

## I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 116

ELEIA'S POV

—

“Stop it!” I hear Cleo yell from the living room, the tv is so loud, “Shut up!” Felix yells aggressively and my eyes widen and I drop the knife I was using to cut the chicken breasts and it clings against the granite marble top as I run around the island and out of the kitchen. As I enter the living room, Cleo is crying as she slaps Felix away with her eye squeezed shut.

“What is going on?” I ask as they kick and slap each other on the couch. “He’s touching me the whole time!” Cleo whines, “She’s being a little brat, that’s all!” Felix scoots away from her, crossing his arms. I frown and once he put distance between them, Cleo turns to me with wet, swollen eyes and she jumps up, running to me.

She’s gotten so much bigger, Felix too. He’s turning twelve soon and my children are biting and slapping each other.

Her tiny arms wrap around my body and she snuggles her face into my stomach.

Even though Felix and Cleo are just a few months apart, Felix is way taller than her. He looks fourteen and she looks eleven even though they are the same age.

“Felix, why can’t you just be nice?” I ask and he rolls his eyes at me, huffing. “I am nice.” he grits out, staring at the tv with a puffed up face. “Felix, can you just say sorry?” I plead. “What’s going on?” Aiden asks as he enters the room. He smells of sweat while standing shirtless next to me. “Just some sibling quarrel, but Felix was just about to say sorry.” I grit out and Felix looks at us, his eyes widening when he looks at Aiden, “Dad, I didn’t start it. She’s lying.” Felix points at Cleo like she is some kind of thief.

“Felix! She is your sister.” I hold her tighter to me even though she had stopped crying already. She’s just standing here, holding me like I’m her life line.

“Sweetie?” I mutter, pulling her off me and she tries to cling to me. I lower onto my haunches, looking her straight in the eyes, “Why were you two fighting?” I

ask again and Aiden lowers next to me, “Uhhh!” Felix groans loudly in a bellow before glass shatters and Aiden and I both stand, staring at the broken glass scattered and my eyes find Felix, standing, “Why don’t you ever believe me? I am your child, not her!” he yells and my heart burns as he glares at me, frowning as tears stream down his face.

I glance at Aiden and then down at Cleo, “Go to your room,” I demand her, “But!” “I said go to your room.” I grit out, pointing at the stairs and her chin starts to tremble, her eyes glassing over before she runs as if I had just threatened her with something.

I hate the look she gave me before running away, but I swallow my feelings before looking back at my eldest, “Sit down.” I demand, pointing at the couch and Aiden turns to the kitchen, “I’ll get the broom.” he sighs.

I don’t understand what is happening, I don’t understand why Felix is acting like this...

I carefully walk around the couch, sitting down next to him. He’s staring at the tv with complete focus, as if he wants to block everything out. I reach for the remote and he grabs my arm tightly, “Don’t,” he deadpans without looking at me. I close my eyes, inhaling a calming breath before turning the tv off and he screams, full out yells at the top of his lungs as if he’s in pain.

I sit back, letting him finish as I patiently wait and after a few stops and starts, he finally just stops, for good.

“Are you done?” I ask without looking at him, but when he doesn’t answer me, I glance at him from the side of my eye, catching his death staring me. “You can’t misbehave and then think we’re going to let you watch tv.” I shrug while Aiden scoops up the glass.

“Do you know why?” I ask when he just continues to sit there. “No.” He grits out, his teeth baring. “You’re going to hurt your teeth by doing that.” I point at his mouth and his jaw relaxes as I turn to him. I put my one foot up on the couch, bending it as I press my foot to the inside of my other thigh.

“If someone does something bad, there are consequences. That means something will happen to the person who did the bad thing, like just now... You broke a glass for no reason at all and now we’re putting the tv off because you’ve misbehaved.”, “So you’re punishing me.” the attitude that flies with his words makes my eyes widen, “Yes, and that tone you are using with me is

also going to get you punished if you don't make it disappear." I snap, "What, are you going to make me disappear if it doesn't go away?" he yells, his hands fisting, "Of course not, but we might take away your favorite things in your room." I shrug and his eyes turn dark. I've never seen someone without their wolf becoming so angry, but in this moment, I can see Regan in him.

I see it in his eyes, the darkness, the way he use to threaten me and Rosie or any other girl that was below him.

"Stop that." I snap and his head jerks back, "I hate you!" he yells, "But I love you." I yell back and he freezes, his eyes widening slowly, his pupils dilating, "And I know you're mad right now and you don't mean that, so calm down and go to your room and when you're ready to talk to me like a big boy, then come and find me." I stand up, pointing at the stairs.

