

## I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 71

THE PARTY

ELEIA'S POV

—

The entire day felt long, I was anxiously waiting for Aiden to arrive, only to find out that he'd be arriving with the rest of the alpha's.

My uncle told me that it was for the best just because he didn't want anyone to find out what I was actually doing here.

Roman and Penelope said that they were trying to make it look like I was just visiting, because even if the royal pack is large, there tend to be some spies around.

I can't imagine how awful that must be, to not trust your own pack, to be wary of where you go and what you say.

The only people that know that I am here, is Roman, Penelope, the house servants and the elders, but the only people that know why I am here are my family and the elders, the rest think I am just casually staying, living the little girl dream.

Roman had bought or well, arranged an entire new closet. It is all luxurious clothes, and when I mean luxurious, I mean the most expensive jeans and blouses along with dresses and shoes.

Nothing I'd ever consider buying just because of the price, but he just ordered someone to make sure I had clothes while staying here and all of it was there.

I pace in my room, standing in front of the window, watching out as the sky grows dim, cars arrive and I could sharply hear the music coming from down stairs.

The castle is big and that tell me that the music is loud.

I never thought of the king and queen being such party animals, but I guess it is who they are.

I've read that they host parties in stead of normal meetings and uncle Roman would talk to the people separately while enjoying a drink and some finger foods.

I can't help but wonder what would have happened if my uncle found me sooner, if they hadn't think I was dead... I could have lived a different life, a better one, but would I have met Aiden if I did grow up here?

Would he have been my mate?

Was his destiny to help me find my family?

I shake the thoughts from my head when my phone dings and I stride over to my bedside table, smiling when I see Aiden's name with a red heart behind it. I lift the phone, my eyes casually flicking over the text.

'We're landing right now.'

I smile and stride over to the window, watching as the helicopter lands swiftly, the strong wind from the blades making the grass blow flat, it makes trees sway to the side almost like in a strong storm and I stare in awe as it all stops.

A knock on the door makes me whip around and I toss my phone onto the bed before opening the door.

Penelope stands with her hands clasped together in front of her beautiful emerald-green gown, her hair is pinned up and she's wearing the most beautiful crown.

I wonder if she always wears this at parties.

"You look beautiful." I smile as I open the door wider and she nods, a small smile on her face as she walks into the room.

"It's a lovely color." she glances at my red dress, it sparkles when the light shines onto it and it's pretty amazing.

"Thanks, I love your dress. It's so elegant." I admire it and she snorts, nodding.

"What?" my eyebrows arch together.

"I wish I could just go in jeans and a t-shirt." she rubs her forehead.

“Why don’t you? You are the queen after all.” I shrug and she sighs, turning her back to me as she marches over to the window.

“The elders wouldn’t like it, they think that gowns and dresses are what royals should wear, what makes us different from the rest, but it’s tiring.” she sighs, hugging herself.

“You sound tired of it.” I stand beside her, glancing at her with a side eye.

“I am.” She sighs, turning to me. Penelope forces a tight smile onto her face, “We should go. We don’t want to party to wait.” she turns to the door, glancing at me over her shoulder and I follow her out of the room and down the stairs.

We stride into a big room and it’s nothing like I have ever seen, the room is round, the throne’s were carried in here onto the stage, there are tables everywhere where guests are taking their seats.

I follow Penelope to the large table in the middle nearest to the stage and I see Roman sitting at the head and Aiden next to him at his side with a seat between them open for me. Penelope walks around Roman before taking her place next to him, smiling graciously at everyone she passes. I stare at her as we both sit down all at once and I could hear people whispering upon themselves, asking one another as to who I am.

The music is silenced when uncle Roman stands up, a chalice in his hand and he clears his throat, the entire room falling silent and everyone’s attention is drawn to him.

The authority falls off him in waves and I could tell that even Aiden was a bit nervous, even when he knew what was going on.

“Thank you to all alpha’s and luna’s that came to join, I know it’s mandatory , but we are not heartless, we did give some alpha’s passes when they came to us with their problems, and I do thank all of you for setting aside your own to be here tonight.” He raises his glass and the tension in the room just drowns out the longer he keeps on talking.

“Tonight, I invited all of you here for a reason, a celebration to my family and I never thought this day was ever possible, so I stand here, asking Eleia to stand...” he glances down at me with a proud gaze, smiling so brightly and I glance at Aiden as I stand, smiling as my face turns to the crowd, “She is my

niece..." Roman announces and the gasps and whispers that erupt through the room makes my stomach twist.

Were they mad?

"We all thought that she too was lost along with my brother and sister in law, but she returned to us, with the help of the Moon Goddess and Aiden Moon, her mate." he smiles at Aiden and I tense when Aiden's hand slides at the back of my thigh through the slit of my dress, his fingers tickling the inside of my leg.

