

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 16

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 16-“Yeah.” Caroline scoots closer to me. “You kinda did.”

Eric sighs and runs a hand through his hair, then looks to me. “You’re alright?”

“Alright? She’s the one that just tackled him to the ground,” Caroline dramatically motions to me, though I am right beside her. “You literally charged at him like a bull.”

I shrug. “I just got infuriated, really quickly. He deserved it.”

“Hell yeah he did,” she chuckles.

“Alright,” Eric grabs our attention. “Besides attacking Landon, did you two need anything?”

“Isabella just asked me to show her where the training grounds were, but I know the reason now.” She smirks at me, and I swiftly take Eric’s attention away from her, already feeling my cheeks warm up.

“I just wanted to learn where everything is,” I lie. I can lie as much as I want, but the look on Eric’s face tells me that he knows why too. Thankfully, he does not call me out on wanting to see him. If that happened, I do not know what color my face would turn, but it would be something beyond the brightest shade of red. “I remembered that you said you were going to be here, and I wanted to talk, I mean, if you have the time.”

“I have time.”

I do not know if he expected me to start talking, but I turned to Caroline who is still standing with us. Apparently, she did not catch the hint. Awkwardly, I clear my throat, and her face is smeared with realization. “You want me to go?”

I nod, and my eyes practically push her away. Once she is far enough, they focus back on Eric who seems to be rather amused. “Okay, what did you want to talk about?” He asks me smoothly, his voice sending chills down my spine.

“It’s actually about your father—”

“It’s still on your mind?”

“Well, Caroline did tell me a few things,” I murmur, worried about how he may react. What if he thinks I went behind his back? Did I?

“Caroline,” he ponders. “Couldn’t wait until I’m on my deathbed?”

I sigh. "I had to know why you thought you were the one who did this," I motion to the bruises. "I didn't know it was linked to your father."

He nods and briefly clenches his jaw.

"Eric I, I was worried about you," I say truthfully. "I feel so in the dark, and if this issue comes between us—which it has—then I want to solve it now."

He shakes his head at a leisurely pace. "It's not that simple."

"I know that you two fought because of the decisions your father was making based on your mother. I'm not going to push my way into your family problems, but I don't want this problem to become an obstacle for us, a-as mates. And if you have nightmares or whatever about hurting me—"

"I do not have nightmares about hurting you," he says bluntly, and I try to maneuver the fact into my web as if I am a detective trying to piece this all together.

"Then tell me, why did you think you caused the marks?"

He crosses his arms. "You know about the fight, well, sometime during it I got on top of him and began to choke him out of instinct. Voices were yelling at me, but I couldn't hear them anymore, everything around me shut off as I stared down at him. My hands just kept squeezing tighter as I saw the pleading in his eyes, I thought I was going to kill him."

I stand silently, without an urge to speak.

"Eventually someone pulled me off, but the image of his face and my hands were sealed in my head. That moment was the reason for my reaction to your marks because I thought somehow I did to you as I did to him." He pauses. "I would never hurt you, Isabella. I could never hurt you, and I need you to know that."

My hands fall helplessly to my sides, and I am sure my mouth is hanging slightly open.

Eric was hurting, and I caused him to hurt again. If I did not run into the woods like an impulsive moron, then Olivia would not have followed me, she would not have hurt me, and Eric wouldn't be reminded of his past. "I didn't mean to bring up the past, remind you of that event," I mumble. "But, thank you for telling me, and with Caroline, I didn't mean to dig."

"I understand, you were not wrong to question," he tells me calmly.

I glance back at Caroline, who is now talking with Heath. I wonder where Landon went. "Eric," I say rather confidently. "I don't want any more secrets to be kept between us. You don't have to explain them all now, but I would like to know if others exist."

He looks at me, interested. "So, you're going to tell me all your secrets also?"

My eyes trickle down. I did not think too much about that part, though, I do not have any secrets.

Do I?

"I suppose so, but I don't have many secrets."

His gaze focuses harder on me as if he is slowly moving closer. "I think you do, and I cannot wait to hear about them."

"Are you taunting me?"

He shakes his head, no. "Maybe every night, you can tell me something that no one else knows about you."

"I'm an open book," I say back with a hint of courage.

"I'm sure deep down there is something that you do not want anyone else to know."

I swallow, feeling nervous under his powerful trance. "It must be deep down there then."

Before another word can be spoken, Caroline calls and waves for us to come over. I look to Eric one last time before turning and heading towards her, yet I do fight myself not to look back. I am not sure what happened back there, or what caused my sudden urge to bicker playfully, but that part of me was someone I have never met. I have never talked to a guy like that. Then again, I have never talked to many guys at all. All my years I have been too caught up with Kendra, my mother, and my father's death to focus on boys.

"So, how was your talk?" She asks me, and I b.rawl myself not to glance at Eric, who is now standing beside me.

"It was quite lovely," Eric says then looks to Heath. "Back to work we go, but," he suddenly places his fingers under my chin then gently moves my eyes to meet his, "I will see you tonight."

My cheeks flare up in a fiery wave of red as I peer at the staring eyes around us. Immediately I slap his hand away, which only amuses him more. "We're leaving." I latch onto Caroline and head off in the direct we came.

"What was that about?" She questions, incredibly interested and entertained.

"Never mind that," I mutter. "Let's go see Olivia, make sure she's still at home."

“Oh come on, you’re not going to explain to me in great detail? Did you k!ss?”

“No.”

“Are you going to k!ss?”

“You know, most sisters wouldn’t want to hear about this.”

She shrugs. “I don’t, I just like making you uncomfortable.”

“You, and everyone else,” she adds on, and I roll my eyes.