

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 4

CLEO'S POV

After Gavin joined us at the bonfire that was just lit, I could feel eyes on me and I glance back at the house, seeing Felix stare at me and then nod his head inside. I glare at him, shaking my head, 'I need to talk to you,' he mind links me, making me sigh as I turn to my best friend, "I'll be right back with more drinks," I smile. She nods, continuing to talk to Gavin about renovating her room. I stand, my eyes connecting with his and it's like fire begins in the pit of my stomach as I straighten out my dress and I turn, smiling as I walk to the house.

As I walk through the frame, I'm yanked to the side of the kitchen, "You have to change into other clothes," Felix warns, making me roll my eyes, "I don't think so." I pout, "I'm serious, you look like a hooker," "Look, not am." I wink, smiling devilishly. His friends use drugs, but it never bothered me before because I know when to escape. "Look, we're not going to be around all night." I shrug and he pushes me into the counter, his knee pressing into my thigh, "Stop, you can't intimidate me!" I grit out, shoving him back, but he doesn't bulge so I move my leg and with the force he uses, his knee hits the cabinet, making his jaw tight as he curses through gritted teeth. "You little..." before he could painfully grab my arm, I jump to the side but we both freeze when we hear our parents.

"We'll tell him tomorrow, not today." she mutters and Felix grabs my waist, clamping his hand over my mouth before he pulls me into the cleaning supply closet. I want to scream, but I know how this will look, awful and I am in no mood to be scolded. We listen as our parents speak, "I'm dreading it," Mom sighs, even though she isn't my real mother, it feels like she is and she reminds me that I always be their daughter, no matter our blood.

"I know...He deserves to be King." dad mutters and I frown as Felix's grip on my waist painfully tight. "He does..." Mom mutters, I could hear how heart broken she was...but what do they mean he deserves to be king? Isn't he going to be king?

"But we can't defy the rules, even if we wanted to. I'm sorry but I'll help you tell him that he's not going to rule the kingdom." dad says and fear takes over as Felix hand slides around my waist, pulling me closer to him. His hold on me is

tight and I can't tell if it's because he's mad, or because he's upset...His hold might be tight, but it doesn't hurt anymore...until it does.

"Let's just go find him and enjoy this night." dad says and their footsteps get softer as they leave.

Without warning, I am shoved out of the closet, my head hitting the door as it falls open and my body collides with the ground, I curl into a ball, waiting for more, but Felix stomps over me, walking away...

I lift my head, turning to look at his tenses back that is outlined by his tight t-shirt before he disappears. I scurry to my feet, afraid someone might see me like this before I head over to the fridge, cursing when I see a red spot near my hairline in the reflection. I sigh, trying to cover it, my breathing is heavy and I open the fridge, gulping down water before grabbing drinks.

I don't understand what just happened, I don't know why Felix isn't going to be king, but a huge part of me is relieved. The big question is...who is going to take over then?

I brush my hair into my face before I head back outside, taking my seat next to Gizelle on the cushioned bench by the bonfire. I hand her two drinks, one for her and one for Gavin, before opening my own and gulping down the fruity liquid. "Thirsty much?" Gizelle jokes and I giggle along with it, even though it isn't funny, but my smile falters as Gavin's eyes meet mine, his eyes flicking up to my hair and I glance away, making sure to fix my hair.

I glance at the on coming people, they start in small groups, becoming larger as the time goes on. The entire kingdom is here, the children are here to stay, teenagers stay for the night and parents come with presents and will go home after the cake.

It's late and I haven't seen Felix since he tossed me out of the closet he yanked me into. "Cleo darling," I jump when mom touches my shoulder, I turn to her, smiling with my mouth closed. I have had a few drinks, not enough to make me drunk, but I do feel tipsy. "Mom," I mutter quickly, clamping my lips shut tightly as I smile, "Have you seen Felix?" she asks concerned, I shake my head, taking a step back, "No,".

She sighs, glancing around with concerned eyes, "Thank you, oh and Cleo, don't drink too much." she rubs my arm, winking before walking away. Gizelle

links her arm with mine, giggling, "We almost got caught," she stumbles against me.

Gavin grabs her other arm, appearing out of nowhere, "Can you sober up?" he grits out, his fiery eyes clashing with mine, "You too," he deadpans and I straighten myself, "You are not my brother," I grit out, "But yours is eyeing you, probably because you are making a fool out of yourself," "Oh stop it Gavin," Gizelle slurs.

She, unlike me, is light weight... We never partied together, not like this, we would have a few drinks beside the pool, but she'd never get like this, but truth be told, neither would I...

"Let's go to the bathroom," I pull on her arm and she turns to Gavin, "See ya," she sticks her tongue out, the little childish behaviour making me laugh as we stumble away. Once entering the cool bathroom with the breeze entering from the open window, Gizelle uses the toilet first and then I do before we wash our hands, fix our dresses and our make up.

"I want to sleep," she groans as she leans with her bum against the counter before she stumbles as she stands upright, and I catch her, "Okay, let's go to my room," we stumble and trip and laugh, groaning and cursing.

I lay her down on the bed, taking her heels off and cover her with a blanket before I run to the bathroom for my bin and place it next to the bed. "I'll be right back," I brush her locks out of her face. She replies with a groan as I head out of the room and I make sure to close the door, afraid someone might find her.

As I walk out to the big bonfire surrounded by drunk teenagers and older people, I look for my mother, but when I don't find her, I turn on my heel and head inside, only to be stopped at the back door. A strong grip on my arm turns me, two crystal eyes staring into mine, "Where is my sister?" Gavin asks with a growl, "Asleep in my bed, you can go home if you like." I shrug my arm free.

He drags a hand through his hair, "Don't lie to me, who is she with? Did she go home with someone?" His determination has me baffled, "Gavin, she's in my room. She's drunk and tired," I tut, shaking my head.

"Show me," he demands, "Fine,"

