

# REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

## THE QUEEN IS BACK

Kiara:

The ride was bumpy, and sitting in the back of the car with Blake didn't feel the same anymore. My heart is heavy and aching as memories of Zane flood in. I don't know what the Moon Goddess plans to do, but I silently pray to her to make things right. It's hard to believe she made Zane and me cross paths just for things to go sour.

"You've been awfully quiet," Blake says, sliding his hand onto my thigh, jolting me back to reality. All I feel from his touch is coldness.

I reach for his hand, placing it on the space between us on the seat. Then I turn my face toward the window, taking in the scenery before us. We're currently at the location of the Elysian Whisper Hill-the road where I ran into Zane when he pretended to be a delivery man. I shut my eyes, taking deep breaths, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. The thought of Blake and me never finding love scares me, but what scares me more is the impending war. I don't want anyone to die-not now, never.

"We're here, darling," Blake says in a calm tone, making me let out a sigh.

"Give it up, Blake. We both know this isn't going to work," I say to him. He grabs my arm, pulling me close to him. He inches toward my ear.

"We're back at the pack, not that shabby place you were in. You will behave like royalty here-my royalty, my wife. Is that understood?" he asks, and I swallow hard as pain radiates from my right arm because of his grip.

He lets go of me as soon as James opens the door for us. Then he gets out first and holds out his hand for me, pulling me out of the car. The mansion is still the same as when I left. Just like before, there's an assembly of workers standing side by side, forming a path in the middle for us to pass through. They bow as we make our way inside.

The moment we step into the house, I slip my hand out of his and walk off.

"Where are you going, Kiara?" he asks in a raised tone, following me. "To my room, Blake. Remember, I'm your queen. The queen knows the way to her room, and she would love to be left alone!" I yell as I climb the stairs.

He catches my hand before I reach my room, but before he can speak, Isabella's voice rings out.

"Luna Kiara..." He releases his grip on me, and we both turn to see Isabella standing at the end of the hallway. "Sorry, my lord," she says with a bow, and Blake shakes his head.

"You're not interrupting. Come," he says to her, and she approaches us. "You're back to your duties, so make sure she's well-fed and rested. The Beta will be here when he's done with work."

Hearing him mention my father stirs a wild emotion in my chest. I open the door to my room and slam it shut, then throw myself on the bed. I try not to cry, knowing Isabella will walk at any moment, so I hold back my tears.

Shortly after, I hear the door creak open, and her voice follows.

"Luna Kiara," she calls out, and I take a deep breath before ordering her in.

She shuts the door and stands there. This isn't her fault, so I know I can't blame her for what my family has done. I sit up on the bed, forcing a smile.

"It's been a while, Isabel." She exhales deeply, rushing toward me with her knuckles clenched. "Bring it in. You can hug your Luna," I say, and she throws her arms around me. I hold her for a moment, patting her back gently before she pulls away.

"The pack has been in shambles since you left. I mean..." she begins to chatter, and I sit there watching her, my mind wandering off, thinking about the possibility that Zane is on his way to save me.

A part of me wants to tell him to go back, but I want to see him.

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A couple of hours after listening to Isabella, I'm properly rested, as Blake requested. When I open my eyes, I see Isabella still in my room.

"You stayed?" I ask, and she nods.

"The pack has been a living hell, and I can't believe you're here. It's almost surreal."

Someone knocks on the door as she says this, but before she can answer it, Blake barges in.

"The Beta is here to see you." Those words hit me hard in the chest, and I glare at him as he stands by the door.

It's been months without a call or text from my father, and suddenly he wants to see me. Blake stands there with his arms crossed, making it clear he won't leave without me. Isabella bows to both of us and leaves, and I sigh as I get out of bed. I throw on a robe and walk toward him.

"It would be easier if you smiled," Blake says, and I flash him a grin, baring my teeth. He groans, and I roll my eyes, walking out of the room.

My heart pounds in my chest as we approach the visiting chambers. If there's an excuse for Blake, I don't see one for my father because he wasn't under a spell-he chose to act the way he did.

When I step into the room and spot my father sitting on a couch, a thousand emotions crawl up my skin. I stare into his aging eyes, and he gives me a smile I don't return. I move to sit on a couch, but Blake grabs my hand.

"Your seat is right there," he says, tilting his head toward the beautifully throne-like seats for the Alpha and Luna.

"Pardon me, did I miss something? Hasn't it been almost a year since I last sat there?" I ask, and Blake sighs.

"I'm not doing this with you, Kiara. You're going to sit!" he says through gritted teeth, and I exhale, a smile playing on my lips. "I'm trying so hard to keep my behavior in check, but you're not helping matters, and-"

"Then don't. I'm not supposed to be here anyway, so let me go. Throw me in prison and reclaim your Luna, Veronica, because I'm not interested, Blake!"

I look into his eyes, waiting for him to react.

"Alpha," my father calls out to him, causing him to loosen his grip on me. "Forgive my daughter's manners. She can be stubborn sometimes, and I'm sure she's still shaken by recent events. I know my daughter well, and she'll come around."

His words feel like a slap to my face. The more I let them sink in, the more I realize he isn't wrong. I'm blinded by the belief that people can be good, that no matter how much they hurt me, I'll be there for them-even if their efforts to get me back are weak. But this time-this time I've vowed not to do that.

"You must know me well, Beta," I say, catching his attention. "But it wasn't enough when I needed you to believe me. You disowned me-for what reason? Self-righteousness? To separate yourself from someone who would soil the pack?" Tears fill my eyes as I speak.

"Disowning me in front of the pack wouldn't have been the problem, but going silent for months without calling me back? You deserve an award for Father of the Year." My voice cracks, but I don't care. "Oh, I forgot-I'm fatherless!" I laugh bitterly as they both watch me.

The Beta opens his mouth to speak, but I shake my head.

"If you're here to speak to me as a Beta, then fine-I'm listening as your queen," I say, walking to my 'rightful seat.'

I sit there for a while, staring at him, and when he doesn't say anything, I stand up and walk away from both of them. My heart aches badly as I head back to my room. On the way, I spot Isabella, but I ignore her, entering my room and slamming the door shut.