"So we welcome her back, thanking the Moon Goddess for bringing the princess home and I am proud to see her being so strong and brave after what she had endured." his eyes stare at me for the longest time, making my eyes tear up as I start to feel emotional. The dress only hugs my ribs, hiding my bump luckily and Felix is with a baby sitter.

"What?" my eyebrows arch together.

"I wish I could just go in jeans and a t-shirt." she rubs her forehead.

I love my children and this needs to work if they are going to live and rule here someday.

"So raise a glass with me, to celebrate her return." Roman lifts his glass and the alpha's and luna's around me cheer , making me feel welcome.

I still don't know why we had to throw this party, it makes no sense to me, but I'm sure I'll find out very soon.

This entire week, Penelope sat with me, teaching me about the old ways, the most important rules and I have studied the big book of rules every night this week.

It's all very interesting and most of these rules aren't even public or so old that they are forgotten.

I raise a glass, and sit back down when he does.

"We'll have something to eat and then we party." Roman winks at me.

The food was delicious, there were hundreds of servants coming in and out, carrying plates and so on and once the tables were cleared, they were carried out one by one, vanishing out of the doors.

A lot of alpha's and luna's came up to me, smiling as they asked where I had been all these years, but I had shut the question down, changing the subject.

I don't know if any of these leaders were friends with the Night Pack, they had a lot of allies and I was not going to reveal that Aiden had killed them nor that I grew up there.

I wanted to stay out of it.

I could hear the future news if they ever found out.

Princess Eleia is behind the murder of the entire Night Pack

A shiver runs down my spine at the thought of people against me...is this what being a royal is like?

Fear or be feared?

I freeze when I smell him and a second passes and he wraps his arms around my waist, pulling my back to his chest.

"You look...delightful." his low tone makes my stomach flip upside down, the hunger in his voice making me lean into him.

The entire week has been s\*\*t without him, I have missed him with every fibre of my being..

His chin rests on my shoulder, his lips brushing the shell of my ear.

"And you smell..." I turn in his grasp, "Delicious." I wet my lips as my eyes lock on his dark gaze.

Aiden has an angelic face, he's pure handsome, when you look at him, he's fierce and scary but approachable, but when gaze is as dark as it is now, he looks like the devil took over and swallowed every inch of goodness he had.

"Do you want to get out of here?" he whispers, glancing around as if we were sneaking around.

I giggle, shaking my head, “That would kind of be rude, wouldn’t it?” I whisper, also looking around like we might be caught any moment, but we won’t because people know we are mates, I am the princess for goddess sake.

“Five minutes, I’ll make it worth it.” he steps back, his arms stretching out, the light reflecting in his eyes makes him look charming, like he’s a billion stars in one person.

I find Roman and Penelope across the room before I look back at my mate, nodding before we run off together.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 72**

ELEIA’S POV

—

I giggle as we run down the hall, servants glancing at us like we’re crazy, other smiling when we pass them and when I see a guard, I pull Aiden into the nearest room, which is a storage closet. He chuckles in the darkness, his hands feeling around my body until he grabs my waist, pulling me to him.

“Aren’t you a little minx?” he breathes out and even though I can’t see anything, I can feel his aura radiating towards me, the tension in the room feels more intense than usual.

Even if we’re in this dark closet, it finally feels like I can breathe for the first time in a week.

I don’t like being away from him, it’s hard and I don’t sleep well, or sometimes not at all and I would just stay up and study the laws.

“Only yours.” I whisper, inching closer to him. Even when I can’t see him, I can feel him. I can feel his hot breath, I can sense the heat of his body radiating off him, the s\*\*\*\*l tension that’s cutting through the air makes my core tense, the fluttering feeling in my stomach makes me realize why they call it butterflies.

“Damn right.” his hands gently caress my body, as if he’s afraid to touch me.

“Pants off.” I demand as my hands roam his body, finding the button of his trousers. “Eleia,” he chuckles while grabbing my wrists, pulling them away from his body.

I step back, glancing up at where his head should be, “What?” I snap, feeling like I want to ignore him and just do whatever I want to him, but I know he wouldn’t let me.

“We should talk, I didn’t drag you away from the party to f\*\*k you in a closet.” he snorts, but I could hear the smile on his face.

I sigh, feeling calm that it’s not about a bad thing because otherwise he wouldn’t be smiling.

I hope he’s smiling.

I maneuver my hands so that I hold his, “What do you want to talk about?” I ask , wanting to sound interesting while my underwear is soaked.

“About how much I missed you, we’ve barely spoken. I want to know what it’s like here, what you’ve been doing except studying laws. Did you even have fun?” he chuckles, his hands feeling up my arms until his hands cup my face.

I missed how warm his touch was against my cheek, the way it made me feel safe and at home.