He gets up and goes to his room and once he's up the stairs, I collapse on the couch, sighing as my heart feels like it's going to break.

"You handled that well." Aiden scoffs as he carries the bag filled with broken glass passed me, "Don't worry, it'll get better." he whispers, placing a kiss on the top of my head.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 117**

FLASHBACK

AIDEN'S POV

—

I can't look away anymore, Felix has gotten out of hand. It's the third time this week that I have been secretly going to fetch Felix out of school because of fights and misbehaving. He's thirteen and it's almost the end of the year. Around Eleia, he is caring, soft and he behaves, most of the time.

Last week, I caught him setting books on fire in the fireplace and not just any book, his maths book. The book itself does not belong to him, it belongs to the school on campus and when I asked him what the hell he was doing, he said that it doesn't matter because when he takes over, it will all be his, book included so it doesn't bother him.

I stared at him with anger before pulling him by his ear out of the house right to his mother's car. "Look at it." I told him furiously, "At mom's car?" he asked, his voice tainted with disinterest, "Would you key it?" I ask, "No." was his smart reply, "Why not? When she dies it will be yours. So why not destroy it since it will be yours?" I asked furiously, shoving him toward it.

He only rolled his eyes, scoffing before he turned to me and said, "I care about mom."

I was stunned because he implied that he has no care for others. I still didn't tell Eleia about it, because she's been so happy to see him improving, Felix did come to apologize at the beginning of the week after I gave him serious glances.

As I pull up to the school, Felix is sitting outside with his backpack between his legs, his head hung low with his face buried in his palms.

I walk over, clearing my throat and when he looks up, there's a cut above his eye, his lip is split with dried blood dripping down his chin and I just look up at the sky before looking back at him, "Get in." I turn without asking questions.

Sometimes I wonder if he needs to take anger management classes, but then other times I find myself getting angry over stupid little things too and remind myself that he's just a kid, growing up.

As he sinks into the car seat next to me, closing the door, I could tell he was angry, "Mind telling me what happened?", "No.", "Or you can tell your mom." I shrug and his head snaps to me, his lips pressed into a thin line, "You can't tell mom. You promised." he tries to turn this around, "I promised that one time, not for every time Felix, now tell me what is going on with you or I'm having a little chat with your mother when we get home." I threaten.

I don't want to tell Eleia, I don't like seeing her upset, but he's more afraid of hurting her and upsetting her than fearing for his own life. I could tell he loves her, but this can't go on. She's going to find out some time.

"I just...I didn't mean to hit him, but he pissed me off." he looks out of the rolled up window, glaring at the school, "Who did what?" I asked, "I see this guy annoying Cleo the entire time and no matter how many times I tell him to leave her alone, he goes back. She doesn't say anything, but dad..." he sighs, "I can see that the guy annoys her. I just want to protect her." he huffs and I suddenly feel very guilty.

Felix is trying to protect her, but he might not have the entire story.

I reach over, squeezing his shoulder and he turns to look at me, “Son, she might not be in any danger. He might be a friend, did you consider that?”, “Of course I thought of that. But he pulls her hair.” he grits out, his hands fisting.

“He might like her.” I shrug but as soon as the words fell from my lips, regret and anger fills me. She’s almost thirteen, but that does not mean she’s old enough for a boyfriend.

“Who is it?” I ask, raising a brow at him, “What does it matter?” Felix rolls his eyes, his jaw flexed, “Because you are the child, you are not supposed to do anything. I am the father, the adult and it’s my responsibility to protect my children.” I inform him, “I don’t even know his name.” Felix sighs, his jaw swinging side to side.

“You punched someone without knowing their name?” I scoff and he just shrugs, not caring about the little facts.

“Dad, can we just go home?” He grits out, “Not until you promise to stop hitting people Felix, I can’t keep lying to your mother and I also don’t want to upset her. She thinks you have been behaving.”, “I have been!” I argue, “Not listening to teachers is not behaving.” I clarify. He angrily blows air out of his nose and I just imagine he’s a little bull.

“Look, just try better. Okay?”, “Okay.” his eyes widen as he looks to the front, “Can we go now?”

I sigh before driving home and I make sure to park in the garage so that I could sneak Felix inside and fix his injuries before Eleia notices, but as we walk into the house, she’s standing with her arms crossed, staring right at us.

I block Felix behind me, smiling innocently, “Hey sweetheart.” I smile, “Weren’t you with Rosie at the bake sale thing for school?” I ask.

“Move aside Aiden.” she grits out, her emerald eyes are dark, like the forest during a storm. “Why? I-“, “Aiden, I said move so that I could see my son, who’s home early from school, because of a fight.” her perfectly plump lips press into a thin line as she stares at me with so much intensity that I am left speechless.

