

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## WHY AM I THIS WEAK

Zane:

I waste no time the moment I see Boris leaving the hall. As I get off the stage, I make my way outside the house to see the godfather with a group of four men. One has Kiara in his arms, and the other three are standing in front of the trunk.

I make my way to them as they pull Tristan out of it, holding him side by side. As I move towards him, one man makes to stop me, but Boris grabs his hand.

"Let him be," he says, but I do not turn back to look at him.

Without giving it a second thought, I send a sharp jab to Tristan's face, causing him to slip out of their grip, landing on the cold tarred ground on his back. My hands reach for his collar, crumpling it into my fist as I send more punches to his stupid face.

"What did you do to her?" I yell with every muscle in my body, aching to spill his blood, but he keeps mute.

"I said, what did you do to her?" I punch him in the jaw, rearranging his face to the side.

He coughs out blood, but I feel no remorse for him. I send in another punch, and I am about to land the sixth one when Boris speaks.

"Let him be!" he yells, and my hand freezes in the air, my grip tight on the man's collar. "You have your girl back, and he will be dealt with under me. He has betrayed us, and that is punishable. Do not soil your hands further; let your father handle this."

'Let your father handle this.' Those words bring up memories between Boris and me.

He always said he is a man of many sins, and killing off the people who offend me will make me the lesser evil. I feel a moment of weakness as I let go of the bastard, allowing him to crash onto the floor. I stand up, my head bowed, and my hands still in fists. Boris rolls his chair toward me, then places his hand on my fist.

"Let it go, son," he says. I hesitate before I look him in the eyes, then walk to the man holding Kiara in his arms.

I take her from him, then I look at her, sleeping peacefully with her eyes tightly shut. She is beautiful, but my heart is raging with hurt because of the situation she has put me in.

I make my way back to the house and up the stairs. I walk her to a room reserved for me in the house, placing her gently on her back on the bed. She lets out a cough, then turns to the side with a smile hanging on her lips. I take a deep breath, placing a kiss on her forehead, then stand up straight, taking my phone from my pocket.

"Keep Kiara company while I attend the function," I say to Rufus, and then I leave.

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The event lasts for about four hours before we wrap it up. I am glad it is over, and I can finally focus on Kiara. As I make my way up the stairs, I see Gia, who turns her face away. I know she will get what is coming to her, but for now, I need Kiara, so I head to my room.

There, I see her sitting on the bed. She looks at me and sighs. I shut the door and walk up to her. I try to control myself around her, unsure why she acted the way she did.

"How do you feel?" I ask, but she ignores me, turning her face away.

"I took some aspirin, and my headache is gone," she mutters.

I crouch in front of her, tilting her face towards me, but she pushes my hand away. This bothers me, so I sit close to her, attempting to reach for her hand, but she pulls it back.

"Tell me what I have done wrong, please," I say, and she gets to her feet.

"Are you really asking me?"

I look into her eyes, and I see them glistening with tears, causing a part of my heart to rip. I take a deep breath, trying to be strong for both of us.

"Yes, I don't know what I have done wrong, so please, tell me," I say, and she lets out a quick chuckle, shaking her head.

"How would you know? When all you do is make women's lives miserable."

My mouth falls open when she says this, but I try to hold myself back. I am the one who should be angry because she ran off with some guy and jeopardized the entire event. If my father hadn't stepped in, who knows what I might have done.

"I am sorry for making the lives of women miserable, and believe me, if I could, I would undo everything I have done," I say, and she scoffs.

"But you will continually hurt me." I stare at her, silent, as she continues. "First, you kidnap me, demand loyalty from me, then you torture me sexually. You don't stop there. You torture me physically and watch me break and bleed, but that didn't stop you. It gave you joy, and..."

Her words feel like daggers plunging into my chest, and each one cuts deeper as she speaks.

"Stop, please," I say, my voice cracking. "I cannot bear those words, because while I am guilty of those actions, I cannot tell you how much it hurts, too. I have made my promise to change, and do whatever it takes to be with you."

She stops talking.

"Do you know how it feels to have your entire world taken from you as a child? A child capable of loving and being loved, but something happens that turns you into a monster you cannot even recognize. And when you believe you are incapable of love, you find it, but..." I pause, swallowing the heavy lump in my throat. "But you cannot embrace that love because of how much it hurts."

"I will not fall for one of those silly lies anymore!" she yells.

"But your family did, and I have watched you defend them every single time. You make it look so easy to forgive them, but they damaged me as a child. For you, I am willing to let that go, but..." I pause, fighting back the tears threatening to fall.

Why am I this weak? I question myself.

"Do you even care about what they did to me? They took me away from my parents as a child, and..."

"At least I didn't hurt you, but you will continue to hurt me!" she cuts me off, grabbing her phone from the nightstand.

She tosses it at me.

"What is this?" I ask, and she scoffs.

"Don't play dumb with me, Zane. You suddenly forgot how Gia's lipstick looks, but you thought it wise to bring it home with marks on your jacket," she says, and I struggle to keep my jaw from hitting the floor.