

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 1

CLEO'S POV

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“Come on sweetie.” Mom wakes me up, shoving my shoulder. “What?” I squint my eyes as I glance at the time and I notice it’s ten to seven in the morning, “We have to sing to Felix before he wakes up.” She pulls the duvet off me, sending a cold shiver through my entire body as the cool air hugs my skin. All I want to do is pull the duvet back over me, but I know I’d be in trouble if I did that.

She leaves my room and I drag my tired body out of bed, putting on a robe before I meet my parents in Felix’s room.

I don’t come in here, ever, except when mom tells me to look for something but I never stay for more than a minute.

Mom is holding a cake and Arlen drags himself into the room too, rubbing his eyes. “Shhh.” My mother hushes Arlen for no reason and I just stand there, silent, afraid she might shush me too if I breathed too loudly.

She lights the candles with a lighter and when they start singing, Arlen and I join in too.

When he stirs, I step back to the foot end of his bed and he smiles as he sits up. Our parents wish him happy birthday and he blows out the candles, like he blew out the light in my life.

“Your present is downstairs.” Dad grins down at him, “Downstairs? Was it too heavy for your weak a*s to carry upstairs?” Felix teases dad.

They train every week and as dad gets older, Felix gets stronger as he is going to take over the kingdom, but by the time that happens, I won’t be living here anymore.

By that time, I will have met my mate and be living my life. In a few weeks, it’s my birthday and then I’d be able to find my mate and leave forever.

“Don’t test me boy, I will have you on your a*s.” Dad chuckles, “Not if I have something to do about it.” Felix gets out of bed and grabs his shirt, putting it

on while I stand there, looking at mom as if she were the most important thing, and she is. Ever since forever, she's been my rock, she's been my hold on earth when I drift off to an unknown, scary world.

"Eyes closed." Mom giggles as she hooks her arm into his and I watch them walk to the door, "Come on." Dad hurries Arlen and I along to follow them, "Can I at least see myself working down the stairs?" Felix snorts and mom lets him.

She blindfolds him at the bottom of the stairs and even though I know that he's getting a car, Arlen doesn't and is curious.

We head out and mom keeps him blind folded until they are standing right in front of the car before taking the material off. Felix's body tenses and he glances at my parents with the most admiration in his eyes. "Are you serious?" he asks in awe, "Yes, congratulations on your first car." dad dangles the keys with a grin and he hugs them. Every fibre of my body squirms in disgust and Arlen starts asking Felix to teach him how to drive while I turn and walk to the door, "Cleo." Felix calls me and even though I want to ignore him, mom and dad are standing right there with him, so I suck on my tongue and turn, holding my hand above my eyes to keep the sun from blinding me, "What?", "Want to go for a ride?" he asks with a calming smile and my body feels like collapsing, "No thanks, I'm kind of feeling under the weather." I back into the house and drag myself up to my room. I hear the car start and drive off and mom comes into the room while I am rummaging through my closet, "Are you sick?" she asks, making me tense, "No, I just don't like it when Felix drives." I roll my eyes, "What do you mean? He drives you around a lot." mother crosses her arms, her eyes filled with curiosity, "I know, but it's because I have no other choice." I toss a pair of black shorts and a white t-shirt onto the bed, "I'm going to Gizelle's." I inform her, "Just be in time for the party." my mother warns and I nod and head to the bathroom for a shower.

I showered quickly and went to Gizelle's house with wet hair and I knock on the front door even though she has told me many times not to. She lives in the neighboring pack, she is the alpha of the Great pack, the closest to us. She has been my best friend since right after I shifted for the first time. The following morning, after my first painful transformation, she and her brother, Gavin, found me naked. To say I was embarrassed was an understatement.