I open my mouth, her eyes widen and I shut it again before standing aside, keeping my head low.

“Hi mom.” Felix scratches his head, he too is keeping his head low, looking up at Eleia with hooded eyes, “Oh my Goddess.” she grits out and within a blink of an eye, she’s in front of Felix, holding his face like a cup, her eyes flicking from one injury to the other.

“Mom.” Felix groans as he tries to pull his head free from his grasp. She snatches his jaw as his head pulls out of her hands, her fingers digging into his flesh, “Ow!” he yells, crying like a baby. “Don’t ow me, if you can hit other people and can take a punch.” she grits out.

She grabs him by the ear, tugging him to the living room before shoving him over the backrest of the couch. His legs follow his head as he lands on the couch and he sits up, glaring at Eleia, “Mom, what the hell?” he bellows angrily, “Hey.” I warn as she storms around the couch, standing in front of him before she sits down.

Felix is looking at her as if she’s insane, but then again...She can be, especially when she’s angry and over protective.

We once went to the mall and she left my side for not even two minutes when a woman approached me, touched my arm as if I belonged to her, she was tall, wearing a dress that complimented her, but to me, Eleia would be the most beautiful woman ever. But when Eleia returned, I saw her standing a few feet away from the corner of my eye and I gave the woman one last warning and told her she really needed to go and pointed at my mate, telling the strange human that she was my wife, but she didn’t listen and touched my arm one last time, shrugging and saying she could handle her.

I gave Eleia a glance, mind linked her about what the woman just said and she graciously strode over with a smile and big eyes, I thought for a second that she might just tell the woman off, but I was proven wrong when she grabbed a fist full of the blonde woman’s hair and dragged her out of the store, telling her off and kicking her feet while doing so, making her stumble.

When security charged towards them, I stopped the man, advising him to let it go because my little wolf was not going to be less angry after getting rid of that skank.

“Speak.” Eleia demanded Felix and he told the same exact story to her that he told me. Every word, every exact word in correct order and I stared at him with wide eyes, did he rehearse this s\*\*t? Was he lying to us?

“Hold up.” I grit out, “That’s the exact same words you told me.”, “Because that is the story dad, you told me to explain and I am doing that. I’m sorry that it’s not something different like you wanted it to be.” he seethes.

“Room, now. You are grounded.” Eleia’s voice cracks and I knew I f\*\*\*\*d up even more than Felix did.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 118**

FLASHBACK

ELEIA’S POV

—

Dancing, clapping, singing at the top of our lungs...It all seems unreal as if Rosie and I were in an alternative universe. We decided to have a girl’s night, we hired night nanny’s and the guys went out. No matter if we’re having a girl’s night, if something happens, we’re just in the living room downstairs while they’re asleep.

“Where is the tequila?” Rosie glances around, her eyes narrow. I could tell she’s drunk, but I’m not one to judge because I am too.

“Didn’t you bring it in from the kitchen?” I plop down onto the couch, snatching one of Stefan’s joints he had stashed in his drawer.

I never thought he was a smoker and when I asked about it, Rosie says she sometimes joins him too.

Never in my life did I think, the fragile girl who I had to save and stand up for numerous times would I find smoking a joint.

I remember the first time I ever smelled weed...it sometimes still haunts me too...

“Have you ever smoked before?” Rosie asks as she rummages through the tote bag filled with bottles of alcohol, “It’s not here.” she sighs, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear.

“No.” I answer her question as I twist the fragile thin rolled joint in my hand, expecting it like it’s the most interesting thing, but all I’m wondering is how it would actually feel.

I’ve never hung around the bad kids before, I was always a loner, with Rosie of course.

“What?” she spins around, her hair flipping as she looks at me, “What?” I ask back, “Why did you say no?” she asks, her face contorting in confusion.

“You asked if I ever smoked, I said no.” I shrug and her lips round, “Oh.” She marches over to the shut door, kicking the pillows we put at the bottom to make our ridiculously loud music and laughter softer, to the side.

A giggle erupts from me, “What are you doing?” I ask as I watch her limbs go all over the place and she huffs, blowing her wild hair out of my face, “I am going to look for the tequila.” she points one finger up at the ceiling, keeping her chin up like she was making a point.

“I’ll help.” I sit up, turning to the side and I place the joint on the table gently, as if it might break before running after my best friend.

We race into the kitchen, giggling, “The night is still young!” Rosie starts singing as her feet slide along the smooth tiled floor, the socks making it easier.

