

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 11

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 11-Sitting in the center of the living room, I look around the walls at the family pictures and smile. I especially enjoy the picture of Eric when he was a toddler. There are no pictures of him as a child at the pack house. "They're in here," I hear Evangeline's voice from further in the house.

I glance to Eric, who is standing off to the side, seeming rather uncomfortable. His gaze is glued to a random spot on the wall.

"Sebastian, this is Isabella." Turning to the hallway, I see Evangeline standing beside the man from the pictures. He looks like an older, different version of Eric.

Immediately I stand up and reach my hand out. He shakes it. "Hello, it's nice to meet you finally."

He smiles in a fatherly way. "Yes, of course, I was wondering if Eric was ever going to bring you over."

Eric walks over and joins the cluster. Surprisingly, more footsteps come from down the hall before a man comes into view. "Isabella, this is Sebastian's brother and Eric's uncle, Henry."

Henry slips past Evangeline and Sebastian then gives me a big, welcoming hug. "Welcome to the family," he says and smiles. "How this one managed to get you in fascinating. I guess we'll just have to thank the moon goddess." He looks back at Evangeline, and she nods.

Evangeline asks me plenty of questions, which I am happy to answer, though as usual, I speed over the topic of my father. Throughout the pleasant conversation, Eric's quiet and closed-up mood continues to confuse me. I would expect him to be comfortable around his family, and after a few more minutes of talk, I notice similar signs from his father. I must be missing something here. "So, Isabella, I've been itching to know what happened to your arms." Evangeline gently takes my hand in hers to maneuver my forearm into her view.

"Just a little tree climbing accident, nothing too serious," I tell her, trying to make her believe it was no big deal. I wonder if she knew about Eric and Olivia's drama.

After another hour, Eric decides that it is time to go despite Evangeline's arguing. I say my goodbyes while making plans with Evangeline to come over again tomorrow, as she insists on making my lunch, giving us more time to talk. Excited, I think of all the questions I can ask her about Eric since he will not be there.

Once we are outside and away from his family, I turn to him while we make our way back. "Is something wrong?"

“No,” he says vaguely and keeps his gaze front and center. I stop in my tracks, and he glances back at me before stopping himself. “What is it?”

“I’m not going to act like I didn’t notice your mood change. You don’t have to tell me what is going on between you and your father, but eventually, before you die of old age, I would like to know,” I tell him. “I am not pushing you, only telling you that I have noticed the tension between you two.”

His crossed arms fall apart. “Before I die? It looks like I have some time then,” Eric lightly jokes, and we continue.

Once back at the house, Marina greets us as soon as we walk in the door. “Isabella, a young girl called asking for you. I-I asked her name, but she only said that she needed to talk with you. She sounded upset.”

My heart sinks, and I immediately take the phone from Marina. Dialing the house phone number, I pray that everything is okay—that she is safe. When I hear the phone pick up relief fills me. “Kendra? Kendra is everything all right?”

I take a seat on the couch. “Isabella,” I hear her mumble with a weak voice followed by a snuffle. “Please come home.”

“What’s wrong?” I ask urgently. “Is everything okay? Are you okay?”

“I-I miss you,” she begins to cry, and my shoulders drop. “I want you to come home.”

Hearing the sounds of her soft sobs threatens tears to fall down my own cheeks. “Kendra I can’t come home right now. Where’s mom?”

“S-She’s with the Luna—just please come back, I w-want you back!”

“It’s not that easy Kenny,” I tell her while trying to keep from breaking down myself. We have never been apart for so long, and it is taking a toll on both of us.

“Please Isabella, please, I-I just want to be with you. I can’t sleep because I miss you too much,” she continues to cry, and I cannot seem to take it anymore.

“Okay, okay, I’m coming. I’ll be there as fast as I can.”

After I hang up, as soon as I turn around, I see Eric standing with his arms crossed. “What is it, Isabella?”

I hold the phone to my chest and take a deep breath. “I don’t know how to explain, but I have to go back. Kendra, she needs me.”

“Is there something wrong? Is she in danger?” He asks calmly.

“Well, no, but she misses me, and she’s crying. She said that she only wants to see me,” I murmur and fall back onto the couch. “I can’t just abandon her after she calls here on her own.”

“We can talk about visiting, but nothing can happen this second,” Eric tells me, his words being exactly what I did not want to hear.

“But I…”

“Why don’t you call her back and talk for a while to calm her down? I’m sure she would love to hear about your tree climbing,” he assures me, and I sigh.

“Okay, you’re right,” I mutter and call back again. At first, she is upset to hear I am not actually coming, as I stupidly agreed out of impulse, but once I begin to tell her about my accident she seems to relax. Her rapid breathing slows to a normal pace, and I no longer hear cries by the time I reach: “Caroline then had to wrap me up.”

“Do you think you’ll try again?” She asks, and I laugh lightly into the phone.

“I don’t think so.”

“I love you, Isabella,” she whispers adorably.

“I love you too, Kenny.”

I manage to talk with her until our mother gets home and when it is time for her dinner. After our incredibly drawn out goodbyes, I hang up and set the phone back in its place. A few stray tears slipped out during our random conversation, as I could not help but think about our late nights watching television secretly behind mom’s back.

“Is everything alright now?”

I glance to the hallway to find Eric making his way towards me. “Yes, everything is fine. Thank you for the suggestion, knowing me I would have run out the door after a second longer. I can’t stand it when she is upset.”

“I suppose I’m the villain that stole you away,” he says lightly sits down beside me.

I wave him off. “She knows I had to leave. I tried to explain the situation to her. Though, whenever she thinks about mates she refers to our parents.”

He nods. “She can always come visit you here. It is not smart of me to keep sisters apart, especially when she looks up to you so significantly.”

“I’m sure she would love that,” I smile and brush my hair from my face. Whenever we are close, my cheeks flush shades of red and pink without my say.

Marina peeks into the room before saying that she has made dinner if we are hungry. Together, we agree that we are starving and convince Marina to eat with us—which is not an easy thing. Having her here does ease up the pressure, tension, and attraction, thus making dinner run smoothly.

Afterward, I flee upstairs to clean up and wind down, which only makes me realize that bedtime is on the horizon. Because of the awkward events of last night, I dread and worry anxiously for the time when we get in bed. Surely I will not sleep on my own again, well more like lay on my own again as no sleep came to me. Hopefully, the pillow wall holds throughout the night unlike last night, it came down in a few areas and triggered me to place them back in their spots continuously.

Stepping out of the shower, I peer at my reflection in the mirror. “Please, let tonight go smoothly, no more embarrassment.”

“No more embarrassment,” I repeat as if I am scolding the universe.