

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

SUGAR RUSH

Zane:

I barely get any sleep through the night. Although it's my decision for us to stay apart, my mind is weak, and I want nothing more than to stay with her, but I know it's for the best.

When I'm tired of tossing about on the bed, I open my eyes and reach for my phone on the nightstand to check the time.

"Six," I mutter, then I lazily drop my phone back, pressing my head onto the bed.

I try to fall asleep again, but after ten minutes, I sit up, glancing between Kiara's peaceful figure on the bed and her untouched flowers. As I stare at her, I want to run my hands over her smooth skin, but I don't want to disturb her.

"Someday we will be happy," I say in a low tone, then let out a sigh, grabbing my phone.

I open my contacts and go to Mindy. Without giving it a second thought, I block her number, then delete it. I know I should have done it a long time ago.

"Zane?" Kiara's voice is low, and I turn to face her.

"You're up." She watches me without saying a word, then I reach for her hands, pulling her close to me.

She wraps her hands around me with her head resting on my chest, and I kiss her forehead.

"I'm sorry." The words fall from my mouth, causing her to tilt her head upward.

She gazes at me through the dim light, then brings her lips to mine. My racing heart calms as I feel the softness of her lips against mine, and I take her in, deepening the kiss and pulling her closer. It's not enough, and I feel that desire-that need to have the person you love most as close as a second skin.

We pull away, looking into each other's eyes.

"We should get some sleep," she says, and I nod, bringing her head to my chest once more.

Her hands tighten around my body as I constantly caress her hair and skin. Suddenly, I find myself drifting to sleep.

When I stir from sleep, I notice Kiara's warm body is gone, which causes me to open my eyes. I see her sitting in front of the mirror, combing her hair.

I yawn with a loud stretch, drawing her attention as she glances at me before continuing with her hair. I get out of bed and walk over to her.

"Good morning, baby," I say, bending to meet her lips briefly. Then I look into the mirror, allowing our cheeks to touch. "Our kids are going to be cute as hell."

Her lips curve into a smile when I say this, and I swiftly turn, placing a kiss on her cheek.

"What time are you leaving today?" she asks, looking at me through the mirror.

"My flight is by eight, so you have me for twelve hours." My voice is cheerful, but the gloomy look on her face dampens it.

"Come on," I say to her, grabbing her hand.

I sit in front of the mirror, then bring her onto my lap, intertwining our fingers.

"I don't want us to waste today. We still have a lot of time, and I'd love to do something meaningful," I say to her. She looks at me, grabbing my face and kissing it.

"Okay."

"How about we go for a walk?" I kiss her right hand as I ask, and she nods. "Good, let's go then." I help her up.

Shortly after, we get dressed and leave the house. We walk for a while, and I try to make small talk.

"Come on, Kiara, you're not making this easy for me." She sighs, coming to a halt.

"I can't even be mad at you, even if I wanted to, because you just keep speaking, and I love to hear you, but I'm supposed to be mad!"

I chuckle as she says this, then I pull her closer.

"Take me to a supermarket," she says, and I nod, grabbing her hand as we head down the road, taking a left turn toward the nearest supermarket.

When we get there, we walk through the sliding doors, and she stands there, her eyes scanning the entire room.

She walks off without saying a word to me, so I grab a basket and follow her. She walks through the aisles, stopping at the snack section. Swiftly, she grabs a handful of chips, tossing them into the basket. Then she grabs packets of chocolate, sweets, and biscuits. In no time, the basket is full of junk food.

"Is everything okay?" I ask as she stares at a pack of coke, then she looks back at me with a smile and a nod. "Seems like you're trying to get a sugar rush."

She turns with a larger smile, and I sigh.

"Grab this," she says, pointing at the carton, then walks off while I stand there, taking a deep breath.

When she sees I haven't moved an inch, she walks back to me.

"Come on. I still haven't gotten to the alcohol section."

I pause, dropping the basket in my hand.

"Okay, Kiara, you need to stop," I say, and she looks at me with a shrug.

"What?" Her brows draw down. "You wanted me to be happy, and I'm stocking up for two weeks of happiness. I mean, I don't want to have to come out with Rufus when you're not here. You'd hate that, right?"

I let out a sigh.

"I'm not doing this with you right now, and I'm going to pay for this."

When I say this, I walk away without waiting for her reaction. I won't let her ruin herself, and if she doesn't want to see the good in what I'm doing, then I don't care.

"How much?" I ask the man at the counter, placing the basket on it.

He checks everything, and then I give him my card. While he packages the load of sweets, Kiara walks out with a straight face.

"Let's go," I say to her, grabbing the bags, then make my way out of the store, and she follows.

Just as I step outside, a taxi passes by, and I catch Mindy's face staring straight at me. I look away at once, diverting my attention to Kiara, wondering if she noticed, but she keeps walking. With a groan, I go after her.

"When I thought we were getting somewhere, you-"

"I what, Zane?" she cuts me off, stopping in her tracks. "You think I'm not trying? Well, I'm sorry for caring that the man I love is not going to be with me for two full weeks. People die every single day, Zane! Who knows what will..."

I press my lips against hers before she can finish. Then I pull away, staring into her eyes.

"Nothing is going to happen to us, I promise. We're going to come back better, and hopefully, I'll have things sorted out."

Tears glisten in the corners of her eyes, which breaks my heart, so I flag down a taxi at once. The yellow cab stops in front of us, then the driver rolls down his window. I walk over to him and give him the address. We get into the car, and he drives off while I pull Kiara close to me.

"It'll be okay, I promise." She leans in, placing her head on my shoulder.

Shortly after, we get back home. I pay the taxi driver, and we walk into the house. She grabs the bag from me, then heads over to Rufus, who looks uneasy.

"Hi," she says with a smile, and he glances at me before forcing a smile. "Here. I don't care what you do with it." She hands him the bag.

Then she walks away.

"Get us some pastries for breakfast, will you?" I pat him on the back. "You're getting the hang of it."

I turn down the hall that leads to our room, and as I open the door, I see Kiara lying on the bed. I get in next to her.

"So, we're going silent now?" I ask, clasping my hands to my chest. Then she scoffs, turning to face me.

She places her hands on my chest, inching close to me until our faces touch.

"You're a good man, Zane, and I want you to remember this," she says, looking into my eyes. Then she inches her face closer to mine, allowing our lips to meet.

"Come here." I pull her up, guiding her to sit on me, then she rests her head on my chest, wrapping her arms around me.