

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TWELFTH OF SEPTEMBER

Zane:

The first thing I see when I wake up is a message from Boris asking me to meet him at his house. A part of me feels this is not going to be a pleasant meet up, but I try to shrug it off.

When I get to his villa, I make my way inside, heading straight to the living room where I find him by his bar in a corner, sipping from a glass of wine with one of his men on standby.

"Good morning, father," I announce from the door, making my way to him.

"Good morning, Zane," he replies in a stiff tone and then turns to the man beside him. "Leave," he says to him, and the man gives a nod, making his way out of the room while I rest my hand on the counter.

Some may think it is a little too early to drink, but drinking knows no bounds in my father's house.

"Pour yourself a glass," he says, and I do so, then I clink mine with his.

He forces a smile on his face.

I take my shot, and he does too, both of us squeezing our faces at the burning sensation. I pour another one for myself, and he presents his glass, too. We go for two extra rounds before he hands me his empty glass, which I place on the counter.

He clears his throat, looking me in the eye.

"What is going on, Zane?" he asks, and I shake my head without a clue what he is asking about. "Between you and the wolf girl," he adds, and I swallow hard.

"We have an understanding." I maintain the same word as I do not want a lecture on why she isn't good for me. "She takes care of me well, and you have testified to it."

"But at what cost?" he questions with a straight face. "Did you see yourself at the event yesterday? I could barely recognize you as my son, Zane. This woman can make or break you, and I do not think this is the woman you should give this kind of ability, given the circumstances surrounding her, and."

"It wouldn't have happened if Gia hadn't been trying to tear us apart," I interrupt, and he grips the handle of his wheelchair.

"You know I haven't completely lost my ability to walk? And my hands work perfectly," he says, and I keep quiet. "Never interrupt your father when he is speaking!" he raises his tone.

"Forgive me, father," I say to him, and he continues to speak.

"Gia, Jacob, and Tristan will be punished heavily, irrespective of their stance in this organization. Although I love my daughter, I believe in equality, and they ganged up to betray you," he says, and then he grabs the handles of his wheelchair, pulling himself up.

As he gets to his feet, I am alarmed. I rush to help him, but he puts forward his hand, forcing me to withdraw as he limps toward me.

"I have given Gia one last warning, and if she missteps, I will disown her like I have disowned Yusuf," he pauses, grabbing my shoulder with one hand and the other on his waist. "Where am I going with this?" he asks.

"You have fallen in love with Kiara, but remember, you have principles. A true man doesn't break his principles, and you have to stand by them. Remember why you took her in the first place. Go back to the beginning and make the right step," he says, and I swallow hard, staring into his cold eyes.

He is asking me to kill Kiara without being straightforward.

"Your dead parents need justice. What would they say if they knew your life was going up in flames for a lady whose people ended their lives? Fight for your family, Zane, because that is what we do!" he says with a firm face.

I take a deep breath.

"Are you asking me to kill Kiara?" I ask, and he holds his gaze for a while before muttering the word, "Yes."

"It is discouraging to think of, given that she has saved you. But you know what she is, and what her people can do. We have lived for years with these wolf people in our midst, and it is best we put an end to it as we have an edge over them," he says, and I shake my head.

"Do not be foolish, son! Do you really believe that a Luna would love you and stoop so low? She was a queen, and rest assured, she wouldn't bow to you," he says, and I keep quiet. "I know it won't be easy, and I confess, when I first met her, I was smitten. I wanted her shamelessly, but I couldn't do that to you when I realized you had eyes for her, and I got over her, so it will be possible for you."

My silence is because I will have to lose someone I love dearly. Why does it have to be this way? I was born to suffer.

"If it is too much for you, then we can do it for you." He lets go of me and limps to the counter, grabbing it for support. Then he pours himself another glass as I watch him with no words.

"I can arrange something for you, and fake your death or something. Then take her out, and you can live your life," he says, and I force a smile onto my lips.

I try to match his rhythm.

"You are right, father. I have been foolish, and I thank you for bringing me to my senses," I say to him. "Kiara has to die, so I can be free, and I am more than ready to do this."

"Good, so pick a date."

Shock surges through my body, but I try to maintain a straight face.

A date? That is too soon.

"You have to do this within two weeks, or I'll be forced to. The drama surrounding her is unhealthy for our family." I nod my head at his words.

"Very well then. On the twelfth of September, I will end her life."

"Twelve days from now," he says as a smile creeps up his face...