

## I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 11

My shoulder pains as I dry myself off with my big fluffy shoulder. I didn't sleep a wink because my shoulder hurt too much and I stayed up most of the night cleaning the pool of blood off my floor. I was livid yet too scared to do anything. I want to understand what Felix is going through, I want to know what he's feeling and thinking but I can't because it isn't happening to me. He use to bully me since we got older, but never did he physically hurt me that I bled like this. He has snapped and there's nothing I can do about it. Mom and dad are already nervous around him, if they even see them. I consider them lucky, he dodges them all the time, but when it comes to me, I am his target. He's taking all of his misery and anger out on me, thinking that I had something to do with it, that I knew before him, but how could I?

Mom would never tell me things like this, neither would dad.

I fix my black shorts and white t-shirt, putting on a belt with a silver buckle that looks good with the shorts. I put on my sneakers before slipping out of the house, taking a morning stroll through the woods. I love being in the woods this early, I see the squirrels running around, the birds sing and there are deer all over, some have babies and the nature fills me in a way I can't explain. I feel at peace here and after a long walk and rolling my shoulder to relief the pain. I had nothing except a bandaid in my room and I couldn't go to mom and ask her for help, I would have made things a thousand times worse between them and Felix. I believe whatever is going on with him will soon pass, well one could only hope. We heal faster than a normal human being, but having the fork stuck in deep, it takes longer to heal because it starts from the inside first. The skin has started to pull together, but anything can rip it open again, I can feel it being sensitive every time my arm swings as I walk. Arriving at the Great Pack, I waltz right past the guards and they smile at me. Gizelle did say that she yelled at them for asking me who I was, like I haven't been here a trillion times.

I knock on the door and Gizelle opens, her head slanting to the side as she pops her hip out too, "Stop knocking," she grumbles, reaching forward and she grabs my arm, yanking me inside. She looks left to right outside before shutting the door and I stand in their foyer, staring at the back of her head, "What are you doing?" I start to laugh as she turns around with a smug smile on her face. This is the look of news, good news and my eyes wide as I wait for her to tell me. "Come," she points up toward the ceiling before she strides past me and I follow suit. My shoulder burns as I jog up the stairs, keeping up

with Gizelle's pace. When we rush into her room, she stops at her door and shuts it behind me, squealing as she jolts towards her desk and opens her laptop as she falls into her chair. I sit down on the corner of her bed, "What are you smiling about?" I scoff

"You are going to have a busy two days," she grins as she swipes on her laptop and I lean in and my eyes widen when she turns the laptop towards me and my jaw feels like falling off as I notice the two orders on a black dress with an low back and v-neck lining. All I can do is stare with a smile on my face, screaming inside of my head, "How, I mean who? Oh my Goddess." my voice is soft, barely audible and Gizelle lets out a loud excited squeal again. "What do I do now? I don't have material left, well that material." I ramble, playing with the ends of my hair. Gizelle jumps up, pulling me up by my arms and I flinch when her-finger touches my scar and she lets go out of fear. "Clo?" She bends forward, looking at me with concern as I sit back down on the bed. "I'm fine," I lie, even she could tell it was a lie but the way I scrunched my face up. "No," she deadpans, lowering to her haunches with her hands on my knees. "Let me see," she asks as I roll my shoulder, trying my best to not flinch when she reaches for my shirt. "I can't see," she sighs, tilting her head. "Shirt off," she demands, standing upright. "What?" I snort, "No." she can not make me take off my shirt, not here and not now. She doesn't need to look at anything either, I'm not a kid and can look after myself. "Cleo, let me just take a look. What happened?" I hate the way she asks it, like it was some sort of accident but it wasn't and that's the worse part. I want it to be an accident, I want it to not be complicated but once the truth is out, my life could get worse.

"Nothing, you know I'm clumsy." I shrug, sitting back, "How do I get material?" I change the subject.

