

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 12

I spent an entire night and day working on these two dresses, all that's left is to do some finishing touches and when the sun sets and mom comes barging into the room, "Are you almost done?" she sighs, wearing a robe. I look up from the dress,

"Yes, why?", "Because we are

having guests arrive in thirty minutes." thirty minutes? How late is it?

"Thirty minutes?" I frown, "Yes, I'm going to get dressed right now," she throws her hands in the air, sighing. "I'll get ready," I shrug, pushing my chair back to stand up. "Have you seen Felix?", "Mom, Fam not his secretary," I snort as I switch the light off at my desk. "I know, he's just...", "Gone a lot," I finish her sentence and she nods, looking sad. I wish I could knock sense into him, but it's not my job and if I can stay away from him forever, it still won't be enough. I love it when he isn't home, it's when home is my home, where I'm at peace and I can breathe. I always dodged Felix and his scruffy friends when they were hauled up in his room or by the pool.

They always looked at me like I was some sort of snack, staring and whispering to each other, I always knew it was about me because there would always be that one stoned friend who would look over at me and laugh. It's not always the same person, on several occasions there would be a few and it creeps me out. It always feels cold when his friends are around, it could be a hot summer day, the sweat could be dripping from me and I'd still be cold and get fully dressed, making sure that every inch of my body is covered. They never once said something about me that I could hear, but I somehow always knew.

"Are you still making the two dresses for you and Gizelle? They look identical." she studies them and I feel proud when a smile crosses her face. "Yes," I haven't told her about selling the dresses or the website. I feel safe that only Gizelle knows about it and she is a great secret keeper, especially of my secrets. She's like a thick steel bank vault and the only way in is when I open the door to talk about things again.

"They're beautiful, do I get one?" she hints and I giggle,

"I will make you

whatever you want mom," I smile. She deserves the world and if I can make her one or a hundred dresses, I will if it makes her happy. She inches closer to me, her finger drags over my cheek, "You are so talented Cleo," "Thanks mom," I return the heart warming smile she gives me. She looks down at her watch, gasping, "Goodness, I only have twenty minutes left," she spins around and waltzes right out of my room. I hurriedly get dressed in a silver sparkling dress that comes to my mid thigh and thin straps. I'm just grateful that the scar has healed completely. I matched a pair of sparkly silver shoes and put on a tennis bracelet and a simple silver heart shaped pendant necklace. I brush my hair and put on lipgloss and mascara before heading down, finding my mom and dad at the bottom. "Ready?" Mom asks with a smile as she hooks her arm into mine before bending forward, fixing her shoe.

"Yean," I hold her up while dad grabs his coat before we walk to the large hall next to our home.

I walk around with mom while she makes sure everything is right while dad helps Arlen with his tie and the ultimate favorite part of this monthly alpha events is that every month the day changes and since Gavin hasn't found his mate yet, Gizelle comes with him and we have a blast. Mom has seated me with Gizelle since she started coming along with Gavin, he's usually at the bar and only at the table when he's eating so it's usually just us getting secretly drunk. I wouldn't say I'm a troublemaker, but having these parties each month is a calling to do something defiant. I walk around, drinking a soda from a glass through a straw as we wait for guests to arrive before I stand next to my parents, greeting the guests with them. My mother is wearing a navy silk dress that suits her perfectly. It fits her like a glove and she looks gorgeous with her half her hair up and the other half down. My smile brightens when Gizelle walks up, her arm linked with her brother's and I force to keep the smile up when Gavin grins at me.

"Hi," Gizelle winks, playfully flirting with me, "Hi," I smile and Gavin scoffs, rolling his eyes before bowing his head to my parents, "Oh Gavin, don't. You two are like family," my mother beams.

"Yes, come in,

Dad smiles, "I barely know you," Gavin deadpans and my jaw almost hits the ground as I stare at him baffled, "Gavin," Gizelle grits out, squeezing his arm. I glance at my parent's baffled expressions, their faces long and eyebrows raised, "What? They don't." Gavin shrugs while talking to Gizelle, "Well we know Gizelle and you have always taken Cleo in and made her feel at home,

so that shows character.” mom smiles and I feel stupid. Gavin always tells me off, acting cold towards me and here they are, thanking him for being kind when he never has been. “Well,” Gavin’s gaze flicks to me, our locked eyes making me feel hot. He has extremely beautiful steel blue eyes and the way he looks at me makes me flushed. “Your welcome then,” he mutters, only looking at them after speaking. He walks past and Gizelle rolls her eyes, nodding her head inside to follow them.

