

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 21

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 21-“I brought your dress,” Caroline tells me as she comes through the bedroom door with many things piled in her arms. I quickly grab some before items go tumbling to the floor.

“What’s all this?” I ask.

“I thought we could get ready together, you know since this entire party was our idea,” Caroline explains and lifts up the dress for me to see. “Don’t you love it?”

The dress is entirely black with an off the shoulder neckline and thick straps. It hugs my body all the way down, exposing every dip and curve with a small, elegant flare at the bottom. Gazing in the mirror, I call to Caroline from the bathroom. “It is very exposing on the top.”

“Not too much,” she calls back. “Come out; I want to see!”

“Is Eric there?”

“No, now hurry up!”

I hesitantly twist the door handle and push it open. Caroline glances at me and cheers. “I knew it would look fantastic on you!”

“I don’t know; it is a little too much.”

“Too much?” She gapes, “you look like you’re the queen of the world.”

“Okay, only because I don’t want to change and have to make another decision. What are you wearing?”

“A white dress, it’s appropriate and what not,” she waves me off. “Want me to do your hair?”

I pick up a strand and shrug. “I was just going to keep it down.”

“Okay, at least let me curl the ends some more or give it more volume on top,” she suggests, and I give up, letting her do as she pleases. It is not like this night is about me, it is about Eric’s father and Olivia finding her mate, that is all that matters.

Once the both of us are finished, we head to the ballroom to make sure everything is in place. Caroline yells at a few people, and I trail behind her, enjoying all her hard work. She truly transformed the room into something work celebrating in. “I told you that the desert table goes after the hot appetizers,” she dramatically throws her hands up in the air. “People are going to start arriving any minute!”

She pulls me towards the entrance. "Okay, we're going to happily greet people as they come in."

I nod, following her orders so I do not get scolded also. She fixes my hair then straightens her dress. "You know, I'm not very good with strangers," I admit, feeling my anxiety rise in my stomach.

"It's okay, worst comes to worst, just stand there and look inviting—well the cleavage kinda does that already," she jokes, and I blush, quickly covering my chest.

"You said it wasn't that bad!"

Before Caroline can answer, she is distracted by the first guest, a couple from a pack out west. He is a Beta, and she takes care of the children, schooling them and what not. I watch Caroline in awe as she so quickly welcomes people inside and converses.

"Where is Eric?" I ask her quietly, and she motions into the party. "He passed us?"

"No, I'm sure he went through a back door, just go look for him, I'll be fine up here."

I nod and venture out into the crowd. Everyone looks so lovely, and I find myself walking slower to admire the fantastic dresses many of the women have on. They all look classy and elegant while I feel like a bimbo with my cleavage out, but maybe Caroline was right, maybe it is not as bad as I think.

"Isabella?"

I turn to the side and spot Eric standing with two other men. My jaw must have dropped a few inches because seeing him in a suit is making me all hot and bothered. While smiling, I hurry over. "I was looking for you," I tell him and he excuses us from the group.

Confused, I follow him as he leads us off to the side. "Your dress, it's very—revealing," he says to me, and I curse at Caroline mentally.

"I knew it! Caroline told me it was okay, and I knew it was too much, but I listened to her anyways."

Eric's eyes continuously drift down, and I slap his shoulder. "Sorry, it's just terribly distracting, yet wonderful."

With red cheeks, I struggle. "What do I do? Should I go change?"

"Well, can you pull it up?"

I grip the dress and try to shimmy it up further. "Help me," I mutter, and Eric grabs on also, almost lifting me off the ground.

"Isabella? Is that you?" A strangely familiar voice hits me, and Eric let's go of the dress

Glancing behind me, I almost have a minor heart attack. It cannot be. "Talia?" I question with wide eyes.

A giant smile overcomes her face, and she rushes over, dragging a man with her. "I thought it was you!"

I frantically search for Eric's hand, and when I find it, I squeeze him tightly. "Talia, it has been so long."

The man beside her looks rather miserable, but Talia attention is stuck on Eric. "Alpha Tate," she breathes out. "You know my old friend Isabella?"

Eric sighs then smiles charmingly. "Why, yes I do, very much."

"How surprising."

My eyes narrow in on her. "Who's this?" I ask, motioning to the man.

