

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TOGETHER

Zane:

It's been five months since the passing of my father. It hasn't been easy coping without him, and it made me realize that you never really grow up, and you will always need your parents, regardless. But thank God I found Kiara. I have never been more grateful for the day we met. She has been nothing short of supportive.

Nothing beats having the sexiest and smartest woman you know as your support system. Given all the events of the past, we both enrolled in therapy to work through the trauma we've experienced. We made the vow that our children would never know what this feels like.

"You're still working?" I hear Kiara say, and I lift my head to see her standing by the door of the study.

I sigh, and she walks into the room. Pushing my seat back from the table, I make space for her to sit on my lap, and then she throws her arms around my neck.

"If you keep working like this, then we will never have time for each other," she says as she cups my cheek. "I know building from scratch isn't easy, but you're overworking yourself. Do you want to die before we even have children?" she questions, and I just bury my head in her neck.

She's right, I am overworking, but that is the consequence of my actions. The actions I don't really regret. Giving everything to Yusuf seems like a setback, but knowing I would never see him or Gia again was the best decision I had ever made. My life is peaceful now, and the only person from my past is Rufus. As for Kiara, she couldn't let go of Ariana and Isabella, so she employed them to work in the house.

"What do you need me to do, my lovely wife?" I question, and a smile forms on her lips. I press my lips on hers before she can speak. "God, I cannot wait to be done with all this, so I can finally have my wife all to myself."

"You can have me if you wanted. I mean, I can help with the work, and we'll be together, but you've decided I'm too precious to work."

"Because you are. I never want you to lift even a finger, and besides, we're not poor. We just need some structure and the means to multiply our money tenfold, then we're good to go," I reply, and she rolls her eyes. "What kind of husband would I be if I let my wife work when she should be spoiled?" I question as I straddle her body.

"I'll never win this argument with you, so just shut up and kiss me," she says, and I let out a chuckle as our lips meet again.

When I pull away, she stands.

"Dinner will be ready in about thirty minutes, and I hope to see your busy ass down," she says. I nod at her words.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're such a tease," she says, then she walks away, and my eyes remain on her as she makes her way to the door. The fact she's mine is still unbelievable. She gave up everything for a lowlife like me, and I know I'd be a fool if I didn't give her the best in life.

Shortly after, I make it downstairs for dinner, as my madam requested. When I get there, I find her sitting and sipping from a glass of wine.

"Good, you made it to dinner," she says, downing the remaining contents. I walk up to her, planting a kiss on her cheek before sitting close to her.

I open the bowls in front of us, then I dish out the meal for her. The aroma of the finely prepared rice makes my belly rumble, but it isn't the same for Kiara. The moment the aroma hits her, she grabs her belly.

"Is it just me, or is there so much curry in this food?" she asks, and I reach out for her, placing a hand on her shoulder, as I cannot relate to what she's saying.

"Perhaps you're sick?"

"No, no," she insists. "Isabella!" Her servant rushes to the dining room with the speed of light, giving us a bow.

"How much curry did you put in this meal? You know I don't like it that much, and-"

"There was no curry in it, ma'am," Isabella cuts her short, and then she presses her lips together.

She waves her hand, signaling Isabella to leave, and she gives a bow before walking away. My hand remains on Kiara's back, giving her a gentle rub.

"Do you feel better?" I ask, and she nods, taking deep breaths.

"Maybe I should take more wine," she says, then I let go of her, grabbing the bottle on the table and pouring more of its contents into her glass.

I give it to her. She takes a sip before gulping the entire thing.

"More," she demands, and I pour another for her.

After she gulps the second glass, I push the bottle away.

"I don't think you need another one." She glances at me with her brows drawn down, then gets to her feet, rushing to the kitchen.

I go after her, and she makes it to the sink in time before throwing up everything she had eaten that day. Panic surges through me, and I hold her hands gently, rubbing her back as she keeps emptying her stomach until she has nothing left to throw up.

"I think I'm sick," she says, tilting her face to the side to glimpse my face. I stare at her with a brow raised.

"You think?" I ask, as I turn on the faucet, helping her wash up. "Come and sit, I'll get a doctor," I say to her, then help her to sit in the living area.

As she sits down, I rush upstairs to get my phone, then put a call through to a doctor. I stay with Kiara while we wait for the doctor.

"Your stomach is empty. Is there anything you would like to eat that isn't from the meal prepared? I can get it for you," I ask, and she shakes her head.

"Honestly, I think I just want more wine," she replies flatly, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Then we just have to wait for the doctor, then." She lets out a sigh, shutting her eyes as I slide my hands down her lap, trying to calm her.

The doctor arrives, and he begins his check-up on Kiara. He asks her a couple of questions, which I can barely hear due to how low his voice is, but I make sure he isn't making her uncomfortable. After a while, he turns to me.

"The only thing I suspect is pregnancy." His words have my jaw dropping, and I feel a surge of mixed emotions.

I scoff.

"Are you being serious, doctor?" I question because, as much as this is something I've longed for, I don't think I'm ready. No one is ever ready, but this feels too soon.

We're still going through our therapy lessons, and I haven't finished setting up the structures. My mind flashes back to the night Kiara, and I were both wasted, and we ended up having raw sex, where I didn't pull out.

"Do you have a test kit?" he asks, and I glance at Kiara, who is still finding it difficult to recover from the shock.

"Yes... yes," she replies, then she gets to her feet.

"Don't worry, I'll get it," I say to her, then rush upstairs to our room, searching her drawer and pulling out the test kit.

When I get downstairs, I help Kiara up to the bathroom to get a sample of her urine. Then I toss the stick into the cup. I pace around the room as I await the answer. After a while, the doctor pulls it out, staring at it for a while.

"It's positive," he says, and Kiara lets out a sigh, shutting her eyes. "Congratulations to both of you," he adds, and I take a deep breath, rushing to Kiara.

The doctor leaves the room while I sit close to her.

"Zane, I'm sorry I-" I press my lips onto hers before she can finish, then pull away, scooting down to plant a kiss on her belly.

"We're pregnant, and we'll get through this together," I say to her, then she holds my gaze for a while, sliding her hands onto mine as I stroke her belly.

"Together," she says, and I nod.