

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## SO MANY THOUGHTS

Kiara:

"We've spent the past few hours fighting, and it is making me hungry," Zane says, and I tilt my head a bit on his chest, enough to look into his eyes. "We should go out to get something to eat," he suggests, and I do not say a word.

How can he bother about eating at this moment when our lives are in danger? If Boris wants me dead, and he disobeys him, then it is a two-way problem.

"I do not think I want to see the city," I say to him, then he stops playing with my hair. "I would prefer eating in if you do not mind. Rufus can get us some takeout, and we can eat in."

He is silent for a split second before he mutters an "okay."

Then he reaches out to the nightstand to get his phone. He grabs it.

"What do you want to eat?" he asks, and I shrug, closing my eyes.

"I will eat whatever you have; I just want to be with you," I mutter.

Then he places the call.

"Get me some takeout. I want the spicy chicken pad Thai and spring rolls," he says before ending the call.

He places his phone back on the nightstand, then he kisses my forehead gently, shutting his eyes.

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Moments later, Rufus arrives with our meal, and we get out of bed to eat. Zane takes off his shirt, flaunting his abs to me. As I eat, I find it difficult to take my eyes off him. It has been long since we had sex, but being with him every time fuels the sexual beast buried deep within me. Something I didn't know I had because, with Blake, we had a lot of duties, and he was too busy to do it whenever I wanted. Good thing I found out what he was too busy with before we took it too far; I cannot imagine if I ended up with a baby in me. The poor child would have suffered to have such an incompetent father as him.

"Kiara!"

As I hear my name escape Zane's lips, I'm taken back to reality to see my hand grasping the fork tightly, plunging it deep into the lap of chicken on my plate.

I give off a sigh, then I release my hand, sinking back into the couch. Zane drops his cutlery, then he lays back on the couch too, caressing my thighs gently.

"What's wrong?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"I'm stressed," I say to him, then he places a finger on my jaw, tilting my face toward him.

"Kiara, we've been through this so many times, so please," he says, and then I sigh.

"I'm really stressed; I didn't lie about that. But I was thinking. Thinking of Blake." His jaw tightens as I say this. "But not in a good way. First, I thought about you, and sex." I roll my eyes as I see a smile form across his lips. "Then I thought about Blake and the fact we never had sex frequently. I imagined if we had children..."

"We?" He cuts me off, and I hold my gaze for a while.

He mutters an "oh" when he gets the message, and I see his brows crumple.

"I do not want to have kids with him. It was a bad thought because he would be an incompetent father, and this child would have been suffering at this moment."

The room is silent when I say this.

"All this is because I'm tensed, Zane. I've been trying to push away the fact Boris wants me dead, but I cannot."

He snakes his hand around my waist, pulling me close.

"It's fine, and I'm here now, so you won't be having kids with Blake," he says, and I force a smile on my lips. "You do not have to worry about my father, either. I have lived with him for years, and I know how to go around this. I promise you, soon we will do whatever we want, freely."

He picks up the fork on my plate, then he rolls up some noodles, bringing it to my mouth. I open up at once, and I chew it while he looks at me.

"Is this why you didn't want to go out to eat?" he asks, and I nod. Then he rubs my shoulders.

"Everything will be fine, Kiara, and I promise you that. I just need you to trust me."

"I trust you, I swear, but I cannot help but worry," I say in a small voice, then he rolls more noodles, and I eat it.

He drops the cutlery, then he holds my hands.

"I want you to promise that you will tell me whenever you worry."

"But you will not always be here with me, Zane. We are hiding. What happens when I need you, and you are not here? I do not even know how long you have to be with me because soon Boris will need you," I say, and he gapes at me.

He takes a deep breath.

"I want you to keep an open and positive mindset, Kiara. Also, I promise I'll be one call away. It will only take a flight to be here, and I'll always be here if you need me. I'll visit every week." I stare at him when he says this. "There are four weeks in a month, and I get to spend two with you. When I come on the weekend, I'll be here until the next," he says, rubbing my palms with his.

I throw my arms around him, then he presses my body into his, kissing my neck.

"I'm not sleeping on our problem, and I promise you I'll find a way soon enough, then we can be happy," he says, and to my surprise, the sound of laughter leaves my lips.

I let more and more out as I cling onto him.

Then I say the words again to his hearing. "I love you, Zane."

He says them back to me, kissing me more.

After a while, he pulls away from me, then he cups my face in his hands.

"Let me show you this city. Well, it's more of a village, but it is beautiful," he says, and I nod my head. "We'll go on a walk when we've eaten and rested. You'll love the city, and it holds many memories," he says, and I smile, kissing his lips.

"I'll see your city, only if you'll share the memories with me."

His expression drops when I say this, causing my heart to skip a beat. Did I remind him of something traumatic? But why would he be in a city that caused him trauma?

"I'm sorry if you do..."

"It's okay; it is nothing much. Not all the memories were good. Like the memory of my ex, Mindy," he says, and I scrunch my face, grabbing his hand and pulling it off my face.

"Are you hoping to run into her or...?"

"I'm hoping to never see her. I love this city so much, and it's quiet. We had dreams to move here, but she... she was insane. You think I'm twisted? Then you should meet her. She is a witch, and she draws blood for no reason."

Hearing this makes me swallow hard.

"You healed me, Kiara, and I would never want to go back to something that scarred me," he says in a tone weighed with regret.

"That's in the past, Zane." I say to him, placing my hand on his cheek. "I've watched you become a different person, and I'm not giving up on you. If she comes for you, then let her know you have a new girlfriend who draws blood too, but only for a good cause." He chuckles when I say this, then I kiss the corner of his lips.