

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

MY WIFE

Kiara:

We take a walk down the front of the hotel, making our way to the back where the beach is located. There I can see a great number of people strewn around on the beach.

Some people are on the sunbeds enjoying the sun, some have cold drinks in hand, and others are in the water. Everyone is busy, and it seems fun.

"Yayy!" I exclaim, taking Zane's hand like a baby in kindergarten as I rush towards the beach while he follows without objecting.

Well, he has no option, so he is quiet until we get into the body of sand.

"Let's go to that spot," I say to him, walking towards two empty sunbeds in front of the water. "We can see the sea from here," I say to him as we get to the spot.

I try to sit down when he speaks.

"Or we could get into the water."

I look at him, raising my brows.

"Everything was perfect before you spoke," I say, and he chuckles. "It is not a joke, Zane," I say, then I try to take a seat, but he grabs my hand.

"Come on, just feel the water, and you'll want to go in," he says, and I shake my head, but he won't take no for an answer as he pulls me closer to the water, allowing it to wash down my feet in a small wave.

As it hits me, I feel its warmth on my feet, causing a pleasant feeling to surge through me.

"How was that?" he asks, and I dip my feet in it again.

"It's not so bad, but..." Before I can finish, he lifts me up from the ground, and I'm in the water in no time, with Zane chuckling a few inches away from me.

Then he makes his way towards me while my face crumples in a frown.

"I hate you," I say to him while he keeps laughing. "I said it's not funny!"

"It is to me, and you need to loosen up. It's a beach, Kiara," he says, and I get to my feet, trying to make it to land. "You should come surfing with me," he says, and I roll my eyes, squeezing the ends of my bikini cover to get the water off it.

Then I take it off me.

He looks at me weirdly, causing me to look around the beach to see that I have gotten the attention of a couple of men.

"I'm just going to sit down," I say to him, making it under the umbrella above the sunbed where I sit down.

Zane comes out. Then he takes off his shirt, tossing it at me.

He walks over to a group of people with surfboards, then I see him talking with a huge muscular man who seems to be the coach. He hands him a board with some equipment, and Zane walks up to me, kissing my cheek.

"Watch me surf, baby," he says, and then he walks towards the water.

There, he puts on the goggles and head wrap, then he places the board close to the water, getting on it and paddling it with his hands into the water.

He waits until a little wave forms, and he gets on his feet, allowing the wave to help him while I watch with my heart almost ripping out from my chest.

I like Zane, but the fact he tries to keep my heart racing in a bad way doesn't sit right with me. After a while, he stops and walks back. He leans in, pressing his hands against the edge of the bed I'm on.

"That was great, don't you think?" he asks, and I nod, forcing a smile on my lips. "Hey, did I do something?" he asks.

"How about not surfing anymore? It is dangerous, and anything can happen," I say to him, then he chuckles, kissing my lips.

"I like that you care for me, but I will be fine. I mean, I have done worse," he says. "Plus, there is a team of lifeguards," he points at the lifeguards.

I sit up on the bed.

"I'm going to go get a drink," I say to him.

"Get one for me too, and I'll be back after one more round," he says, and then he stands up to leave while I roll my eyes.

I walk to a bar made of bamboo and thatched roof. Behind it is a man with smooth black hair who has a bright smile on his face.

"Good day, ma'am," he says to me, and I force a smile on my face. "What can I get you?" he asks, and I look at the list he has.

"I want the Ouzo lemonade and the Greek Mojito," I say.

"Coming up right away," he replies, walking back to the counter inside as I rest my hand on the outer counter.

I stay there for a while, waiting for him, then a random blonde lady comes to the bar.

"Hey! Have you got my drink yet? I left a while ago!" she yells, and the man turns around, handing her a glass, then she grabs it, turning her back to the counter with her eyes focused on the beach.

I do not bother checking what or who she is checking out.

"Boy, is he hot," she says, getting my attention, and I turn around a bit to see that she is referring to Zane.

I try to maintain my cool.

"He might have a girlfriend," I chip in, and she shrugs it off, sipping her entire drink.

Then she drops the empty glass on the counter.

"He is getting out of the water. Oh my, those abs, I've got to feel them," she says, then I roll my eyes.

"I mean, you..." Before I can finish, I see she is gone.

The man returns with the drinks, placing them in front of me.

I take out some cash and give it to him, then I grab the drinks, making my way towards Zane to see the lady speaking to him.

"You look great. Can I get your number, please?" the lady says as Zane wipes his hair with a towel.

My entire body is burning in anger as I inch closer.

"I would love to, but I cannot, and I am here with my wife," he says...