The door opens to their beautiful big grey mansion and there stands Gavin, grinning down at me, "Cleo, what a surprise." he grins while the sarcastic tone rolls off his tongue. "Gavin, my biggest fan." I slap his arm as I brush past him,

“Don’t you have your own house?” he asks with a hooded gaze when I glance back at him, “I do, but annoying you is much more fun.” I taunt him and he rolls his eyes, “Gizelle’s upstairs, in her room.” , “Of course she is.” I scoff and tuck my hands into the back pocket of my jeans as I head up the stairs, “Wear longer pants,” he yells from the bottom of the stairs and I glance back, “Just stop staring at me and my a*s.” I deadpan and laugh as I make my way to the second floor where my best friend’s room is. There are other rooms too, but they are empty and Gavin has his own room on the floor above hers and then it’s their parent’s room.

Most packs call these kind of homes a pack house, but that’s when other pack members also live there, this is just their home.

It’s elegant like ours and whatever their father does, he’s doing good. I pop into her room and she’s busy typing on her laptop. I fall onto her bed, “Good morning Giz.” I beam as I enjoy the comfort of her fluffy bed, “Hi Clo,” she mutters, but she’s distracted. “What are you doing?” I roll onto my side, watching her do...I don’t know what she’s doing.

“Coding a website.” She shrugs and I sit up, “You’re what?” I scoff, whatever she just said sounds so...adult.

“Coding a website.” She giggles, “Gavin showed me.” She shrugs and my eyes just widen, “Gavin? Your go outside brother who does nothing except stay in his room, go out with friends and play basketball for fun?” Gizelle swings her chair around, grinning, “Yes, that Gavin.” Her smile is knowing, “Cool.” I wave her grin off her face, “He’s a a*s, but I do love him.” She winks before turning back and when she hits the enter button, a website appears filled with clothes.

“Are those...” I crawl off the bed, “Your designs? Yes, they are.” She grins at me, “You didn’t...” I shake my head as I look closer and she pulls her laptop to the edge, “I so did.” , “Where did you find the models?” I frown. The photo’s are of a woman’s body with the clothes I designed and made, but it doesn’t show a face.

“Oh, that’s me.” She shrugs, “You stole my clothes?” I raise a brow, “Relax, it says that you are the designer.” She waves me off, “You have to take it off Giz.” I shake my head, “Not one chance, you deserve this.” Her tone is stern and she isn’t listening to me. “Cleo, your designs are amazing.” Gizelle mutters in awe, “Thanks.” I brush a strand of wet hair behind my ear, “But no one will ever buy it.” My face scrunches up in a scowl, “I love you for doing

that for me...but it won't go anywhere." I sigh, "Just wait, give it a few months." She urges me on, "One month, nothing more." I demand and a smile creeps up her face, "Deal." She grins.

"So what are we doing today anyway?" I sit back down, my hands resting on the edge of the bed, my fingers tapping uncontrollably as I stare at her screen.

I can not believe she did that, for me. I never thought the clothes I designed would ever be seen, until Gizelle one day rummaged through my closet and pulled one dress out, she was in awe of it and begged me to let her borrow it, but I told her no and when she asked me where I had bought it, I fessed up and told her I made it, but that's where I made my biggest mistake because she started to ask me to make her things, but I did it nonetheless.

"Hey," she snaps her fingers in front of me, snapping my gaze away from her laptop and she shuts the screen to the keyboard.

"Let's go do something," she suggests, "Like?" I sigh, raising my legs onto her bed, "Beach?" She grins, "I don't have my swim suit." My tongue swirls in my mouth as I begin to feel nervous. "Wear one of my bikini." She gets up, walking over to her dresser and she starts to pull out tops and bottoms, tossing them at me.

"I can't, your boobs are like twice the size of mine." I chew on my bottom lip, "No it's not, just try on this one." She brings over a black bikini bottom and she picks up a black matching top, tossing it into my lap.

I stare down at the fabric, gulping before I get up, "Mind if I use the bathroom?" , "As you always done," she gestures to her ensuite bathroom and I offer a smile before going into her big white bathroom and I close the door to change. I feel relief when my hideous bruises isn't on me anymore, except for one, the marks on my thigh but I can cover for that any day.