time, I try to concentrate on my food, but soon the taste fizzles out, and everything becomes bland, causing me to abandon it.

I spend the rest of the day wallowing in my loneliness, reading a book until Ariana comes to run me a bath. After that, I have a light dinner, then drift to sleep with a book in my hand.

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My body jerks awake to find my room dimly lit, the only source of light being the bedside lamp on the nightstand to my left. I tilt my head, rubbing my eyes as I see him sitting with his legs crossed, my book in his hand. Why is he reading it? I question myself as I sit up in bed.

"You're awake," he says, shutting the book and placing it on the small table beside him.

He pushes a bag towards me with his foot, and I think it's a dream.

"Try this on," he says, and I waste a few moments staring at him. "I figured you'd be fully awake after napping the entire day, but forgive me if I'm wrong," he says, and I reach for the bag, curious to know what's inside.

I pull out a box from the bag and place it in front of me, lifting the cover to reveal a black dress. Are we playing dress-up again?

"Great," I say in a faint voice. "What do you want me to play this time? Your whore?" His face remains straight, unflinching.

"I have a birthday to attend tomorrow evening, and I would like you to accompany me as Kiara." When he says this, I roll my eyes at him, getting to my feet with the dress in hand.

"My eyes will be shut. You can change in front of the mirror," he says. I walk to the mirror, taking off my nightwear, leaving me completely naked. Then I put on the black strapless dress, which barely reaches my knees. I peer into the mirror to see his eyes still shut.

"You can open your eyes now."

The moment he opens his eyes, he gets to his feet and walks towards me. I admire the dress which sits perfectly on my body, highlighting my curves.

"Do you like it?" he asks, and I catch his gaze through the mirror, then nod slowly without a word. "I do too," he says, closing the gap between us, letting my back rest against his chest.

His breath is hot against my neck, making my knees weak. This isn't what I need now.

"A little too much," he murmurs, his lips brushing against my neck.

My heart races against my chest.

I turn around to face him at once, then I cup his face in my hands and press my lips against his.