

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 121

FLASHBACK

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ELEIA'S POV

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When Felix's sixteenth birthday came around, we celebrated with a small family gathering out in the woods in a spot open under the bright moon, the sky was clear and you could see the stars scattered along the sky. It was beautiful and we were with him when he shifted for the very first time around midnight. It was painful to watch my first born child fight against the pain and the more he begged for help, to make it stop, I cried. I didn't want to see him like that, but the more we told him to relax and just let it take over, the more he ignored us.

Felix isn't the best listener, he thinks he knows everything because he's the oldest and Aiden had the nanny take Arlen back home before it started because he did not want to scare him. We've been teaching Felix all about what would happen since three months before his birthday and we started a month ago with Cleo too, since her birthday is coming up in a while.

Felix has been shifting every single day since his birthday two months ago and it makes me happy to hear him call it painless, it just sometimes worries me when he says things like, he jumped off a cliff and it was amazing, or that he's been chasing deer through the woods, or how thrilling it is to see and hear everything.

I sometimes wonder if he'll stay a wolf or return to the son I know and love.

Coming home from town, I find Cleo on the couch in the living room, watching tv at a very soft volume and when I peek over the couch, I find her asleep. I frown, wondering why she isn't at school and if something happened but I head to the kitchen first and put the things down before I go to her and sit down on the floor.

I watch as her face jolts, her muscles tensing as her eyeballs flick left to right under her eyelid. I brush a strand of her beautiful hair out of her face. "Cleo." I call to her and her head rolls to the opposite side as she stirs a bit. "Cleo." I

mutter more sternly, I don't want to be loud and give her a fright. When I touch her arm, shaking her, her eyes pop open and she jolts up with a gasp, her hand immediately grabbing her head, "Do you have a headache?" I ask as her eyes meet mine. Her eyes squint because of the bright light I guess and I just smile at her, giving her a second to wake as she slowly lays back down, "Why are you at home?" I ask with raised brows, "I didn't feel well." she mutters, "Don't talk so loud." she grumbles as she turns on her side, still facing me and she pulls the blanket up to her shoulder, snuggling it in between her shoulder and ear.

It's unlikely for wolves to get sick, we have a very good immune system unless we were in contact with poison.

I touch her head, but she has a normal temperature and no fever, "Did you go to the doctor?" I ask, "No, everything is just extra loud today, giving me headaches." her face contorts and I hum as I stand up from the floor, "Well tell me if you feel worse, I'll take you to the doctor." I cup her cheek, "Shall I bring you something to eat or drink?" I offer and she nods with a pout.

No matter how old my children are, they will always be babies in my eyes.

"Sandwich?" I offer, "Can you heat up a frozen pizza?" she tries to smile and I could see as her eyes narrow that it hurts. Maybe she's dehydrated... I know that I get headaches when I didn't drink enough water. "Fine, but then you need to drink a lot of water." I demand and she nods.

As the pizza heats in the oven, I make my way out of the house, finding Aiden training with Stefan. They hit and kick one another, neither of them holding back, but neither of them gets hit either because they know each other too well.

I whistle as I approach them and Aiden stops, looking at me and Stefan kicks him at the back of his legs, the blow letting him fall to the ground with a loud thud.

I shriek and Aiden groans, looking up at Stefan, "What the f**k man?" he grits out, "Sorry, I didn't think you'd stop paying attention." Stefan shrugs, having no care in the world. He seems so full of hate, if you met him now, he'd seem like a psychopath, like he had no guilt or emotions for anyone else but himself, but he's not. He is one of the most caring, most funny and one of the best people. Stefan and I never seen eye to eye, but when tough times get harder,

he's there for me when Aiden wasn't and I was there for him when my best friend turned into a raging monster who didn't see things like he did.

We're friends, but most of all, we're family.

"Sure." Aiden grits out as he gets up, "What's up?" he asks, pacing over to me and places a chaste kiss on my lips. His breathing is heavy and he's sweating like a pig from sparring. "Did you know Cleo came home early?" I ask, holding my hand up over my eyes to cover it from the sun. He frowns, shaking his head, "You didn't see her come home?" I frown, "I didn't even see you come home. I was busy." he shrugs it off as if it weren't important. "So just anyone can come in and you wouldn't notice?" I cross my arms as I glare at him, "If it's someone we know, especially from our pack, I don't need to notice Eleia, we're safe." he walks over to the chair and grabs his water bottle, juggling down the water.