"Oh, this is my mate, Brandon, he's third in command for Alpha Richards," she explains. "We meant two years ago. Still haven't found your mate, huh Isabella?"

"Actually," Eric begins, but I cut him off.

"Hopefully someday soon," I lie. "I'll be waiting, though." Eric peers down at me, and I squeeze his hand. "We have to go help with the party, but you two enjoy yourselves."

Talia smiles a wicked smile, something fake, and I tug Eric away and around a corner which leads to a hallway. I take a deep breath and lean against the wall.

"You didn't want to tell her we're mates?" Eric asks and comes up beside me.

"No, you're not something to make her jealous, I care about you enough to know that," I tell him. "Now help me with this dress."

He nods and grabs ahold of me again. Just as I notice the dress starting to cover more, a gut-wrenching tearing noise blares in my ears. My eyes bulge from my head. "Don't tell me..."

"It's ripped," he mutters and let's go. "You have to put on something else; the tear is right under your chest."

I throw my head back. "I told Caroline that I would be here to help her with Olivia."

"I'll come with you," Eric says. "We can go back to Carolines and find something else."

I shake my head. "You don't have to come with me."

"I want to."

Eric leads me down the hallway to the backdoor, and together we walk back to Carolines. Crickets chirp in the distance and Eric surprisingly links his arm with mine, as if he is escorting me somewhere. I look up at him, and he shrugs. "Did you see your dad?" I ask, wondering if he is enjoying the party.

"I did, my mother is pulling him around to thank everyone for coming," Eric tells me with a small smile. "I think he is dealing with his current situation rather well."

"I feel bad for leaving Caroline."

Eric assures me, "Caroline enjoys public events, she'll be fine."

"You know, I did not tell you how handsome you look yet," I smile as we walk up to the front door. "Tuxedos suit you."

"Why thank you, Isabella, comments do not mean much unless they are coming from you," he takes my hand and leads me upstairs, acting as a fine sir from a time before ours. I laugh as he dramatically opens the door for me.

"She won't mind, right?" I ponder as I peek in her closet. I locate the dresses and sift through them. "Caroline sure has a lot of clothes," I call back to Eric.

When I do not hear him answer, I look out to find him sitting on the edge of her bed with a picture frame in his hands. "Eric?"

He gazes up at me. "Sorry, I didn't know Caroline had this picture of us." He holds it up for me to look at. It is the two of them when they were both very young, Caroline wearing a purple dress and Eric, only a toddler.

"You guys were adorable," I comment.

He sighs and places the picture back beside her bed. "Back then we got along, surprisingly."

Eric waits for me as I slip on one of the dresses I randomly chose from the bunch. It is long, silky, and red, but most of all, it covers my chest. I step out of the closet, which I utilized as a changing room, and Eric looks up at me. "Okay, we can go back."

He stands up and kisses my hand, making me laugh with a light blush kissing my cheeks. "No matter what you wear, you always tend to steal my attention."

"You are acting funny tonight."

I follow him downstairs. "I did have a few drinks." I roll my eyes, and we make our way back to the ballroom. "Isabella, though I may be slightly intoxicated, you do look lovely."

"Thank you," I say as I peer into his eyes. "But you need to stay away from the bar when we get back."

We sneak back inside thanks to the backdoor, but once we were part of the crowd again, I noticed that the mood has changed. Curious, I stop Heath when I catch him walking by. "Heath, what happened? Everyone is so calm and, well, dancing."

Many couples now cluttered the center of the room, swaying smoothly to the soothing music. "There you two are, Caroline, was looking for you everywhere."

Confused, I glance back at Eric. "What are you talking about?" He questions.

Heath explains. "Caroline found her mate and everyone was inspired by the romance."

Eric grabs onto me. "Caroline found her mate?"

Heath nods and a giant smile breaks out on my face. "This is unbelievable! Caroline, where is she?"

Before Heath can answer, Eric steps forward. "Where is he? The guy?"

I rest my hand on Eric's arm when I notice the stern look in his eyes.

## **Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 22**

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 22-"I have to find him," Eric tells me as I follow him out of the building. We could not find them inside, so Eric insisted on looking further.

"What if they want to be alone?"

He pauses briefly. "Then we have to hurry. I am not leaving my sister alone with some guy she just met."

I grab his shoulders and force him to look at me. "He is not just some guy, he is her mate."

