

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

CASUAL S*X

Kiara:

Zane grabs my waist, pressing my body toward him. His hands trail up my thighs until they rest on my butt, barely covered by the dress. He pulls away from the kiss, his breath hot against my lips.

"I don't know what I was thinking when I bought this dress."

As I open my mouth to respond, he grabs the slit in front of me, ripping the dress until my pussy becomes visible.

"I guess that solves the problem," he says, taking my lips again, but this time tenderly. He pulls me up to his body, wrapping my legs around him, then places me on the bed. His lips trail kisses down my neck to my breasts, finding their way to my thighs.

He pauses, ripping the dress more until the entire bottom is gone. He gets on his knees, grabbing my feet, worshipping them with kisses. His lips trail up my thighs as I stare into his needy eyes, my hands gripping the bed.

My entire body tenses as his kisses stop close to my core. He grabs my thighs, parting them gently, his lips meeting my moist core. He sucks gently, causing every muscle in my pussy to tense up. I grasp the sheets hard, throwing my head back with a moan.

His tongue works wonders as he sucks and licks every corner, throwing my entire body into a fit of pleasure. I try hard not to give in, considering what I had said earlier today, but after a while, my body crashes down. My fingers intertwine with his soft hair, pushing his face down while inching closer to get him deeper as his tongue moves in and out of my hole. This feeling is something I never had, even with Blake.

"Fuck!" he groans, pulling away and scooting up to give me a kiss on my lips. I wrap my hands around him, pressing him closer to my body with one hand while the other seeks his belt, undoing it at once.

Without breaking the kiss, he pulls down his pants, inching closer to me with his hardened length. He pushes himself slowly into me before he pulls away, throwing my back on the bed while he grabs my waist, allowing my entire body to take his length as he draws me close to him.

He thrusts in and out of me slowly while I grab the sheets, biting my lips with each stroke to suppress the moans. His hands rummage around my body, running his hands on my hardened nipples poking through the fabric of the dress. He runs a finger under the cloth, ripping it more to set my nipples free.

Gently, his hands move on my chest, fondling my breasts and pinching my nipples. Then he scoots down after a while, taking my left breast in his mouth, causing me to grasp hard on his back, guiding his body in and out of me.

Suddenly, he lifts me off the bed, sitting on the edge. He places me on top of him, sliding me gently down his cock with my back against his chest. He pats my hair to the side, letting it fall in front of me, then places kisses on my back as he guides me up and down his dick with my hands placed on his shoulders.

We continue for a moment until his body jerks. He lifts me off him, placing me behind his cock, allowing his cum to spill out in front of me. He clasps me to his body, running his fingers on my clit, sending my orgasm spiraling in the air. Then he rubs his hands in circles, gathering my wetness.

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The next day, I wake up laying on Zane's chest, the events of the previous night crashing down on me, causing me to open my eyes swiftly. I run my hands over my body to see I am in a night robe.

"You're up," he says in a croaky tone. I sit up, pulling away from him.

"Do we have to go over this again?" he questions, and I look at him with an eye roll.

"It's casual sex. We don't have to talk about it," I say to him, throwing my feet out of bed. He gets up too, then meets me halfway, looking into my eyes. I wait for a cocky response from him.

"I'll be out for the entire day. The birthday party starts at seven, and I'll be back around six with your dress," he says, and I walk past him without a word. He makes his way to the door, pausing briefly. "Last night's CASUAL SEX was great, and that's two times in one day. Plus, your little sweet voice begging for me keeps replaying in my head."

He leaves without waiting for my reply.

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Zane returns at exactly six. When he opens my door, I am sitting on my bed, waiting in a towel. He stares at me with his signature mean look, his brows drawn down, one hand in his pocket, and the other extending to hand me the bag.

I grab the bag and proceed to open it.

"Don't be afraid. I won't be here to have another CASUAL SEX with you," he says, and I give him a forced laugh.

"Maybe if you channeled your energy into comedy, you would have turned out better," I say, then I grab the bag, watching his expression harden. "I'll see you in a bit." I smile at him, moving my fingers in unison, signaling him to leave.

Shortly after he leaves, I get dressed in the long bodycon gown. Its sleeves extend to my fingers, allowing only space for my rings and nails to be seen. I ask Ariana to do light makeup for me. The moment she finishes, Zane walks in, and she scurries away. I turn to face him.

"You look great," he says, and I give a forced smile.

"Of course." I pick up my purse from the table, watching as he stares at my body through the mirror.

An idea pops into my head. I open my purse, take out my lipstick, and reapply it briefly. Then I turn, bending my leg forward, pretending to trip. He moves in to catch me. I place a hand on my chest in pretence, and he helps me stand straight, the space between us non-existent as our gazes meet. He stares down at my lips, and I inch mine closer to his. Just as they are about to meet, I pull away with a chuckle, walking out on him...