

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 13

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 13-“You were trying to hurt me, weren’t you?”

Olivia begins to sob. “I’m not this type of person, and I don’t do things like this.”

Leaning back against a near tree, I take a deep breath in an attempt to collect my thoughts. As I am doing so, I notice Olivia struggling to her feet and swiping the hairs from her face. “I’m sorry,” she mutters as she limps towards me, “but I need him. Eric was all I had, he is all I have. I’ve been trying to get him to see that we don’t have to be mates to be together, but then you show up, and he forgets I exist. You have what I want, and I’m desperate.”

Confused, I stand up straight. “What are you talking about?”

She wipes the stray tears from her cheeks. “I want to fight for him.”

“This is crazy, you’re obviously very upset right now, and you’re not thinking clearly...”

“Women used to fight over the Alpha male way back, so why can’t we now? The survivor gets Eric,” she says while continuing on her stride towards me and continuing to ignore her bleeding leg. “Let’s fight for him.”

Shaking my head, I move away from her, frightened by the deranged look in her eyes. “I’m not fighting you, Olivia. Eric is my mate.”

“I’m not going to stop,” she clears her throat. “I love him.”

“Can we not talk about this? You, Eric and I, we can figure this all out.”

She shakes her head, no. “Stop trying to act like the good girl Isabella. Always wanting to help, wanting to save your sister, wanting to be there for Eric. He was mine first! He loved me!”

Backing away, I grab my bag. “I’m going to go. I’ll tell someone that you’re out here, and t-they’ll help you with your leg.”

“You’re not going anywhere!” She shouts. “We, we’re fighting for him!”

“Olivia!” A voice calls from behind us and in the trees. “Olivia are you out here!”

Her eyes spring to the person, and she begins to panic herself.

“She’s over here!” I yell back, recognizing the voice. “We’re over here!”

Olivia's eyes narrow on me, and she suddenly jumps at me, grabbing my shirt and pulling me to the ground with her. She holds me down as I struggle beneath her. "Help!" I call out and hear the sounds of the movement growing closer.

Olivia wraps her hands around my neck, and my eyes bulge in pure disbelief. She is trying to kill me.

My legs frantically kick, and my arms wave in the fallen leaves. Inaudible cries escape my lips until she is finally yanked off of me. "What the hell!"

My hands fly up to my neck as I roll over and cough wildly. "She, she's trying to kill me!" Peering up, I see Caroline holding Olivia tightly in her grasp.

"Are you okay Isabella?" She worriedly asks while keeping Olivia away from me. "We have to get you back."

"Don't tell Eric about this," I manage to say her in between my coughs.

"Are you nuts? We have to tell him! She was strangling you!"

"He'll hate her then. She's not well. She's not thinking clearly," I explain. "I'm not going to let her ruin her life. You know Eric will kick her out of the pack."

Caroline shakes her head, not believing what I am saying. "We'll talk about it, but for now we need to get you back to the pack house. What are you even doing out here anyways?"

"Me? How are you out here? How did you find us?"

"Olivia woke me up when she was sneaking out of the house, I followed her out here but got lost because she ran out of my view. I heard shouting, so I followed it, and I lead me here." She explains. "Now why are you here?"

I chew on the inside of my cheek. "We'll talk about it when we get back. Let's just get Olivia home first." I pick up my bag and prepare to head back.

"You're unbelievable," Caroline mutters under her breath and leads Olivia as we walk North. Out of instinct, I also keep a very close eye on her while rubbing my throat.

I knew Olivia was jealous, but I would never have thought that jealousy could drive her to act like this. If Caroline didn't show up, I could be dead right now. I would never get to see Eric, my sister, my mother, or anyone else I care about ever again, Olivia almost stole everything I have. She loves him, I understand that, but is she actually obsessed enough to permanently get me out of the way?

While peering up at her, my heart shrivels inside my chest. What did Eric do to make her need him so much? They have no mate bond, so what she is feeling is real, feelings build over many years.

“You know Isabella, you’re going to have to tell Eric because he’ll notice the marks on your neck,” Caroline tells me as we near her house. Olivia is still tight in her grasp, but she has seemed to have lost her energy. She looks drained.

“I’m just hoping that they’ll fade before he wakes up.”

