

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## LILIES

Zane:

Twelve days is all I have to think of a plan to save Kiara. I can't kill her, and I will not, because it will mean killing myself. I have never had a reason to live, but with her, I have hope.

"Could I have said no?" I question myself with my hands firmly gripping the wheel.

I'm so lost in thought that I do not notice the red light in front. I cross it at once, and in that moment, I hear a screeching sound, and a car halts close to mine, causing me to come to an abrupt stop.

"Are you blind or something?" the lady in the car yells, and I roll down my window.

"I'm sorry," I apologize, then I move my car forward, cornering to the side of the road where I stop to think.

Nothing comes to mind, but I spot a flower store up ahead with a middle-aged lady tending to the flowers displayed in front. All I think of is Kiara, and the thought of her warms my heart.

I start my car, then I put a call across to Rufus.

"Is Kiara home yet?" I ask as soon as he picks up the call.

"Yes, she is having brunch at the moment," he replies.

"How has she been the entire morning? Calm? Angry? Sad?" I question as I stop my car in front of the store.

"She has been quiet, and I can't really tell what that means."

"Okay," I say, ending the call.

I stop my car, then I get out, making my way into the store.

"Good day, fine sir, and how may I help you?" the old lady behind the counter asks, the corners of her lips rising with each second.

"I want all the lily flowers here, please," I say, and she nods.

"One order coming up. Have a seat in the corner, please," she points to a bench behind me, and I walk over to it, taking a seat on the soft, leathery material.

I try to free my mind from what is bugging it, but I can do little to nothing, as the only thing I can really think of is Kiara getting killed.

"She must be one lucky lady," the old lady says, cutting through my thoughts as I turn to face her. "You are sure a fine young man, and I wish I had someone like you when I was younger."

All I do is force a smile.

If she knew I was to kill the one I love, then she would never wish to have or know someone like me.

When she is done, she loads the gigantic bouquet in the back of my car, then I pay and make my way back home.

As I pull up to the house, I take a huge breath before stepping out of the car. I stare upstairs to Kiara's room to see if she is at the window, but she isn't. I sigh, then I make my way to the door, which has two men on guard.

I'm about to speak when Rufus opens the door.

"You are a better option," I say, then I point to the car. "Take out the bouquet and follow me." I hand him the keys, then I walk past him into the house.

As soon as I get to the living room, I catch sight of Kiara's back as she makes her way upstairs.

"Kiara," I call out, but she doesn't respond.

I sigh as I make my way up the stairs, running after her in a bid to catch her, but she is fast, and before I reach her, she slams her door in my face.

I catch it before it shuts, then I push it open and see her lying on her bed, facing away from me.

Slowly, I walk to her bed, then I sit on it.

"I know you are angry with me for leaving you, but I had to answer my father, and..."

"I could have gone with you. We have sex, and the first thing you do is leave me in the morning." She sits up at once, her face wrinkled. "No, this is what you do every time, Zane. You love me, but I am a stranger in the affairs of your family, because you cannot trust me. How do we have a relationship, then?"

I stare at her without a word. Lord knows if she had been with me today, she would regret it after what Boris said.

I'm about to speak when a knock comes at the door.

"It's Rufus, sir," he says, and Kiara stares at me, raising a brow.

"Come in," I respond, keeping my gaze on her.

As soon as Rufus opens the door and walks in with the bouquet, which he struggles to fit into his hand, her mouth falls open.

He finds his way to the couch in the room and places it on it. Then he leaves at once.

"Do you like it?" I ask, and she shuts her mouth but keeps the wrinkles on her face. "Come on," I tease, moving in to hold her.

I close the space between us, then I press my lips on hers. She acts stiff and doesn't reciprocate, so I pull away.

"That won't get me to like you," she says, and I chuckle. "But how did you know?" she questions, and I take her left hand, stroking the back of her palm with my thumb.

"I'm not blind, Kiara, and I watch your every movement. The way you look at the lilies on display during occasions. No matter how much you think I wander off or leave you, I still see you," I say, and she scrunches her face more. "You don't have to pretend you don't like them," I add, and she groans.

"Fine, just because I want to smell them," she says, and she attempts to stand up from the bed, but I grab her waist and pull her towards me, letting her sit on my lap.