

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

FLOWERS FOR BORIS

Kiara:

"Yes, I would like the finest decor for the hall. Everything has to be perfect," Zane says, ending the call as he opens the door to my room.

I pause brushing my hair, and turn to face him.

"You still haven't learned to knock," I say. He sighs and walks toward me with a blank expression.

"Kiara, I need a favor." His voice is steady, but I raise an eyebrow. "Boris just got out of the hospital, and I need you to take some fruit to him on my behalf. I can't make it; there are things I need to handle for the event. Please."

I shrug. "Fine, no need to whine." He ignores my remark, kisses the top of my head, and leaves.

I get up, preparing to go see Boris. A part of me wonders if I'll be able to look past what he said two days ago. The only way I can do that is if I meet something even worse.

Once I'm dressed, I head downstairs to where a car is already waiting with the fruit basket on the seat where I am to sit. I get in, and the chauffeur drives away.

The drive to Boris's villa isn't long, and soon the car comes to a halt in front of the house. The last time I was here was when I tried to run away from Zane. That ended up biting me hard. I push the unpleasant memory aside as I step out and head toward the house with the basket in hand.

A man waits in the living room.

"From Zane," I say, handing him the basket. He gives a slight bow.

"This way, ma'am," he says, leading me up the stairs. We stop in front of a door that's slightly ajar.

He knocks gently, and Boris's voice comes from within, inviting him in. The man steps inside.

"Ms. Kiara is here to see you on behalf of Mr. Malibu," he announces. For the first time, I don't feel the need to correct him. It's as if I've already let go of Blake and my title. I can't believe I held on for so long.

"Let her in," Boris says, and the man steps aside, allowing me to enter.

The room is vast, with Boris almost swallowed by the massive bed in the center. I mutter a quick greeting, walking to the nightstand to place the basket down.

"I'm sorry to hear about your health. I hope you recover soon." My voice is steady, my composure surprising even to me.

I wait for him to respond.

"Thank you, Kiara. You're a wonderful woman, and Zane is lucky to have you."

My hands ball into fists behind me, but I force a smile. "You're welcome," I reply, turning to leave without another word from him.

As I make my way down the hall, I walk quickly, ignoring the man who had escorted me. I descend the stairs, only to be greeted by Gia in the living room.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" She smirks, her arms crossed, sizing me up.

I try to move past her, but she blocks my path.

"What happened? Did Yusuf run out of money, and you decided to crawl back to your father's side?" I ask, her forced smile widening.

"I see you've become Zane's call girl," she sneers, narrowing her eyes. "But what baffles me the most is how low you've stooped for him." Her words cut through to me, and I scowl.

"Gia, if you must know, I'm not in the mood. I'd like to leave," I say

She scoffs. "Oh, embarrassed that you've turned into nothing more than his call girl? I used to have faith in you, Kiara. I actually believed you wouldn't stoop to his level. But I was wrong. Your people must be so proud to have a slut for a queen."

That is the final straw.

As she tries to walk away, I grab her by the hair, yanking hard enough to make her yelp in pain.

The man behind me rushes to intervene, but she snaps at him. "Go back to your post!"

As he retreats, Gia straightens pats her hair down, straightening her dress with a dark chuckle.

"Pull my hair all you want, Kiara, but it won't change the truth. Once Zane is done with your warm body, he'll move on to the next. That's just who he is. You're not special."

She tries to leave again.

"At least I'm not begging for it," I say, and she freezes, turning around slowly.

"Does it hurt to see that what you've craved all your life is now begging to be had by me?" I taunt, watching her face twist into a scowl.

My words fuel me, and I press on, closing the distance between us.

"I know you fantasize about Zane. You want him. You want him to do all those dirty things to you, but the only time you had him was a mistake he regrets."

Gia's hand clenches into a fist, but I lean in, my voice low and cruel. "Next time you visit Zane's place, that is, if he even lets you. You should know that we've done it in every single spot you sit in. I've had him moaning my name, begging for me. Something you'll never-"

Before I can finish, Gia pushes me away, storming up the stairs. A smile forms on my lips, and I walk away..