

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TWO CAN PLAY

Kiara:

Being home almost every day is something I don't like, but there's little to nothing I can do. This place offers me the protection I need, and no matter how delusional I am, I can't go back to my pack because I'm an outcast.

It's already late, and I'm about to put down my book when I hear Zane's car pull up in the compound. A part of me feels angry that he has to stay out so late, and the other part is eager to see him. How he has suddenly imprinted himself into my life is a mystery.

I put the book away on my nightstand, then I shut my eyes, pretending to sleep. My wolf dies of excitement as his scent gets thicker until he pulls the door to my room open, causing me to tighten my eyes.

"And she's asleep," he says, and then I hear him shut the door.

I assume he's leaving, but then I feel his figure on the bed, sitting close to me. He runs his hands through my hair, gently parting it to reveal my neck. He places a kiss on it, causing my eyes to flip open.

"Zane?" I call out in a low voice, turning to face him. My gaze meets his, glistening under the poorly lit room, with only the light from the lamp on the nightstand casting a soft glow.

"Today was stressful, and I'm just getting back from the organizers' meeting. I can't wait for this to be over," he sighs, then scoots down, burying his head in my neck.

I hesitate before throwing my arms around his neck.

"Fought my way out of the meeting to get home to you," he says, and I pull away briefly, searching his eyes as though I'm looking for answers.

He says he loves me, but I don't know. At that moment, he presses his lips against mine, and I let go of the hardness in my heart. I lift my body a bit, pressing it into his, tugging hard on his back.

His hands roam around my body in a needy manner, tugging off the duvet that covers me before he pulls away from the kiss. We both pant heavily, and I grab his tie, undoing it, then I pull off his jacket, tossing it on the ground. He attacks my lips with another kiss as I fight hard to get him out of his shirt, flinging it away as soon as it's off his body.

He gets on top of me, engulfing my body with kisses from my neck to my cleavage. His hand slides under my gown, resting on my core, which is already moist from his touch.

"Urghn!" I gasp when he slides in two fingers, and I wrap my hand around his neck, pulling him closer to me.

"You're so wet," he whispers in his gruff tone, sending pleasant waves through my body, making me want him even more.

I look him in the eyes. "I want you to fuck me now."

When I say this, I tug on his belt until it's undone. He pulls off his pants, leaving his hardened dick dangling over my lap. Gently, he parts my legs, kissing up my thigh, stopping at the entrance of my core, which throbs under his touch.

"I want you, now, please," I cry out, and he slides into me at once, causing me to arch my back against the fabric of the sheets as I grab them.

He thrusts in and out of me rhythmically. As my walls expand to accommodate his length, my hands roam from the bed to his body. I pull him closer, claiming his lips.

"You're so beautiful!" he moans into my mouth as I slam my tongue into his, trying to suppress the outburst of emotions building up inside me.

This is incredible, and I don't want it to end anytime soon. But the more he moves inside me, the more I feel myself nearing my climax. He lifts my dress, taking it off completely, then cups my breasts in his hands, circling my nipples with his lips. The sensation strikes all the right nerves in my body, making me crave him even more.

"I can't get enough of you, fuckkk!" I groan as he increases his pace.

His hand finds its way to my swollen clit, massaging it and causing my body to jerk. My legs stiffen, and I grab onto his back as a surge of climax shoots through me. I let out a muffled moan in his ear. He pulls away from me suddenly, groaning as he spills his cum on the floor. Then he collapses back on the bed, reaching for my hand.

He pulls me close, and I throw my arms around his body, resting my head on his chest. We lie there in silence for a while before he breaks it.

"We should shower," he says, and I nod.

"I'll go first," I reply, getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom to take my bath.

In no time, I'm done and wrapped in fresh nightclothes. He kisses my forehead before heading into the bathroom himself. As he goes, I pick up our clothes to put them away in the laundry basket.

I've already tossed his pants and shirt into the basket when something falls out of his jacket. I pick it up, and when I see what it is, I try not to believe it. But as I look closer at the inscription 'Gia' through the light from the lamp, it becomes clear.

A pang of jealousy hits me, but I try to wave it off.

She must have forgotten it, and he picked it up, I say to myself.

But when I grab the coat again, I notice what looks like a lipstick stain, causing me to swallow hard.

I take the jacket closer to the lamp. It's black, so I assume I'm seeing things. But as I inspect it, it's unmistakably a lipstick stain, and it's the same color as Gia's.

At that moment, Zane walks out of the bathroom, and I quickly toss his jacket into the laundry basket.

Two can play this game.