"Okay," my eyes hop as I turn to go back into the house, "Wait." he calls after me and I reluctantly turn, "What is it?" I ask as I turn back, "Why is she home?" he asks, "She says she has a headache, maybe dehydrated." I shrug and he nods.

When getting back to the house, I take the pizza out when it's done and grab two bottles of water before taking it to Cleo, I took a slice and went on with my day.

Around six pm, everyone was eating except Cleo and she was just drinking water, sitting with her head in her hands while slurping through the straw. "Are you not hungry?" I ask and she shakes her head, "Then go to bed. Get some rest." I rub her arm, smiling at her and she thanks me, bids goodnight to everyone and goes up the stairs.

After we all ate, Aiden and I stayed up watching a movie, letting the dishwasher run as we giggled and cuddled while snacking on some popcorn.

It's almost midnight when we're done cleaning the kitchen and he asked me about a present for Cleo's birthday, but we talked about it as we head to our room and changed into pajama's.

"What about a nice necklace?" he asks and I realize that I have never seen her wear different ones, "She only wears the ones, she never changes it and that's what we get her every year." I sigh as I snuggle into his chest, "A new phone?", "No, there's nothing wrong with hers." I scoff, "Well then what?" he

asks, I could tell he was annoyed. "Perhaps we can ask her, tomorrow." I shrug and he hums in agreement.

"We have a week or so to get a present then." he sighs and his body relaxes, but something doesn't feel right. "Her birthday is on the sixteenth, right?" I ask and he hums. When we didn't know, she told us it was the sixteenth, ten days apart from her mother's and my heart kind of stills as I turn to face my bedside table and I notice it's five minutes to twelve, the fifth...and in five minutes, it would be the sixth.

"Aiden...I..." a loud scream erupts through the house, followed by heavy things falling and I jump out of bed, "F**k." I curse, "What?" Aiden asks, "What is it?", "Sixth, her birthday is the sixth!" I scream in fear.

Cleo is in her room, about to shift, "What? How do you know?" a few more screams erupt as the time passes, "Because listen to her!" I snap as I dart down the stairs and onto their floor. I try to open the door, but it's blocked by something.

My heart races, "Cleo, open the door!" I beg as I push, "Move." Aiden pulls me aside and runs into the door, using all of his body weight to shove whatever's behind it out of the way and it bursts open. He runs in and I follow, but my heart breaks as I see her gripping her rug, she's on her knees, hunched over, crying. "Breathe." I fall onto my knees beside her and she growls lowly, looking up at me with black eyes, "Cleo, breathe." I rub her back, but I pull my hand away as her spine moves, rearranging as they get ready to shift. "Pick her up." I demand and Felix appears in the door, "What is she pissing about?" he snorts, but his smile falls as she looks up at him and she tries to lunge for him, but Aiden grabs her and hauls her out of the room as she kicks, growls and cries.

I stare at my son, "She's shifting." I deadpan as I follow my mate and adopted daughter out of the room and he carries her out.

This was not supposed to happen like this...We were supposed to be together from the start...I should have known when I found her this morning, but my intuition has failed me. I failed as a mom today.

"Eleia!" Aiden snaps me out as I stand in the front door and I run out, comforting Cleo as I sit beside her, "You need to breathe sweetie, don't fight it." I advise and she cries, "I can-t." she croaks as her head tilts back, the

veins in her slim neck sticking out as she bites down on her teeth. Her skin is coated in sweat and I reach over, ripping her shirt off by tearing it.

“Mom!” she cries and I hush her, “Feel the air.” I tell her through muffled cries and groans.

She shakes her head, crying and winching in pain, “Smell the forest.” I smile, “Just breathe Cleo.” Aiden mutters, but his back is turned, not wanting to make her feel weird as she sits shirtless, rolling in pain.

Bones begin to snap and rearrange and I back up, “Let it take over.” I tell her and my own tears flow as I watch her shift, first painfully and then painfree.

I’m not crying because it’s overwhelming, no...I’m crying for her because I know that deep down, her little self wishes for her parents to be here, to get her through this and so do I. Zac deserves to see this.

She shifts into a beautiful light colored wolf with golden highlights and as I look up, a shooting star passes as she lets out her first howl