

I Rejected You, Alpha (Book 2) – Chapter 9

CLEO'S POV

Arriving home while Arlen is in the living room, playing his Playstation on the tv and his games are louder than a party, I know something is up. I stride into the living room, my skin feeling on fire from the tan, I grab the remote and turn the sound of his shooting game down. "What happened?" He doesn't answer me as he focuses on the game and my + stomach flips at the thought of how bad it actually was. He usually spills the tea and it has only been this bad once before.

"Where are they?" "Who?" His voice is soft, his focus on the large tv screen. "Mom and dad", "Dad hasn't been home all day," he shrugs and that really has my stomach flipping like a rolling car. "Where's mom?" His silence makes me nervous and I stride over, grabbing the tv remote and I turn off the screen. "Hey! I was playing that!", "And I asked you a question!", "She's in her room." He seethes, holding his hand out and I slam the remote down into his palm. "Thank you," it comes out more sarcastically than planned, but he doesn't care. He turns his back to me and sinks into the couch again. I jog up the stairs, rushing down the hall to my parents room. I don't bother knocking, finding mom. sitting on her bed, one leg crossed with the other straight while she leans against the headboard, her eyes closed and her face relaxed."

Mom?" I inch closer and her eyes ping open.

"What happened?" I ask as

I look at her bruised wrist. "Nothing." She swings her legs off the bed, slowly standing up. "Mom,", "I fell." She waves me off. "You didn't. Arlen is distracting himself and very quiet.", "Probably because he's playing video games." She shrugs,

"What happened?" I ask in a serious tone.

"I

fell."

I don't believe her one bit, "Did you find Felix?" She inhales an intense breath, straightening herself. "I did," she inhales, her shoulders slightly raising. "Did he talk to you?" He's been scarce since last night except for wanting to drown

me. "Sort of." She takes her brush and loosens her hair from her low ponytail and start to brush through her brown locks.

"Meaning?" I stretch out, inching closer when she sits down at her dresser. "Mom," I sigh when she ignores me.

"He didn't talk to me," "You said sort of",

"He yelled and stormed off." She shrugs. I could tell this was hurting her. I can't imagine the guilt she feels right now. They haven't exactly had the time to explain why Felix isn't going to be the next King, and Felix isn't giving them the time to also.

"He'll come around," I smile, resting a hand on her shoulder. She glances at me through the mirror, the edges of her lips twitches up softly as she gives me a small smile, "I know," she doesn't sound convincing, but then again, I don't think he'll come around either. He's upset, more than usual. "Can you help prepare dinner later?",

, "Yes," I

smile. She puts her brush down, turning her body and she looks up at me; her arm bending and she rests her hand on top of mine. "Thanks, I am going to lay down a bit." Does she not know how abnormal that is for Her. I nod and step back and I don't miss how she winches as she stands. Maybe she did fall, she seems hurt but was it an accident or did Felix do more than just storm off when she tried to talk to him.

"I'll be in my room," I leave and head to my room, stopping at Felix's room and I hear the soft music coming from the other side of the door.

I stand closer, leaning my ear closer to the door and I jump back as the door opens, the oxygen leaving my lungs and my hearts sinks into my stomach. Felix stands frozen in the door, his eyes narrowed, dark around and the whites are red. "What are you doing?" The awful smell on him makes me stop breathing.

"Hello?" He asks, his finger tapping against the door frame impatiently. "I wondered if you were in there." I shrug and his eyebrows raise,

“Did you want to come inside?” He opens the door further, smirking at me.

“No.” I scoff, crossing my arms. He hums, still standing and staring at me.

I step back, crossing my arms, “What did you do to mom?”, “Mom?” He asks confused. Maybe he didn’t do anything,

“Yes.” My nails are digging into my arms. Mom is laying down, Arlen is downstairs and if he does anything now, there will be no saving me. “I didn’t do anything, and she is not your mother.” His words hurt more than they should. He was the first person in this family to make me feel like I belong here, and now he’s the first to make me feel like I’m not. “Then why is she hurt?” I snap. I want to believe he didn’t do anything, but he has hurt me, but maybe he won’t hurt her, she is his mom after all. She is his real family.

A gasp escapes my lips as his fingers wrap around my throat and he pushes me against the wall, my head smacking into the hardness, making my eyes squint shut. “I did not hurt her, but maybe the trail of water you left in the house did.” His face is so close that his nose brushes against my cheek, his weed breath making my eyes tear up from stench. He pulls me away from the wall, smacking me back into it again and lets me go, my head smacking so hard into the wall that my legs give out and I fall to the floor, rubbing my head. His silence scare me and I stare at the floor, watching his feet walk down the hall through my narrowed eyes.

Did I really hurt mom? Was the water the reason she fell? Is he right?

Did I do this to her?