

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## AN AFFAIR

Kiara

It's been two days since I found Gia's lipstick, and Zane hasn't said a thing to me about it. Every time I think about it, and the confrontation I had with Gia earlier in the week at Boris's house, I can't help but cringe. They must have laughed about it when they met up for whatever it is they did. Worse, he came back that night, and I let him touch me like the fool I was. The thought of it makes me want to disappear every time it crosses my mind, and there's an unending gnawing feeling in my belly.

Tonight is the charity event, and I'm already dressed, sitting in front of my dresser. He walks into my room as expected, then makes his way toward me, causing me to get to my feet. I grab my purse at once, opening my drawer to grab my lipstick, and then I see Gia's, which makes the anger in my chest heighten. I grab it with mine, tossing it into my purse.

"You look gorgeous," he says, pulling me by my waist, letting my back rest against his chest. I force a smile on my lips, and then he plants a kiss on my neck, causing me to shut my eyes.

His hold on me feels disgusting. As his hand travels lower, I pull away from him, turning around.

"We're going to be late, aren't we?" I ask, and then he sighs.

"You're right, we should get going."

I breathe in relief as he says this, then he takes my hand in his, walking me out of the room. His grip used to be soothing, but now it feels like placing my hands on thorn bushes. I want to let go, but I make it through until we get to the car.

Deep down, I pray we get to the venue in time, and throughout the ride, everything about him annoys me—from the way he breathes to the small talk he makes. I want to strangle him until he's out of breath.

He cheated, and that's the same thing Blake did, but at least Blake didn't torture me.

'But you have refused to define your relationship.'

As Bailey speaks, my brow etches with a frown. She's taking his side, and that's one reason I hate being a wolf, because I can't control her from wanting her mate.

"We're here," Zane announces, pulling me out of my thoughts, and then the doors open.

He steps out of the car, holding his hand out for me. I take it, and he pulls me out of the car, but before I can react, my face is captured by the flickering lights from cameras.

There's a red carpet event, which is exactly what I need to start a fucking bad night. This night can definitely not get worse.

As we walk through the carpet, I hear the paparazzi asking us to smile, but all I do is hide my face on Zane's chest until we make our way inside.

"You've been awfully quiet," Zane says as soon as we get past the paparazzi on the red carpet.

"Maybe because someone left out the fact that I'd walk through a red carpet," I say in a tone laced with anger, causing him to pause, his brows raised.

"Where is that coming from?" he questions, and I'm about to respond when a middle-aged man walks up to us.

"Mr. Malibu," he calls out, stretching his hand for a shake.

This is going to take a while, and I don't think I'm willing to wait. At that moment, the room filled with people becomes small as my eyes meet Gia's.

"I'm going to get a drink," I say to Zane, who is still speaking with the man, and then I walk away before Zane can react.

A drink will solve my problem, I keep telling myself as I reach the wine table, grabbing a bottle and a glass. I pour some for myself, then chug it down my throat.

"For someone with the headline sponsor, I think it'd be wrong to get drunk," Gia says. I drop the glass on the table, my face contorting with a frown. "But the way you're acting makes me wonder, what's gone wrong in paradise?"

I clutch my purse hard, then turn to face her.

"This is your way to spite me, right? But it won't work." I pull out the lipstick, and she gasps.

"Where did you get that?" she asks, and I furrow my brow. "Oops, I left it with Zane the night we..."

"Liar!" I shout back before she can finish.

She snatches it out of my hands. "I'm not trying to prove anything," she says, walking away, leaving me with doubts swirling in my mind.

I need to get my answers, and I've bottled it up so much that it's driving me nuts. I search for Zane to confront him, but then I hear him in the hallway with a group of men speaking.

"So, you and that Kiara girl, are an item?" a blonde guy asks, causing me to lean against a wall where they can't see me.

Zane doesn't respond.

"You seem head over heels for her. She's the woman you said you had at home when you left in a hurry that night," he probes, and another guy chuckles.

"Zane would never admit to falling in love." the guy says.

"Because I'm not." When I hear him say this, I feel a part of my heart shatter. "We're seeing where things take us, so it's not official," he says, and I swallow hard, folding my arms into fists.

"I think I still have my eyes on Gia."

"Good for you," I hear Zane say in a flat tone.

"Really, man, I feel like I need your permission. I mean, after the fling you both had that night, it was almost as if you..."

Hearing this, I take off without letting him finish. My eyes cloud with tears, but there are too many people around, so I find my way to the stairs. Gia was right; they had an affair...