

Greek God

Kiara:

Following my clash with Zane, I stride back to my room; the door slamming behind me in a burst of anger. Ariana is there, her face bright with a broad grin, eagerly awaiting feedback. But I ignore her, throwing myself onto the bed and repeatedly pummeling the pillow.

"Ma'am," Ariana says, reaching for my hand. She halts my assault on the pillow, and I turn to face her, my brows furrowed in irritation.

"We should get you out of those clothes," she says, and I exhale a sigh.

I take a deep breath and decide not to lash out at her. She's innocent in all this. The real foe is Zane Malibu, and I must keep my attention on him.

As Ariana assists me in removing my dress, a thought occurs to me.

"Ari," I call out. Her eyes widen at the nickname.

"Ye...yes, ma'am," she stammers, and I scoff. I remind myself that she will have to get used to the shortened name.

"When do you think Mr. Malibu will want to see me again?" The question lingers in the air, sounding out of place and revealing my desperation. I quickly clear my throat, adding, "Uhm... the schedule... you know..." I want to know what's next so I can prepare..."

"I understand, ma'am," she says, her hand resting on my shoulder. I immediately stop talking.

"Mr. Malibu enjoys evening walks, which he frequently takes with his ladies. I think you should get some rest because he will probably want



your company in a few hours," she says. A smile gradually spreads across my lips at her words.

**

Ariana wakes me up several hours later to tell me that Zane has requested my company for a walk. I mentally rehearse my plan as I head to the closet to pick out an outfit. I find a crop top and shorts, and randomly select a bikini bra. After getting dressed, I put on a robe and slip into some flip-flops.

"Ready," I announce to Ariana, grinning.

"Are you sure you don't want me to choose an outfit for you? The weather is nice, but that robe is..."

"I've got this," I interrupt her, then I stride out the door. Ariana follows me, and the fact I've never been shopping before hits me.

"Whose clothes are these?" I ask, stopping at the top of the stairs.

"No one in particular. Mr. Malibu keeps them ready for..."

"His women," I finish her sentence, and she forces a smile. A wave of disgust washes over me as I realize I can't count how many women have worn this outfit before me.

I descend the stairs without another word. When I reach the lounge leading to the front door, I spot Zane by the door with a cigar in his mouth and one of his men by his side. As our eyes meet, he stubs out his cigar on the ashtray and smirks at me.

"You need to be punctual, Ms. Levine. People who aren't annoy me," he says, removing his suit jacket and handing it to his servant.



"I apologize for that, but we're all hot here, aren't we?" I ask, taking off the robe to reveal the crop top that exposes my stomach, and the shorts hanging low on my waist.

His smirk instantly disappears, and I watch as Ariana's face turns pale when I hand her the robe. Zane's gaze sweeps over my body in a split second, like a hawk spotting its prey, and I strike a pose to highlight my curves.

"Oh my," Ariana murmurs.

"Shall we go for a walk, Mr. Malibu?" I ask, and Ariana scurries away before Zane can respond.

I watch Zane for a moment, noticing how hard he's trying to maintain his composure. It's almost amusing. After a while, he opens the door and steps outside, and I follow him.

"I hear you enjoy walks," I say, but he keeps his gaze forward and doesn't reply.

"How often do you go for walks? Do you like birds... and..." He stops in his tracks, causing me to fall silent.

"I need peace and quiet, Ms. Levine. I'd appreciate it if you kept your mouth shut!" he snaps, quickening his pace.

A smile tugs at my lips because my plan is working. Ariana mentioned that he's very possessive, and it's clear that the sight of everyone looking at my body is bothering him. I wish I could tell him to stop fighting it. I speed up and soon catch up with him.

With Zane insisting on silence during our walk, the only sounds are the crunching of dead leaves under our feet and the gentle evening breeze



rustling the trees above us. It stays this way until we reach a small river at the edge of the property.

"I think I'll take a swim," I announce, but before I can remove my crop top, Zane unbuttons his shirt and rolls up his trouser legs, causing me to freeze in my tracks.

Internally, I groan. My wolf, Bailey, growls, and I quickly suppress it. He's my mate, and he'll sense if I'm overly excited about his body. But damn, his abs look like they're chiseled from stone, and I have a strong urge to run my hands over them, but I resist.

As I covertly admire him, he leaps into the river. The moment his body hits the water, I feel a tingle in my core as thoughts of joining him in the river cross my mind. He submerges himself in the water for a while, and as he emerges from the water, droplets cascade down his well-defined muscles, making them glisten in the sunlight. His wet hair clings to his forehead, adding to his rugged appeal. It's a sight that's hard to ignore, and I find myself lost in his eyes.

"Ms. Levine, join me in the water," Zane says, snapping out of my thoughts. My face flushes as I look away, hoping he didn't catch me staring hard.

"I'm fine here. I'm not really a fan of rivers," I lie, settling down on a rock by the shore while I continue to watch him.

**

"He's diabolical, I tell you," I say to Ariana as I recount my encounter with Zane, and she bursts into laughter.

"This isn't funny. I mean, I'm trying to get back at him for what he



pulled at breakfast, and now I can't get his ripped body out of my mind. His abs are like they've been carved from stone, and his chest... damn!" I exclaim, flopping onto the bed like a child.

"He claimed you, and I think the mate attraction is kicking in," she says, and I scrunch my face.

"You're falling for Mr. Malibu," she adds, and I break into laughter at the absurdity of the idea, and she watches until I've finished.

"Next joke, please," I say, standing up and pulling her closer by the shoulder while she throws her head back. "I have another plan, but it's not fully formed yet," I say to her.

"I'm serious, ma'am. I'd advise against starting a fight you can't finish with Mr. Malibu. He always comes out on top, and I've seen him reduce many women to nothing," she warns.

"You do not have to worry about me, because I am up to the task. I was Luna, and I always come out on top too," I say with a smile.



Comments



Support