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I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP

Third person pov:

"I do not need your help," I say to him, and he scoffs. "He's only a human, and I could have taken him down with one strike, so don't act like you saved me from some life-threatening occasion." I fold my arms with my back against him, feeling the heat of his presence.

"And you have to be stubborn about it," he replies, his voice tinged with frustration. I maintain my stance without looking at him. "A simple thank you would have been appreciated." He closes the space between us, his breath warm against my neck.

I turn to face him, taking two steps back to keep some distance. "Are you done chatting with your FRIEND?" I stress the word, and he raises an eyebrow.

"You're angry because I was with Zoe?"

"I'm not angry," I say, throwing my face away, but he steps closer again, forcing me to retreat further. "Will you stop it?" I huff, shaking my head in exasperation.

"Then admit you're angry," he insists, and I raise a corner of my cheek in defiance. "Even if you won't admit it, I don't see the reason for your anger because you clearly call it casual sex, and we are not a thing."

His words make my heart skip a beat, and I release my arms, looking him in the eye. Of course, we weren't a thing, and we couldn't be. How was I supposed to endure all this torture? We were just here to satisfy our needs, but it would help if he wasn't involved with everything in a skirt.

"So that's your excuse to be with every woman?" I question, and he scoffs.

"Every woman? Since you killed Natalie, I haven't really been with any woman but you. Zoe is a friend. You were the one who wanted to have a memorable night, and I granted you that!" His voice is stern, but all I hear is that he hasn't "really."

"What do you mean, really?" I ask, raising an eyebrow, and he gapes at me for a moment. "Well, I don't care. This is all your fault. I have a pack back home, and if you hadn't taken me, I would probably still be with my husband," I say, and he chuckles bitterly.

"Be fucking real, woman. They banished you, and you would have been stroking off an old man by now," he says, and I push him away, walking off in anger.

He comes after me, grabbing my hand. "And where do you think you're going?" he questions, and I yank my hand free.

"To finish what I started. Maybe if I drink more, you will vanish from my mind, Monster," I grit my teeth, storming towards the door.

Before I can reach it, my legs lift off the ground, and I find myself over his shoulder, kicking helplessly in the air. "Oh no, you don't! You've had enough drinks for the night, and I think we should go home," he says, and I slam my fists against his back, but he doesn't budge.

"You better stop that! I think I've been too gentle with you, but don't forget who you are and why you're here. I'm losing every fucking nerve in my body!" His voice is vile, full of fury.

The more he walks, the more I curse and hate myself. This man had made me nothing but a doll, an object for his fun. I was a Luna with a strong will, but here I was, my heart aching because of a man who had hurt me. Why did I desire so desperately to be consoled by him?

Suddenly, he halts in front of the car, snapping his fingers at the chauffeur, who opens the door. He tosses me into the car, climbing in close beside me.

As the doors of the car shut, he throws his head back while I lean away, my arms crossed defensively. What was this cycle? Did I love this man? He says he loves me, and then he says it's a mistake. Why did he have to react this way? Why did he follow me out to the backyard? No, I am overthinking; I tell myself.

"Kiara," he calls out softly, causing me to turn and face him.

He slides his hand to his lap, and I swallow hard, trying to ignore the rough warmth of his hand seeping through my gown. "I am sorry for what happened and the way I spoke. I didn't mean it." His eyes plead with mine, but I shake my head, leaning to the side.

"You do not have to forgive me immediately, and-"

"I do not have to forgive you at all! So stop the act, Zane!" I flare up, pushing his hand off my lap, leaning my back against the door. "This is some plan that will lead to my doom, right? You don't have to act nice. Save yourself the stress and kill me, Zane, please! You have tormented my soul enough!"

My veins pop out as I speak, and then tears roll down my cheeks. He reaches for my hand, but I retract them.

"Kiara, I... I can't control the way you feel. I am an asshole, and you deserve to do whatever it is you want to me," he says, and I look at him through the tears.

He pauses for a moment. "When I said I loved you, I meant it. It's okay if you do not feel the same. I was attracted to you the first day we met, but I tried to push my hate for your people onto you. Rufus warned me about mating with you, and I went ahead to do it. I haven't been able to get over it, and each time I see you, I want you. Everything I have done is to push away my feelings for you, but nothing has worked. I was jealous of my father because I thought he wanted you," he says, and I still find it difficult to believe him.

"And you want me to believe that? You have put me through hell, Zane, and-"

"I would take everything back if there was a way. I thought you could never love me, but after you saved my life, it gave me the courage to make a move-"

"Then you should have never made the move because-"

Before I can finish, he presses his lips onto mine, and the words in my mouth disappear.