A place isn’t a home, it’s the people and we can bring everyone here, set them aside and build homes for them.

“I did have fun, Penelope took me shopping as you could have seen.” I giggle and he snorts, “I noticed.”

I want to see his face...

“Hold on.” I step to the side, my one hand still holding his as I feel against the wall for a light switch.

I flick it on, smiling when the dull light fills every inch of the room and I glance back at my mate, who’s smiling at me as he tugs me back to him.

“Missed my face so much?” the cocky grin on his face makes me roll my eyes.

“I did.” I confess as I lean into him, my hands on his chest and my eyes don’t leave his once.

“That is one hell of a dress.” he steps back momentarily, glancing down at my red gown.

"I know, I wanted to look hot for you." I whip my hair back slowly, making his chuckle as he shakes his head.

I love his laugh, I love the way it sounds, I love the way his cheeks dent and his eyes squint shut.

"Mission accomplished." he tugs me closer, "If only I could rip this dress off later tonight..." his one hand trails down the side where my slit is, making my breathing halt as I take in the feeling of his fingers brushing ever so lightly over my bare skin.

"Are you going to stay?" I rest my head against his shoulder, hoping he's going to say yes, praying that he'd be in my bed, loving me, showing me how much he missed me.

"Of course I am." he hugs me closer and I feel complete.

I wish he could stay with me for the rest of the remaining time, I wish that our entire pack could join us right now and just be here.

I miss Rosie and with her hands full with Duncun, I can't even ask her to come over.

"We should get back." he backs away towards the door, his hand resting on the handle.

I nod, following him and once we're at the end of the hall, my eyes widen when Penelope comes out of the ball room, glancing around frantically before her eyes land on me, "There you are, where did you go?" she frowns, looking me over.

Guilt creeps up my spine, I shouldn't have left, "I just went to freshen up." I lie and her eyes flick to Aiden, "Both of you?" she raises a curious brow, "We were talking and he accompanied me there, is that a problem?" I stare her down, her thin lips spread into a smile, "Of course not, just come, people are asking where you went." she waves us over as she turns and marches over to the ballroom.

Entering the same room the second time is different, all of the tables are gone, people are dancing and talking, laughing and drinking, it seems like an entire different party.



“Where did uncle Roman go?” I ask Penelope as Aiden and I follow her inside, “He was just here...” her eyes frantically scan the room and the relief on her face when she spots him at the bar makes my heart clench.

Why was she so afraid ?

I give Aiden a knowing look, a look he returns, letting me know that he saw that too.

As we strut over to Roman, the quarrel around him catches my attention, the voices of alpha’s arguing raises, the tension in the corner making me feel like I need to do something...

Before Penelope could even speak up, I clear my throat, “What is going on here?” I plaster a smile on my face, hoping that they would all calm down.

Aiden turns to me but I don’t look at him when I feel his concerned stare.

‘What are you doing?’ the panic in his voice when mind linking me makes my body tense, but I try to not let it show.

“Ah, the famous lost princess.” A large man turns to me, his tone quieter now when the crowd around us are still.

“Eleia, and you are?” I raise a brow as I try not to smirk at his dumbfounded expression.

“This is Alpha Cane, he is one of our strongest allies.” My uncle explains, looking unphased about the entire situation.

I bet he’s seen and handled worse than this.

“Nice to meet you.” Alpha Cane nods, holding out his hand and I blankly stare at his palm before averting my gaze up to his, “As it should be.” my fingers interlock in front of me, my posture upright as I stare at the large man in the eyes.

Alpha Cane chuckles, shaking his head as his hand lowers, “You’re a bit rude, aren’t you?” he c\*\*\*s his head and I can’t help but feel like I’ve seen him before.

He looks so familiar, yet I can’t pinpoint where I know him from.

“Excuse my lack of manners, Cane...” I use his name without the title, showing him that he has no power over me. “But I did not grow up here or somewhere nice as you might have, but at least I am a decent person.” I smile, batting my eyelashes.

“Eleia...” Penelope’s hand rests on my arm and I turn my head, looking at her, “Everything’s fine..” I smile and look back at Alpha Cane, “Isn’t it? We’re just talking.” I shrug, staring right into his dark brown eyes that hold darkness.

I could tell he was not a good man, but could my uncle see past the alliance he had made?

“Of course, we’re all friends here.” He shrugs and I nod, “See?” I glance at Penelope and she nods before taking Roman’s side.

“I’ve seen you before.” I blurt out when he glances at his luna, who’s standing next to him, not touching him.

His gaze flicks back to me, “Have you ever been to the Night Pack before?” his eyes widen momentarily before immediately shaking his head, “Of course not, that place was vile.” he snorts, “How would you know that?” I move my hands behind me, my nails digging into my palms.

