

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 18

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 18-Water pours down in thousands of warm drops; they drop by my side as I lean against the cool tiled wall. The steamy waters sensations make my surroundings look like a foggy illusion, almost thick enough to the point where it is hard to breathe. My knees threaten to buckle.

My hair sticks to my face and neck like wet clothing as my hands glide down my cheeks. "Everything is alright," I mumble to myself. "She was just a mean little girl who wanted to hurt you because she was hurting herself."

After working the conditioner into my hair and letting it soak in, I step under the current, letting it massage my scalp and upper back. "You're a caring, pretty, and lovable girl; you have a mate, you are not alone."

"Isabella?"

My eyes shoot open, but they do not see much through the steam. It is Eric. "Yes?" I hesitantly yell back.

"Are you alright? Caroline said you were not feeling well."

Damn. "I'm fine." My cheeks warm up in remembrance of his actions; the soft touch, the romantic gesture, but it was all for his own amusement. Does he like making me feel wanted, only to reject the idea later? Is this a game, and am I the pawn?

No Isabella, that is Talia talking.

"Alright, I'll be downstairs," he tells me before for, I assume, leaving the room.

After a few more minutes in the shower, I cut off the water and wrap myself in one of the many towels. The mirror is clouded over, not letting me see an inch of my reflection, but only blurs.

Thinking that Eric is downstairs, I swing the bathroom door open wide to let the steam air out. I return to the counter with the towel secured around my body, covering all that should be covered. The mirror begins to clear at the edges, and I decide to grab my clothes as I wait.

Heading across the hall, I briefly enter the guest room and the closet to grab my pajamas, as I feel like staying home for the rest of the day—unless Caroline calls. With my things in hand, I mindlessly step out and close the door behind me before walking back to the bedroom.

Just as I slip back in, I jump, and my heart suffers a minor attack at the sight of Eric standing in the center of the room. Breathing heavily, I try to calm the racing beats. "You scared me," I murmur and lean against the wall.

Coming back to reality, I notice him staring at me harshly. "What is it?" I ask.

Confused, I glance down and notice my clothes, the towel, my red skin... A strong, short gasp floods my lungs, and my face flushes. My arms wrap around my chest, holding onto the towel for dear life as if there are now tiny elves yanking it down. Swiftly, I sprint into the bathroom and shut the door in the blink of an eye. "Why," I mumble and throw my head against the door. Not only have I managed to embarrass myself twice today, but the second included revealing plenty of my body to Eric.

I slide down the door and hit the bathroom floor. Tears threaten to spray from my eyes like a cartoon character.

"Isabella," Eric calls from the other side. "That was my fault; I came back upstairs to tell you that Kendra called."

I swallow and toss my clothes to the side as one tear streams down my cheek, then another, then another. "Why are you such a mess?" I whisper. "She got in my head. I let her in."

"I'm sorry Isabella, do you need me to leave the bedroom?"

I bite my lip, trying to sound okay, "No, I'll be out in a second."

I stand up and remove the towel, avoiding my reflection, before quickly putting on my pajamas. As soon as I am finished, I fan my eyes then walk out the door. Eric is sitting on the bed, and I catch his attention. "It's okay, no big deal," I tell him, not letting him speak before I do.

His eyes focus in on me. "You were crying."

I shake my head. "It's just from the shower; I'm really fine."

"What's bothering you, Isabella?" Eric asks carefully, not coming on too abruptly.

Taken back, I bite on the inside of my cheek. "Nothing is bothering me, I'm just...tired, so I think I'm going to go to bed early."

I walk over to my side of the bed and pull back the covers. Eric is still sat on the end, but he turns to look at me. "How about you tell me a secret then."

With my legs under the blankets, I lean against the headboard. "You were serious about that?" I ask, still trying to play as my 'okay' persona.

“Very,” he comes up and sits down beside me.

My palms turn clammy and my anxiety skyrockets from our closeness. “I-I told you I was an open book.” Eric gives me a certain look, almost telling me that he knows I am lying. Not knowing what to say, I try to turn the pressure on him. “How about you go first, so I have time to think of one.”

He nods, not showing any signs of a struggle. “Something that you don’t know,” he says lightly. “How about that I know what I did today made you upset, but I cannot figure out why.”

My cheeks are invaded by a fearsome rosy, pink. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I lie again, not wanting to dive into my insecurity.

“Isabella, tell me why it made you upset.”

My lip quivers, I am out of phrases to dodge his questioning. “How about... I’ll tell you before I die,” I mumble, annoyed by the weakness in my voice. I am now vulnerable.

Eric takes my hands and holds them between his, causing me to let out a short laugh, almost cursing myself. I sniffle, praying to the moon goddess that I do not break down in front of Eric like a child. “It’s stupid, foolish actually, and I do not know how to explain myself without embarrassing myself again.”

“I don’t care if it’s stupid,” he tells me, using my own word, “Though, I find it hard to believe that any of your worries are caused by something unworthy.”

I smile in my pit of traumatization. “Something for my past has come back to bite me today, and I don’t know why I let it get to me. I’m always the strong person.”

Eric sighs and wraps his arm around me, almost hypnotizing me to lean in. “How about, I’ll be the strong person tonight.”

I nod. “It happened back when I was twelve, this is already ridiculous but, there was a girl who wasn’t the kindest person. After my father died, one day she just got to me, and what she said—somehow her words surfaced today. It was silly things like; the moon goddess didn’t give you a mate,” I pause, finding it hard to share. “Nobody will ever want you,” my voice grows quiet with each word, “and that since no one will need me, I can take care of my mother and sister forever.”

Eric pulls. Me in closer and my head falls against his chest. “Isabella, you know none of that is true.” His voice is soothing.

“I know, or at least I thought I knew,” I mumble while continuously wiping premature tears. “I told you it was stupid.”

“Stupid? No, but it is not worth your time. We could be kissing instead.”

I jab him playfully and sit up. “Stop taunting me.”

When I glance back, I notice his gorgeous face even more than before, which I didn't think was possible. The light stubble of facial hair makes me want to hide my blushing cheeks. “You're telling me that you don't want to kiss me?” He asks, going along with whatever is happening here.

With pink cheeks, I quickly look away. “No,” I lie, knowing that if he saw my eyes and smile, he could easily point out my fib. “I don't.”

“Will you at least let me kiss your cheek?” Eric's hand softly brushes against the spot he is asking for, making my chest grow tight.

“Just one?” I ask, still looking away.

“Just one.”

Glancing back, I say, “Well, I suppose that would be alright.”

Eric comes up and gently presses his perfect lips against my skin, making tingles spread like rings fanning out in water. “One more?”

My eyes meet his. “You said—”

Eric's lips brush mine, a slow, light action that already has me hooked. A comforting warmth engulfs my body, spreading from limb to limb like wildfire. His sweet lips move delicately with my own, the caress of his lips softer than I could have imagined. It is over too soon as he drifts away. “Now was that so difficult?” Eric murmurs as I try to register what just occurred.