

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

IN THE PARK

Kiara:

Zane grabs my hand and tries to pull me to him, but I yank my hands away, then I stand there, opening my palm and letting the rain hit my skin.

"Kiara," he calls out, and I glance at him with a smile on my face.

"It is beautiful, and I want to stay," I say, then I take his hands. "Come on." I attempt to pull him to me, and he reluctantly comes closer.

Zane stands there, watching me with an amused smile as I open my palm to the sky, allowing the raindrops to pour onto my skin. Each drop feels like a tiny kiss from nature, and I spread my hands out wide, giggling and twirling.

The rain falls heavier, soaking my hair and dress, but I do not care.

"Kiara," he calls out, but I do not look at him. "We should find cover before we get drenched!" His tone is loud, but I do not want to leave just yet.

With a smile, I shake my head, letting more raindrops collect in my hand.

"Just a little longer," I say.

I haven't been in the rain in a while, and this is the perfect relief for all my problems.

Suddenly, the rain intensifies, transforming into a torrential downpour. Zane reaches for me, trying to pull me close.

"Come on, it's getting too heavy!" His grip is firm, but I yank my hand away at once.

In a burst of adrenaline, I take off, splashing through puddles. I glance back to see Zane standing in place, then I stop.

"Come on!" I shout, and he shakes his head.

I shrug, then I continue running.

"If you want me back, then you will have to catch me!" I yell.

As I run, the sound of my laughter mingles with the thunderous rain.

"Do not make me chase you, Kiara," Zane mind-links with me.

"Catch me if you can!" I shout out, glancing back, then I see Zane take to his feet with a grin on his face.

He's fast, and he covers an enormous distance quickly. I know he will catch me in no time, so I head for the tall trees lining the park. The rain intensifies with thunderclaps and lightning, but I do not care. I run between the cluster of trees, ducking and weaving behind them as I glance back momentarily.

The chase makes my heart pound faster, and after a while, I feel myself getting exhausted. I stop in front of a gigantic tree, breathless, leaning against the rough bark with my chest rising and falling intensely.

I peek from the sides to see if I can spot Zane, but the heavy downpour didn't help. My hearing is good, but he is skilled at concealing his sounds. His scent intensifies, and I try to run, but before I can take two steps, I feel his enormous arms snake around my waist, pulling me to his chest.

"You are no fun," I say to him, fighting to let go, but his grip is tight.

I giggle under his touch, and he lifts me off the ground in bridal style.

"You've had your fun, and I am calling Rufus to come get us," he says, and I roll my eyes. "There is a pavilion up ahead, and we can stay there until Rufus gets here. You will catch a cold, and I will end up nursing you because you never listen."

I kiss his face when he says this.

"That will not help. I am angry," he says as we make our way to the pavilion.

I keep kissing his cheek anyway until we reach the pavilion, then he sets me down under the pavilion, the sound of the rain echoing against the metal roof. I glance up, watching the drops trickle down the edges and splatter onto the surrounding ground. He takes out his phone, then he places a call to Rufus while I walk over to one of the picnic tables.

When he is done, he walks over to me. The wind gets heavy, and I feel the cold seeping into my skin, but not too much. I clasp my hands around my body, and Zane looks at me with his brows creased.

"See. You are cold now, and I do not have a jacket with me."

He unbuttons his shirt when he says this, then he takes it off, walking over to me in nothing but a tank top. He squeezes out water from the shirt.

"Give me your hand!" he commands, and I put my hands out. He helps me put on the shirt, and even though it is a little wet, it is still better than my strap dress.

Zane sits close to me with his brows still wrinkled.

"Are you mad I made you run?" I ask, and he sighs, glancing at me.

"I am mad that you are cold, and you could get sick. I do not want that," he says, then he leans back, placing his elbows on the table.

I mutter a sorry and lean in to kiss his cheek.

A thought crosses my mind, and I get to my feet at once, then I sit on his lap, pressing my back against his chest.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"Keeping warm," I say in a low tone, then I grab his hands, sliding them up my thighs, waiting for him to do the rest.

His hands roam freely on my thighs, then slowly he plants kisses on the back of my neck while his hands climb further into my dress, resting on my panties. He slides his hands into them, then he rubs my core gently, causing me to grab his thighs.

I feel him grow hard underneath me, poking through the fabric of his pants.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" His question makes goosebumps sprout on my skin, and I tilt my head backward to meet his eyes, giving him a nod.

Slightly, he lifts me off his thighs, then he undoes his zipper while I pull down my panties. Gently, he pulls me down to him, allowing me to sit on his hardened dick.

I let out a soft moan as I feel him grow fully inside me, then I rock back and forth slowly while his needy hands begin to pull down his shirt from my shoulders. Then he pulls down the strap of my dress, allowing my breasts to come into view. He cups both of them with his hands, then he pulls me back to him, pressing my back against his chest as his hands fondle my breasts.

"You feel so good, baby," his husky voice drips with need.

I bite my lip, leaning back into his chest.

"You like it when I tease you, don't you?" I whisper as I roll my hips slowly. His hands grip my breasts tighter in response, and a groan escapes his lips.

"Fuck!" he growls, his hands sliding over my body with more urgency.

I push my hips harder against him, and his hands slide back to my waist, guiding my movements as his lips graze my ear.

"You're so wet for me... I can feel how much you want it." His breath is ragged, each word vibrating through me as I moan softly.

With a low growl, he pushes his hips up harder, meeting every roll of my body with his own, his hands holding me tight against him. My body jerks under his, and when he notices I am close, he pounds harder into me. Soon, my legs wobble, and I dig my nails further into his thighs, throwing my head onto his shoulder.