

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 15

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 15-My eyes wave open and closed, as they are still sticky from my nap. Rubbing my knuckles into them, I sit up and tame my hair with my hands. Wondering the time, my eyes turn to the clock, I have been asleep for four hours. I wonder if Caroline is still here.

I slowly climb out of bed and wander down the hallway until I hear chattering. My ears perk up, and I zip down the staircase and into the kitchen.

Marina and Caroline are both in the room, Caroline eating of course. "Look who's up," she lightly cheers and pulls out the stool beside her for my to sit. Marina smiles and places a plate in front of me.

"I supposed you told him the truth?" She questions, knowing the answer.

"Yes, I did. I find I rather difficult to tell fibs to Eric as if the mated side of me thinks it is against the law."

Caroline sighs then takes another bite of her omelet. "I wish I had a mate. Even though my brother makes me want to chuck things at him, you guys are kind of adorable in a we-aren't-going-to-k!ss-until-we're-eighty kind of way."

Dropping my fork, I look to her. "What is that supposed to mean?" I smile, amused.

"I dunno," she mutters, abandoning the subject. "All I'm saying is that I want a mate too."

Marina cuts in, "Don't you worry Caroline, your mate is out there somewhere. You'll find him eventually."

"That sounds promising," I add on. "But we need to focus on the search for Olivia's mate right now; you know before she strangles me again."

Marina pauses and gives us a weird look. "When I was a young girl looking for my mate, my father sent me off on a trip with my sisters. We would visit every pack until each of us found our mate."

"Did it take long?"

"I found my mate at the seventh pack, but my younger sister, a sweet girl who just turned eighteen, discovered that her mate was killed, as on our trip she felt an extreme longing in her heart and she could not stop crying. Us older girls did not know what was happening, so at the end of our trip, when she came up empty handed, our mother told her what she was feeling was death. She never found out who he was or how he died."

With a sorrowful expression on my face, I peer at Caroline, who is on the brink of tears. "What if my mate dies!"

Marina places her arm around her shoulder. "I'm sure that will not happen to you. It is an unusual occurrence now, yet back then, when multiple packs held tension between each other, many people died during attacks and battles."

I feel as if my heart has slowed down. A new fear has now been established in my head, lovely. "Well, I now feel depressed."

"I didn't think you girls would worry so much," Marina ponders and goes back to cleaning up from breakfast.

Caroline looks to me. "What if Olivia's mate is dead? What if she's feeling death?"

Before I can answer Marina shoos us outside. "Stop thinking about death and go live. You," she points at me, "be with your mate, and you," she points to Caroline, "you'll find your mate. No one is going to die." With that she closes the front door, leaving us standing in the breeze alone.

"Well, now what?" Caroline asks, and I shrug.

"You can show me where the training grounds are?"

She nods and motions in one direction before leading me on. We walk together in the morning dew, both thinking hard about something. Caroline, maybe her mate, and me, well, finding Olivia, her mate. He cannot be dead. Caroline just said that to say it. Right?

"So how did Eric reach to the marks?" She glances at me as we slowly make our way hopefully to the grounds.

"Well, at first he thought he did it—which was strange—but when I told him that..."

Caroline cuts in, "Wait, Eric thought he caused the marks?"

I nod. "Yeah. Is there a reason why, because as of now I am out of ideas." She peers away from me, avoiding my questioning eyes. "What is it?"

"It's just, Eric—I don't know if I should talk about it."

I stop walking and grab her arm, forcing her to stop also. "Is it bad? Goddess, I feel so in the dark. First his issues with his dad and now..."

"He told you about his fight with our dad?" She asks, expecting me to say yes, but I shake my head rather quickly.

My voice is stern. "What fight?"

She hesitates. "Back before Eric was Alpha, he and my dad didn't agree on most things, one being the choices he was making. My dad was basing some of his decisions off what my mother was telling him, as she believes she has some connection to the moon goddess, which she can hear her or something. It's confusing, but my dad believes in it also. Whenever my mother told him about a warning from the moon goddess, he would take action on it."

"Wow," I breathe out. "So Evangeline is psychic or something?"

"I don't know."

"Well do you believe it? That she can communicate with her somehow?"

Caroline shrugs. "I just keep out of it, but Eric, he thinks it's a bunch of superstition and such. So he eventually got tired of our dad's decisions and fought him."

Completely blown away, I take a deep breath and try to register all the new information. "And how does this connect with him thinking that he hurt me?"

"I can't say for sure, but after their fight, he was having night terrors about him hurting our dad. Sometimes Eric would wake up thinking that he had hurt one of us, and maybe that happened with you, except this time he saw your injury, which might have made it all more real."

Throwing my head back I mutter, "I told him that I would wait to hear it from him, but if it affects him this much... Thanks for telling me. He may be upset that I know, but I want to help him. I hate it that Eric thought he hurt me. I saw it in his eyes, and it-it killed me."

Caroline nods. "Do you still want to go?"

"Yes," I tell her. "I don't know if he has time, but if he does, I want to talk to him about this."

The two of us rush down the path until we come up to an open field cluttered with pack members, people I have never seen before. In my old pack I did not know everyone, but here I feel terribly lost. Caroline grabs my hand and pulls me towards the groups.

"Where are we going?" I ask, feeling intimidated by the many strangers. They must not know I am their Luna yet.

"Eric is over here; he's with Heath."

"Heath?" I question.

"His Beta."

She continues to tug me along until I spot what she is rushing towards—Eric, and who I am guessing is Heath, talking to a small group of pack members, possibly guards. Immediately I recognize Heath; he is the guy that was yelling at Landon to get rid of me during the attack. Then I spot the weasel himself, Landon.

My eyes harden.

“Eric,” Caroline calls out, catching his attention just as I slip from her loose grasp.

“You!” I call out and stomp my way over to the kidnapping, sister losing, arm-yanking, swine. “I’m going to kill you.”

I hear Caroline rushing to me, and I barely notice Eric make a sudden move from the corner of my eye, but I do not care. Landon will feel pain.

Landon steps out of the crowd. “Look who it is,” he smirks, not taking me seriously one bit.

Before anyone can stop me, I dash at him. He flinches when I lunge then tackle him to the ground. We both land with a hard thud, but my energy and strive is not lost. “You almost got my sister killed!” I shout as I repeatedly pound my fist at him, landing wherever I can muster. “Slime-ball! You liked the way I look, huh? How about now!”

I suddenly feel Eric’s arms wrap around my waist, ready to yank me off. “Stop!” I yell. “Don’t you dare take me off him. He will feel how I felt—how my sister felt when you forced me to leave her with wolves!”

He pulls me up, and I try to wiggle out of his hold. “Calm down Isabella,” Eric tells me as I continue to resist, frustration causing my face to heat up. “Calm down.”

“No, I will not calm down!” I shout. “He deserves this! He treated my sister like dirt and me like—like he owned me like he could drag me around as if I’m his whatever!” I turn to him as he is still laying on the ground. “Are you going to silence me now?”

Eric lets go of me, and I feel Caroline gently pull me back. “You treated her like that?” He stares down intensely at him. “What I witnessed was horrible enough, yet there is more? Maybe I let you off too easy.”

Landon’s face turns pale, matching the clouds floating above.

“Heath,” Eric says firmly, “Deal with him.”

I watch Heath yank him up until Eric steps in my view. “I hate that guy,” I murmur. “I’m sorry for acting out, but I just want to hit him over and over again.”

“Yeah.” Caroline scoots closer to me. “You kinda did.”