I could smell the light layer of sweat oozing from him, he was panicking.

“Cane, what’s this?” Roman steps forward, staring with a hurtful expression at his so called friend.

“I don’t know what she’s talking about your Majesty, I have never seen this girl before in my life.” he waves me off like I’m some sort of object.

“Because I was a slave, why would you notice me when you and Regan’s father were whispering in his office?” I step closer and his eyes grow dark, “You are mistaken, little girl.” he growls and I c\*\*k my head at him, “Then why are you getting so mad?” I smile and I step back when he launches at me and my eyes widen when Aiden jumps in front of me, tackling him to the ground.

Aiden throws the first punch, “Don’t touch her!” he bellows and guards pull them apart.

“Escort Alpha Cane off my land, immediately!” Roman bellows, his eyes dark with rage and I gulp when his hostile glare lands on me, “What are you

doing?” he grits out, inching closer and I raise my arm when Aiden wants to step in front of me again.

I love that he wants to protect me, but I can do it myself.

“Sniffing the Night Pack’s allies out, I’ve seen them and I couldn’t see it first, but when he turned his head, it was like a flashback popping into my head and I saw him all over again. He shouldn’t be here, because it isn’t safe for you.” I stand my ground, not stepping back to give my uncle the satisfaction of winning.

He is king, but I have the knowledge.

“Eleia, I’m not mad, I just..” he sighs as his hand slides over his face, “There are ways to handle things.” he sighs , his eyes holding disappointment when he looks at me. “I know you’re knew at this, but next time, talk to me first.” he begs with his eyes, but his voice holds a demand and I nod, “I will. I apologize.” I breathe out and he rests his arm on my shoulder, “But thank you.” he pats my shoulder before walking off and I can’t help but feel that the night is over.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 73**

ELEIA’S POV

—

Felix had woken up when Aiden and I came into the room. The babysitter said that he was such a good boy, but I already knew that.

Felix was kind, sweet, soft and he listens.

He’s sometimes way too busy for me, but that doesn’t mean he’s naughty.

He just has pent up energy and I do and try get it out .

“Daddy! Can we play?” He begs and my heart clenches as his eyes glistens with happiness.

I glance at Aiden and he shrugs.

I never let Felix fully wake up, because children need routine, but he hasn't seen Aiden for an entire week and I know that he'll be going home tomorrow again.

I wish he could stay for a few days, but the pack needs a leader. It's even just a risk for him to be here, for other alpha's to know that there are so plenty of pack's without their alpha's tonight.

"Sure baby." I smile as I take the feet torturers off and put them in my closet.

Felix immediately shows Aiden the tons of toys Roman has brought him, wether they are new or not, he loves it.

"Oh this one is cool." Aiden picks up the airplane, that you can literally open from the top, see the seats and it's so detailed.

I sat with Felix for almost half an hour when he showed me everything.

I slowly undress, feeling the eyes of my mate gazing at me when I unzip the dress and it rolls off my shoulders and slides down my body, pooling around my feet.

I step over it before picking it up and I hang it on a hanger in my closet.

Penelope left clear instructions about the dress and that's when I realized that the dress was probably worth more than everything I have.

"Look at you." Aiden appears beside me, glancing at my bump.

"I'm getting fat, no need to point it out." I snort.

"You're not fat." His shoulders leans against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest as he stares at me with admiration.

I sigh, closing my closet, "I know."

I let out a frustrated groan before opening the closet again and I grab a oversized t-shirt, pulling it over my head and a pair of sweatpants, tugging them on.

"Dad!" Felix calls, making Aiden stare at me with his lips sucked into his mouth.

“We’ll spend time together in a bit, go.” I nudge his shoulder and he smiles.

I know he wants to spend time with me, I want to spend time with him too, but the children will always be my priority.

I climb into bed, grabbing the law book.

I only have about fifty pages left to read and make the information stick in my brain.

I glance at Aiden sitting on the floor, playing cars with Felix and I start to read.

It’s like losing time, as if it doesn’t exist while I read, the laws take over my brain, every single one clicking like I’ve known this for years and I’m just revising.

“Eleia.” Aiden crawls into bed beside me and my eyes raise to the spot where he and Felix had played, seeing that it’s cleaned and my gaze drags over to Felix asleep on his bed and only then do I lock eyes on my tired mate.

“Aiden.” I smile, “When did he fall asleep?”

“Just now.” He yawns as he loosens the tie around his neck and unbuttons his shirt.

“Where are your clothes?”

“Didn’t bring any, I didn’t think I’d need them.” He shrugs, his eyes fixed on the buttons he’s undoing.

His eyes lift and he stares at me with a hooded gaze, “You look tired.” I point out.

“I am.” He wets his lips, sitting upright and I gaze at his muscular chest as he slips his shirt off his shoulders and tosses it to the side.

