

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

HER BIRTHDAY

Kiara:

The way Zane treats me is dreamy but I hate the way he leaves. I want to be a part of him, even if I haven't made this official, but he ups and leaves me every second.

"You'll get to smell them if I get a kiss," he says, and I scoff, inching close to his face.

As I close the gap between us and he shuts his eyes, I turn away, allowing his lips to crash on my cheek, causing me to let out a chuckle while his face crumples into a frown.

"You got your kiss, so let me go," I say, pushing his hands away, getting to my feet. Then I make my way to the couch, which has the large bouquet of multicolored lilies in a wrap.

Leaning forward, I place my nose on a petal, taking in the scent of the flower.

"That's enough to give me an orgasm," I say, and I feel Zane's hand around my waist.

"I could give that to you right now," he says, and I slap my hand against his arm, turning around to face him. "What? I know you want it," he whispers in my ear, pulling me close to him, allowing our bodies to collide.

My belly flutters as his hands grab my butt, roaming low underneath my gown. As his hands meet my skin, I bite my lips, then shake my head, pushing him away.

"No," I say to him, and then he throws his hands in the air as I turn around to face the flowers. "Gosh, this reminds me of home so much, but it doesn't start this early-it starts on the fifth of September," I say, and he raises a brow.

"What starts?" When he asks, I am suddenly drawn back to reality, and I do not want to speak.

This is because the person I am about to speak of is Blake.

He starts a week before my birthday, getting me gifts every single day, and he takes me out too. We had been married for three years, and he made my 20th, 21st, and 22nd birthdays memorable.

"It's nothing," I say, then I attempt to walk back to the bed, but he grabs me and stares at me with his brow arched.

I throw my face away.

"I know you are lying," he says, and I scoff. "You can't even look at me, so please tell me what it is?" He lets me go, and I sit on the bed.

I stare at him for a split second.

"It's about Blake and how he celebrates my birthday, so I didn't think you'd want to hear about it," I say, and I watch him fight to keep the expression on his face neutral.

It goes from his brows wrinkling to a corner of his face being raised, and finally, it settles into a warm smile as he slides his hands into his pockets.

"Who says I do not want to hear it?" he asks, and I raise a brow.

"Really?"

"Yeah, who says so? I would love to hear how your ex treated you better during your birthday and how I am a sore loser," he says, and I take a deep breath, placing my hand on my forehead. "No, come on, Kiara, tell me," he says, while I curse myself silently for opening my big mouth.

I know it would piss me off if he told me about Natalie, so why did I do it? I question myself.

He is still talking when I get to my feet.

"I'm waiting. I would like to hear the dreamy stories of you and Blake because that will..."

I seal his lips with a kiss before he can finish talking, then his words become muffled until he stops speaking, wrapping his hand around my waist as he deepens the kiss, our tongues meeting.

His hands roam around my body, and as he squeezes my butt, I let out a moan in his mouth, causing him to smile against my lips as he comes to a halt. He pulls away.

"I needed that," he says, cradling me to his body with our faces inches away.

"I figured." I roll my eyes, and he sighs, placing his forehead on mine.

"You must think I'm a maniac for what happened," he says, and I shake my head, cupping his face with my hand. "You don't?" he asks, pulling away and looking me in the eye.

"I think you are a maniac, but not because of what happened." He gives off a chuckle. "I'd hate to hear about your other exes, but I threw it right in your face, even though you asked me to," I say.

He plants kisses on my neck while I wriggle underneath his touch. Then he stops after a while.

"I do not need you to tell me what it is he does for you because I will be better, and I swear," he says, and I shake my head.

"You do not need to overwork yourself, and..."

"I'd do anything for you, Kiara. You gave me a different meaning to life, and I do not care how much I have to spend; I'll do that until you are totally mine. Until you forget he existed." He stops to take a breath. "I wronged you when I had no clue about who you were, but Blake saw you in and out. He had you, and he fumbled you, but I would be damned a fool to do that. So I tell you today that I will make you the happiest woman." He says, and I press my lips against his.

"You look sexier when you sound like that."

"He starts on the fifth, right? And it runs for..."

"A week because my birthday is on the twelfth of September." I complete his statement.

"What?" he asks, pulling away from me at once.