He sighs.

"You're overreacting. Let's just go home, the party is almost over anyways, and you can relax," I suggest and he agrees after a few more tries.

Once in the bedroom, I sit on the bed and take off the heels that were causing my feet to ache. Eric slips off his suit jacket and loosens his tie. "Caroline is fine, she knows how to take care of herself," I assure him.

"I hope so," he mutters and tosses his tie to the side. "Aren't you going to change?"

"Yes, help me with the zipper?"

As Eric glides the zipper down, I feel his hand lightly brush my back, running down my spine. He suddenly turns me around and presses his lips firmly to mine. Surprised, I gasp, but my lips are soon under his control. Unlike our last few kisses, Eric spends less time on my mouth and more time working his way down my neck and collarbone, making my skin tingle and burn with pleasure. "Eric," I mutter while trying to focus on my words instead of his gentle kisses. "I have to change."

His eyes meet mine. "Then let me help you out of your clothes."

I reach up to his ear and whisper. "You're intoxicated." I then place a soft kiss on his jaw before slipping out of the room to fetch my clothes. I feel his eyes watching me.

In the guest room, I grab whatever clothes are suitable for sleeping and I quickly let Carolines dress pool at my feet. Once I am finished, I grab my brush and run it through my hair while striding to the window. The night sky always manages to amaze me, especially when in the forest.

"That sounds wonderful, but I can't leave," I hear Carolines voice in the distance. Intrigued, my eyes search below and I spot her hand and hand with a guy I have never seen before. Immediately, I step to the side and peek out.

"I have to find him," Eric tells me as I follow him out of the building. We could not find them inside, so Eric insisted on looking further.

"You don't want to come with me?"

"I do," she struggles. "But I have to finish up a few things here first."

My heart scolds me for eavesdropping, but my mind is too curious, my eyes will not look away.

"Alright, I have to help my Alpha with expansion plans, but I will visit you as much as I can," he tells her. The pair continue walking out of my view, and I lean as far as I can but soon they are gone.

That must be Carolines mate.

I hold my hairbrush to my chest and smile. They already look like a perfect couple.

“Isabella?” I hear Eric call. “Are you alright?”

“Uh—yes!”

I hurry back to the bedroom after flicking off the light. Lipping through the door, I find Eric gazing out the window. “They’re out there.”

They must be walking around the house. “I know,” I catch his attention. “I saw them from the guest room. They’re sweet.”

Eric turns away from the window. “I don’t trust him.”

“How could you? He’s a stranger for now, but he won’t always be.”

Eric crashes onto the bed with a sigh and I turn off the light, leaving the moonlight to show me the way. “Talk to me,” he mutters. “Describe something.”

I gently take my place beside him. “What do you mean?”

“You always make the simplest things so intricate.”

I rest my head against my pillow and glance over to him. “Okay, well, the night. The sky floats above like a inky mixture of endless possibilities. Millions upon millions of stars—like a artist took white paint and splattered them relentlessly at a black canvas. Each one could hold different words, and they all drift above in an array of lights, shining and dancing, triggering emotions. The moon, silver and sliced, casts its unearthly glow down on us like a spotlight on a stage. You feel as if your life is the main act, but it is not, it is part of exhibition, and we all must sing, play, perform as one to truly amaze the crowd. Their applause, grand and awarding, will be the last sound you hear before you too, glide up and join the stars, join their swaying.”

“Isabella,” Eric calls and tugs my eyes away from the window. Ours meet and I take in a breath of air. “You’re unearthly, like an angel sent down to bewitch me. I cannot perform without your wise, clever, sharp-witted mind, and your gorgeous face—eyes only emitting truth and love. You cannot be from a place so corrupt and savage. You come from somewhere heavenly, somewhere so beyond this place that my mind cannot wrap around the idea of it.”

His arms grip me firmly and hold my body against his. “You’re going to make me cry.”

“Why is that?” He asks, his voice deep, soft, and glossy.

“No one has ever described me, shown me what they truly believe,” I mumble.

He holds me tighter. “I could go on and on about your sweet lips.”

My face flushes and I let out a short laugh. “You won’t ever stop, will you?”

“Never,” he breathes out.

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“Isabella, he is perfect I swear,” Caroline gushes. “We talked for hours and hours.”

