

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

KISS ME

Third person pov:

As Kiara makes her way upstairs, Gia takes out her phone to place a call to Tristan, who is waiting upstairs. Her plan is working perfectly, thanks to Tristan and Jacob. They don't really like Zane, and they only act like his friends because they have a lot to benefit from him. Jacob, on the other hand, has been dying to be with Gia, so he has to see the plan through to the end.

With blurry eyes, Kiara makes her way through the hallway of the massive building, and because she is distracted, she soon collides with a very tough surface, which causes her to stop.

"I'm so sorry," she says to Tristan as she tries to back away from him.

She turns around to leave, but he grabs her hand, pulling her to him. She stares at him with her tear-filled eyes.

"Why is a beautiful lady like you crying?" She scoffs when he asks, then wriggles her hands free from his grip. "I'm sorry for prying, and it's okay if you don't want to tell me, but you can't go out like that tonight, and..."

Before he can finish, she turns around, walks up to him, and presses her lips against his. She doesn't know why she's holding back when all Zane does is cheat. Tristan, who thought this was a difficult and insane task, is shocked at how easy it is.

Kiara is a lot more beautiful than Gia described her, and having her lips against his raises a lot of pleasant emotions, which he wants to explore. However, he doesn't want to come off too strong, so he pulls away from her.

"I... I'm sorry," she says, attempting to leave, but he grabs her hand.

"It's fine, and whatever it is must be weighing you down. You can kiss me as much as you like, but let me offer you a seat, please," he says, opening the door to the room he's standing in front of.

Kiara's heart is in pieces, and she's not thinking straight, so everything serves as an escape for her at the moment. She doesn't think twice before walking into the room.

Tristan shuts the door behind him, then leads her to the king-sized bed, helping her sit. He grabs a bottle of drink from the table, pours it into a clean glass, and hands it to her. Kiara chugs down everything at once, then he pours her another glass, but that isn't enough. She reaches for the bottle, pushing it to her mouth. He lets her for a while, before grabbing it from her.

"You can't do that!"

When the bottle leaves her hand, Kiara buries her head in her palms, then begins to bawl out her eyes.

"I'm never this vulnerable, but I've been through this cycle where my heart keeps getting broken constantly," she says, looking up at him. "Do I look unlovable?" she questions with a sob, and Tristan, who has almost forgotten why he's there, stares into her beautiful eyes, lost in thoughts of how he could have her to himself.

Zane is an outcast, and he doesn't deserve any of the things he's got. Now he has a hot girl to himself, one that he probably doesn't value.

"You... you are so beautiful." These are the words that fall out of his mouth. Then he sits close to her, placing a hand across her shoulder, pulling her towards him.

He lets her head rest on his chest while he pats her gently, trying to hide the heat rising between his legs. All he thinks about is the kiss, and he wants more. Her body is perfectly sculpted, and he imagines how her breasts would fit into his hands perfectly. She is definitely made for him; he says to himself.

"No man who makes you cry deserves to be with you. I was captivated by your beauty the moment I saw you, and if you were mine, I would never let you go."

By now, Kiara is very tipsy, and her entire body tingles as she craves to be touched by this stranger, but she feels restrained. The little saneness she has left wants to hold her back, but his lips look juicy.

"I should let you rest a bit," he says, then takes his hands off her. "I'll hang around the room." He attempts to get to his feet, then she says the words, "Kiss me."

"What?" Tristan acts like he hasn't heard her.

He gets to his feet, and she does the same, but she falls back onto the bed at once, letting out a short chuckle as Tristan attempts to catch her, but ends up face to face with her, their lips almost meeting.

"Kiss me," she says again, and Tristan keeps looking at her, inching closer until their lips meet.

This time, he doesn't stop. His hands roam around her body, and he slides his hands underneath her gown, trailing them up her thighs while his lips stay plastered on hers.

Kiara lets out a moan into his mouth, which drives him crazy as his hardened dick presses hard against her body through his pants. Tristan pulls away from her at once, staring into her beautiful eyes that glisten under his, then he remembers the plan he has with Gia.

The more he looks at Kiara, the more he knows he has to get away from the house if he wants to have her.

"Why did you stop? Am I... not good enough for you?" Kiara slurs as she runs a finger from his throat down his shirt, stopping at the first button on his neck.

She attempts to open it, but he grabs her hand.

"This party is boring. How about we get out of here right now?" When he asks this, she gives him a nod.