

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## WILD GOOSE CHASE

Third-person POV:

This man serves as a temporary distraction because, as he says this, Zane looks away, enabling Tristan to step on the gas.

"Stop that, man!" Zane yells, yanking his hand free from the man holding him.

He makes to go after them, but he hears Boris' voice.

"You are needed, Zane." When he hears this, he glances between his ailing father, who is in a wheelchair, and Kiara, who is being taken away by Tristan.

"He has Kiara, and I cannot-"

"We have a hall full of important dignitaries, and we cannot let them know of any internal chaos," Boris says with a straight face. "I will send my men after Tristan, and I assure you, she will be brought back to this house," he says, and Zane walks back into the house without speaking to Boris.

"Good," Boris says, then taps the man with him. "Get a car ready and send out three boys to go after them. Get him roughed up, but not too much," Boris says, and the man nods as he wheels Boris back into the house.

Zane is furious, and although he trusts his father, he fears what Tristan may do to Kiara, given the fact she is drunk.

As he gets up on stage, he remains silent for a while as his mind cannot shake off the images of Tristan touching Kiara's body. This makes him tighten his grip on the microphone.

"Sir," someone calls out, tapping him gently, drawing him back to reality as he looks down at the crowd of people who are finely dressed, waiting for him to speak.

He swallows hard, clearing his throat.

"Good evening, everyone. It is a pleasure to have you all present for this event, and as we all know, this event has been made successful because of my father, Boris Fernandez, who-"

Just as Boris instructed, his men go out in search of Tristan.

As Tristan drives, he begins to question his life choices. Kiara keeps giggling in the back, and her once contagious laughter is becoming irritating. He wants to pull over and throw her out, but he knows he will be a dead man either way.

"Why the hell do I keep doing these things?" he questions himself, then hears the voice of his deceased father.

"Foolish boy! I knew you were no good. Have I not warned you not to step on the toes of the Mafiosos?" his father's voice rings in his subconscious.

He used to think the man was harsh on him as a kid, but if only he had listened to his advice, he wouldn't be here. He wants to leave, but there is almost no way out. This is what he deserves, and he knows he will suffer for it.

Tristan is still lost in thought that he doesn't notice Boris' men until they crash into his car, jogging him off the road and snapping him back to reality.

He glances to the side and sees a black car which has two men dressed in black with hardened faces, ready to spill blood.

"I'm a fool. How could I?" he keeps questioning himself as he steps on the gas, trying to speed up, but the highway is crowded, and he finds himself swerving through the intense traffic.

"Weel!" Kiara yells, throwing her hands in the air, then she rolls down the window, letting the cool night air hit her as she pokes her head out the window.

"Stay inside!" Tristan yells, but Kiara doesn't listen.

He swerves the car sharply, causing her to fall back inside, hitting her head on the console. She whimpers softly, then passes out.

"Fuck!" Tristan groans, glancing at her. He steadies his hand on the wheel, stepping on the gas, but the men chasing him hit his car from the side, almost throwing him off the road again.

He tries to maintain control of the wheel, but they keep ramming into him from the side until one of them pulls out a gun, aiming at him. In that moment, he sees his life flash before his eyes, but before they can fire, another car cuts in.

"Shit!" he curses.

"The boss wants him alive, do not shoot!" the driver tells the man who aimed at Tristan.

"I know. I was just trying to scare him, and it worked. Hit him at full speed. His hands aren't steady anymore," the man replies.

His counterpart nods, stepping on the gas as he pulls the car closer to Tristan's. He rams into him, and Tristan lets go of the wheel in fear, causing his car to skid off the road and slam into a nearby wall.

"I told you we'd get him," the man says, and they wheel their car toward Tristan, parking behind him to prevent him from escaping.

Tristan, who passed out for a moment, opens his eyes to find his face buried in an airbag. His head throbs, and he tries to sit up. He remembers what happened, and quickly grabs the door handle, but the men beat him to it.

"Please, don't kill me! I was only acting on orders!" he pleads.

"Tell that to the godfather," the man says, pulling him out of the car.

The other man carries Kiara, who is still unconscious. They move to their, laying her on the back seat while they toss Tristan into the trunk. They then head back to the event.

As Zane is on stage, he sees a man enter the room and approach the godfather, whispering in his ear. Boris rolls his chair out of the room, raising suspicion in Zane's chest. It is either Kiara is back, or they have lost her.

"That will be all for tonight," Zane says, stepping off the stage.