

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

FIGHTING

Zane:

I know I have wronged her, and it will be difficult to get her to fully trust me, but it hurts every single time, knowing this love is one-sided.

"Zane, wait." I pause as she grabs my hand, then I turn around.

She runs her hands into the hem of my shirt, feeling the scar from the bullets.

"When did you get this?" she questions, and I watch her with my mouth struggling to voice a word. "Zane!" Her voice rises, and I watch her breathing increase.

As I stare into her eyes, I see the fear buried within her, and she is right; I am bad for her because all I do is make her cry.

"It's nothing serious, and you do not have to bother..."

"You do not tell me what to bother about and what not to bother about, Zane!" She grits her teeth, and then I grab her hand, but she yanks it away. "I am not some inanimate object that you..."

Before she can finish her sentence, I press my lips against hers, taking the words off her mouth. She stops talking, and I feel her tears run down my face, causing me to grab both her hands, placing them by her side before I pull away.

"I do not want to fight with you, Kiara," I say as tears roll down her eyes. I leave her right hand, wiping off the tears on her face with the back of my palm.

"Having these misunderstandings with you hurts me a lot, and sometimes I keep things away from you because..." I pause, then I take a deep breath. "I know you do not need protection, but I feel the need to protect you because I love and care for you. You were raised to be a strong lady, and I am not asking you to let that go, but please allow me to take care of you, and know that whatever I am doing is for your own good."

She shakes her head as I say this.

"Then you will tell me what hurt or who hurt you," she says, and I feel my heart crumple the more I look into her eyes.

I let go of her at once, then I take a step back.

"Tell me, Zane. Was it Yusuf? Gia? Bo..."

"I hurt myself," I cut her short, and she stares at me with her brows drawn down.

"D... Don't tell me it's..."

"Yes, I saved a bullet from that night because I needed to relieve the pain each time I saw it, so I will make sure to be clear of my motives the next time I set my eyes on Yusuf," I reply with a straight expression on my face.

She bursts into tears once more, running her hands on her arms.

"Why... why would you hurt yourself? Is this why you drugged me? So you could hurt yourself? Does that make you feel stronger?"

Her voice shoots through the air in the room, then she pauses, and I take a deep breath. I do not want to tell her that Boris wants her dead, but I hate the way we are going back and forth.

"I did it because I had to protect you. Boris wants you dead, and the only way to protect you was to use the bullet on myself and send you to a hidden country. All the purchases I have made are in Rufus's name because my father can easily track my account. I am sorry I am saying this now, but I didn't want you to know about it because..."

"Stop!" she says, then she places her hand on her chest, trying to steady her breathing as she walks back to the bed to sit down. We remain mute for a while.

The room is silent for a moment before she speaks.

"And you didn't see the need to say this to me since?" she asks, raising her head slightly. "You made me lash out at you and say those mean things which you know I will regret. Why do you keep these things from me, Zane?"

When she says this, I stare at her, trying to keep my emotions in check. I hate the lack of accountability, but damn, I love this woman, and I cannot rain down on her. I think of the best way to communicate what I am feeling.

"Maybe you should think of a better way to react to situations, especially with people you care about."

"You are saying this is my fault?" Her voice rises, sending a surge through me that threatens to knock down the barrier blocking off my temper.

I stay mute to keep myself in a good place for her.

"Kiara, I understand you are upset, and I am not pushing blame. But how would you feel if I flared up each time you said something I didn't like?" I question, and she stares at me without answering. "I am sorry that I make you cry. Truly, I am, and I swear with everything I have that I am working on a way to make us happy."

Her face lightens up when I say this, then I walk towards her, sitting close to her on the bed. She doesn't move away, which causes me to sigh in relief.

"I want you to know that I will never do anything to hurt you again. I have done it in the past, but now I know better, and like I said, I will be here when you have your mental episodes, and I will reassure you every single time. Not just because I owe it to you, but because I love you," I say, then I slowly reach for her hands, sliding my hand under it and intertwining our fingers.

She doesn't pull away, which warms my heart. We remain mute for a while before she turns to face me.

"I'm pretty sure I have said it to you before, but this is me saying it to your hearing and on a day we both will not forget," she begins, then she throws her hands around my neck, pulling me into a hug. "I love you, Zane, and that is the reason I act this way. When I cannot control something, I feel scared, and when fear gets to me, it takes a while to get me back to my normal space, but I do love you, I swear."

I pat her back gently.