"You buy it," she shrugs. "I only get my

allowance at the end of the month," I shrug,

"You get a large amount,

what did you do with it?" She frowns, raising her eyebrows at me." Bought material?" I shrug, biting down on my tongue as my shoulder hurts. Gizelle's eyes widen in shock when she glances down at my shirt and when I look down, there's a small spot of blood that's getting bigger. "F\*\*k." I stand, scurrying to her bathroom that's littered in clothes and nowhere to walk. "Cleo, what's going on?" She appears behind me,

“Use the bathroom in the hall,” she shrugs, sounding

hopeless and I think it’s because she’s frustrated with me. I want to tell her, but she’d kill him or at least try to and get killed in the mix.

I brush past her, pulling my shirt away from my body as I try not to get blood all over, but it only makes it worse as I stumble my toe against the doorway when leaving her room, cursing as I hop and almost fall over. “Goddess Cleo, calm down!” Gizelle’s panicked voice has my heart racing. She’s going to see and she’s going to know. My life as it is will turn into hell and I will ruin my parent’s life. The life that they gave me will be gone and replaced with hatred. They won’t believe me, Felix is their first child, he is mom’s first child and hell I am not actually their child, I have neither’s blood in my veins and they will think that I’m lying. “Cleo, I’ll get a bandaid from my room,” she sighs as she stands in the guest bathroom hall and I slip my shirt off, hissing and groaning as my shoulder pains and it spreads down my arm. “And a shirt please!” I yell out of the bathroom as I peel the bled-through bandaid off.

I freeze when my eyes lock on Gavin’s steel blue eyes. His gaze casually flicks down to my shoulder, not caring that I’m standing in shorts and a bra, “Did you fall again?” The sarcasm makes me frown, “Get out,” I bend over, holding my arm close to me and I pick up my white t-shirt, holding it to cover my breasts.

“Who did that to you? Goddess, did

someone stab you with a fork?” My wound is still open and he doesn’t even look at me when he speaks, he’s admiring my shoulder, studying my wound. “Get out Gavin! I’m not wearing a shirt!” I yell loud enough for Gizelle to hear and when I hear her calling her brother in an angered tone, I feel relieved. “What the f\*\*k is wrong with you pervert?” Gizelle snaps, pulling her brother out of the bathroom by the

arm.

I really thought that would work, but he shrugs his arm free, facing her as he inches closer into her personal space, “Are you blind or do you simply not care what happens to her?” Gizelle’s head inches back stunned, her eyes wide as she stares at him baffled. “As if you care, she will tell me when she’s ready, f\*\*k off.” She sneers, trying to brush past him but he grabs her arm in a tight grip, “Tell you or lie to you?” He sounds like he cares, but I know he doesn’t. He’s just trying to make her feel bad, and that kiss we shared, it’s like

it never happened and he made it clear that it was something to never speak off again, so I wont.

Gizelle snaps as he shoves him back, "You are full of it, she is my best friend. Do not act like you care, she isn't your responsibility!" She snaps and storms into the bathroom, slamming the door shut before locking it.

Gizelle groans as she throws her head back, pacing up and down, "He's such a prick," she seethes, venting to let her anger out and I use toilet paper to clean my wound while she rambles about how big of a jerk he is. Guilt eats me from the inside out when she starts saying how we don't lie to one another, because I do lie. Every bruise she's seen, I have lied about and even though I don't want to, I need to, for the sake of the family that took me in when I had no one. When my best friend calms down, she helps me put the bandaid on and hands me a new shirt before she sits down on the edge of the bathtub, "Tell me what happened,"

"It's stupid," I snort, shaking my head. "Is it?" She asks seriously, like she doesn't believe me. "Yes, I was eating on the bed and when I climbed off, my foot got stuck and I fell, the fork happily poked my skin like it belonged there.'

"I snert, rolling my eyes. "You are dumb,"

she starts laughing and I relax knowing that she believes me. "Just don't tell my parents, or I won't be allowed to eat on the bed again.", "I promise," she giggles with me before we lock ourselves in her room to strategise for the dresses I have to make in two days.