

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## BORIS IN THE HOSPITAL

Kiara:

I wake up on Zane's chest again. It's been a week since this new Zane showed up, and he hasn't changed. Sometimes, I try to convince myself he's acting, but all he does is these nice things for me, which only makes me more scared. Maybe he's just trying to repay me for saving him. Each time he says "I love you," my stomach tightens with fear.

"You're awake," he says in that rough, early-morning voice, and I pull away without responding. "I'll take that as an answer," he adds, sliding his feet off the bed and reaching for his robe draped over the chair.

As soon as he throws it on, his phone rings. I try not to care about who's calling. It could be one of his many women, but I do not care as long as he satisfies me in bed.

"What?" His voice shifts, trailing off, and I glance over to see his face fall.

He runs a hand through his hair and begins pacing around the room.

"Wh-when did this happen?" His voice shakes, and now I'm alarmed. "Okay, I'll be there as soon as possible."

He ends the call and looks at me, sighing heavily.

"Boris collapsed last night. He's in the hospital, and he wants to see me."

I steady my breath. It sounds serious, but I don't really care about these people, because they do not care about me.

"I hope he gets better," I say flatly, getting out of bed and heading to the closet. Before I get there, Zane grabs my hand.

I raise my brow, waiting for him to speak.

"Please, come with me. I'd really appreciate it."

This has become normal, going everywhere with him. But I still don't trust him.

"Whatever," I mutter, and he lets go of my hand.

"We need to leave within the hour. He's waiting for me," he says, and I roll my eyes without replying.

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When we arrive at the hospital, Zane gets out first and leaves the car door open for me. Together, we walk toward the large building; him leading the way.

As soon as we enter through the sliding doors, the overpowering smell of antiseptic hits me. I suppress my disgust as we approach the counter, where a young lady with the brightest smile greets us.

"Good morning. How may I help you, sir?" she asks, her eyes locked on Zane while I glare at her from the side.

"What room is Boris Fernandez in? He was rushed here last night," Zane asks, and she types into her computer.

"Room 303," she replies, and without another glance, Zane heads off, leaving her behind.

I follow him into the elevator, and we step out on the second floor, walking down the hallway until we find the room. Zane opens the door, and there Boris lies, blinking awake.

"Father," Zane breathes in relief as he rushes to the bed, while I stand by the door, my greeting stuck in my throat. "I came as fast as I could," Zane adds, and the old man forces a smile.

"It's just a minor ache. I'll be fine." Boris tries to sit up but clutches his chest, making Zane panic and grab his hand.

The old man pulls away.

"Don't treat me like a child! I'm fine!" he snaps, and Zane backs off.

"I called you here because we have a charity event next week. I want you to headline it, because I might not be up for the stress."

As he says this, he glances at me, then back to Zane. I don't need to be told twice that I'm not wanted here, so I slip out of the room, heading to the benches in the hallway.

Sitting down, I feel uneasy. My ears prick up, trying to catch their conversation.

"You're with her now?" Boris asks, and Zane says nothing. "It's no issue, son. She's a good woman, and she saved your life. But let me remind you, you had a mission before her. Don't lose sight of that."

My heart races in my chest. Even an idiot could figure out what he means. He wants Zane to kill me, because that was his mission.

"Kiara and I have an understanding, and that's all there is to it," Zane says, and rejection hits me square in the chest.

An understanding?

"Keep your head clear. Remember why you're here," Boris advises.

"I will. As for the charity, I'll make sure it's a success," Zane promises, and they drift into small talk while I sit there, seething in anger.

After a while, Zane asks, "When do you get discharged?"

"I could leave now, and I didn't even want to come here. I would've had a doctor visit me at home, but none of them answered until I went into a coma. Good thing I've fired them," Boris grumbles.

He talks too much; I think to myself.

"But the doctor says I'll be out in two days," he adds, and Zane says his goodbyes.

As soon as Zane opens the door, I stand up, heading straight for the elevator without a word to him. It's not like he insulted me directly, but he didn't seem to care about me either.

"Did I do something wrong?" Zane asks once we're inside the elevator, and I shake my head, leaning against the wall with my eyes closed.

"You didn't bring him flowers or fruit," I say, and he sighs.

"I wasn't raised like that. But I'll add it to my list for next time. Thanks for the lesson."

His humble tone grates on my nerves.

When the elevator doors open, I walk out quickly, hurrying toward the exit. He catches up to me, grabbing my hand.

"Hey, I'm sorry he asked you to leave," he says.

I yank my hand off him, then I open the car door, and get inside. Zane follows.

"An understanding?" I snap at him once the car is moving. He scoffs. "Does your father know our 'understanding' involves sex and you begging me every time?"

I keep talking while he stays silent. When I'm finally done, he exhales deeply.

"Kiara, I'm sorry. You can believe me or not. All I'm asking is for you to tell me what you want from us," he says, staring into my eyes.