Keeping her eyes forward, Caroline sighs. “Tell me why you were out there. Obviously Olivia followed you, so what were you going off pack land for? You know it’s not safe in the open forest.”

All three of us make our way into Caroline and Olivia’s house, and Caroline brings her upstairs. Once in her bedroom, Olivia quietly climbs into bed and does not say a word. The room is dark, as all the curtains are shut, blocking any means of light from seeping in. Caroline grabs my hand and leads me out before closing the door. “She’s been depressed lately. All she does is go to training and drift around the house. The last time I saw her somewhat excited was when we all went out into the woods when you first got here. I have clearly realized that she was faking it, though.”

I lean back against the wall with my arms crossed. “Her mate is out there somewhere; maybe we can help her find him. Surely once she experiences the mate bond, and how it makes you feel, Eric will be the last thing on her mind.”

“What are we supposed to do, go out looking for him?”

I shake my head. “But maybe we can invite nearby packs over for a sort of, celebration. It could be possible that her mate is closer than you think.”

“Invite other packs onto our land? Have you met my brother, you know, the guy who attacked your pack for more land?” She says dramatically. “There is no way he’s gonna let other Alphas walk on in for a party. What is there to celebrate anyways?”

“Um, well, we can celebrate your birthday?”

She shakes her head, no. “My birthdays in June, but my Dads birthday is coming up. Though I doubt he’ll let us throw a party.”

“Why not? He was an Alpha, he has Alpha blood, that’s a pretty significant birthday,” I try and convince her.

Caroline frowns. “My Dad hates celebrating himself.”

"Then he doesn't have to know. It can be a surprise. If things go downhill, you can say it was all my idea."

"I don't know Isabella."

"We need to help Olivia; she deserves someone that she can actually be with." I grab her hands and sway them back and forth.

"Olivia literally just strangled you, how can you want to help her?"

I drop her hands and my shoulders. "I can't have Olivia here trying to hurt me all the time, and I hate to admit it, but hearing her talk about how she loves him makes me want to strangle her right back."

Caroline becomes visibly amused. "I guess you're right. I'll try and talk to my mom about it."

"Dang, I just had lunch with her yesterday. If only I came up with this idea sooner," I murmur and Caroline leads me downstairs. "I better get back at try to cover this up," I motion to the red marks on my neck.

"What if it leaves a bruise?"

"I don't know. I don't want Eric to think that I'm some weak, damsel, though. Ever since I came here, I cannot stop getting hurt."

Caroline nods. "Well, both of your injuries were caused by Olivia."

Together, we leave her house and walk over to the pack house. By now it must be five in the morning, as the moon is beginning to exit the sky. "That is true, which is why we have to come up with another excuse for these marks."

We both get inside, and I shut the door behind us. Caroline crashes down on one of the couches and tosses her legs up before reaching for the throw blanket. "I barely slept because of all this drama. Wake me up around ten."

I roll my eyes playfully while picking up the notebook I wrote my letter on, only to see that it is gone. Immediately, my heart hurtles out of my chest like it is aiming for first prize. Looking up, I spot Marina sitting at the counter in the kitchen. She is sipping on a cup of coffee with a magazine in her other hand.

Surprised, I hurry over to her. "Marina? What are you doing here?"

"Sometimes I come around five-thirty." She tells me calmly, not matching my current mood at all. "Also, I found this letter by the phone." Her finger points to a piece of paper resting on the counter top beside her.

I swiftly snatch it and throw my head back when I notice it is mine. "Thank goddess," I mumble and crumble up the note.

"So, where are you going?"

"Nowhere anymore."

Marina glances up at me but stops briskly. "And what happened to you?"

"I-I, uh, fell?"

She sets down the mug and her magazine at once. "You'll need a better excuse. You're not as bright in the morning."

My brows furrow together. "And you're not as sweet."

She smiles at me while standing up. "Can I make you anything? Coffee? Food? Tell me no one hurt you."

"No thank you, and no, no one hurt me," I tell her. "It was an accident."

"It's going to bruise. Just make sure you tell Eric before he notices it himself."

I happily take her advice, remembering how he saw my scratches first last time. After letting Marina know that I am going back to bed, I take my bag upstairs and put it back into the spare room. As I near the bedroom door, my palms get a little sweaty.

Olivia will find her mate, Eric will not be worried, and everything is going to be alright, I repeat to myself as I turn the handle and slide open the door.