Evangeline comes into the room with a platter of snacks and takes a seat with us. “I am so happy for you my dear. I knew you deserved only the best.”

“Eric was looking for him, you know.”

Caroline rolls her eyes. “Please don’t tell me he’s trying to protect me.”

“He wants to make sure he is a good guy,” I explain. “I think it’s adorable.” Evangeline nods in agreement.

“Well, he’s not here. Lucas had to go back to his pack, but he will be visiting for a few days next week.”

“How can you stand to be away from him?” Her mother asks. “Especially since you just met.”

Caroline sighs. “It’s not easy, but I told him I had unfinished business here. I cannot leave you with Olivia.” She looks at me. “She is emotional because I found my mate, and she believes that she will never find him—”

“What is this deal with Olivia?” Evangeline interrupts. “Someone please explain to me what is going on.”

Caroline and I give each other the same look. “Well,” she begins, “It all started when we went climbing trees...”

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 23

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 23-“You have to go?” I ask him one last time.

“Just for a few days, three at the most.”

I nod. “Just be careful and don’t do anything crazy.”

Eric and Heath both toss their bags into the back of the car. “I feel like I should be telling you that,” he smiles and pulls me in for a hug. I breathe in his delicious scent.



I smile brightly. "Well, look at the time, you two don't want to be late." Eric places his hands on my shoulders after I try to rush him in the car. "I will miss you."

"Please," his tone turns serious, "be careful. When I come back, I do not want to see one scratch on you, okay?"

"Okay."

Eric's leans down and kisses me softly, sending my nerves into a frenzy. Heath hitting the car horn drives us apart, and we say our goodbyes fairly quickly, as Heath was continuously honking. Once the car takes off and disappears from my view, Caroline pokes her head out the front door. I rush up to her, and we get comfortable in the living room. "So, Eric and Heath, what exactly are they doing out at the Yurie Pack?"

"Just border control stuff. Eric has been caught up in rogue sightings along our north borders, so he is visiting them to learn if they have had any problems."

"And that takes three days?" I question.

"They will probably go out searching for any camps between our two packs," Caroline explains. "If there are camps, rogues could be stealing from us, sneaking past guards, and what not."

My mind wanders. What if they get into the house when we are sleeping? "That's unsettling."

"I wouldn't worry too much. Most of the time they are just strays looking for a pack to join."

"Most of the time?"

Caroline shrugs. "Some of them are bad, yes, but you have to attract those kinds of wolves."

"And how do you attract them?"

"Why? Are you planning something that I should know about?" Caroline jokes.

"No, I'm just curious."

She sighs and sits up straight. "Well, if you spend too much time in the unclaimed forest, you might just run into one or two of the bad ones. That is why Eric does not like us going off pack land."

Night time comes quickly, and Caroline agrees to sleepover with me, as I am too worried to be staying at the pack house alone. All the talk about rogues has crept under

my skin, making me a little paranoid. Caroline ended up passing out on the couch, and I covered her up with a blanket before heading upstairs. Sleeping in the bedroom alone was difficult, especially after getting used to Eric's company.

"You have to go?" I ask him one last time.

"Just for a few days, three at the most."

My mind would not stop conjuring up scenarios of Eric getting hurt or being in trouble. What if a rogue gets him? What if he stumbles into a problem while looking for camps? I was restless.

Somehow I managed to fall asleep, probably exhausting myself from all the scenarios, but now that it is morning, I feel more safe, secure. Nothing creepy happens during the daytime.

Leaning against the counter, I sip on my tea and gaze out the window. The forest always looks magical, morning, day, and night. There is something otherworldly about the thick tree trunks and branches that spurt out until they seem to touch the clouds. The leaves sway dreamily in the breeze, making soft rustling sounds, and my eyes roam down until they hit the forest floor. Even the ground holds so much life.

Sighing, I take another sip but pause when I notice something out of the ordinary.

Something black sulks stealthily in the brush. My eyes attempt to focus in on it, but it is not until the animal's piercing yellow eyes catch mine that my heart comes to a sudden halt. I gasp, and my mug shatters on the floor, spraying my feet with its shards.

The eyes seem to grow as the animal creeps closer and I begin to panic. It can see me—it has seen me.

"Caroline!" I shout and dash into the living room. She springs from the couch like the living-dead.