“The night is still young!” I scream behind her. I have to admit that she is the better singer. “The night is still young!” she continues to sing, turning to me with a smile, “And so are we!” we both sing, her voice making mine sound better and we burst out in a giggle as we open the cupboard and the tequila bottle stands there, like a shining star.

“Here you are.” Rosie grins as she stands on her toes, reaching for the bottle and her fingers wrap around it while a smile crosses her face and she pulls the bottle to her chest, hugging the bottle. “Shot glasses.” she points at me and I turn on my toes, opening the cupboard behind me and I grab two shot glasses, holding them in front of my face as I grin at my best friend.



“Only two?” she asks with a small pout and I tilt my head, scoffing, “You’re right.” I sigh and grab four more before we make our way back to the living room.

The music is playing on the tv, the sound booming from the surround sound system and Rosie jumps onto the couch, holding the tequila bottle in the air, “We have supreme power.” she beams, giggling as she bounces from the one seat to the other before plopping down and I fall onto the couch beside her after putting the pillow’s back into place.

She’s the fun drunk, she’s careless and joyful, where I still worry about waking the kids.

“Do you ever just want to run away?” Rosie asks and my head lazily turns to her, “What?” I chuckle, frowning a bit. “From your kids, I have one and that’s more than enough to drive me crazy sometimes.” she sighs, opening the bottle of tequila.

I scoff, shaking my head as I hand her a shot glass. She takes one, grinning at it.

“I don’t get the run away feeling.” I admit, I guess it’s because I almost never saw them again and I realized when I came back that I never want to part with my children, not for a week, not for a day. I love waking them up in the morning, I love when they say thank you for the food after they eat at night and I love going to say good night and tucking them in.

“Really?” Rosie asks, pouring her shot glass full before handing it to me while I hand her the empty one. She fills that one too.

“Really...I almost lost them and ever since, I don’t not want to see them.” I shrug and she glances at me, her eyes filled with sadness, “Well I guess if I had you as a mom, I would behave then too.” she teases and I bump her shoulder with mine, rolling my eyes.

“Cheers, to us.” her face goes serious and I can’t help but smile as I lift my shot glass.

Our two glasses click together and we drink the shot of tequila.

My throat burns and it leaves a sour taste in my mouth. My face contorts and Rosie bumps my shoulder, laughing her a\*s off. “You’re such a child.” she

teases, "Am not, I just can't remember the last time I drank." I snort, "Or at least like this. Champagne does not have this effect." I scoff and Rosie shakes her head at me, "We're old, aren't we?" she glares, "No, we're just mothers." I sigh as my head drops back and she giggles, "Well not tonight." she pulls her legs onto the couch, crossing them as she turns to me. She gasps and my eyes immediately go to the bottle almost tipping over completely and she snatches it, dropping her shot glass between her thighs and she clamps her one hand over the top, stopping the rest from spilling out of the neck.

She stares at me with wide eyes and we both look at the bottle and then we glance back at each other before we burst out into a fit of laughter.

"Okay, okay." she wiggles and I pull my knees to my chest, slightly turning to look at my soul sister.

"I'm listening." I stare at her and she smiles, "The night is really still young, so we have to set rules." she demands while picking up her shot glass, pouring another round of tequila. "What rules?" I ask, holding out my own.

"Well rule one, no talking about kids. Tonight we are the kids." she grins as she speaks, her eyes focused on the tequila, careful not to spill it. "Okay, second rule?" I ask, "I can't make it all up." she glares at me, shaking her head. "Okay..." I drag out, "Second rule..." I pause as my mind spirals. "It feels like it's suppose to be something with boys." she mutters, her lips pouting and I could see her mind spiralling too.

"Oh, I have it!" I clap and her eyes brighten and I could tell that I have all her attention, "It's a no boys night, not like until midnight, but until we fall asleep. This could be our sleepover night." I beam and a smile spreads across her face as she lifts her glass, "Hell yeah!" she nods and I click my glass against hers and we drink our shots.

"Third rule, no sleeping until the sun rises." she beams and even though it sounds fun, I already know that won't happen. I haven't stayed up until the sun rises for years, but I agree anyway, "Deal," she pours another shot and we drink it.

Shot four, five, six all to ten go down like water and we end up cranking the music until the windows shake. Rosie gets onto the single leather couch, the bottle of tequila in one hand and she uses it as a mic, sneaking a sip or two as she dances.

I join her on the couch, grabbing the bottle of vodka and doing the same and my body feels light, my vision blurs, my head is spinning but I am having the best time of my life as we scream along to the lyrics of the music and dance to the beat of the song.

