

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

AIR HOSTESS

Kiara:

"Morning, sleepyhead," Zane says as I struggle to pull my eyes open.

My forehead is met with a kiss, causing me to flip around with my eyes tightly shut. He gets up from the bed, and I think he is leaving, but then my eyes are attacked by the rays from the morning sun, causing me to groan as I pull the cover over my head.

He walks up to me and yanks it off.

"For the love of the moon goddess, Zane, I'm going to..." his lips on mine silence me before I can finish my words.

I groan and open my eyes.

"It's the first of September!" he says with a smile on his lips. "Your birthday is in a couple of days, and you have only five days, including today, to prepare for your birth week, which will happen in Greece," he says, causing the sleep in my eyes to vanish.

"Five days? What if I do not know what to wear? Or..."

"Your time starts now, love," he says, and then he gets up to leave. "The card is on the table; get whatever you want," he says, and he vanishes.

I groan again, forcing myself out of bed. I put a call across to Ariana and she is at my doorstep in a matter of seconds.

"You've got to help me," I say to her, and then I explain everything to her as I pace up and down.

"I think you should make a list. It's seven days, and you have to pick out the activities you want to engage in, and we can go shopping," she says.

It is good having her because she calms my panicked heart.

We hit the shower and dress up, then we make our way to the mall. I pick out a ton of dresses and lingerie, then we stop momentarily for a meal.

After this, we head back home.

"Finally," I say as Ariana drops the last bag of clothes on my bed.

It's been a hectic day, but I have managed to make it back in one piece. Now all that is left is to sort the clothes.

"Help me," I say to her, and we begin to sort the clothes, ranging from the stay-in dresses and lingerie for different occasions to the outing clothes.

Suddenly, the door to my room opens, and Zane walks in. Ariana stands up to leave, and he shuts the door. He walks up to me with a straight face, then he grabs my neck, pressing his lips against mine.

"Does that make it more appealing?" I ask him, and he puckers his lips.

"Maybe."

His eyes scan the room, and I'm not very attentive to see him walking over to the boxes of lingerie. He opens one of them and pulls it out, causing my face to go red.

"Hey, you are not supposed to see that!" I yell, snatching it from him as a smirk hangs on his face.

"Then who are you going to wear it for?" he asks, leaning close to me as I stuff it back into the box.

"Maybe the workers at the hotel," I say, and he chuckles. "I am glad you find it funny; keep laughing, and it may end up happening." His face becomes straight.

"You are no fun," he says, and I roll my eyes.

"And you are ruining my surprise," I say to him, and then I wave my fingers at him. "Now, leave!" I grab his hand, pulling him towards the door.

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The day for the vacation comes faster than anticipated. Before I can tell, our luggage is being moved to Zane's private jet, and we are getting on it.

Zane chooses a double seat, reserving the one by the window for me.

"For your pictures and all those things women do," he says to me, and I chuckle, placing a kiss on his lips.

As the plane takes off, we have our breakfast, and then I begin to read a book. Shortly after, I feel drowsy.

"Let's go to the sofa, so you can lie down, or do you want to go to the room?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"The sofa is fine," I reply.

Then we move over to the long sofa opposite where we are seated. He sits first, and I lie down, placing my head on his lap.

"Hey, can I get a blanket over here?" he calls out to the hostess, who served us breakfast.

In a moment, I can see her black shoes a few inches away from us.

"Here you go, siir," she drawls in a seductive voice, which causes the sleep in my eyes to vanish.

I try to convince myself it's because I'm drowsy.

"Uhm, would you like to take anything else, maybe a drink or anything?" she says in a tiny voice, and I look up to see her stylishly bending to flash her cleavage at Zane.

"I do not want anything," Zane says as he caresses my hair with his fingers.

Is this how women behave here? I question myself.

I let out a cough, then I raise my head slightly.

"I want you to get me some cranberry juice," I say to her, and she looks at me with the corner of her eyes, forcing a smile on her lips.

"You heard the lady; get her some juice," Zane says, and she leaves at once while I think of the best way to make her pay.

She returns with a glass of juice.

"Here is your drink," she says, and I raise my head slightly to see her bending forward with her cleavage on full display.

I purposely hit the glass, causing it to fall on the tray and the contents spill on her skirt to her shoes.

"Oops," I say, placing my hands on my lips. "My bad," I continue, and she groans.

Zane watches without a word, and she frowns at me, but I do not care. She groans, walking away with the tray.

"I know you did that on purpose," Zane says.

"Then she should know better than to flash her breasts at every rich man," I reply, then I rest my head perfectly on his lap.

He places a kiss on my forehead, with his hands digging further into my hair as I fall asleep.