

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 7

“Oh my Goddess,” Gizelle says out loud, pulling me from my slumber and I was about to sit up when her hand flies to my face, her fingers touching my cheek. I wince, hissing as I pull away, “What the hell happened to you?” she asks, her other hand brushing my hair out of the way to the fading egg near my hairline.

“I fell,” I lower her hand away from my face as I sit up, my bladder stinging and I crawl out of bed with sore limbs. Every muscle of my body aching as I drag my feet across the room and into the bathroom.

“Why are you lying to me?” Gizelle hammers her fist against the locked bathroom door. “I am not!” I bellow as I relieve my bladder. “Why do you always lock the door?” she jiggles the handle and I roll my eyes as I flush the toilet, “Because you have no boundaries.” I grit out, “I heard that!” she slams her fist against the door once and I lean against the counter of the sink as I open the faucet, hissing when my side stings and I wash my hands, drying it off before lifting the oversized t-shirt to see the light purple bruised skin just above my hipbone.

I drop it, covering my bruise before I unlock the door and Gizelle busts it open and she does a little dance over to the toilet. “I don’t know why you’re so shy,” she grumbles and I glance over my shoulder as I stand in the frame,

“We can’t all be an open book,” I pull the door shut behind

me and I find some gym shorts to put on because it’s soft and doesn’t squeeze me. I plop back down onto the bed, pulling the covers over my legs before I reach for my phone on the bedside table, checking for messages, but there’s none.

Gizelle strides out of the bathroom, her arms hanging freely beside her, swaying back and forth as she drags her feet across the floor, she groans, turning her back to the bed before plopping down, her hair falling around her face. Guilt creeps up my spine, twisting around it. I don’t know if I should tell her, would she be upset? Would I be upset? I guess I would be, I wouldn’t want to share her with one of my brothers, it would be weird...I would spend less time with her, but I guess there isn’t a point of telling her. It was just a drunken mistake, a mistake that lit my body on fire, but still a mistake.

“So give it to me...how badly did I humiliate myself last night?” she sighs, “You didn’t, I hauled you up to my room before you could, but your brother might lecture you.” I shrug. I don’t want to avoid the topic of Gavin, we throw shade him all the time and if that stops, she’ll something is up. “He’s so annoying, with our parents barely at home, he’s acting like my dad.” “Daddy Gavin,” I tease and we both burst out in a fit of laughter, but the butterflies inside of my stomach when think of him kissing me shuts me up.

“I feel sorry for whoever his mate is going to be,” she snorts, sitting up before she grabs her shoes from beside the bed, slowly standing, “Well it’s time to face my big brother,” she snorts, touching my feet and I pull them away,

“I’ll see you later jumpy,” she teases and I roll my eyes,

“Bye,”

After she leaves, I fall back asleep for an hour before finally starting the day. I didn’t wake up because I wanted to, but my body was overheating. It’s the days before winter, where the sun is still warm and the nights begin to feel chilly.

I put on a bikini and head out to the pool, the water temperature perfect as I climb in, my shoulders sinking underneath the surface as I relax. I hook a pool noodle under my arms and another below my knees and float around while the sun bakes me. I’m in semi cool water and I still feel hot, but I splash water over me and continue to tan.

I lay in the water, my foot resting on the edge of the pool and I bend my knee and straighten it as I rock myself back and forth. A shadow falls over me and before I could open my eyes to the blinding light, heaviness knocks me over and I fall under the water. I swim up, but just as my face comes out of the water, I’m pushed under by the head.

I open my eyes under water, stilling as I let the bubbles clear and kick the person in front of me. I don’t even feel bad when I hit his balls because the eagle tattoo on his left bicep tells me who it is.

He lets go of me and I kick myself off from the floor of the swimming pool, gasping loudly as I come out of the water to see Felix bent over the edge, holding his precious jewels while groaning. His jaw flexes and relaxes repeatedly and I glare at him as I make my way to the steps.

“There is seriously something wrong with you!” I yell, water dripping from me as I walk over to my towel. “The only thing wrong with me, is you!” He bellows, his hands flattening against the edge, his biceps bulging as he lifts himself out of the pool. I hurriedly scurry inside of the house, my feet sliding over the wet floor and I slide right into mom.

Her hands grab my shoulders as she giggles, “I know that looks fun, but you’re getting the entire house wet,” she laughs and I didn’t even think about that. “Sorry, Felix is in a gloomy mood.” My face scrunches up. “I was looking for him.” she glances past my head towards the back door,

“He keeps on disappearing on me.” She murmurs softly as her gaze locks with mine.

“You go get dressed in dry clothes and I will talk to your brother” She sighs, pulling her shoulders back before walking towards the back door.

I don’t know how to tell her that her sweet first born child has turned into a lunatic. He hit me and now he wanted to drown me. What’s next?