I haven't felt this alive in years, being drunk with your best friend is just different.

"Do you want to smoke that joint?" she asks and I frown, "Maybe before breakfast in the morning." I shrug and her eyes sparkle, "That's why you're my best friend." she hops off the couch before falling back onto it, "You're the smart one." she beams, a sigh following as she relaxes.

"I love you, you know that." she tilts the almost empty bottle's neck at me, "I'm only smart because one of us has to be." I tease and she tosses a pillow at my head.

"What do you think would have happened if Stefan and I weren't mates?" she asks out of the blue and I stare at her, struggling to focus because the music is drowning out the words she just said, "You would probably have ended up living with us and Aiden would have become the third wheel and we'd be rocking mom's." I shrug and she bursts out laughing, shaking her head as she relaxes a bit, "No, that would never have happened." she sighs, taking a swig of the bottle once more.

"Why?", "Because if you saw the two of you through my eyes, you would understand. You two are like the perfect couple, the ones that have everything figured out, the ones with the tons of kids, even though none of them have the same dad." I gasp as she says that, tossing a pillow at her, "And you two are just so in love." she catches the pillow, throwing it back at me, "You have the most love in the world and I share the love I am owed with a joint every other night and late night snores." she scoffs, "Rosie..." I sit upright, "Are you and Stefan having problems?", "No..." she says quickly before sitting back, "No, it's just me I guess." she sighs, "I'm use to having all of your love, so when I don't get it by him, I guess I get a bit sad. But Aiden always has time for you.", "No he doesn't." I snort and she frowns, "I have to share him with three kids, you atleast only have one." I sigh, taking a swig from the vodka as I sit back.

I guess neither of us have the love we think we deserve, but at least we have it.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 119**

## FLASHBACK

### AIDEN'S POV

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Laying sleepless alone in bed while Eleia and Rosie are still partying at four in the morning feels like I am going to lose my mind. When she suggested Stefan and I go for a guys night out, I thought she and Rosie would be going out too, but she said that they would be staying home and I felt more relieved and agreed.

It's not that I don't trust her, I know that she can handle herself, she can fight and punch a guy's lights out if she wanted, but I prefer she didn't need to, so I thought this was going to be a relaxing time.

Stefan and I had a good time, until around one am when two girls came up to us and started flirting, we said we'd buy them drinks and then just left. It was funny, Stefan and I laughed all the way to the car and we both decided it was time to go home to our mates, because we missed them.

On our way home, all I could think about was holding Eleia, to have my arms wrapped around her while she slept, but that did not happen...

When we walked into our home, we could hear their loud muffled music and pushed the living room's door open to find them drinking shots off the floor with the hands behind their backs. I was stunned to see her like that, her cheeks were red from the alcohol and so was her eyes.

I said we could go to bed, but she said no, it would break one of their rules for the night and she's see me in the morning. Rosie on the other hand was super excited to see Stefan and jumped into his arms, kissing him passionately and I grew jealous of the sight.

I wish Eleia was so happy to see me.

Eleia peeled Rosie off Stefan and held her, demanding that we left and so we did.

Stefan went his way and I went mine. I stopped at the kids room, checking on them before going to bed and I laid here ever since, wide awake, missing my mate and wishing she would just come to bed.

My throat begins to feel dry and when I lazily drag myself out of bed and make my way downstairs, I hear faint sniffs and cries coming from the bathroom across the kid's room.

I halt in front of it, knocking lightly, "Hello?" I ask, unsure if it were Rosie or Eleia. The cries stop, but the sniffing remains, as if the person behind the door wished that I'd continue my way and ignore them, but I couldn't.

I crack open the door and when no one tells me to stop, I open it fully, finding Cleo sitting between the toilet and the wall, her knees against her chest as she stares up at me with her bright icy eyes, "Cleo?" I ask confused and crunch down in front of her, "What's wrong sweetie?" I sit down, not wanting to hover over her like she's in trouble. Her chin starts to wobble, her lip trembling along and my heart aches at the sight of this sweet girl crying.

More tears swell into her beautiful bright blue eyes, loose strands of hair sticking to her warm and damp cheeks. I reach for her face, brushing the strand away, "Talk to me." I urge on and she drops her forehead to her knees, burying her face in the shadows that her body provides.

"Hey, you're not in trouble." I tap her, hoping that it would lighten the mood and make her trust me enough to tell me what's wrong.

She glances up at me, her eyes glassed over and tears streaming down her nose from the way she tilted her head down.

"I miss my parents." she croaks out, her voice breaking mid-sentence and she start to cry. My heart aches for her.

