

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 6

CLEO'S POV

After Gavin left after staring at me like a maniac, I walked out of my room to grab two bottles of water from the kitchen, but as soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs, I froze when Felix darted right at me, his long strides and angry gaze making me want to turn around and run, but there was no use because he was in front of me in a blink of an eye.

He pulls me to the closest room at the bottom, “Felix, what is going on?” I grit out as pain shoots up my arm with his painful grip on me. After giving me the silent treatment, throwing me into the guest bedroom, he shuts the door. I stumble, whipping around when I get to my feet, watching him lock the door dangerously slow. His head hangs low, his jaw sharp as his teeth grind together.

I stare at him with concern, “Felix,” I keep my voice soft and low, not wanting to anger him more than he already is. I put my hands out in front of me, “What’s wrong?” I ask, acting concern while all the blood drains from my face as he turns, looking at me with a vicious glance. He looks...upset, probably because he isn’t going to be king anymore.

“Why was Gavin in your room?” he rakes his fingers through his already messy hair. “He wanted to see his sister.” I shrug and he looks up at the ceiling, as if being able to see through the walls and floors. His gaze drops down to me, his lips twitching up into a snarl, “You’re lying, you were with him.” he grits out, taking a threatening step closer. “I wasn’t, he was barely up there for five minutes.” I argue, my voice slightly raising. “Five minutes is a lot of time,” he tuts, “I said less than that,” I snap.

I don’t know what has gotten into me, I would never raise my voice at him, but then again I have had a few drinks...I guess it does give people courage to do what they desire...I mean, if I were sober, I wouldn’t have had those thoughts about Gavin, and if he was sober, he wouldn’t have kissed me.

“Tell me the truth,” another step towards me, but the darkening look in his eyes make me fear him. He has never looked at me like this before, the darkness swirling in his eyes were never this dark. Sure I would have annoyed

him a lot, his orbs darkening, but right now, even the whites are tainted with a black hue.

“I am,” I step back, stumbling against the edge of the bed and I sit back on the mattress. Felix stops in front of me, his head tilting to the side as he stares down at me, “Tell me,” his eyes travel down to my breasts, “Did you tell mom and dad? Did you snitch, huh?” he grits out, “Tell them what? That you bully me?” I snort, shaking my head. He’s acting like a child, mom and dad would never take the throne away from him because of that. “Did you tell them?”, “No.” I grit out. “Whatever you did, take it out on them,” I seethe.

“You’re lying, like you lied about Gavin,” he grips my chin in a painful grip, glaring down at me with his face inching closer. I try to pull away, but with his fingertips digging into my chin, I can’t bulge. “You’re a little b***h,” he snaps. All I can do is look up at him agape, baffled that he just said that. I know that we haven’t gotten along for some time now, but we don’t hate each other. Or at least I thought we didn’t.

A shriek escapes me as I’m slapped in the face, my head snapping to the side, hair getting stuck in my mouth. “Stop acting so innocent, and if you ever get with Gavin again, a slap will be the rest of your worries.” I could tell his face was close to mine, but I didn’t dare turn my head to look at him. He grabs my nape, pulling it back and he makes me look up at him as he glares down at me, getting so close that the fear of my own brother kissing me raises bile in my throat, “I own you, do you understand?” I don’t, but I nod my head just to get away from him.

He shoves me back, my head hitting the mattress, bouncing up before falling against it again and he storms out. Tears swell in my eyes as I lay stunned on the bed, the door wide open and I take deep breaths as I touch my burning cheek. I inhale a deep breath, my chest shaking as I sit up. I stare at the door for a minute, making sure that he really left before I get off the bed and storm out.

I run up to my room, locking the door behind me as I rest my back against the painted wood, tears rolling over my cheeks, dropping onto my heavy rising and falling chest as I try to control the overwhelming feeling of fear that pulses through my veins. I look over at Gizelle sleeping, praying that she stays that way until I at least calm down.

I go run a bath to calm myself and soak in it until the water turns cold and I can barely keep my eyes open. After putting on underwear and a t-shirt way to big for me before falling asleep next to my best friend.