“Then we should get some rest.” My hands slowly close shut the book in my lap and I slide it onto the bedside table without looking away from him.

I could feel the tension grow, but my heart wasn’t in it.

“Do you want to sleep?”

Yes.

But how do I tell him I don't want to screw him when my body surely does...I could feel my panties slowly soak and I know that if I lift this duvet, he'll smell my arousal, but for some reason...I'm tired, my body is tired and all I want to do, is lay in his arms, holding him.

"Sort of." I chew on my bottom lip as I watch disappointment flash through his eyes.

"Then we'll sleep." He stands, undoing his pants and he gets into bed wearing only his boxers.

Guilt creeps up my spine, I know what he wants...and I am suppose to give it to him, but how can I when I feel like this?

Like the energy is slowly draining from my body, as if someone opened a tap and it's just pooling out like liquid.

"Are you sure?" I ask as my arousal vanishes and I'm met with relief.

"Yeah." He smiles so sweetly, the dimples forming in his cheeks makes my heart flutter as I lay down and he joins me, pulling my back into his chest, the warmth of his body making me yawn as I comfortably cuddle into his body.

His arm is draped over my waist, his hand snaked underneath my shirt, holding my breast in his large palm, his breath fanning my neck and I feel complete.

We don't usually do this, or I'm asleep first or he is and we both just have our backs turned to one another, but for some reason, this is my favorite position now.

—

Waking up to snoring behind me, I realize that neither Aiden or I have moved the entire night.

We slept how we fell asleep and I could feel his hand twitch , squeezing my breasts and with the newfound energy of the morning, I can't help but want him.

I slowly prop myself up onto my elbow, glancing over my shoulder at Felix still asleep and then I glance at the time.

It's six am, meaning Felix will be asleep for another hour and a half and I gently turn in Aiden's hold.

I stare down at his relaxed face and my hand hovers over his face.

I'm scared to wake him up, wondering if he'd be mad...

I grin at the idea popping up in my head and I slowly pull the duvet over my head, maneuvering downward and I nudge him onto his back.

He doesn't groan or wake up, his breathing is steady and I'm surrounded in complete darkness.

I chew on my bottom lip as I feel around and when I find the waistband of his boxers, I tug them down and free his hard morning wood.

I let my fingers roam before I inch my face closer.

I lick up his shaft and I could feel the veins pulse and he shifts as my tongue flicks across the tip .

His legs part and I know he's waking up.

I climb in between them and grab the base of his shaft before I take his length into my mouth.

It's not even five seconds when his hand finds my head, his fingers raking through my hair before he grabs a fist full of my dark locks.

I choke when he thrusts up into my mouth, gagging and I pull out a bit, but he holds my head in place. Tears pool in my eyes before they spill over the rims and stream down my cheeks, but my core is clenching as his sweet taste devours my mouth.

I suck hard, lick and twist his base, making him groan .

He flips the duvet off him and I glance up at him.

The way his dark orbs lock on mine while I suck on him c\*\*k makes me wet and I reach with my free hand in between my legs, groaning as my fingers rub in between my folds, soothing the ache.

“Good morning, my love.” He grins, his lips parting as I suck hard and he moans. He low breathy sound from his mouth makes my stomach flip and clench at the same time.

My head bobs up and down as he thrusts up too, his thickness filling my mouth, his tip hitting the back of my throat repeatedly to a point where I don't even choke anymore.

“F\*\*k.” He groans and he pulls my head up before pulling me up and I crawl onto his lap, my legs on either side of him.

“Hi.” I use my thumb to wipe the side of my mouth clean and when I lower myself, his hand is holding his shaft to my entrance and my head rolls back as his thick length stretch my walls.

For some reason, with the feelings of missing him and being frustrated the entire week, this feels a hundred times better, as if it's our first time again.

The sparks erupt all over, the connection is strong between us and we don't even speak but we know what to do, how to pleasure one another in the exact spot.

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 74**

ELEIA'S POV

—

“Are you serious?” I stare agape at aunt Penelope while we're getting our nails done in the comfort of her room.

“Yes, I believe you can do it, we have to see how you handle the issues my dear.” She speaks so gracefully that it feels like I'm a rat, not a princess. I use slang and she speaks so elegantly, so maturely...It sometimes pisses me off.

“I guess, but can't it wait another week? I've just finished with the laws.” I sigh.



Aunt Penelope and I have grown close over the last two weeks, we chat, laugh and gossip, even though she says a million times that she shouldn't because it's very unlady like, but deep down, she's just a woman like the rest of us.

We are curious creatures and we will find out anything, and of course, my personal maid that brings me breakfast is also a gossip and we enjoy breakfast in my room together.

That is how I know most of the stuff, friends are important in a place like this, especially low ranked friends, they know everything first.