She suddenly stops crying, "Are...are y-you m-ma-d at-t me-e?" she stutters and I frown, shaking my head, "Of course not sweetie. Come here." I hold out my arms and she doesn't hesitate to climb into my lap, her hands tightly gripping at my white t-shirt.

I hold her and let her cry until she calms down, "I'll never be mad at you for missing your parents." I comb my fingers through her thin hair, "They are your family and it's unfair that they were taken away from you." I whisper, hoping she'd get tired, but instead, she cries even more into my chest.

I take her back to our room and I let her lay in my arms as I begin to talk, "You know...Eleia also lost her parents...except she didn't know them because she was just a baby." I tell her, not wanting to get into detail with my personal life.

“Really?” she asks through sniff, “Yes, but she misses them too because even though we never knew or remember our parents, they are still a part of us, a big part and your heart and brain will always remember them for you, even if you can’t.”, “But doesn’t my brain make me think?” she asks confused, “It does, but it also locks memories away for safe keeping and as you grow older, you will forget them, but your body, heart and brain will forever remember them.” I tickle her side and she giggles, “I will always remember them.” she smiles. “Yes, you will.” I tell her even though I know it isn’t true. Children forget their parents and it will hurt, but she will always be loved, by Eleia and I, and Felix and Arlen. We might not be related by blood, but she is family.

Cleo soon falls asleep in my arm and I am left unable to move, but then again...I wouldn’t want to because it doesn’t matter if I’m not her real dad, I will be her dad still.

She shifts, groaning, “Goodnight daddy.” she mutters and my heart feels like it’s about to explode in my chest. I just freeze, unable to move and can’t think of having a girl of our own, because she is ours, now until forever.

I fall asleep soon after and is awoken when the door creaks open and my eyes lazily pull open, the room filled with light and it’s bright. It’s already morning and Cleo is still asleep in my arm, her head resting on my bicep and the rest of my arm is dead. It tingles when I wiggle my fingers and I slowly sit up, moving her to the side. “Go back to sleep.” Eleia whispers loudly and I struggle to hold in my laugh, but instead I groan when my arm starts to feel alive again. I get up from the bed, shaking my arm quietly as Eleia stands in front of the bed, staring at me, “I’m sorry I woke you.” she sighs, “Shhh.” I hiss and she frowns, her plump lip curling into a pout, “You’re going to wake her.” I whisper like a normal person and her eyes flick to the bed and I could see in her eyes that’s when she only noticed Cleo.

“Why is she here?” she asks with a deep frown, “Because I found her crying in the bathroom in the middle of the night.” I rub the sleep from my eyes, a yawn dragging through me. “Why was she crying? Why didn’t you come get me?” Eleia suddenly turns sour and I know it’s not because she’s mad at me, but she’s mad at herself. She loves the children, that is why she stayed home in case something was wrong and now she feels guilty.

I could see the guilt eating her from the inside, her eyes are dark and her lips are pressed into a thin line.

“Because Eleia...” I pause, sighing, “You were having fun and I am their parent too. I handled it.” I shrug, “Did you?” she asks, her tone full of judgement as if I were incapable of handling a crying girl.

“Yes.” I grit out annoyed, I want to tell her off, I want to tell her that she was so drunk that I wasn’t going to risk it, but it wouldn’t be true...I know her, she can’t be rude even when she’s drunk, well except for now, to me.

I love her too much to hurt her, because even though she might not remember it by the looks of her swaying side to side as she tries to stand perfectly still, I will remember it and I am not going to let this little moment get worse.

“Okay.” she backs down and I’m surprised that she does, she’s always so strong headed and now she’s so...chilled.

Perhaps she should get drunk more often.

“Do you think I could sleep next to her?” she yawns, “I’m tired.” she crawls onto the bed and goes to lay down next to Cleo, making herself comfortable under the covers. I watch with admiration as she tucks Cleo’s shoulders under the duvet again, shielding her from the cool morning air before she snuggles into the pillow, laying face to face with Cleo and closes her eyes.

I forget that she was rude just a minute ago and enjoy the sight of the two most important girls in my life, sleeping next to each other, in our warm bed.

I glance at the clock and notice that it’s six am before I make my way downstairs to start breakfast and when the boys wake around eight, I get them to help before sending them upstairs to wake the girls up.

Eleia looks grumpy as she descends the stairs with all three bombarding her with questions like, ‘Where did that music last night come from?’, ‘Where were you last night?’ and ‘I wished you tucked me in.’ coming from Arlen as he holds her hand lovingly.

The sight in front of me makes my heart feel full and euphoric. It’s nothing like I have ever felt before and I realize that this feeling I am feeling is me being complete.

