

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

CLEO'S POV

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As I walk out of the bathroom, Gizelle isn't in her room and the door is wide open. I sigh, rolling my eyes as I fold my clothes and put it onto her bed.

I stand in just her bikini, waiting for her return so that she can give me her approval.

I know I don't need it, but having her telling me I look fine is a great start since she always has an opinion anyway.

A knock on the door has me startled as I whip around and there Gavin stands with his chocolate ruffled hair and ocean eyes that trail my body like he's inspecting me, his relaxed face contorting when his eyes narrow on my thigh.

He steps into the room, his arms that were crossed over his chest now falling to his sides, his large hands fisting, "What is that?" He asks and as smart as I am, I glance down, staring at the dark purple blue spots on my thigh, "I'm just clumsy." I roll my eyes, but he doesn't remove his eyes from my thigh until he's in front of me.

His gaze slowly lifts to me, "Who did that to you Cleo?" His voice is demanding, cold and the anger radiating off him leaves me speechless.

"Gavin! Get out of my room and stop hitting on my best friend!" She grabs a pillow from a chair, tossing it at his head. He slowly turns towards her, glaring with a dark gaze, cracking his neck to the side, "Stop acting like a child Gizelle, I was only asking...", "He was asking if we needed a tide to the beach." I chip in and his head snaps to me, "So I said to ask you," I shrug while staring at him, hoping that he'd see the desperation in my eyes to not tell her.

Gizelle is the kind to notice, but she also believes anything I tell her and I make sure to tell her when we chat that I fell or bumped into something.

"That would actually be very nice, thanks Gavin..." she mutters slowly and I could tell that she was suspicious of him, "Did you want something though?" She crosses her arms as she strides over, sitting down on her bed.

Gavin glances at me, his tongue poking the inside of his cheek, "Lunch actually," he glances back at her and relief fills me, making me able to breathe again.

"Lunch? You can buy your own lunch and better yet, ask someone to make it." She scoffs, "You are going to be the alpha of this pack in a few months, let them kiss a*s." She smiles, her head tilted and her eyes big, "Whatever," he scoffs, giving me one last glance as he turns to the door, "But you're still driving us, right?" She stops him, making him glance over his shoulder. "No lunch, no ride." his little grin that tugs at his lips make me snort, "You change, I'll make him a sandwich." I calm my best friend down.

Sometimes I don't understand Gizelle and Gavin, they could fight like two stallions, but at the end of the day, when someone does something to the other, they get taught their lesson and they stand up for one another...

I have that with Felix too, except that we fight more than anything, but we are civil about it. He calls me weak and I have to remind him that I am not alpha blood, he offered to train me, but I don't know if I should accept, he sometimes creeps me out...

"Thank you Cleo." Gizelle grits out while glaring at Gavin, "Yes, thank you Cleo." he winks at Gizelle just to piss him off and she charges at him, I don't know what comes over me but I step in between and as I face Gizelle, she bumps me right into Gavin. His hands grab my waist, his fingers digging into my skin as he tries to push me away from him, but for that one second our bodies collide, I could feel how hard he is...

"Gizelle!" I shriek and she pulls away, "Just go," she snaps and I sigh, slowly turning but to find Gavin gone was stranger than me throwing myself in between them.

"Cleo." she calls out to me as I step through the threshold of the door, I rest with my hand against the door frame, turning my body to it as I glance at her, "I just need a minute to cool down, I'm sorry. He just..." I start to laugh, making her smile, "I know. I might have to poison his food." I tease, "Don't." she mutters seriously, "Calm down, you know I'm kidding." I scoff, "Here..." she walks over to her dresser and tosses a thin black see-through fabric at me, "You wrap it around your waist, it won't be that sheer when you put it on." she shrugs and I nod, "Thanks, now let me go feed our uber." I giggle and fasten the material around my waist as I walk down the stairs. I frown as I struggle with the knot that keeps on slipping and before I know it, I miss a step

and fall forward, but instead sliding down the stairs on my a*s or tumbling, a large hand grabs my one arm and the other my waist from behind. My feet immediately finds their way and I straighten myself, turning to find Gavin on a step above me, "You really are a klutz," he scoffs as his eyes bore into mine, "I told you," I shrug, "Then why lie?" he takes a slow step forward and I turn my back to the railing, thinking he wants to pass, but he stops, turning his body to me, "Why not explain what happened to your leg?" his eyes never leave mine, "It's none of your business." I scoff, wanting to walk down the stairs but he slams his hand against the wall, leaning into me, "Someone hurt you," he grits out.

I shove him back, "Don't get in my face," I roll my eyes as I slip down the stairs, escaping his wrath and questions. "Gizelle is going to be down here any second, I suggest you don't get so close, you know how she gets." I scoff as I make my way to the kitchen. He doesn't follow immediately but when I start gathering things for his sandwich, he enters the kitchen. He stands there for a minute while I make the ham, cheese and tomato sandwich and when he opens his mouth so speak, Gizelle enters, "Did you eat? Can we go?" she asks her brother, "Not yet, but bring it in a container and I'll wait in the car," he glances at me, giving me this strange knowing look before heading out. "Hurry," Gizelle beams as she skips over to the fridge, holding her bag open and she grabs two bottles of water and shove it inside, "I have a towel for you," she moves to the shelves and grabs a plastic container, "Here," she hands me a lunch box and I put the sandwich inside before we leave to go to the beach.