"What—what is it?"

"There is something out there, a wolf, its eyes," I inaudibly ramble. "It was watching me, it saw me!"

"Wait, what are you talking about, Isabella?" She asks, mentally desiring for me to speak slower.

"I saw a wolf, maybe a rogue out in the forest." She sighs and sits back down, confusing me. Why is she not freaking out?

"You're probably just paranoid because we were talking about it."

"I know what I saw," I defend myself. "It looked right at me."

She yawns and falls back onto her side. "You need more sleep. There are no rogues this close to the pack house."

I groan and leave her as she slowly falls back asleep. Somewhat annoyed, I nervously peek into the kitchen, but the eyes are gone. Curiously, my feet bring me inches from the glass, but no creature lurks in the brush. I place my hand on the window, not believing my eyes.

What if Caroline is right? What if I am just seeing things?

I glance down at the shattered mug and sigh before getting on my knees to clean it up. One by one, I pick up the shards and place them carefully in my palm. Soon enough they are all in the garbage, the place where I feel like my thoughts belong currently. What I saw could not have been my imagination.

Peering back at the forest, I dash to the window, my nose touching the glass. My heart races as I watch carefully.

There is another wolf, an Alpha wolf, as I can tell by their larger build. It cannot be Eric, his wolf is lighter in color, and he is at the Yurie pack, so it must be Sebastian, his father.

The wolf seamlessly joins the forest, and I find myself reaching for the back door.

Swiftly, I slip my way from tree to tree, staying far enough away from the wolf, so it does not catch onto my scent. Hopefully, no one catches me stalking the previous Alpha.

The wolf moves along, not stopping once. It must know where it is going; it must be on some sort of mission. So, I continue to follow the wolf until it escapes my view. I swallow and quietly search around, trying to locate it once again.

Maybe I should just go back. What am I getting out of this anyways?

Turning around to head back to the house, I sigh and look up, but when I do familiar eyes meet mine. Yellow, bright, gut-wrenching, they stare at me as I stand still. It is the wolf from before, the one who was lurking.

I take a sharp breath.

When its eyes do not leave me, I carefully step to the side, triggering it to move closer. Its canines flash at me as a low growl erupts from its throat. "I don't want any trouble," I move my hands up and back away.

The wolf growls again, and I begin to panic, feeling my palms grow clammy.

Before I can register the scene before me, a blur of darkness fly's past and pounces on the yellow-eyed beast. Swiftly, I move back and notice the attacker to be the Alpha wolf I followed, Sebastian hopefully.

My hands grip a nearby tree, the bark digging under my nails. The Alpha wolf looks to me, telling me to leave, so I do without hesitation. I sprint past the fighting pair and head for the pack house. Not bothering to look back, I trust that the Alpha wolf can handle the rogue, and I come crashing into the house. Once the backdoor is locked, I find myself searching through the trees with my eyes, searching for any sign of the Alpha wolf.

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 24

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 24-"Isabella, what are you doing?"

Turning around, I see Caroline standing in the doorway. "Oh, just enjoying the morning."

She rolls her eyes and takes a seat at the counter. "Marina should be here soon."

We relax until the doorbell rings. Thinking it is Marina, I hurry to answer it, but instead I see Sebastian waiting. It was him; he knows that I followed him into the woods. "Why were you in the forest?" He asks calmly.

I motion for him to come in but he counters my action by telling me to come outside. Standing on the porch, I begin to feel nervous. "I saw the rogue."

"So you decided to go after it?"

Swallowing, I nod. "I wanted to know where it came from, so maybe I could help Eric," I lie.

He sighs. "If you see one again, don't go after it. You could have been killed, and I'm sure my son would not like to come home to a dead mate," Sebastian says as he makes his way down the steps.

"Wait, why were you in the forest?"

He turns around and continues on his way. Refusing to stop the conversation there, I hurry after him. "Why were you in the forest?"

Sebastian stops and turns to me. "I go for morning runs, not that it is any of your business."

"I haven't seen you run by the pack house before."

"Maybe I needed a change of scenery. Are you finished interrogating me now?"

With a raised brow, I watch him walk away until Caroline calls me back inside, asking who it was and why I was gone for so long. I brush it off and tell her we were ding-dong ditched, and that I went looking for the prankster. "Ding-dong ditched?" She repeats. "That's weird; the kids don't usually come over here. They must know Eric is gone."

