

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

NARROW ESCAPE

THIRD PERSON POV:

Tristan sweeps Kiara off her feet, lifting her into his arms, then takes her out of the room. He uses the back stairs, carrying her downstairs, and makes his way out the door, leading to the backyard.

"This is fun," Kiara chuckles, wrapping her arms around his neck as the chilly night air slaps her body while he runs with her.

Gia, on the other hand, thinks her plan is still working, so she heads off to find Zane, who is still talking with a group of people. When he finishes, she walks up to him.

"What do you want, Gia?" Zane asks, crumpling his face with his hands in his pocket.

Gia sips her drink, sizing him up with a smile on her face.

"Nothing. It's strange that you're alone, because I assumed you came with Kiara and you were inseparable. But I saw her crying a moment ago." Zane looks at her, his brows drawn down. "She had a lot to drink, and I'm just looking out for you because you wouldn't want anything to ruin your speech, would you?" she asks, walking off before he can say anything.

Zane feels a pang of guilt cross his chest. How could he leave her alone the entire night? He calls himself foolish as he follows her scent through the house. It leads him upstairs, and as soon as Gia sees him heading up, a sinister smile spreads across her lips.

"This should be fun," she says, grabbing a bottle of wine and trailing behind him.

She can't wait to see the look on his face when he walks into the room and sees Tristan and Kiara making out. Zane walks for a while, then comes to a halt in front of the room Kiara was in earlier. He opens the door and steps inside, while Gia hides in a corner, watching as the tension rises in her chest.

Zane is furious. He picks up Kiara's scent in the room, but she is nowhere to be found. He sees two glasses of wine and an almost empty bottle. Grabbing one, he sniffs it. Anger surges through him as he slams the glass against the wall. Gia who is outside, shivers in fear, contemplating to leave.

"How could she?" he questions himself before storming out of the room, marching toward the stairs.

Gia, hides in a corner, and once he is gone, she goes to the room to find it bare. Her brows become wrinkled almost touching her nose as she pulls out her phone and calls Tristan.

Tristan is in his car with Kiara, who can't keep her hands off him due to the fact she is drunk.

"Are we there yet? When are you going to fuck me and make me forget about that silly, silly mafia man?" she questions, grabbing his tie and pulling him toward her.

"Soon," he replies, strapping her into the seat before unwrapping her hands from his tie and pulling away from the car.

He shuts the back door and moves to the front seat, then his phone rings. Tilting his face to the center box, the name of the caller pops up in time.

"Gia," he says, taking a deep breath.

"Where the hell are you? And where is Kiara?" Gia barks through the phone.

She hears Kiara giggle in the background.

"Is that Kiara?" she asks, her blood pumping with anger.

"Yes, she's with me. She's fine, but there's been a change in the plan. I want her," he says, and Gia feels as though glass is shattering in her head.

Maybe she's going mad, she tells herself, but she hears him clearly.

He's going to risk his life for Kiara, knowing full well Zane could end him with one strike.

"You men are crazy, and I have nothing to say to you. But good luck. I hope you escape this one," she snaps, and he chuckles.

"You're forgetting who set me up on this mission. And when Zane finds out, I'm taking you down with me," he says before ending the call.

Gia squeezes her phone hard, stomping her foot on the ground. Jacob, who has been searching for her, finds her in that moment,

when he sees her face is tight with frustration, he knows it is best to pick his words.

"Gia," he calls out, and she looks at him with disgust. "Where's Tristan?" he asks. She raises a brow, storming off.

He sighs, then he follows her, grabbing her hand before she reaches the stairs.

Gia turns, yanking her hand away in frustration.

"Maybe you should ask your stupid friend, who thinks it's right to kidnap Kiara and take her for himself."

"What?" Zane's voice cuts through their conversation before she can finish, and they both turn to see him on the landing of the stairs.

Zane tries to control the anger in him, but his hands cup into fists and his expression hardens with every passing second.

They both back away as their feet wobble.

"What the hell did you just say?" he growls, and Gia shakes her head.

Zane closes in on them, grabbing Jacob by the collar and slamming him against the wall, his breath heavy on Jacob's body.

"Please, Zane, don't hurt me. It's all Gia's plan, please."

Zane finds himself too angry even look at Gia, who is cowering in the corner. He knows he can end his life at the moment, so he thinks it best to look away from her.

"Where is Kiara?"

Jacob turns his face away.

"Trist... Tristan... he..."

"Speak like a man!" Zane slams Jacob's back against the wall.

"He took her. Please, don't hurt me," Jacob pleads, and Zane releases his collar. Jacob crumples to the ground, gasping for breath.

Zane finally looks at Gia, who forces tears through her eyes to get some sympathy, but all he can think of is punishing her.

"I'll deal with you once I find my woman," he says, storming off.

He knows he has to follow Kiara's scent, so he trails it, and it leads him outside the house.

Gia calls Tristan.

"Abandon her and run for your fucking life because Zane will kill you," she warns, but this doesn't stop Tristan.

Rather, he turns on the ignition, then he wheels his car out of the car pack, making his way to the gate.

Zane spots his car in the distance and tries to chase after him, but a man grabs his hand, diverting his attention.

"Sir, it's time for the toast, and the godfather wants you," the man says.