I look at mom and dad, smiling brightly and they sigh, glancing at one another as they smile before looking back at me, “Fine, but greet the others when seeing them,” “If I hav n’t already, I will,” I lock my hands in front of me, spinning on my heel as I follow Gizelle to the table, swerving through the crowded people walking to their tables. I slowly approach their table, tensing when the only seat open is between Gavin and Gizelle. I smile as I stand behind the empty chair, looking down at Gizelle who’s cheeks are puffed and her head turned away from her brother, “What’s going on?” I chime, hoping to lift the mood.

Gavin’s head turns and he looks at me with a scowl on his face,

“Great,”

he mutters under his breath, his bicep flexing while his arms are crossed.

“What?” I frown at him, but he doesn’t spare me another glance so I look at Gizelle, who’s glaring at him, rolling her eyes. She turns her body towards the empty chair, “He’s unreasonable,” she scoffs, pulling out the chair in front of me and I slide to the side before I get knocked with it, “Just sit, ignore him.”, “Why should I sit next to him?” I ask baffled and she tilts her head, giving me a knowing look.

We sit and chat, Gavin snorting at our silly conversation while we talk in code about the clothes I’m making. “So the package is almost here?” she asks and I can’t help but smile. I made fifty dollars on each dress, a hundred dollars. She didn’t price them too high and that is what I love because designing clothes is a passion and I’m not trying to make a living, but it feels good to be able to get money from something I love.

“It’ll be here tomorrow,” Gavin snorts, “What?” Gizelle snaps, leaning forward while glaring at her brother past me. “Packages don’t get delivered on weekends.” true, this code talking might not be the smartest idea, “It’s a personal delivery,” she snarls, sitting back, “Just ignore him,

“I mutter softly and I tense when I feel his knuckles brush

down the spine of my upper back. “I will, because he’s so..” I stop focusing when I hear Gavin’s voice behind me,

“Ignore me, I dare you,”

he purposely breathes onto my back and a shiver erupts. I stand, knocking over the champagne glass and Gizelle quickly picks it up, looking up at me with wide eyes,

“Are you okay?” she asks and when I

feel eyes on me, I turn around to look at Gavin, but he’s shaking his head, drinking his whiskey.

I look up at the entrance of the hall, noticing Felix standing in a suit, arms crossed while leaning against the door frame, looking in at all the people, but especially at me. His eyebrows are raised, and a devilish smile crossing my face, “Clo, Gizelle calls my attention back down to

her,

“Yeah, I just... have to go. I’ll be right back.” anger fuels me as I stride over to Felix, I haven’t seen him since the fork incident and I stop a few feet away, “Mom and dad are worried sick, do you not care?” I snap at him, my foot angrily tapping against the floor. “He’s not my dad,” “You don’t know that,” I argue. His lips form into a pout,

“The

DNA test says I’m correct,” my face falls at his tone. He sounds sound, yet cocky at the same time.

“You did a DNA test?” I ask baffled, “Of

course I did, he’s not my dad and I don’t owe him anything.”, “Felix, he loves you like you are his real son. Just because he isn’t your biological dad doesn’t mean he isn’t father, he raised you.”, “Who the f**k cares?” he snaps as he stands upright and I step back,

“Well at least try and be

civil,” “Don’t tell me what to do,” he mutters as he follows me into the party.

I love and hate how my mother’s eyes light up as she spots us walking towards them and I wish that Felix would be nice, but somehow I just know he isn’t going to be. Mom stands up, walking away from the table,

“Felix, I haven’t seen you in days,” “I had things to do,” he shrugs, offering a small smile as he hugs her and I want to laugh when he pulls his face when she kisses him. The entire atmosphere changes when dad inches closer, pulling Felix into his arms, “I haven’t seen you since your party,” he laughs, but Felix just stares at him baffled, “Been busy, King Aiden,” he says it with so much sarcasm, “What?” dad asks and I feel like sinking into the floor, “You’re not my dad, don’t act like it.” Felix scoffs, sniffing before he turns to our mom, “ill see you around,” he mutters before looking at me, “You too,” his eyebrows hop and I wish that he would rather just go home.