"Possibly."

Caroline sits back down on the stool. "You know how I told you about my mom and Eric's thoughts on her and whatnot?"

Not seeing the connection between pranks and that, I lean forward a bit. "Yes, why?"

"What do you think about it?"

"What do you mean?"

She sighs. "Could you believe it, that she has some sort of connection to the moon goddess, that she can talk to her?"

I shrug. "Well, I don't know. It sounds similar to a psychic or something, so maybe. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering. It just popped into my head."

The doorbell rings again, but this time Caroline fetches it. After she joins me in the kitchen with Marina, I tell them that I will be upstairs taking a shower. The time alone and relaxing sensations of hot water hitting my back always takes my mind off things, which only leads to extremely long showers. Afterward, my skin is clean and pink.

"Isabella, what are you doing?"

Turning around, I see Caroline standing in the doorway. "Oh, just enjoying the morning."

The mirror is fogged over, blocking me from myself. Wandering into the bedroom, I sit on the edge of the bed and adjust the towel around my body.

Not having Eric here is odd and lonely. It was hard enough to fall asleep, and now I am left to question his father on my own, though Eric would have a biased opinion. All this talk about the moon goddess and his mother is making me question their sanity. Surely the possibility of communicating with a goddess is crazy to consider, but Caroline is my friend and somewhat family, and she seems to believe in her mother.

Maybe I can talk to Eric about it when he gets back. I hope he is alright out there, not hurt or provoking any trouble. It is a dangerous situation to be in, searching for rogue camps, but I cannot help but wish to be with him.

A sudden crashing noise pulls me downstairs, but when I come into the kitchen, I find Marina picking up pieces of a once useful plate. "What happened?"

"Caroline accidentally knocked it off the table when she was on the phone with her mate. Those phone calls excite her too much, and she hops around running into everything," Marina explains.

"Where is she now?"

"I told her to take the call outside, so she does not step on glass. She's just outside the back door."

I nod and hurry out to find her leaning against the house with her phone pressed religiously against her ear. A sweet smile and soft blush rest on her face. She spots me and moves the phone from her ear, holding it to her chest. "Oh, Isabella! Lucas said he is coming to visit tomorrow!" Caroline cheers.

My eyes watch the woods. "Wow, that's great. I cannot wait to officially meet him. What time will he be here?"

With the phone back to her ear she mumbles, "What time will you be here again?" Then she peers back to me. "Around noon."

I smile. "Alright, I can't wait."

I tell Marina to keep an eye on her after heading back inside.

The next morning is a busy one, as Caroline cannot stop cleaning around the house, even with Marina's help nothing seems to be neat enough. Marina tries to calm her down, but her nerves and excitement to see her mate has her bouncing off the walls. It is a weird mixture of anxious behavior and utter happiness.

"Caroline, for the hundredth time, everything looks wonderful," Evangeline grabs onto her and tells her while looking into her eyes. "If you keep running around the house like a maniac then you'll get sweaty. You don't want that now, do you?"

Caroline's face turns pale before she begins to fan her cheeks and head off upstairs to put on cooler clothing. "You sure know how to stop her," I say to Evangeline as she sits in the chair across from me in the living room.

"Well, she is my daughter," she leans back, relaxing before Lucas arrives. "Eric will be home tomorrow, does he know about our visitor? He did not seem too enthusiastic about the poor guy."

"I don't know. I haven't told him. I want to make sure he is in the best mood possible while on the search. The last thing he needs is to worry about his sister's mate."

Evangeline agrees. "I hope Lucas has enough energy to deal with my Caroline. She can sure be a handful. I can only pray that the guy knows a thing or two in the kitchen. She can hardly boil an egg."

"They're mates; they have to be good for each other in some way."

Her eyes find mine. "Okay. Tell me, how is Eric good for you? All I know is that my son took you away from your younger sister."

"He did, but that doesn't mean he isn't good for me. There are a lot of things that I need him for."

Evangeline nods and crosses her arms. "You know, I was locked in a cell before Sebastian, and I even met. Under his rules, long ago, rogues on his land were captured if causing trouble."

"You were a rogue?" I ask, intrigued.

