

Chapter 8 -Second Guessing

Isaiah POV

I still don't understand why we have to go to school for half the day. Supposedly we were receiving some sort of special Alpha training or some s**t, but in the last year I've learned nothing I didn't already know. We only have to do this a little longer though, after this year we'll be ready to take over the Alpha position.

I pull up to my house and go to the backyard, noticing Danny was there. We toss a ball back and forth for a while, both deep in thought. Doing something with our hands like tossing the ball helps us think clearer. Suddenly, I hear her voice.

"Please let me apologize to you," Elizabeth says, "I shouldn't have acted that way and said those things. I'm sorry.. I understand if you need time to process everything, but please don't reject me." I could see the tears in her eyes. I turned away from her, noticing Danny did the same. I don't want to, but I'm still hurt by what happened.

"Fine," she yelled, "if that's how you want to be, ne. Don't come crawling back to me when you nally get your heads out of your asses. I don't even know why I apologized to you, I didn't do shit." I hear the door shut as she went back into the house.

"That's the second time she's tried to apologize" I said.

"I know" Danny replied.

"I don't like that she's upset, Liam is pissed that I keep upsetting her" Liam is my wolf, and he's very protective of the mate bond.

He already wasn't happy that I didn't mate with Elizabeth and mark her as soon as we found out we were mates, but now that I'm ignoring her and she's clearly upset he's even more mad.

Though he was the one who wanted to rip peoples heads off after she did her little "I'm not innocent" speech the other day.

"I feel that," Danny nodded, "Lucas is pissy with me too." Lucas was Danny's wolf. Callum's wolf was Noah, and we used to make fun of him since both of us had wolves that started with an L.

We tossed the ball around for a little longer, then went inside for dinner. El didn't come down for dinner, I didn't see her again for the rest of the night. I toss and turn for hours, nally getting up around midnight to go and check on El. I quietly walk into her room and see her sleeping.

As I get closer I can see her face is all red and puffy, as if she's been crying.

Fuck. I hate seeing her upset, but I know if I try to talk to her now I'm just going to be an ass. What the f**k do I do?

I'm still upset about what happened the other day. It isn't even about the fact that she's been with other guys. Well, I wasn't thrilled about that but if that was the sole reason I was upset it would be extremely hypocritical. But the way she sounded, like prey that had been cornered and was lashing out.

There was almost a fear to her voice as she spit out her history, as if she was trying to hurt us and protect herself at the same time. I hated that. We didn't handle the situation well either, but I don't understand why she felt the need to do that. We've been friends for years, we've been there for each other through a lot of s**t. So why does it feel like we're more distant than ever now?

I hold my breath as El suddenly shifts. I silently watch for a moment, making sure she was still asleep. After ensuring she was asleep, I quickly walk back to my room. Sitting on the edge of my bed, I place my face in my hands. What am I supposed to do?