

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

NEW FRIEND

Kiara:

Waking up this morning is one of the worst things on my list for the day. I do not want to wake up to the emptiness that Zane's absence causes, but I know I cannot remain in bed forever. After a while, I cannot stand the taste in my mouth. So, I open my eyes to the bare bed. I run my hands on it, taking a deep breath to quiet my aching heart.

Last night I cry myself to sleep, and now I do not have any tears left to give, so I sit up at once, causing my jaw to drop as I spot a basket of Golden-Rayed Lilies in my room. Last time, he bought a variety of lilies, and I do not touch them until they were taken away.

I push myself out of bed at once, rushing towards the table in front of me, then I see a note attached to the flowers.

"To the girl with a golden smile, who walked into my life and knocked down all my barriers in the most beautiful way."

My belly flutters at once, and I get that instant feeling of butterflies. I lift the basket in my hand, taking in the scent of the flowers.

This man knows how to push my buttons in the right way. I can decide to wake up angry at him, but it will never work because he will do something to reset them.

"Zane, you idiot," I mumble as I run my hands on the soft petals of the beautiful white and yellow flowers.

A knock comes at my door at once.

"It's Rufus. Mr. Malibu wants to speak with you," he says, and then I drop the flowers, walking towards the door to open it.

He hands me his phone.

"Good morning, love," Zane's gruff tone comes through the phone, and I can tell he is just waking up too. "Did you like your flowers?" he asks, and I grin ear to ear as though he can see me through the phone.

I glance at Rufus, who leaves the room, shutting the door behind him. Then I throw myself on the bed, kicking my feet in the air.

"Did you?" he asks again.

"Maybe." I try not to sound too excited because I do not want him to get cocky.

"I'm sensing someone is trying to make me feel bad," he says, and I chuckle, rolling my eyes.

"I know you rolled your eyes. I can feel it."

"I sure did, and what are you going to do about it, Mr. Malibu?" I call his name in a sultry tone.

"You do not know what your fiance is capable of," he says, and I chuckle, turning around with my back against the bed.

"Tell me, what are you capable of?" I ask, squeezing my brows. "Are you going to spank me in your imagination for disobeying you?"

"Maybe."

"I'd like that too," I reply, then he lets out a short laugh.

"Aside from lying around and being pretty, what do you have planned for the day? Are you going to see the city? Or..."

"Nope. I'm just going to lie in bed and do nothing," I reply before he can finish.

This is definitely a lie. I plan to see the city, but I do not want to tell him because he will ask Rufus to spy on me. I mean, Rufus will have to go with me, but when he is aware of my motives, it will be harder for me to get by.

"Great. That's great. Well, you can take a walk down the street if you like. Of course, in the company of Rufus," he says.

"I know." My voice is calm, like I am not one way from melting down on him for being too controlling.

I love the fact he tries to protect me, and if he were here, I would not take it as anything, but I do not like Rufus.

"How is Ariana?" I ask what has been bugging me for a while.

"She is good. Everyone is good." His tone is casual.

"I know everyone is good, Zane, but I really want to speak with her," I say to him, and he sighs. "You do not have to say it. I get it. No one has to know about me yet, but I trust her so much. She shares secrets with me, and I just wish you could have swapped her for Treasure."

"You know Boris isn't dumb. My most trusted bodyguard is supposedly on a hunt for you, and then your personal maid is nowhere to be found. He will find you faster than a lightning bolt." I groan when he says this.

"When we all resolve this issue amongst us, Boris and I will have a long talk, which may involve throwing punches because what did I even do?"

"Nothing. You are perfect for me," he says, and then I take a deep breath, planting a hand across my belly.

"It's not even up to twenty-four hours, and I can feel your absence," I say to him as I heave a sigh.

"I miss you too, and if you think of it, we are a few hours into day one. So, we are making progress."

"I guess."

We both go silent for a while.

"I have to go now, but I'll call you later in the evening," he says, and I mutter "I love you," to him.

"I love you too," he replies, then he ends the call.

Giving off a sigh, I push myself out of bed, then I walk to the door, opening it to see Rufus still standing there.

"Here," I hand him the phone, then he forces a smile on his lips.

"You do not have to act like you like me, you know?" I ask, and he glares at me with no words.

I ignore him and make my way to the dining room to have breakfast.

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The rest of the day goes by in a flash, and when the sun starts to set, I feel the need to step out briefly. I throw on some shorts and a shirt, then I make my way out of the room to find Rufus sitting on the couch and watching a football match.

I stand in front of him with my arms crossed.

"Not to be a bitch, but I need to go out. Since you are my bodyguard, you'll have to come with me," I say, then he grabs the remote, clicking the red button on it, and the TV goes off with a click sound.

"Okay." He gets to his feet, then I make my way outside the house, and he follows me.

"I want you to keep your distance, and if I walk into a supermarket, I do not want you coming after me like a swarm of bees, understood?"

He nods his head when I say this, then I give him a smile, walking out through the gate.

I make my way down the road, and Rufus comes after me from a distance, just as I asked. Then I make a turn to the left, trying to find my way to the coconut stall where Zane and I had a drink. This is probably a way of my body trying to find happiness from the activities of the past.

Soon, I get there, then I cross over to the stall, meeting the old man who is wearing the same flowery shirt, but this time it is green.

"Good evening," I greet, and he looks at me with the widest grin.

"Pretty lady. I was thinking I would never meet you again," he says, and my face reddens slightly. "Where is he?" he asks, and I know he is referring to Zane.

"Not here to bother you," I reply, and he chuckles, then he leaves to make my drink. When he is done, he places it on the counter.

I reach for my pockets to take out some money.

"That's on me, so you do not have to," he says, and I look at him with my brows drawn down. "Really. You seem sad, and I'm not in a place to share your sorrows with you, but I can interest you with a cool drink."

"Thanks," I say to him, then he grins at me as I reach for the drink on the counter, bringing my lips to the straw.

The cool liquid hits my throat at once, and it's refreshing, but I do not feel it like I did with Zane.

"Doesn't taste the same without him," I mumble, and the man chuckles.

At that moment, a lady in a face cap comes around.

"I'll need one coconut drink, please," she says, placing her cash on the desk, then the man nods, walking away to prepare her drink.

I stand there, sipping the drink.

"Nothing feels the same anymore," I say aloud in frustration, then she looks at me.

"I know, right?" she replies, and I nod. Then suddenly, it occurs to me I could be talking to my first friend in the city.