"You'll do great, Roman and I already agreed to it." Penelope sits with her eyes shut, a small smile on her face as she relaxes.

"Uncle Roman looks tired." I point out, hoping that she wouldn't punish me for that observation. I don't want to make things awkward, I love the bond we have.

"He is dear." she inhales a deep breath, needing it.

"What can I do to help" I ask. They took me in, they are letting Aiden and I take over the throne, the least I could do is help wherever I can.

"Just by doing what we teach you helps..." her eyes flick open and she stares at me, "You're going to take over this kingdom Eleia, it's more than what we asked for because we're tired. It's a tough job." she sighs.

"Can I just ask something...I don't want to sound ungrateful..." I explain and she hums, "Continue."

I glance at the two girls who are working on our nails, "Don't worry, they know better than to speak out." she grits out while eyeing them.

"Why am I the only one learning these things? Isn't Aiden suppose to know these things too?"

Penelope's lips press into a thin line as she stares at me, "My dear, you are the descendant of the royal family, not him and I know that he's your mate, but that's all he is. He might hold the title of King, but you will be Queen, the one that rules the kingdom, the one they come to for advice, Aiden will look in charge, but you will be the one in charge. No outsider of the royal family blood

line makes the command.” she explains and I can’t stop my eyes from almost popping out of their sockets.

“So what does that mean? I tell Aiden what to do and say?” I frown, “Of course not, your decisions can be talked about with him, he can always have an input, but the last word is yours.” she smiles .

“I didn’t know that is how it’s going to work..” My gaze drags down to my hand, “Well it is. You are the royalty, not him.”

Well when she says it like that, it makes more sense...

After our nails were done, we made our way to the kitchen for a light meal and then we went up to the attic. I was amazed when the roof hatch folded out as stairs and she laughed before walking up there and I followed suite.

I expected it to be dusty, but it wasn’t , there was a beautiful cotton covered couch in front of the large window, a coffee table, a tv, a radio and on the other side were a lot of boxes.

“What are we looking for?” I ask as I glance around the beautiful storage place.

“I come up here a lot, Roman does too, we sit here and look through photo’s...” she gulps and I turn to look at her as she picks up a box, “I find it fitting that you look through this...” the soft smile coating her face makes the curiosity in me grow and I take the box and she gestures towards the couch.

I sit down with her, “I know Roman wanted to show you this, but he’s a busy man...I think he’d be upset with me that I am the one giving it to you, but we’re all family here and you deserve it.” she rests her hand on my shoulder as my hands lay flat on the lid.

“What is it?” I ask a little wary of what might be in the box, “It’s photo’s, we found it after they passed.”

She means my parents...

I turn my gaze to her, “They were my parents’?” I ask for confirmation and she nods with a emotional smile.

I turn my gaze back to the taunting brown card box in front of me, inhaling a deep breath as I pull the lid off and set it beside the table and on top lays a baby picture...

I reach down for it with shaky hands and I pick it up, turning it over, reading my name on the back.

Eleia at six months old

I shouldn't get emotional, because these aren't my memories, they are memories of people I don't even remember, but they are memories of people I love, of who I should have loved.

I turn it over and stare at the photo of myself laying in a crib.

"I can leave if you want.." Penelope offers, "Stay." I croak out and we both fall into a comfortable silence as I manage to go through the photo's one by one, piling them up on the coffee table in front of us.

I find an older picture of them, where they were young, they probably just met and I sit back in awe...I look so much like my mother, but I also have a lot of features of my father...

"Can I keep these?" I ask, glancing at Penelope with glassy eyes.

"I'm sure Roman wouldn't mind." she shrugs and I know that I first have to ask, but these were all suppose to be mine, so why should I?

"Yeah, okay." I blow out a breath as I put them into the box again and I put the lid on.

When I look outside through the window behind us, I could see the sun starting to set and my eyes widen in fear, "It's late." I stand up, "I have to get Felix." I scratch my nape, my nerves feeling like they're strung like a guitar as I try to focus, but my heart is bleeding for the memories I could have had with my parents, but I'm also focused on needing to be in the present because I have a son, a baby on the way and I need to focus on getting our lives together.

Penelope stands, grabbing my arms and forces me to look at her, "Focus." she shakes my shoulders and I stare at her with wide eyes, "You got this, it's okay." she smiles before pulling me into a hug.

Her hug is warm, motherly and it makes me feel safe, like I'm in my mother's hold.

We stand there for a few minutes, holding one another and I can't help but wonder if she might see me as the daughter she never had...because in this moment, she feels like a mother I never had, well, can't remember.

"Thank you Penelope." I breathe out and she nods before pushing me away.

