

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## A MISUNDERSTANDING

Kiara:

"I'm here with my wife."

His words hit me hard. I try to steady my grip on the tray, as I do not want the drinks to slip and pour.

"But she doesn't have to know," the lady says, diverting my attention from what Zane just said.

"And she is here," he says, and the lady turns around to see me.

"You?" she asks, and I bring my face to a frown as Zane walks up to me to take the tray of drinks from me.

"Yes, me, and I warned you!" I grit my teeth. She stands for a couple of seconds. "You are still here, because?"

Her legs get moving at once, then I make my way to my bed, sitting on it in silence for a while.

His wife? Did he say that to scare her away, or did he mean it? I question myself.

"Kiara," he calls out, drawing me back to reality as his hands rest on my body.

I look at him, forcing a smile onto my lips.

"Did I do something?" He asks, and I shake my head, grabbing the drink from him.

I bring the straw to my lips, then I draw out the contents, allowing the taste of the lemon to sit on my tongue.

"Kiara."

"Your wife?" I ask, looking at him. "Is that to get away from her, or to spite me?" I ask, and he puts away his drink on the ground.

"Kiara, I..."

"I know you do not wish to get married, Zane, so save whatever lie you want to tell. Next time, you can just say I'm your girlfriend," I say, and he brings his face to a frown.

I get back to sipping my drink.

"Why is this slowly turning into an argument, Kiara? I mean, it was a harmless saying," he says.

I try to convince myself that my heart isn't hurting, but with each passing second, it gets heavier.

I lost my husband to cheating, and now he says he is my husband, and this lady is trying to pitch to him that his wife won't know. How does he think it won't affect me?

He is playing with my feelings, and I don't like it.

"It might not mean a lot to you, but it does to me," I say to him, then I get to my feet, leaving the remaining cocktail.

"Then tell me what exactly the problem is," he says, reaching for my hand, but I yank it away.

"You'll never understand, because you have never been there, and you can never relate," I say to him, then I grab my things, making my way back to the hotel with Zane coming after me.

There is a whole crowd of people, and I do not want to break a tear, so I try my best to keep my breath steady as I make it into the sliding doors, stopping in front of the elevator.

"Kiara!" Zane calls out.

As soon as the elevator slides open, I walk into it with a group of people, and he does too. My chest is hurting, so I close my eyes, waiting for the elevator to get to our floor. When it does, I walk out, walking fast to our room, then Zane grabs my hand, turning me around with my back against the wall a few inches away from our room.

At that moment, I break under him. The tears I'm trying to bottle up come crashing down, and the frown on his face softens at once, causing him to let go of me.

He opens the door, then he grabs my hand and pulls me into the room, shutting the door. He cups my face.

"Kiara, please tell me what is bothering you, please," he says, and I shake my head, then he kisses all over my face. "Please," he pleads, then he continues to kiss my face as he wipes my tears with his hand.

"I know I'm an asshole, but please," he says. "I can't make you cry on your birth week, please, please!" He raises his tone a bit, then I take a deep breath.

"I know he doesn't want me, but everything is different." I begin.

"I like what you are doing, but I was once married, and this is the first time he isn't present on my birthday. I was nineteen when I was given away to him for marriage, and my entire life was embedded in him. Seeing what happened back there reminds me of my past with the cheating, and it feels like you are playing with my emotions," I say, and then he lets go of me, allowing me to walk to the bed to sit.

The room is silent for a moment, then he walks up to me, crouching down slightly as he takes my hand in his. He brings it to his lips, then he pulls away, caressing it.

"You are right. I cannot relate to this, but I understand you, and it means a lot. You mean a lot to me, Kiara," he says, and I look at him with my tear-stained eyes. "Blake doesn't deserve you. Even I do not deserve you, and I do not blame you for the trauma that your heart holds, but you cannot ruin your week because of an asshole. I am sorry for reminding you about it, and I will never do that," he says to me.

My eyes are still on him.

"You matter to me a lot. I cannot recall ever taking a week of vacation, but I paused everything so that I can be with you for the week because I would do anything for you," he says, and then gets to his feet, cupping my face in his hands.

"Can I kiss you?" He asks, and I hesitate before I give him a nod.

He bends forward, pressing his lips against mine, and I feel my heart open up with more tears flooding my eyes. This time, it is tears of joy, because even if he will not marry me, he gives me reassurance when I need it.