

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 12

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 12-I lay sleeplessly in bed, staring at the ceiling while not being able to take my mind off of my sister. I wonder if she is still awake, or if she has found the ability to live without me. It has only been a few days, which makes me sound dramatic, but I cannot help but hope she misses me still. What if earlier she only got upset for a bit and now she is perfectly fine, perfectly asleep in her purple and blue bed. I cannot sleep not knowing how she is feeling; we used to tell each other everything.

My eyes roll over to the clock. It is one o'clock in the morning.

Silently gr0aning, in an attempt to not wake up Eric, I turn away from the pillow wall and sigh. I have to see her.

Hesitantly, I slip out from underneath the bedding, and my toes brush against the cool, wood floor. Sitting up, I carefully lift my body forward while glancing at him, making sure he is not waking up from my moments. I gently step onto the floor and push myself upright, and soon enough I am standing in the middle of the room not knowing what to do.

I cannot just leave without telling anyone. Of course, I am not leaving forever, just a day or two, but a notice is still proper. Searching the room, I remember seeing a notepad by the phone, probably there to take messages. I can write a quick note and leave it on the kitchen counter.

I take a deep breath before tiptoeing out of the bedroom and down the hall, heading towards the room where my things are being kept, the room I attempted to sleep in before. When I get inside, I slowly shut the door and gather my things, picking out only a few that I might need: an extra pair of clothes, food from the kitchen, a few bandaids, and medical related items, and water. With one of my smaller bags in hand, full of my things, I find the notepad and write the letter. I mumble my writing out loud as I go; "Eric. I am sorry to worry you, but I have to go on a quick trip for a day or two. I will be back unharmed so do not worry about that either. I have everything I will need, and I will be back before you know it. Please, please, please do not make this a big deal, I will be back, I promise."

I sign my name neatly at the bottom and even add a little heart just for fun. Hopefully, he will find it less worrying.

I grab a jacket and head for the door, and as soon as I am outside, I turn South. The forest engulfs me rather quickly, so I take my bag and drop it to the floor. I can move faster if I shift.

Taking off my clothes, I shove them into the bag. I shift in a hurry, not bothering to take the process step by step, then I snatch up the strap of the bag in my mouth. Gliding through the trees at a much quicker speed, my feet briskly touch the forest floor and

push off, propelling myself in a constant forward run. I do not bother to look around at the almost blurred trees, but I keep my gaze steadily in front of me. It will probably take a few hours to get there if I continue to run, but I know I will tire myself out beforehand. I have not been in a continuous sprint for a while.

It must be almost three in the morning by now, so Eric is hopefully still asleep.

Stopping for a break, I set down my bag and lay on the ground, letting my fur rub against a near bush. I rest my head on my paws while taking in a few well-needed gasps of air. Should I have told Eric where I am going in the note? I did not want him chasing after me, but what kind of ideas might he conjure up? Surely he is smart enough to guess that I am visiting home, even though he said I cannot right now.

Will he hate me for leaving after he told me not to? I hope he will understand how I feel when I get back and explain myself, though I do not think he is a very forgiving person at first. Obviously, he has issues with his father, and I did not notice any suggestions of fixing them.

A sudden movement from behind me causes my heart to jolt, and I immediately shoot up and turn to the creator. My eyes narrow on two others staring back at me.

A stranger.

Swallowing, I take a step back. I have never run into a stranger before on my own, most likely because I have never been on my own in the forest away from pack lands, mine or Eric's.

On edge, I glance to my bag, preparing to make a run for it. The other wolf, dark brown and rather large, follows my eyes and figures out my quick plan. Without any other ideas, I push off from the dirt and swiftly scoop my bag up with my teeth before sprinting in the opposite direction without a second to spare. My mother always told me to stay away from strangers, though she calls them rogues along with everyone else. I prefer to call them strangers; the label "rogue" makes them seem dangerous. Usually, I like to think that "I do not know them, so I am not sure if they are bad news," but I cannot take chances right now.

If this stranger is "bad news" then taking this trip has become a very terrible idea, and I also promised Eric that I would come back unharmed. I do not know if this stranger will hurt me or not if given a chance, so then my promise would be broken.

With my thoughts running wild, I jump over a fallen tree, yet I almost trip over and land in the dirt. Feeling disoriented, I look back but see no other wolf behind me.

I stop in my tracks. Where did they go?

Before I can turn around, something from behind pounces on top of me. In a panic, I try my hardest to escape from its trap, but what I am guessing is the other wolf, is too heavy for me to push off. Struggling beneath it, my teeth reach its leg, and I take the chance to bite down. The other wolf whimpers and backs away, so I slip out from underneath it and distance myself.

Seeing that the animal is making no move to attack me again, I grab my bag and shift behind a near tree. From the scent of the wolf, I can tell it is a female, so maybe she is willing to talk this out.

Coming back out dressed and human, I thankfully find the wolf still here. "Shift," I tell them, and they make no sign of agreeing. "I-I have clothes, and you're injured, so I am willing to talk this out."

The wolf finally nods, and I toss them the pair of extra clothing I brought with me. The wolf takes the clothes, and I look away.

"Okay," I hear them mutter, and I notice the voice to be familiar. Intrigued, I quickly turn back around.

My eyes grow wide. "O-Olivia?" I say in disbelief. "W-What, why, what are you doing out here? You attacked me!"

Her gaze stays on the forest floor. "I don't know," she mumbles weakly as my eyes fall upon her bleeding leg. "I-I don't know what I'm doing anymore."

Confused, I simply stare at her as she falls to her knees.

"God, I would do anything for him wouldn't I?" She shouts as if she is talking to herself.

"Olivia, why did you attack me?"

She shakes her head and tears stream down her red cheeks. "I-I just..."

Sighing, I run my hand through my hair. "I thought you were a stranger, a rogue."

"Isabella, I'm sorry, I don't know why I followed you out here. I just saw you leaving the pack house earlier and decided to see where you were going..."

"And you attacked me because?" I ask, somewhat annoyed by my aching back.

She looks back to the dirt. "I don't know."

Crossing my arms, I begin to pace. "Olivia, I know about you and Eric, and your history together. I don't want to think that you were trying to hurt me on purpose, so can you tell me what is going on between us?"

Her hands shield away her guilty face, and she does not say another word.

“You were trying to hurt me, weren't you?”