"Your mother was dear to my heart, I wished they were here still, but looking at you...I see her and I know that she's always with us, looking over us...I'm so happy you're alive." she chokes on her words as her eyes glass over and a tear slides down my cheek.

"We should go." I gulp down the rock in my throat and she nods, blinking her unshed tears away.

Felix and I join them at dinner and Roman keeps on talking about how his day went, we all laugh and smile and it actually felt like I was at home, the only thing I was missing is my mate and my best friend, but this felt different, it felt like going home to a Christmas dinner...

"Roman." Penelope's hand rests on my uncle's and he turns to her with a bright smile, "I showed Eleia the photo's today and she asked if she could perhaps keep them?" She smiles and my uncle's face fell, "You did what?" his eyebrows arch together, anger blazing in his orbs, "I didn't think it would be a problem..." she slowly pulls her hand back, "I'm sorry, I asked if you had any photo's of them. This is my fault." I take the blame, hating that I am causing trouble in their relationship.

Roman's dark gaze flick to me and his eyes softens momentarily, "I get it, but those our my photo's, you are allowed to look at them whenever, but they stay in the attic, alright?" his jaw ticks as he bites down on his teeth and I nod, sucking my lips into my mouth.

I glance at Felix and he's still eating, luckily he's too small to care about what's actually going on around here.

It felt like I was walking out of a war zone when dinner was over, even when everyone was polite, the tension wasn't.

I can not believe that he said I wasn't allowed to take the photo's, the photo's that are of me and my parent's, not of them.

I sit Felix down on the floor and march over to my bed, picking up my phone and I dial Aiden's number.

I just want him right now, a week has passed since he left and I wish he could come visit again, or that he was already here.

His phone goes straight to voicemail and I sigh as I look at Felix playing with his toys, looking so carefree and happy.

"Okay buddy, let's go take a bath and get into bed."

## **I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 75**

ELEIA'S POV

—

I can't believe I'm currently sitting on my own personalized throne, next to Roman and Penelope. It feels strange sitting on a chair that's twice the size of you, but the cushion under my a\*s is soft. "Let us begin..." Roman smiles at me before motioning for the door to open and a line of people enter, sending my anxiety through the roof.

I could feel my throat contracting, my lungs squeezing all the air out as I just stare at them walking closer, directly at me.

"We're teaching our princess how to see and solve problems today, so please whatever problems you have, talk to her." Penelope beams with a proud smile, her hand motioning to me.

I feel vile rise as the first person comes up to me and my heart sinks at their sad expression.

"Hello," I smile warmly and I stare at the woman, her hands dirty and there are bags under her eyes, "Princess." she bows.

"What can I help you with?" I ask, unsure what to say, but what I do know is that everyone is looking at me, I could feel their stares, as if their eyes tickle my skin.

“Our home is broken...” she starts, sounding so desperate and on the verge of a breakdown. “What do you mean? What is broken?” I try to figure out what the hell she means because it can’t be her entire house, could it?

“My roof has a hole in it, my child is sick and I have no job to pay for medicine. Please...help me.” the desperation in her eyes makes me want to cry and my hands absentmindedly fall onto my covered bump.

I glance at Penelope and Roman, “Are there any jobs available in the castle?” I ask and Penelope stares at me, “Can you think of any?” She raises her eyebrows so gracefully.

“Well, I have been around this castle and I think that perhaps we can get you a job, but I will have to get back to you with it so take a pen and paper on the table over there, write down your address , name and the reason you were here and I will come see you.” I motion towards the table and the grateful smile that overtakes her face makes my heart swell .

That wasn’t so hard...

A older male approaches, his eyes narrowed on me and I gulp, forcing a smile onto my face.

“Hello.” I greet him warmly, “Who the hell says she’s even the real princess?” he bellows, turning to look at the rest of the line and Penelope stands, but so do I , raising my hand to stop her.

“We took a DNA test and the Moon Goddess herself lead me here, so please calm down and raise your concerns.” I say as calmly as I can before sitting down again, my arms resting on the chair.

“Our farm is dying.” his eyes are still narrowed, as if he might rip my throat out if he had the chance. He was rageful, that I could see in his stiff body and tense jaw.

“I suggest you take a bottle of soil and bring it to us for testing so that we can find a solution.” I smile and I suddenly just feel like I know everything, like the problems they are bringing to me is just like at the pack, but in a much larger scale...

The royal pack is very large, it has almost five thousand people living on it’s grounds and all of them are just trying to survive.

“Thank you, princess.” he snarls disrespectfully and a guard marches to him, “Don’t .” I raise my hand, stopping him and the man looks back at me with confusion, “You might not like me, but I am here and you have the right to your own beliefs, but please don’t get yourself into trouble at the cost of me.” I smile and he snorts before turning and leaving.

I guess the news about me living here traveled fast and I now see that not everyone likes it that I’m here, but they’ll have to accept it.