It’s a feeling of being happy with my life and if I die tonight or in the next week, I would have no regrets, just love and pure happiness.

“Good morning.” I grin as Eleia puts the children up onto the chairs one by one, not because they can’t reach, but because they love it when she does that. She plops down next to them, her head resting in the palm of her hand while her elbow is propped up onto the counter. “Hi.” her eyes slowly fade shut and I slide the children their plates dished with scrambled eggs, bacon and a pancake each before sliding Eleia her breakfast.

“Eat and then go back to sleep.” I demand her and a lazy, tired grin creeps up her face as she picks up a piece of bacon, “Thank you.” she smiles before chewing on it and even though her hair is a mess, she still looks exotically beautiful, as if she holds the beauty of the world.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 120**

FLASHBACK

ELEIA’S POV

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“Happy anniversary my beautiful mate.” Aiden’s voice drags me out of my slumber, his hot breath fanning against my ear as his arm is draped over my waist from behind. “Hmmm.” I smile, turning in his grasp to face him. His hold on me suddenly gets tighter and he pulls me against his chest lovingly. I giggle as his hand finds my behind and he gives a tight squeeze as he nips at my lip before kissing me.

“Ten years.” he breathes against my lips with a warm smile, “Ten years.” I snuggle closer, kissing him.

Today is our tenth year of ruling the kingdom, we’ve progressed so much since starting and I’ve never been happier.

“You have an hour.” his nose brushes against mine and I pull back, frowning at him, “What do you mean?” I ask confused, “The guests arrive in an hour.” he grins, his eyes focused on my mouth as if he wants to start kissing me and I push my hands against his chest, shoving him back before I sit upright and frown at him. “What do you mean Aiden?” I ask and he shrugs, flopping over and he lays on his back, the duvet covering his hips, exposing his big bare chest.



“Rosie and I planned today, it’s a party so get your cute little butt...” he props himself onto his elbow, leaning closer, “...in the shower and get dressed.” his eyebrows hop, his eyes filled with excitement and secrecy. “What am I supposed to even wear?” I sigh as I toss the duvet to the side and scurry out of bed.

A big part of me is very angry right now, I can’t believe that they planned a party without me, I can’t believe that I didn’t notice and now my mind is spiraling about what could go wrong. What if they messed something up? What if they forgot something? Did they ask for allergies? Did they get something of everything, especially for the kids?

I throw my hair into a bun as I roll my eyes, I don’t even have time to wash and do my hair.

I strip as I walk into the bathroom, “Something that screams summer queen.” I don’t appreciate Aiden’s teasing tone, he acts like this is a joke, like it’s just something fun, but even though it is for fun, it isn’t for me.

I have to dress accordingly to what they need, to what they expect...I can’t just show up in a pair of shorts with no make up on...not like the rest of them can, but they probably won’t.

I turn on the faucet of the shower and quickly take off my jewellery, placing it on the sink’s counter before getting into the hot steaming shower. Aiden joins a minute later and I feel like denying him access just because he told me an hour before the time that we, as the royals, were having guests.

He opens the shower door and gets in, he slides in behind me, pressing his front to my back, his hands resting on my waist.

“Are you mad?” he asks, his lips brushing the shell of my ear. I shrug him off and I could feel his body tense as his fingers does. “No, I’m just...annoyed.” I grit out as I pour shower gel onto the sponge and start to scrub myself. “Why? I thought we were doing a nice thing.” I could hear his pout.

It’s just something about knowing someone for so long and loving them...I know everything about him, I know what his voice sounds like when he’s mad, happy, curious or a tease. It’s all different, every emotion having their unique sound that only I could hear.

“You were.” I tell him, I try to force a smile, but I just can’t. I can’t force a smile because all of the stress is now on me.

If I arrive at this party, every little problem will be then mine, not Aiden’s, not Rosie’s, mine and mine alone.

“Then why are you unhappy?” his hands fall away from my body and I somehow just because more angrier. “I am not unhappy, I am stressing.” I rinse my sponge and then my body before getting out. He didn’t even wash himself, but he closes the faucet and follows me out.

I don’t pay him any attention as I dry myself before wrapping the towel around me, “Why are you stressing?” he snorts, standing right behind me with water dripping from him onto the tiled floor. I snort back, shaking my head.

Of course he wouldn’t understand it, he never does. A party takes weeks of planning, invites and food should be spot on for everyone coming and my worst fear is that they have done this all in one week, pissing off my planners and caterers.

