

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TAKE CARE OF HER

Kiara:

Zane leaving makes me feel unsafe. I don't know what it is, but I have this uncertainty in my chest, like something terrible is about to happen. The last time I felt this way, something terrible did happen, and I walked in on my best friend with my husband. Maybe it's a trauma response. As I lie on his chest with his hands wrapped around my waist, I feel safe, and the world around me quiets.

"I love you," he says in a gruff tone as he plants a kiss on my forehead.

"I love you too," I reply, kissing his chest and placing my face on it, allowing the rhythm of his heartbeat to echo in my ears.

Slowly, I run my index finger along the contours of his chest, making my way up to the dip of his collarbones. Then I slide my hand to his left cheek, cupping it gently. For a moment, I feel the softness of his cheek under my hand, gliding back and forth as I intertwine my fingers into his beard. His hands on my body move lower, cupping my butt, and they keep going lower to my thighs. He trails them slowly under my skirt, cupping my butt, and I throw my eyes open, tilting my head to face him.

He leans in close to me, and I move my body closer to him, allowing our lips to meet. Gently, he takes my lips, sucking and nibbling on them. I open up gracefully for him, allowing our tongues to meet, and we remain there for a few minutes, slurping and tasting each other while his hands caress my skin, rocking my body back and forth on his.

Shortly, we pull apart and glance at each other. I slide my hands down his chest, reaching under his shirt. Then I trail up his bare skin, resting my fingers on his nipples, which are hard. Slowly, I rub them in circles, then I trail kisses from his neck to his cheeks, and when I reach his lips, he inches forward to take my lips hungrily, but I pull away with a chuckle, causing him to grab my face and press his lips onto mine.

Then he grabs my hand, pulling it out of his shirt. He rolls over, letting me stay under him, then he pins both my hands to the bed with one of his as he stares into my eyes.

He lowers his face to my neck, sniffing it for a moment as his lips brush against it, causing a shiver through my body. His lips find their way to my ear.

"You'll regret doing that," he whispers as his other hand trails down my lower body, pushing my thighs apart and finding its way between them.

His hand rests on my panties, and he looks at me with a smirk tugging at his lips. He rubs me through the fabric without breaking eye contact, and my body wriggles under his touch, yearning to break free from his grasp, but he tightens his grip on my hands.

"Zane!" I gasp, causing him to lean down toward me.

Knowing what he'll do, I turn my face away, not giving him the satisfaction he wants. He chuckles, releasing his grip on my hands. I cup his face at once, taking his lips hungrily as I press my body into his, allowing him to wrap his arms around my waist. He slides his hand into my panties, letting his fingers come in contact with my skin. I groan as he coats them with the mess he's created, and then he slides in two fingers while I hold on to him.

"God, I love you so much," he whispers in my ear as he pumps his fingers into me, while I bury my face in his neck, kissing it lightly.

His fingers curl around my walls, hitting the right zones, which leaves my feet curled up. I close my eyes, waiting for the ecstatic moment, but he pulls away, reaching for his pants and unzipping them. I lie back on the bed as my eyes open, meeting his. His hardened length comes into contact with my core. Slowly, he pushes into me, allowing my walls to meet the warmth of his throbbing shaft.

He grunts in my ear, pushing further into me. My walls take him in, and when he settles inside me, he begins to move in and out rhythmically. He plants kisses all over my face, wrapping his hand tightly around my neck, applying just enough pressure for it to be pleasurable.

My hands find their way around his back, and I press him further into me, wanting to take all of him. The mix of soft moans and sexy grunts fills the air as he thrusts harder, causing me to grip his skin tighter, my nails digging into him.

Sometimes I feel like I'm hurting him, but the way he looks at me when my nails dig into him says otherwise. He leans down, letting our lips meet as he groans into my mouth.

"I want more of you," he says as he picks up the pace, filling me more and more until there's no more left to fill.

As he thrusts into me, his thumb circles around my clit, sending a wave of sensation coursing through my veins. My entire body tingles beneath him, and soon I feel my body tightening, signaling my climax. I shut my eyes, waiting for the moment, which comes beautifully as my body releases a wave of pleasure, causing me to jerk under him.

Shortly after, Zane lets out a loud groan, pulling out of me and collapsing beside me as his body shudders with his release. He reaches for me, pulling me close, and I cling to him.

He plants a kiss on my forehead as I lean into him.

"I love you so much," he whispers, and I shut my eyes.

Our moment is interrupted by a knock, and Rufus's voice comes from the hall.

"I have your order ready, sir."

Zane gets up at once, putting on his pants, then he walks to the door, opening it slightly and grabbing the paper bags. He places them on the table in the room, then he walks back to me, sitting beside me on the bed.

"Come on, let's eat."

My stomach rumbles just in time, so I don't hesitate to get up.

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Zane and I spend the entire day together, watching movies and getting along. Maybe I just needed intimacy to function because it seems like I have no problems, and I didn't just try to devour him a few hours ago. As the time for his flight draws closer, I can feel the dread in my spirit heighten, but I know there's nothing I can do. His decision is best for us, and I know it will help me make better choices.

When Zane's alarm goes off, reality hits me harder, and I take a deep breath, standing from the couch.

"I'll go get dressed," I say to him without looking at him.

He reaches for my hand.

"You know you don't have to come with me," he says, and I smile. "Really. Rufus just has to drive me to the airport, and I'll catch the flight, then..."

"I want to come with you."

He gets to his feet, and I kiss the corner of his cheek before walking to the room. When I get there, I shut the door, placing my back against it, taking a deep breath.

"It's okay, Kiara," I say to myself before I walk to the closet to dress.

I grab a loose purple gown and throw it on, then slide my feet into flats. Zane walks into the room, grabbing his wallet and phone. We share a brief kiss, then make our way out of the house.

Rufus is standing by the car as usual. Zane holds my hand as we make it to the car. Then he opens the door, letting me climb in first. Once we're inside, Rufus drives off to the airport.

Shortly, we arrive at the airport. Zane leans in to kiss me, and I grab his collar, pressing my lips into his with intensity. There are tears in my eyes, but I don't let them fall, because I don't want him to worry.

We pull apart, and he presses his forehead against mine.

"Two weeks, and I'll have everything sorted out," he says, and I nod, then he pulls away, bringing the back of my right hand to his lips as he plants a kiss on it.

He opens the door, then pats Rufus's shoulder.

"I hope you take good care of her."