

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 3

CLEO'S POV

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As Gavin drops me off at the house, I wrap the towel around me before walking to Gizelle's rolled down window, "I'll get my clothes when I return the bikini," I lean on the door, "All good," she smiles as her eyes flick past me and I glance over my shoulder, looking at the crates of beer being carried into our home, Felix standing in front of the door, glaring at me. I roll my eyes before looking back at Gizelle, "If you don't have any plans tonight, perhaps you would like to come to my brother's party?" I invite them without asking Felix or my parents. My mom did say that I could invite friends, even though Gavin isn't my friend, he is my best friend's brother.

"Sure," Gizelle beams and I glance past her at Gavin, "You are welcome too," I mutter and he snorts, "Yeah, I'll see." he grumbles before the car just rolls forward. I jump back, glaring at him for almost driving over my foot, but he doesn't see as he speeds away and I wished they stayed until I was into the house.

I turn with a heavy chest and stride towards the door, smiling up at Felix before brushing past him and he lets me. "Where were you today?" mom asks before I could even walk up the stairs. I turn on the first step, holding onto the railing, "At the beach with Gizelle,"

She nods, "Did you invite her?", "I did,", "Good, go get ready." she mutters, looking more nervous than usual. Mom has been acting weird all week and now she looks horrified...I'm worried about her, but maybe she and dad are just having some differences?

I head up to my room and go take a shower, locking the bathroom door because I plan on shaving and someone always comes into my room, wether it's mom, Arlen or Felix.

I'm surprised when I get out and no one has knocked on the bathroom door. I dry myself off, wrapping the towel around my body before I head back into my room. I grip my towel closer to my body, my jaw almost hitting the floor as I find Felix sitting on my bed, "Can you get out?", "Who dropped you off?", "Gizelle," I glare at him, "And the guy?", "Her brother, he was driving." I sneer, "Well..." Felix stands up, "I should probably meet him then, if he's driving my

little sister around.”, “Then meet him tonight, they are coming to your party.”, “You having your first date?” his voice is teasing, “No, I told them they can come, not that he should, you know what, it’s none of your business.”, “It’s my party,” his eyebrows raise, “Shouldn’t you go attend it?”, “It’s not on yet,”, “Then go supervise.” I walk over to my door, pulling it open, “Or I call mom,” I threaten and his eyebrows furrow as he frowns. His dark gaze travels down my body, “Dress appropriately,” he scoffs as he walks towards me, “Maybe if you had classy friends, I would.” I shrug and he shoulders me as he walks out, “My friends have class,” “With their noses, I presume,” I mutter before shutting the door in his face. I lock it before going to my dresser with my mirror and blow my hair. I moisturize my body before curling my hair and putting on mascara and eye liner before I put on my red dress. It’s short, coming to my mid-thigh if I pull it down and it has mesh on my sides, only from my ribs to my hips and I turn as I stand in front of the mirror, running my fingers through my tight curls to loosen them a bit. My hair is now more wavy and I turn when my phone rings. I hurry to the bedside table and grin as I answer my best friend’s call, “Red dress?” she asks, “You know it,” “Then I’ll wear the blue.”, “The royal blue? You would look so hot,”

I designed these dresses a few months ago and made one for me and her. “I know,” I could imagine her whipping her dark locks back, the way it falls down her back...She is perfect, she’s beautiful and kind. I don’t think I have ever seen be rude to anyone.

“Are you ready yet?”, “Just finished doing my make up,” that means she’s busy getting dressed, “Are you coming alone?” I ask curiously as my teeth drags along my bottom lip, “I wish, but Gavin said he’ll be ready in ten minutes.” my heart drops into my stomach and shoots back up before it’s beating starts racing like a car going from ten miles an hour to a hundred. “You still there?” Gizelle asks, snapping me out of my own mind, “Yeah, I’ll see you in twenty minutes?”, “Definitely.”

I wait inside my room until Gizelle lets me know that she’s here and I scurry down the stairs in my high heels. I never thought that I would wear this dress, but here I am, wearing it only because a dark-haired boy is coming along with my best friend.

It’s scandalous how much he annoys me, how much my body betrays my mind. Gavin turns me on in a way I never thought he would, but I don’t want him to effect me like this.

As I reach for the door, a hand grabs my arm and spins me around, "What are you wearing?" Felix eyes travel down my body, "A dress," I grit out as I pull my arm free from his grasp, "That is not a dress," he scoffs, looking down at me like I'm a joke, like I'm wearing a trash bag. A knock on the door has me walking back, "It so is," I push the handle down and open it. I turn with a grin but it falters when I see Gavin standing next to his sister, wearing black trousers, a black long sleeve rolled up to his elbows with the two first buttons undone. "Hi," I breathe out, ignoring how Gavin's eyes travel my body, but it doesn't give me the same shiver when Felix does it, this feels electrifying.

"You look good," Gavin and Gizelle steps inside, "Where are the people?", "They'll be here in half an hour..." Felix deadpans, sticking his hand out, "I'm Felix," "Alpha Gavin," Gavin's firm grip on Felix's hand makes me worry, "Alpha?" Felix's eyebrows raise, "I took over a few months ago," Gavin shrugs, "I'll be taking over too, once I'm done with school, I think we'll work well together." The hint of a scheme lingers in my older step brother's voice.

"Yeah," "We'll we're grabbing a drink." Gizelle's arm links with mine and Felix looks at us, "Matching dresses," he quirks a brow, "She made it," Gizelle beams, not knowing that she just threw me into a pit of fire, "Oh," Felix's eyes glisten and I pull Gizelle away.

I don't care if he says anything, mom and dad will be proud of me nonetheless. Even if I enjoyed the secret of something being my own, it was due to come out soon anyway.