

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 10

I stayed in my room for the rest of the day until my mother called me to come help with dinner. I can't look at her, the guilt is tearing me apart from the inside out and I hate it, I hate the gash feeling in my chest, like someone dug their nails into my flesh, grazing my heart with the tips before dragging it across my chest. "Cleo dear, are you alright?" I quickly glance at her, smiling softly, and continue to chop the potatoes smaller so that she can mash it after cooling them. "Yeah, I'm just a little tired from laying in the sun.", "You don't have sunburn, do you?" she drops her knife, feeling my temple with the back of her hand. I pull my head away, smiling, "Mom, I'm fine." I start to giggle. I love how over protective she is, she's the best, but when she rolls her wrist, the guilt comes back and smacks the smile right off my face. "Something is wrong." she sighs, resting her hand on mine and she takes the knife,

"Tell me," she pleads and I give in, turning to her. I take the damp cloth from beside the knife, wiping my hands as I ready myself to ask her the scary question, it's not the question I fear, but the answer.

"Did I hurt you?" I ask,

"What?" she asks baffled, snorting lightly. I lift

my gaze from my hands, looking at her with a serious and worried expression, "Did I hurt you? Did the trail of water left in the house cause you to fall?" my breathing quickens and I wish my racing heart would just calm down. "No, I mopped that immediately after I couldn't find Felix,"

"Then how did you fall?" I ask,

"You fell?" dad walks in and

mom's eyes widen, "Slipped on the stairs," she rolls her eyes, "How?" he frowns at her, sitting at the table in the corner,

"I wasn't looking where

I was going, I was carrying towels up," she starts preparing the food again. "How can you not look? You have to be more careful my love," he sighs, taking an apple from the fruit bowl, "Ah, the food will be ready in half an hour," mom scolds him, "It's an apple, not a roast." dad grins, getting up. "I am going to start a fire in the living room," "It's hot out,"

"I'll put the A/C on." he winks and I definitely didn't want to imagine what they were going to do.

"Where's Felix?" dad's asks while we sit around the dinner table, looking at mom as if she's supposed to know. Mom's face gets longer the harder she thinks and now I'm convinced that Felix did something to hurt her. "He's out with friends, I think" I shrug while shoving food into my mouth. "Again? You two have busy lives." dad smiles. He's so good, he's friendly and kind and I hate lying to him. Felix is their first child, but apparently not the King type, he even treats me like a real daughter and it makes me feel safe, he has a heart of gold and for Felix to be so cruel as to hurt mom is beyond me. It feels surreal, like a very bad dream and I wish that was all it was. "I'm not that busy," I try to change the subject off Felix,

"I'm at least home for dinner," "And to

help make it," mom beams so proudly that I feel completely happy. Dad thanks me before looking at mom, "Do you think Felix is still upset with us?" he asks very calmly, showing no sign of sadness even though I know he's feeling it. He has a big heart and knowing one of his children is upset makes him want to fix it. "I don't know, he seems upset.", "He'll be fine," I shrug, "Yeah," Arlen beams, he too hates it when people fight.

He's soft and kind, just like dad, but when he does get mad, it's frightening because you never expect someone so well behaved to freak out so much.

Felix strolls into the house after dinner while mom and dad are in the room. I volunteered to clean up so that mom can focus on the big party tomorrow morning. She talked about all the things she needs to do and it make my brain freeze as I tried to listen and understand everything.

She sounds like an event planner when she talks about these things.

Mom and dad are obligated to invite alpha's from all over every month to talk about the attacks. There are more rogues roaming the woods that stretch miles upon miles, some are even brave enough to roam the towns and city's at night. We've heard about multiple sightings and attacks on humans and whoever these people are, are turning humans into wolves too, not everyone can handle the transition and then they die, but what's worse is, it's illegal to turn humans unless a wolf is mated to one. Dad has been working his a*s off along with others to find them, he's gone for weeks at a time and then mom runs the castle like she's the King. Mom and dad don't know that I know about

this, but I heard them talking once and it broke my heart when I heard dad's tired voice, now Felix is a problem too, as if they didn't have enough.

