

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

GOING OUTSIDE

Kiara:

Day three is sunny, and I want to leave the room. For two days, I've been inside with Zane, and it's been good seeing movies, going to a private indoor pool, and eating, but now I want to see the beach.

"I feel like going out today, plus the sun looks beautiful," I say to Zane, who wraps his hands around me from behind, planting a kiss on my neck.

"Then go outside," he says in a gruff tone, then I tilt back a bit to see his face with his shades on.

"You are still high, aren't you?" I ask, and he scoffs, taking off his glasses.

"Not really," he squints his eyes at the morning sun as his breath fans hot under my neck.

I turn around to face him with my back pressed against the balcony railings. Then he leans in to kiss my lips.

"I need to pee," I say to him, and he pulls away briefly, allowing me to leave.

Then I walk back into the room and head to the bathroom to take a piss. After this, I walk out to see him laying halfway in the bed with his legs touching the floor.

"Zane, I'm serious. I want to see the beach."

He sits up.

"Then go see it," he says, and I cross my arms, staring at him for a while, causing him to sit up.

"What?" he asks, and I raise a brow.

"I'm going to be in a bikini, and yesterday you rented an indoor pool just for us, so..."

"Wear whatever you want," he says, and I bring my face to a little frown, causing him to get to his feet. "I'm being serious; your boyfriend knows how to fight," he says, walking up to me.

My face goes red instantly, and I feel my belly making some weird noises.

"I didn't expect it to be that easy, but I love you," I say, then I head to the closet to get my bikini.

"What color?" I ask as I hold up the load of bikinis I came with.

"Red!" I hear him scream, and I take out the most suitable one, throwing it on, then I walk out of the closet, making my way towards him.

A smirk forms on his face as he pulls me towards him in front of the mirror.

"I've never seen anything prettier," he says, and I feel my belly flutter once more.

I am about to say thank you when his hands come in contact with my butt cheek, causing it to vibrate shortly. Then he clasps me to his body, allowing my butt to rest on him.

"You know I can change your plans with one touch," he whispers in my ear, causing me to swallow hard as his hands trail down my neck to my lap, resting his hands on my panties, then he slowly parts my legs open while he peers at me through the mirror as I shut my eyes.

"See that right there," he pulls away, and I open my eyes, peering at myself through the mirror. "You are mine, and no man can make you feel better than this, so why bother?" he asks, and I groan with my brows crumpling into a frown as I step on his foot, causing him to yelp in pain as he takes a step away from me.

"We'll see about that," I say to him as I walk back to the closet to grab a bikini cover that is almost transparent.

I drape it over my body, then I grab my shades, sunscreen, and hat.

"Help me put this on," I say to him, putting out sunscreen for him. "And no funny business," I say to him as he grabs it.

His face raises with a smile while I roll my eyes.

"No funny business, I swear," he says, and I let go of it.

He applies it to my back like a sane person, and when he is done, he places a kiss on my back.

"Zane," I call out slowly, and then he comes to my front. I tap him multiple times with my hands.

"Ouch! Ouch!"

"Stop trying to get me horny! What will everyone think when my pants get wet?" I say in a high-pitched tone before I stop hitting him. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be off to have my great day at the beach," I say, and then he grabs my hand.

"You know you can't leave without me," he says, and my face squeezes in a frown.

"You were going to come with me all this while, and you haven't gotten dressed?" I ask, and he chuckles.

"Chill out; we are not the same. It takes only the snap of a finger to get ready," he says, and I snap my finger.

"You are not ready!" I say, then he rushes off to the closet.

He returns with some beach shorts and a shirt with his shades.

"There," he says, then he tosses me the bottle of sunscreen.

I apply it over his skin, and he kisses my cheek.

"I thought I was the angry one, but someone is beating me to it," he says, and I toss the bottle of sunscreen on him, allowing it to crash on his chest as I turn away.

I make my way outside the room and head to the elevator while he tries to catch up. He grabs my hand as it comes to a halt in front of us. The elevator opens up with people standing around in it, causing him to lose his grip on me as we walk into it, trying to act like sane people.

"You should count yourself lucky," he whispers in my ear, and I roll my eyes.

Shortly, the doors slide open, and we are in the reception. I walk towards the sliding doors in front while he comes after me.

"Finally, sun!" I exclaim as the doors open and the rays of sun capture my face.