

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

WITHOUT HIM

Kiara:

Zane's words hit me hard, and for a moment, I'm unable to speak.

"What are you talking about?" he asks, reaching for my hand.

I know his actions have hurt me, but this time I do not retract my hands because I cannot tell if this is the last time I will feel them.

"Breaking up with you would be the most stupid thing ever," he says, and I look him in the eyes.

"Then what is this?" I ask, and he inhales sharply.

"I am giving you a choice. You've mentioned me letting you go for a long time, and I know I don't want to let you go, but I've realized that keeping you won't do me any good either."

"Zane," I say, as the enormous lump in my throat threatens to suffocate me.

"I love you so much, Kiara, but forcing you to love me is stupid. Sorry I realized it late, and I am begging you to forgive me." He reaches for the box on the counter, which I didn't bother paying attention to in the first place.

He opens it, and I see the most beautiful ring ever, which makes it even harder to keep in my tears.

"I bought this for you, and I still want you to have it, but it's your choice now. I want us to spend at least two weeks apart to think about our lives."

I shake my head, slipping my hands away from his.

"Two weeks would kill me. It's been so long knowing how to live without you. You've embedded yourself into my life, and..."

"And I am sorry about that," he cuts me short. "This is the best thing we can do for ourselves, Kiara."

I walk away from him, and toward the dining table, pulling out a seat. As I sit down, I shut my eyes, hoping to wake up from this dream.

"This house makes me happy, Kiara, and I want it to be a home-not just a house. I want our kids to come home to happiness, and not to their parents bickering about something that could easily scar them." I try not to look at him as he speaks.

"We have our differences, and we've hurt each other. It hasn't been easy, but I've tried to push away my past because I love you, Kiara, and I need you to do the same. That's the only way we can have a family."

His words are true, but I don't want to admit it. My trust has been broken repeatedly, and no matter how much he says it, my thoughts will win every time. He walks over to me and takes a seat.

I open my eyes, and he wipes my tears with his thumb, reaching for my hand.

"We are both in this situation because of trust. Your father didn't trust enough, and I am sorry for that. If I wanted to push the blame on you, I could say this is all your fault because you didn't trust me enough to know that I would never cheat on you with Gia. My father saw what it did to me, and that is why we are hiding. You are the best thing that has happened to me, Kiara." He pauses.

"Think of having kids and not being able to give them your trust. Imagine our kids got into trouble, and they turn out to be right, but you choose the side of their opponent. Do you think they will confide in you? It's easier with me because I was raised this way by Boris. I already broke his trust by keeping you alive, but if I gave him reasons, he would come around. I trust my own as long as they aren't trying to put a knife in my back or give my head to dogs in the streets."

He caresses my hands as I look into his eyes, trying to steady my breath, but with each passing second, the surrounding air becomes thinner.

"So, I'll live two weeks with no contact?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"That would kill me. I'll speak to you daily, but I want you to meditate and think of us. I know you love me, but love will never be enough. We are lacking in many aspects, and we have to do this for our children. We owe them the best so they do not end up like either of us."

His hands glide up my face, and he caresses my cheeks, then he leans closer to me, pressing his lips on mine softly. I do not pull away, and I stay still, allowing his lips to take mine gently as I open up for him. The kiss lasts for a while until my tears meet his face, and then he pulls away from me.

"Come," he says, holding my hand and pulling me up from the seat. Then he helps me onto his lap.

He puts my arms around his neck, then wipes my tears before trailing kisses up my arms.

"I want you to know that I will always love you. No matter what happens," he says as his hands glide up and down my thighs. "You are the only woman I want to be with."

I keep my gaze on him for a while, then I bury my head in his neck without saying a word. I am trying to process everything he has said, which I know is true. Maybe if my father believed me, I wouldn't have been put up for auction. Blake didn't trust me either. We are both hurt, but I have not been able to let go of the past, and I judge Zane with Blake's character, believing he will leave at every instance when all he has done is prove himself to me. He is right; we cannot have children in this condition.

The more his words make sense to me, the more I wish I could turn back time, but it is a little too late, and he is leaving.

"I am sorry, Zane," I break the silence between us without pulling away from him. "All this time, I didn't realize how much I was hurting you with my actions, and I wish I could go back. I want to trust you, and I realize I need to let go. You are not Blake, and you will never be him."

I try to hold back what is left of the tears in my tear glands, but in a few seconds, they meet his neck, causing him to pull me away from his body. He cups my face in his hands.

"Seeing you cry breaks me, and it makes me weak. I'm not leaving you, and we are going to talk. We just need space to think, and I promise if you do not want this in the end, I am going to let you go, no matter how much it hurts." I shake my head as he says this.

I know I say I want to leave, but I never meant it. I was only hurt at the moment, and now I cannot bear to look at him, knowing I will spend an entire day with him tomorrow with these thoughts swirling around my head.

"I am trying to think positively, but I cannot, and I want to go home," I say to him, getting to my feet. "The more I sit here, I can only think of the fact that I won't be able to hold you until fourteen days. That hurts so much, Zane. I don't think I can do it, and I know I should look at the bigger picture, but I can't. Take me back, please, I need to lie down."

He gets to his feet.

"Rufus will do that because I need to stay here to configure the security features," he says, and I force a smile on my face.

I am exhausted, and I don't think I can cry anymore, so I do not try to put up a fight.

"It's fine. Goodbye, Zane," I manage to say, then I turn to leave.

As I walk out of the kitchen to the living room, I wish he would come after me and stop me from leaving. I wish he would hold me and tell me he doesn't want to spend a single day without me, but he doesn't. Instead, I find myself out the door in no time.

When Rufus sees me, he opens the door for me. He gets into the front seat, and as the car moves, I look back toward the house with the heaviness in my chest intensifying. There Zane stands in front of the door, and he doesn't leave until the car exits the premises.