

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

FIGHT LIKE A MAN

Third Person pov:

The ride to the party was silent as Zane battles with his thoughts about what had happened. Having sex with Kiara twice in one day is crazy, and yet his body still craves her. As the car speeds down the highway, his eyes continuously divert to her, and all he wants to do is pull her close, but he can't.

"Can you stop staring, even just for one moment?" she asks as the car comes to a halt. He scoffs, opening his door before the chauffeur can do it.

"Do not flatter yourself."

They both get out of the car, and Zane strides toward the front door of the gigantic house. He opens it and meets the eyes of a lady in a short, tight dress who throws her arms around him. Her eyes meet Kiara's, who stands behind.

Kiara's face burns with envy for a reason she can't understand.

"I didn't know you would be here. I heard about your accident, and I am so sorry," the lady says, pulling away from him.

"Thanks, Zoe," he replies. Zoe places her hands on him, facing Kiara, then raises her brows multiple times to tease Zane.

"Who is your-"

"A friend," he cuts her off before she can finish. Kiara rolls her eyes with a scoff, walking past them without saying a word to Zoe.

"She is having a rough time," he explains to Zoe, then he walks off to catch up with Kiara, who hasn't made it far.

"What?" she asks in a raised tone, drawing the attention of a few people nearby. Zane looks around, all smiles, trying to ward off the onlookers.

"What was that for?" he lowers his voice, and she yanks her hand away.

"You bring me to a party of one of your whores to flaunt her in my face?" she asks, her expression hardening even more.

"Zoe isn't a whore. She's been a friend."

"Just like I am. So how many of your friends have you slept with?" she asks, raising her brows. He chuckles lightly.

"So you're interested in those I sleep with and those I do not?" he questions, leaning closer. "I thought it was casual sex," he says, and she maintains a straight face.

"Yes, I am, and that's because you've been selfish about it. You say I can only have sex with you, and that's why I did what I did twice yesterday and nothing else. I have been starved for months now. Give me the liberty to see other men, and you and this stupid bond will be history," she declares, and he shrugs.

"Okay, do whatever you want," he says, and she gapes, unable to say a word at first. "I mean, I have been hard on you, and you're right, it's unfair. And after all, I still owe you for saving my life, so go ahead, have CASUAL SEX with anyone you want."

When he says this, she clears her throat, unsure of the feeling in her chest.

"I will. So, bye." He grabs her hand briefly, then looks into her eyes. "Only for tonight."

She yanks her hand away, walking off at once, trying hard to steady her steps, which seem to fail her. All of a sudden, she feels like taking off her heels as her legs get wobbly.

"He is nothing to me," she mutters to herself as she tries to mingle with the crowd. "I can have anyone I want, and he will see."

After walking around in circles, she finds herself in front of an alcohol table, a smile creeping onto her lips. This is exactly what she needs to cool off. In no time, she will slip into the hands of a gentleman who will make her night memorable.

Zane keeps watch of Kiara from where he stands, counting the glasses of wine in her hands as she downs them. When she has about three, he feels a push to walk over and stop her, but he remembers his words.

"Only this favor," he mutters to himself. Zoe walks up to him, obstructing his view of Kiara with a wide smile. He forces a smile back, then she begins to talk about random things while he sips from his glass, still glancing at Kiara.

When she goes through the fifth glass, a tall brunette man in a suit walks up to her.

"Wanna dance?" he asks. She turns around, spotting Zane, who immediately looks at Zoe, causing her to feel a surge in her heart. She grabs the man's hands, and they begin to sway their bodies to the music.

"Are you from around here?" the man asks, and Kiara, half-drunk, nods. "Never seen you before, and you're so pretty and decent too," he says, running his hands low on her waist.

As his hands rest on her butt, she has a brief flashback of her moment with Zane, then she pulls away.

"What?" he asks, and she shakes her head, walking away. He goes after her.

Zane, noticing the two of them leaving, is alarmed.

"A moment, please, Zoe." He goes after them.

Kiara makes her way to the backyard, where she is alone until the man grips her hand.

"You do not walk away from me when I speak to you!" his tone turns vile, causing her to stare at him, wondering if he knows she can kill him in a snap of a finger. "I like you, and I would like you to be mine," he says, and she scrunches her face, releasing herself from his grip. He grabs her again, pressing her against his chest, groping her butt cheek.

"Let me go, I am warning you!" she yells, trying to push him off without exerting force.

"Or else what? You are five foot nothing, and-"

"You can pick on me!" Zane grabs his shoulder, sending a sharp jab to his face, causing him to stagger backward. Kiara stands there, watching as the man falls to the ground.

He looks up at Zane, who stands in front of him with his hands in his pockets. "Go ahead, stand up and fight like a man, coward!" Zane barks, and the man gets on his feet, running away.