It’s been four hours of seeing people when the last comes forward, “Hello.” I smile at the little girl who has tears streaming down her face. I stand before lowering onto my knees, “What’s wrong little one?” I open my arms and she just stares at me with a wobbling chin, a lower lip that’s trembling.

“M-my...” she sniffs, “My m-momm-y...she’s gone...” she starts to weep and run into my arms, “Take me to her.”

She pulls back and I stand, “I need two guards.” I demand and Penelope stands, “We’ll take over.” She smiles, “Can I come with?” I ask , looking down at the little girl holding my finger tightly.

“Sure.”

Marching over to a small house where the door is left open, it’s near the castle, yet it looks abandoned.

“Wait.” A guard stops me, “I have to check inside.” he walks into the house, glancing around, “Clear!” he yells from inside and I glance at Roman and Penelope and follow them inside, my eyes widening at the mess .

“Who lives here?” Roman asks and I glance at the messy kitchen, the faint blood stains on the floor and counter and I pull the little girl into my arms as I lower onto my haunches, blowing out a breath when my own baby lays on my bladder.

“Where did your mommy go?” I frown and she points upward.

I frown, “Is there a second floor?” I ask confused and the guard shakes his head, “Check in the roof.” Penelope demands and when they open the hatch, the guard curses under his breath before climbing down with a sour look on his face, “Well she’s dead.” he snorts and I growl, my eyes narrowed on him, “This is not a joke, there’s a child here.” I snarl and Penelope rests her hand

on my shoulder, "Take the girl and go, we'll sort this out." , "Go where? This is her home." , "Not anymore, take her to the orphanage in town or have someone do it. Don't walk alone." She demands and I sigh, nodding and I lead the little girl out of her home.

A wave of tiredness falls over me halfway back to the castle and I sit down on a bench.

"What's your name?" I ask, but she just stares at the ground, nibbling on her nails.

"My name is Eleia." I try and get her to open up to me, but she looks so..traumatized...

I can't imagine what's going on inside her head...

"How did you know that your mom was up there?"

The silence she's giving me is making my head throb, because instead of her telling me what happened...I make up scenarios in my head, which is not good.

"I don't want to take you to the orphanage.." I admit, my heart is bleeding for this little girl. I think she's around six, maybe seven and she's beautiful. Her face is round, her hair is pitch black, her eyes are glassy and green...She deserves more than a dead mother and growing up in a place that she might not be comfortable in, but there's nothing I can do for her...I have my hands full.

Hours go by and we just sit and Roman and Penelope finally approach us, "I thought you went back to the castle." Penelope's lips are pressed into a thin line. "I couldn't, I began to feel ill and we decided to just sit here." I smile at the little girl, who's name I still don't know.

"Well her mother is being taken care of..." something in the way she says it makes a fire inside of me burn.

"What happened to her?" I ask and Roman gives me a stare, a stare that tells me not to ask that question. His eyes flick to the girl, "We should get you settled." he holds out his arms and the girl happily goes to him without hesitation. I guess that is why the alpha's are like father's to everyone.



Penelope sits next to me when my uncle takes the little girl and walks towards the town.

“Her mother cut her own wrists, which would have taken hours because we heal fast...She must have done it over and over again until she bled out..” Penelope gulps, her eyes lifeless, the brightness in them gone.

“Are you okay?” I ask, reaching for her hand but she stands, her lips pressed together firmly, “We should go, it’s getting late.” She turns her back to me, but she doesn’t walk and she waits.

Arriving in my room, I sigh as guilt creeps up my spine...I see the babysitter playing with Felix and I know that it’s past five already...Did the day really just flash by?

“I am so sorry. I should get better at this, but I’m not.” I pull my hair free and it cascades around my shoulders.

“It’s okay, Felix and I were having a lot of fun.” She smiles, fist bumping my boy before leaving.

I sink onto the bed, falling onto my back, “I miss your dad Felix.” I sigh, “Me too!” Felix beams and I listen as he plays with the toy cars .

I should be getting ready for dinner, I should be bathing Felix and clean the room...but I simply can’t because the thought of that girl, sleeping alone in a strange place after losing her mom, makes my heart ache , it makes my hands shake and my eyes glass over.

I was that little girl, except I was probably younger and my parents were murdered.

At least my parents died a good death and not because of suicide.

I hope that she doesn’t know what her mom did, only that she died.

I manage to gather enough strength to get off the bed and bathe Felix before we join the rest for dinner, only to be surprised by Aiden waiting in my seat.

“Daddy!” Felix pushes me away and runs to his dad and it’s like my body is floating towards the love of my life.

He smiles at me, holding open his one free arm and I fall into his embrace, almost crying but I talk myself down, knowing that I can't cry and it's just the hormones.