

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

HE KNOWS MY WORTH

KIARA:

Throughout the night, I barely get any sleep. I mean, who gets enough rest when the devil is among them? The entire time, I keep one eye open. I can't sleep in my room because Blake is there, so I stay in Treasure's room. When I'm fully awake around six in the morning, I open my eyes to see Rufus sitting in front of the room, causing me to scream.

I bring my hands to my lips at once.

"What the hell?" I ask, and he gets to his feet with a smirk on his face. "I could have been naked. Did you even get any sleep last night?"

"Better than letting Mindy kill you in your sleep. How long do I need to wait before I call Mr. Malibu? because I'm losing my patience," he asks, and I sigh.

"You don't have to, because I'm going to put an end to this madness soon. I told you to trust me," I say to him, then get to my feet at once, making my way out of the room.

I walk to my room, then see Treasure walking out of it.

"Good morning, ma'am," she says, and I flash her a smile before opening the door.

There, on the table, stands the basket of flowers, and on the bed is Blake. His eyes flip open at once, and he keeps his gaze on me, signaling me to come with his hand. I ignore him and walk to the table, inhaling the sweet scent of the flowers.

"Aren't you going to say anything to me, Kiara?" Blake's voice comes from behind, and I keep smelling the flowers without looking at him.

It's almost been a year, and I haven't seen him. My life was close to perfect, but all this just had to happen.

"Kiara," he calls out again, and I take a deep breath, turning to face him.

"Yes," I finally answer.

He sits up on the bed and glares at me for a moment.

"I don't know what is happening, Kiara. Three nights ago, I fell ill, and Veronica was in our bedroom." he says, and I scoff.

The memories of that night flood in as I look at him. I thought seeing him again would make it easier to forgive him, knowing he didn't mean what happened, but the more I look at him, the more the ache gnaws at my heart.

"You swear you can't remember what took place that night?" I ask him as tears fall from my eyes.

He leaves the bed at once and walks up to me.

"You're crying," he says, reaching out to hold me, but I don't allow him. "Have I done something wrong to you?" he asks, and I glare at him with my tear-stained eyes.

"Something?" I ask, my brows wrinkling. "You left me when I needed you the most, cheated on me with my best friend, banished me in front of the entire pack, and rejected me!" I pause and watch the confused look on his face. "Of course, you don't remember, but those words were from you, Blake. Do you know how it makes me feel, and how much it took to pull myself out of that space? Now you suddenly show up after almost a year, and you want me to just take you back?"

He is mute when I ask this. I leave him there and walk to the bed to sit down. After a while, he joins me on the bed.

"I've been told this story multiple times by the guards, and Veronica who confessed to charming me, but I can't remember it. The last memory I have of us is when you left on the Memorial Day to get the Lunaria plant for Mother's memorial, and after that, I don't remember what happened. But I know I was sick and Veronica is in prison," he says, and I look at him.

"You know how much I love you, Kiara, and I would never hurt you. You are my queen, and we made a vow to love each other to death."

When he says this, he reaches for my hands. This time, I don't stop him. I let him hold me, allowing his touch to sink in. He begins to caress my fingers.

"I love you so much, and I need you to come back with me. No matter what has happened, I promise I'll make it up to you," he says, then leans in to kiss me, but I turn my face away.

Someone knocks at that moment, causing me to sigh in relief. I walk to the door and open it to see Rufus. My eyes widen as I grab the phone.

"Can I call you back later, Zane? I'm kind of in the middle of something. Rufus will explain better," I say, handing the phone over to Rufus, who shakes his head.

I walk back into the room to see Blake holding up the note from the flower basket.

"It's day seven, baby, and I love you so much. Also, I thought about our babies more, and I can't wait to meet the mini version of you. I hope she is as strong-willed and stubborn as you."

He reads the note out loud, then stares at me with his jaw hardening as he crushes the paper in his hands.

"My wife has a boyfriend," he says, then lets out a chuckle.

"I was going to tell you, and technically, I'm not your wife anymore, Blake. You sold me off for five million dollars. He is my buyer, but now he knows my worth. You had me, and you lost me."

"Are you pregnant for him?" he asks as though I hadn't said something heart-wrenching.

My brows crease.

"And what if I am?" I ask, and I see his brows crumple.

"Don't play with me, Kiara." He sounds mad, but I don't care.

"If I'm pregnant, am I damaged? You don't want me anymore because I'm not the nineteen-year-old virgin you married at twenty-five, and my body has been defiled? I've defiled the sacred rules of the pack, so you don't want me back?"

He catches my hand in his, tightening his grip.

"Does this look like a joke to you?" he asks, and I stare at him in fear. "I love you, Kiara, and you know you're the only person I'll tolerate such disrespect from, but you're crossing the line!" he grits through his teeth.

As I struggle for him to let go, his grip tightens further, causing me to shed a tear.

"You're hurting me," I choke out, and his face loosens as he lets go.

He turns around at once, taking a deep breath while I stand there, massaging my wrist, which now has a pink mark.

"I'm... I'm sorry, Kiara. I didn't mean to hurt you," he says, and I scoff, never taking my gaze off him.

I want to take in his sight until he disgusts me completely, because Zane is right. He never hurt me when he had me, but Blake, even in his sane state, hurt me. I kissed a guy at the fundraising party; Zane hurt him, not me. But I'm in this situation because of Blake, and he's only addressing the fact he'll never hurt me, not the pain I've been through for months.

"Zane is right; you don't deserve me. Before you arrived, when I heard you'd been under a spell for a while, I doubted whether I still liked Zane because you never hurt me, but after this encounter, you've cleared my doubt. You rejected me, so the mate bond is over, and Zane is my second-chance mate. I choose him, and I want you and your entire pack to clear out of this house!"

With that, I walk out of the room without looking back.

When I get to the living room, I see the guards scattered around, with Rufus watching them from a corner. They bow, but I ignore it.

"Where is Mindy?"

"She left a while ago, but she said something I do not really care about. There is nothing worse she can do," he says.

"What did you tell Zane?"

"That you picked up a hobby and have been up all night trying to craft your perfect story, so you need to rest."

"You aren't a terrible liar after all," I say to him, then glance at the guards in the living room. "Give me a sec."

I walk to the center of the room, clearing my throat.

"Sorry to break it to you, but the fun is over, and I'll need you all to leave my house."

"We've heard your request for us to leave," Blake says, and I turn to face him, "but we're not leaving this house without the Luna of the Lunar Shadow Pack."