"Where's the dinner?" Felix asks as he opens the fridge, not greeting me but I don't care, I wish that he'd be the old Felix again, the real big brother I use to love, but now he's just heartless. "Mom left you a plate in the microwave." I mutter without looking at him. His heavy footsteps come closer and I absently glance at him, fear making me look how close he gets. He stops at the microwave, grabs a fork and leaves the kitchen in silence.

After I finished cleaning and head up to my room, I freeze when I enter my room, the little lamp on my bedside table flicks on and Felix sits there, his empty plate on my bed, fork in his hand with a dark look in his eyes, "Why are you eating in my room?" my head slants to the side while my throat dries up. "Do you know why I'm not going to be King?" because you're a lunatic, "No," I shrug, "And I don't care," "I do," he grits out, his jawline sharp as he flexes his jaw.

"Then talk to mom and dad and ask" I deadpan. I don't want to hear about his problems, I get that it sucks, I get that mom and dad lied for Goddess knows how long, but it doesn't change my life, it isn't hurting me and I don't simply care how it effects him. It's selfish, but him not becoming King makes my life a hell of a lot easier. "I did some reading... he starts to explain Nke I asked him about it and I watch with wide eyes as he throws his legs off the bed, twisting the fork around while his eyes are glued to it. He's childish, but they do say that small things intrigue small minds. "Do you know what I found?" he asks as if I should know. I never had anything to do with the royal status, even if mom and dad announce me as the princess. I never had to study rules or anything like Felix had to because he was suppose to be king. "What?" I sigh, giving in with the hope that he'd leave me alone afterwards. "A new King should be blood related to both of the former Rulers unless there is no one else to take over the Kingdom." he speaks slowly that the sound of his voice makes a shiver run down my spine.

I don't know what he's trying to tell me, but when he stands up from my bed, I cautiously take a step back incase I need to run, "What does that mean?" I hate myself for being curious and I want to hit myself on the head for not forcing myself to stay out of it, because no matter what, I am now in it because I asked. "I'm glad you asked," he points the fork at me before lowering it. "It means that I am not their son, well one of them's son and because I have mom's brown hair and nose, I am betting dad isn't my..well dad." his eyes grow dark and for a second I think he's mad, but when his eyes

glisten over at the betrayal of their secret, I realise that he's upset. I have never seen him so emotional, I never saw tears in his eyes since he was a boy and it makes me weak as I step forward. "I'm sorry Felix," the words makes him turn his head, looking at my bed as he blinks the tears away before he looks back at me with sad eyes, "Don't be," his jaw rolls as he absently inches closer.

I don't realise how close he is until he's in front of me and I flinch when his hand reaches past me, afraid that he might hit me but the door slams shut and that makes my hands shake in fear. I glance over my shoulder, looking at the door with desperation, hoping that it would just pop open again. "You knew, didn't you?" he asks, drawing my attention back to him. My eyes widen, "What?" I ask baffled and his fingers wrap around my throat, his thumb pressing into my jaw, "You knew," he grits out, his lips barely moving

I cough when the air becomes less, my head shaking, "I didn't." I croak out,

"How could I?" my hoarse voice makes me want to cry, the panic rising, making my heart beat even faster as he pushes me into the wall, holding the fork in my face. I try to turn my head, the sight of the three points so close to my eyes has me trying to pull his hand away, but there's no hope, there never is because he's stronger than me. He is of real alpha blood, he is born a prince without knowing and he's dangerously insane. "Tell me the truth," he yells and I now know why he shut the door. Our bedrooms were built with soundproof equipment, it doesn't drain all of the sound out because of the gaps in the door, but you could also not hear anything unless standing on the other side. "I swear, I didn't know." the familiar feeling of hot tears streaming down my face makes me sob even harder and a loud scream escapes my lips when a sharp pain in my shoulder forms. Felix steps back, scoffing as I sink to the floor, my eyes widening when I see the fork stuck in my shoulder, blood pooling out from around it. "Go lie to someone else," he punches the wall above me before storming out and I feel like I'm not breathing as the door is slammed shut again.