

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 17

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 17-Walking up to Caroline and Olivia's house, the two of us get inside as I try to remove the pass situation from my memory. Did he romantically lift my chin up to embarrass me in front of the pack, because that is sure how I feel. I cannot deny that at first, my heart did beat hard enough that I could hear the pounding in my ears, but it was not a serious act. Eric was only messing with me.

I never pictured my future being filled with the perfect mate and perfect family, I have never been that type of girl, the girl who strolls through her life where everything falls perfectly into place. That dream ended when a guard came knocking on our door, telling us that daddy had died. I still remember my mother's intense sobbing and cries as if it happened yesterday. That night I held onto Kendra for dear life.

"You okay?" Caroline asks me as we reach the top of the stairs.

"Yeah, everything is fine."

She scans over my face, analyzing my expression. "Don't tell me you're still embarrassed. It was just a little joke."

I immediately disagree. "I'm not embarrassed, and it was not a funny joke. It may have been funny to everyone else, b-but—"

"But what?" She asks bluntly, not fazed by my failure to defend myself. "Relax Isabella; no one suddenly looks down on you now. I'm sure most of the girls watching were wishing they were in your position, which is very weird for me to say about my own brother."

"But I don't want that; I could care less about girls being jealous or people looking down on me."

"Then what's the problem?" Caroline questions, probably confused, but not as much as I am.

I do have a secret, don't I? Maybe it does not fit the definition of a secret, but I do not know what else to call it, maybe an insecurity. It began when my father died when my mother fell into depression. Every day I saw how upset she was, how helpless she looked with the darkness and emptiness in her eyes. Our family was broken. Kendra refused to go to school, and I had to walk her every day as she threw fits. She barely slept for the first few weeks after, saying that she could not stop thinking about daddy. I went to school, came home, cared for Kendra and my mother, then went to bed. Someone had to be strong.

"You're right; it's not a big deal. Let's just deal with Olivia. Did you talk to Evangeline about the party?"

"I did, and she thinks it is a great idea, though she also said my dad and Eric would have a hard time agreeing. That's okay, though, you can talk to Eric and..." Her voice faded from my mind.

My eyes stay fixed on the corner of the crown molding bordering the floor.

The girls at school, well what we called school, knew that my father had passed. Most of them were kind and understood why I might be acting differently, but one girl, the Alphas daughter, was not so compassionate. I remember it as clear as day.

I had walked into the room and took my spot beside her; we were only twelve years old. The girl, Talia, turned to me and told me that she heard the news. I did not answer, as I did not like talking to her. She was mean to me, almost like a bully, but I am not one to complain about the mean kids at school. The past is the past, and I hope she is happy now, but it is what she said that particular day. Talia did not care that my father died, admitting that she knew about the death was as far as it went. At my lowest, she told me that mates are not for girls like me, that I will never have anything as such.

"It's okay Isabella. Some girls just don't get mates. You could always be a maid for me when I find my mate; you can clean our house. No guy will ever need you, so you can watch your little sister and your mom forever."

It did not stop there. The rest of the day she taunted me, making me believe that no boy will ever want to be with me, that the moon goddess did not grant me a mate, even that boys only wanted to be with girls like her, an Alphas daughter.

I have not thought about that day in years.

"Isabella," I hear Caroline calling softly. "Are you there?"

Snapping my head up, I brush my hair from my face. "Sorry, I just blanked."

"No kidding." She pushes open the door and inside, in the blackness, we see Olivia laying on her bed. Light seeps through the cracks not covered by curtains, exposing the tiny particles dancing in the air. "I think she's sleeping."

After that day at school, I ran home and locked myself in my bedroom, forgetting about Kendra who had stayed home and my mother who was laying on the couch downstairs. I climbed into my bed and flung the covers over my head, keeping myself hidden from the empty room. Tears sprung from my eyes, and I tried to be as quiet as possible, not wanting my family to hear. I never cried in front of them.

The toxic thoughts swam in my head: I do not get a mate, no one wants to be my mate, and even that I would be a virgin forever, which is a silly thing to cry about at the age of twelve. No matter how silly it was, I believed it until the thoughts faded as years past.

“Should we wake her?” I ask Caroline, and she shakes her head.

“I’ll make her food, and we’ll wait for her to wake up.”

Obviously I found my mate, which proved Talia wrong, though I was not thinking about it at the time. I am sure she has found her mate already, not thinking about the trouble she caused for me. I would never have thought that those torments would come back to haunt me.

I follow Caroline into the kitchen, and I offer to help with the food, but she only tells me to go rest in the living room. Sighing, I walk my way over and sit down on the couch.

Eric lifted my chin up to amuse himself, because why would any guy want me, right? That is what Talia would want me to believe. Damn twelve-year-old Isabella for taking her punches.

“Why do I believe it then,” I whisper to myself while looking down at my hands as the rest on my lap. “It’s not true. It’s not true.”

I take a deep breath just as I see tears forming in my eyes.

Why am I like this? What she said was not true, I know that! I am not a gullible little girl anymore, I know her words held no truth, they were only said to hurt me. Eric wants me; I am his mate, of course, he wants me. I love life, and everything is perfect, if I think of the good, then I will not hate life. I do not hate my life. I am a wanted, needed, and desired young woman who has a mate and who will kiss, touch, and love him. Eric wants me.

Taking deep breaths, I try to calm down, but a tear manages to slip through, only infuriating me more.

“Stop it, Isabella,” I harshly scold myself and swipe the traitor from my cheek. “Stop it.”

“I’m almost done,” Caroline calls to me from the kitchen. “I’ll just put the food in the fridge.”

Grabbing my hair off my neck, I let the air brush against it in an attempt to cool down. Why do I have to get myself worked up for no reason? “Alright, I might go pack to the pack house to shower if that’s alright. Just call if anything happens, and I’ll be over right away.”

Her head pokes out, letting me see her face. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I could use a shower.”

She smiles. "Okay, and talk to Eric if you can about the party. He'll hopefully be easier to convince than my dad."

I nod. Once I am outside, I close my eyes and let the breeze float past me. "All I needed was some fresh air," I tell myself. "I'm going to shower, and then all these stupid thoughts will be gone."

Quickly, I head off in the direction of home.