I whip around, “When did you plan this?” I ask, “About a month ago.” he shrugs and I chuckle it off, raising my hand, “No, let me rephrase that. When did you actually do the planning...When did you call the people? When did you send out the invites? When did you order the food and the cake and the decorations? When did you do all that?” I ask as my hand goes in a circle.

His eyes never leave mine and he stares at me very calmly, “A month ago. I’m not stupid Eleia, I notice the work and time you put into everything, including make up and getting dressed.” he smiles, stepping closer and I put my hands in between us, stopping him before he drips on me, “You forgot my hair, otherwise you would have known it takes me two hours to get ready.” I snap and I instantly feel guilt about snapping at him.

“I did kind of forget that.” he scratches his nape, “I was just afraid that you would try and cancel if you knew earlier.” he shrugs as he leans to the railing, grabbing his towel and dries himself before wrapping the towel around his waist.

“I would never.” I grit out.

I am highly offended that he’d think that, “Look.” he sighs, “I was just trying to give you a party you could actually enjoy. Rosie is taking care of everything

and even she says that you deserve it.” he starts arguing with me, except that he isn’t arguing, he is explaining and I’m feeling it the wrong way.

“I can’t just let her take over, she’s never done this.”, “And she never will unless you give her a chance.”

I sigh, tossing my towel as I let my hair fall down my back and walk to my closet, standing with my hands on my hips as my eyes trail the dresses hanging.

I have nothing to wear.

I begin to dress in nude underwear, just because it would fit with any other color and not show. When I still don’t know what the hell I’m going to wear, I start with my hair and dutch braid it on either side of my head before tying it and letting it fall down my back. I put the curling iron on and go back to my closet and pull out a white summer dress that comes to the knees. It has baby blue flowers on it and I put it on, staring at myself in the mirror.

The dress fits the top of my body like a glove, the bottom half flows freely and I just shrug it off.

This was not my plan and I don’t care if I don’t dress appropriately for it. I did not choose this party, so it’s not my problem.

I try to be more relaxed like Aiden thinks I should be and put on white short heels and sit down at my dresser, doing light make up and curling the loose strands of my hair before brushing through it to make it wavy and by the time I’m done, Rosie comes in a minute or two after, smiling at me, but I just blankly stare at her and she turns to Aiden with a scowl on her face, “You told her?” she snaps at him and I scoff, brushing past them both, “Let’s just get this over with.” I mutter, not caring what they think as we head downstairs. They bicker about my mate telling me and he just says he has too, all the while I walk out front, hearing the busy bodies roaming from afar.

I walk into the foyer, waiters walk up and down and there are only a few decorations inside. I stop, turning to look back at Aiden with a questionable look, “Can you just trust us?” he asks, his eyes narrowed and I could tell he was pleading from the bottom of his heart, “He’s right, I did learn from the best.” Rosie beams, her heels clicking against the floor and she’s wearing a beautiful pastel violet dress and here I stand in something from five years ago.

Wonderful.

“Please...” Rosie strides forward, smiling big and I sigh, nodding as she links her arm with mine and we walk out.

I almost stop, but with Rosie dragging me along, I don't and my eyes roam as I look around.

There is a few jumping castles up next to the jungle gym, there are tables in a u-shape, the decorations are yellow and pink tulips in beautiful beige vases. There are lights in the trees, there are balloons and music, tables and chairs that are decorated in mostly white and nothing looks too bad.

“Sorry.” a lady mutters as she passes us, holding trays of finger foods from fried chicken to sandwiches and sushi.

There were variants of everything and the music started to lightly play as more people joined. I was too busy looking around, admiring the great job Rosie and Aiden did to notice people saying hello and congratulating us. Aiden takes my hand, snapping me out of my trance and Rosie runs off to Stefan, “It all turned out really well.” he tries to convince me, but I was already won over when we walked out.

I shouldn't have doubted them, not either of them. Aiden knows the people and Rosie has always had the style to do this.

“Now we just wait for the guests and you'll see, you will not have to do anything.” he grins, lifting our hands and he places a chaste kiss on my knuckles.

I sigh, nodding as I look around and Aiden snatches a glass of orange juice from the waiter's tray as they pass and hands it to me, “Have a drink and relax.” he winks and I don't question him and take a sip and to my surprise, I taste the vodka in them.

A cough erupts from my throat, “It's a little strong, don't you think?” I mutter, smiling, “Like it should be.” he twirls me and I gasp and then it turns into a giggle as I just try to focus on not spilling my drink.

Guests soon arrive and we are congratulated way to many times that I could count by the time of my fifth drink.

The entire day is amazing and whenever I wonder about the kids, I just glance to the play area that is set up and there they are, with the nanny, safe and sound.