

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## A PASSIONATE NIGHT

Kiara:

I wake up after a couple of hours, and I notice my body is void of Zane's touch. I do not want to open my eyes, so I run my hands on the left side of the bed to get his attention, but I find it bare.

This makes me alarmed, so I open my eyes, turning to the left to see him sitting on the chair close to the bed.

"Zane," I call out softly. He stares at me briefly, forcing a smile that I can barely see through the dimly lit room. "What are you doing?" I ask, and he stays mute for a split second.

"You should get some sleep," he says, but this makes me worry, so I get to my feet and walk to him.

I stare into his eyes, which glisten in the dimly lit room, and when he opens his mouth to speak, I place a finger on his lips, sliding down onto his lap. I place one arm around his neck, the other on his chest.

"Tell me what is bothering you. You had a pretty rough time last night, and you haven't rested, so tell me, please," I say to him, and he takes a deep breath, taking my right hand off his chest and intertwining our fingers.

He brings my hand to his lips, planting a kiss on it.

"Tell me, please," I say, and he looks me in the eye, parting my hair to the side before he lets out a sigh.

"I thought I was going to lose you today because I wasn't there to rescue you. The entire time I was on that stage, I felt fear creep into my heart, and it's something I've never felt before," he says, then he pauses, taking a huge breath. "That thing scared me," he says, then stops talking, caressing my thighs gently with his face bent.

Seeing him vulnerable is sexy, and it makes me want him even more.

"Look at me," I say to him, but he hesitates. "Please, Zane," I plead, grabbing his face. Then I feel a watery substance on my finger, causing him to grab my hand.

Did he just break a tear? I question myself as I try to break free from his hold. When he lets go, I inch closer to him, taking his lips in mine. This does the trick, and he lets go. Then I place his head on my chest.

"I made you a promise, and I will keep believing in you. I will also make you another promise," I say, and he pulls away from my body, looking me in the eye.

"I will not leave you, Zane, and each time you wake, I'll always be with you," I say, and he shakes his head.

"Kiara, you..."

"It is my decision, and I have made up my mind. It is okay to be vulnerable with me. You have seen me in that state, and you have vowed to reassure me," I say to him, and he cups my face in his hand, pressing his lips on mine.

I do not hold back. I suck and nibble on his, then he bites my lower lip, and I open up gracefully to take his tongue, which leaves us in a lustful battle as he tugs on my waist, breaking the kiss.

Hurriedly, I pull his shirt off, tossing it away as I run my hands along the contour of his chest. Then I lean in for another kiss as his hands roam around my lap, sliding into my nightdress and resting on my core.

He slides two fingers in, pumping into me as I rock back and forth with my arms around him.

"Don't stop, please," I beg, and he increases his pace as I feel his cock rising underneath my butt.

"Fuck!" he groans, pulling away.

He wraps his hand around my waist, lifting me slightly to face him as he struggles to pull off his pants. I help him slide them off, revealing his hardened cock, then I place my knees on the sofa with his legs between mine.

Slowly, I slide down his dick, its warmth settling in my body as he lets out a sexy grunt. I move up and down on him as my walls expand to take his length, then I grab his neck with my lips on his. His hands cup my butt as he tries to make the rhythm smoother by guiding my waist.

"I want every inch of you, Kiara. I need you," he begs with each bounce.

This makes me increase my pace as his words get to me.

After a while, he wraps both arms around my waist, taking control of the rhythm as he slams into me faster and faster with my legs wobbling on the couch. His moans fill the room, with mine barely above a whisper as I dig one hand into his hair while the other tugs his body, begging for more.

"I think I'm about to cum, please, please," I plead as I feel the muscles in my body tighten.

I want to get there, but at the same time, I do not want this to stop.

"Fuck me, please, please, Zane, fuck!"

The moans keep coming until I feel my body vibrate under his hold, and I feel my muscles become calm as I reach my peak. He slows down for a moment, then I feel his body shudder under me, and he hurriedly pulls me off him, placing me by the side as his cum spills out. His body keeps jerking until everything is out.

I crawl back to him, planting a kiss on his lips.

"You should get to sleep," I say to him, and he nods, kissing me back.

We take a shower together, and then we go to bed, cradling each other. I feel safe in his arms, and I hope he feels the same in mine.

The next time I open my eyes, it is morning, and I see the room is empty, but I find a note from Zane.

"My father needs me. Rufus is around to take you home."

I sigh, laying back in bed as this isn't what I wanted to hear or see at the moment.