

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## TWO F\*KING FEET

Kiara:

Day six is me waking up to Zane tugging my hands on the bed. At first, I do not want to stand up, but his incessant bugging gets me out of bed.

"It's the sixth day, and this will be over soon. We will have our lives back, and you can live like my princess in my castle," he says, planting a kiss on my forehead.

A smile spreads across my lips as I force my eyes open.

"So, tell me. What is it you want to do today?" he asks, and I yawn, throwing both arms in the air with my fists tight.

"Why don't we do something that you want to do?" I ask, and his cheeks light up with a smile as he inches close to me.

I push his face away at once.

"Zane!" I call out, and he shrugs. "That is not what I meant. Get your dirty thoughts away from me," I add, then I roll to the end of the bed, pushing my feet off.

I walk to the window and pull the curtains open, taking a deep breath.

"Let's take a bath," I say to him, and he gets out of bed.

We slide into our robes and take a quick bath, then we cozy up in bed to watch a movie as we eat breakfast. Before we can tell, it's afternoon.

Zane orders lunch, and we dig into our platter while we focus on the movie too. When we are done with lunch, we stay up a little before we doze off.

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The next time I open my eyes, the sky is dim. I yawn loudly, then I look down at my chest to see Zane with his eyes tightly shut as he snuggles my body.

"So much for making this day eventful," I say, and Zane mumbles, opening his eyes.

I caress his hair softly.

"Please don't stop," he says, then I take my hands off him. "I knew I should have kept my mouth shut."

"Maybe we should go out," I say, then I poke his cheek gently, causing him to groan.

He slides his hands away from my body, then lays with his back beside me, opening his eyes.

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe a walk," I suggest, and he sits up, cracking his body.

He turns to me and plants a gentle kiss on my lips.

"Let's get dressed then," he says, and I nod.

We both get out of bed and throw on our clothes, then we make it out of the room with Zane's hand snaked around my waist. In the elevator, he tries to steal a kiss even though we are not alone.

Soon, the elevator stops, and we walk out to the reception to the sound of men screaming down a hall in the hotel. We see a lot of people flooding the direction of the screams.

"What do you think is going on?" I question Zane, and he grabs my hand, walking to the desk in the reception.

"Excuse me, what's going on in there?" Zane asks the lady behind the counter, who gives us a warm smile.

"They are playing pool, and a huge bet is ongoing. You may watch the game if you like," she answers politely, then Zane glances at me.

"I really want to see it," I say to him, and he nods.

We walk down the hall until we get to the room, which is filled with people.

"Even my grandma plays better than you!" a man yells from the crowd, drawing my attention to two men at the table and the guy at the receiving end who has his hands shaking on the stick.

He needs to toughen up; I say to myself.

"Hey, strike already! Do you have a pussy or what?" His opponent says, and the crowd bursts into laughter. "Stop acting like a woman, and play the fucking game!" he goes again, igniting a raw fire within me.

What did he mean by that? That was awful to think women were weak.

"He is testing my patience," I whisper to Zane, who grabs my hand and caresses it.

Suddenly, the man strikes his ball, and none of them enter the holes, causing his opponent to let out a disheartening laugh.

The bearded man bully strikes the balls in front of him and makes the holes at once.

"That is how it is done, pussy!" he says, and then the entire crowd erupts in laughter once more, causing me to slide my hands off Zane.

"Is there anyone who dares challenge me?" he says with pride, beating his chest. "This time, I need a proper match!" he growls, flexing his muscle.

"Go for it," Zane says, and a smile creeps up my lips.

I make my way through the roaring crowd, stopping in front of the table, then I slam it with my fists, causing the room to quiet down.

"I challenge you to a battle!" I say.

The man is mute for a while before he bursts into laughter, making his way toward me.

"When I said I needed a match, I didn't mean someone with an actual pussy." When he says this, the crowd bursts out laughing once more, and I look around to see that the crowd is only made up of men who belittle women to make them feel good.

He puts up his hands, and everyone stops talking. He stares down at me, but I am unmoved, because I know it would take one swipe at his neck to end his life.

"Look, I do not have time for little girls. If you are trying to get my attention, then I'm all yours, baby girl," he says, and I scrunch my face.

"Get two fucking feet away from her!" Zane commands in an icy tone, drawing the man's attention.

"And who the hell are you supposed to be?" the man asks, and Zane walks up to him as the crowd makes way.

"The man who will beat your ass up if you touch her," he maintains his stance, and I watch fear flicker into this man's eyes while Zane is unfazed.

The crowd is silent now.

"Will you play the fucking game or not?" Zane asks, and the man hardens his face, trying to maintain a cold exterior.

"You have to make a..."

"Five hundred thousand dollars," Zane says before he can finish, and my jaw drops.