

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 5

CLEO'S POV

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Having Gavin follow me up to my room is making me tense, I can't believe that he thinks I am lying to him about his sister's whereabouts. I would always choose Gizelle's safety and with the state that she was in, I wouldn't let her leave with some stranger.

"I swear, if you are lying..." he grits out and I stop in the middle of the stairs, turning to face him. He's so tall that even though he's a step below me, he's still a few inches taller than I am. "Gavin, she's my best friend. I am not lying!" I glare down at him.

His bland face lights up, his scowling lips twitched up, smiling at me with his sparkling sky orbs, "Okay, don't throw a fit." He murmurs and I turn, rolling my eyes as I storm up the stairs. I silently open my door, smiling when I see Gizelle still asleep on my bed. She's lightly snoring and I could tell she was passed out.

Gavin chuckles beside me and I glance at him, "See?" I motion to her and he nods, tucking his hand into his trouser pockets as he turns to me, "I'm sorry for not believing you, I was just worried," , "I get that," I stay with my body facing the bed.

I envy their relationship, Gavin would do anything for his sister, even if he acts cold when she's awake and sober, but I could tell he loves her. My big brother on the other hand is downright ridiculous, he always fights with me, shoves me into things and pinches me. I never understood Felix, but perhaps now that he isn't going to be king, he'll grow the hell up and leave me alone.

"Cleo," I betray myself when I turn my body towards him and with the bathroom light shining into my room, it lights up both our faces. His hand lifts, his fingers dangerously slow brush my hair out of my face, his eyes following his finger before he looks down into my eyes. Maybe he's going to kiss me, but we can't. I can't. He is my best friend's brother.

"Who did this to you?" He asks in a soft, caring voice. His eyes grow dark as I step back, pulling away from his light touch on the bump on my head, "I'm clumsy, nobody did this except me." I snort as I carefully ruffle my hair at the

spot I'm sure is now an egg. "You want me to believe you accidentally hit your head while getting drinks? It wasn't there before." His eyes narrow, studying me. "Gavin, all due respect. You don't know me," I scoff, "I opened the fridge, a tamato rolled out and I picked it up, hitting my head against the closing fridge door when I stood." I shrug and he hums, the ball in his throat hopping.

I shouldn't admit that my best friend's brother is a turn on, but then again, he is Gavin. Everyone thinks that. He is the single Alpha and every girl within a hundred mile radius want him, each girl under the age of eighteen wishing that on their birthday, he would be their mate, except Gizelle, except me.

I couldn't even explaining it to my best friend, because there will only be one. The Moon Goddess, and it is her plan, but that won't ever happen. Even though I am adopted into an alpha pack, I am of no alpha bloodline and Gavin is. He is pure Alpha, the first child, the first son and he is the alpha. Gizelle would be lucky enough to get another alpha male as her mate, but unfortunately not me. I am stuck with the bloodline unknown to me, but I am no alpha. I never will be.

"I don't believe you, and that's a s**t cove up." He snorts, gripping my jaw with a firm grip, "Why are you lying? Don't you know it's disrespectful?" His head tilts a thirty degree angle and my heart races. "It isn't a cover up," my fingers wrap around his wrist and I pull his hand away from me, but his other hand snakes behind my head, gripping my nape, "Listen to me Cleo, if you are in any sort of danger, tell me." He speaks slowly, as if I weren't able to understand if he talked in a normal pace. My head is tilted back a bit as he squeezes the back of my neck, "I can help you," the thought of just spilling everything comes to mind, but how ridiculous would that sound? My brother has never done anything so bad, he mostly just bullies and annoys me...It,s nothing to cry about.

I shove him backwards, "The only danger I am in, is being in my room with you." I deadpan and his eyes widen in surprise before he takes a step back, "That's bullshit, you know I would never hurt you." He grits out. Is it just me or is it getting hot in here? I feel like he would kiss me, or it's just the alcohol poisoning my mind, "I know," I admit. I know he wouldn't do anything to me, not only because he's a decent man, but because my best friend will murder him.

"I just care and want to help," he mutters softly, taking a very slow step towards me, "I don't need help," I shrug, making him sigh hopelessly, "The bruise on your leg?" He asks and my body reacts in a way it shouldn't when I

think of him caging me in on their steps...Liquid heat pools between my thighs, but I clench them together, "Like I said, I'm clumsy." I shrug and he takes another step towards me, his eyes studying me and I hate to admit he caught me when my breath hitched in my throat.

"All the time?" He asks and I fist the hem of my dress..."Most of the time," I clarify. I don't want to sound like a total i***t. He hums again, and I wonder what he's thinking...is he thinking of kissing me too?

No...I'm not thinking of that. I shouldn't think of that.

Another step closer and he's right in front of me, "Do you fall with a gust of wind?" He asks with a stupidly attractive grin on his face, "No," I snort, shaking my head at the ridiculous question.

"Too bad," he glances down and the next second, I feel the graze of his fingertips gliding up my arm. The soft touch electrifies my body, the hair at the back of my neck standing up and my p***y walls clench. "Why?" I croak out, my throat dry and he shrugs before his daring gaze lifts to mine, "Because,"

Our eyes stay locked and it's like a magnet pulling me closer to him, and before he leans in, his face so close that our noses touch. His head tilts, his soft lips brushing against mine as my eyes flutter shut and when he nips at my bottom lip with his teeth, an embarrassing whimper falls from my mouth. Before I could pull away, his arm snakes around the small of my back, pulling me flush against him and he kisses me.

My first ever kiss, is my brother's undeniably hot older brother.