"Well, not technically. I lived with my grandmother who was once part of a pack, but she decided to move out on her own with her mate. I grew up with her, and I found myself stumbling onto Tate Pack land one day. Like Caroline, I could not stop venturing off, and look where it got me."

"But how did you cause trouble on the land?"

"Sebastian's Beta at the time, Olivia's father, found me and tried to figure out what I was doing. I was confused and frightened, didn't know what to do. He took me, locked me up, and I discovered that Sebastian and I were mates when I went in for questioning."

I fall back against the couch and let out a short laugh. "Evangeline, that is crazy."

"A lot of crazy things have happened in my life. I'll have to tell you more stories sometime."

Caroline comes rushing down the stairs in a casual dress. "How does this look?" She asks, and Evangeline tells her she looks lovely. Lucas should be here any minute, and Caroline finally takes a minute or two to collect herself. "What were you guys talking about?"

"Oh nothing," Evangeline brushes it off. "Just chatter until Lucas arrives. We are excited to meet him."

"Oh, I know you guys will love him. He is selfless and kind and caring, such a gentleman." She rambles. "Right when he told me that he could visit today I practically had a heart attack."

"I know," I tell her. "I saw the plate you broke."

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 25

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 25—"So, you are the Luna, Alpha Tate's mate?"

"Yes, but we haven't been together for long."

"Caroline told me that the two of you planned the birthday celebration for Sebastian Tate. It was lovely," Lucas compliments as we sit across each other in the living room. Caroline sits closely beside him as Evangeline is near me.

"Caroline planned most of it, and I pretty much watched her work as I constantly fell asleep. I don't know how she manages to work for so long without rest."

Evangeline smiles. "That's my Caroline."

"Is Dad coming by?" She asks, and Evangeline tells her he is busy helping the newer guards with training, but he will stop by for dinner. "Well, when will Eric be home?"

"Any time between now and dinner," I say. "We haven't spoken since this morning."

"And everything went well with the rogue searches?" Evangeline asks.

"Yes, he told me they found a few tracks nearby. Seems to be a group."

"You know, Lucas just helped his Alpha take down a pack of rogues. Maybe he can help?" Caroline says then looks up at her mate. "I'm sure an extra mind could bring new ideas."

"Now, you are Alpha Kenn's Beta?" Evangeline asks, and he confirms. "He is a kind man. I met him a few times when he came for meetings every now and then."

"I couldn't ask for anyone better to work with."

The conversation continues, and I come to the conclusion that I rather like Lucas. He is respectful and appropriate, nothing about him makes me question if Caroline will be happy with him. She seems fulfilled by just sitting beside him.

Sebastian arrives and greets Lucas smoothly, no threats or coldness, which I am expecting from Eric. His eyes watch me, waiting for something that I am not sure of, or just watching to make sure I do not tell on him like a child. I wonder if Evangeline knows about his runs and how he fought a rogue yesterday. I should not be questioning my mate's father, a past Alpha, but I cannot help it.



We sit down for dinner, not waiting for Eric because we do not know when he will be back. Sebastian sits at one end with Caroline and Lucas on one side and Evangeline and me on the other. Two other women came in to help Marina cook and serve dinner, as she refused my help along with Carolines. I expected her to refuse Carolines, though.

“What do you two plan on doing with your time together?” Evangeline asks the pair as we eat.

“I thought we could spend this time getting to know each other, nothing specific,” Caroline explains. “Lucas is leaving tomorrow night, so I want to learn as much as I can by then.”

“Where will Lucas be staying?” Her father questions as her cheeks heat up.

“Dad,” she swiftly whispers, and I take over, trying to save her from embarrassment.

“Why... Lucas is staying at the pack house. There are so many guest rooms we could house your entire pack.”

Lucas smiles and nods while Caroline does not look so content. She must be disappointed in the sleeping arrangements, but I am sure she will work her way around the rules. “Lucas, tell us about your family. Are you close?” Evangeline changes the subject.

“Yes, I see them every...”

My attention is snatched away by the sounds of a car pulling up to the house, then the shutting of a car door. My heart picks up pace, and I excuse myself from the table. Hurrying to the door, I slip out when I see Eric getting out of the car along with Health.

I rush down the steps, and he looks to me. “Eric doesn’t be upset,” I start and his face shifts from happy to concerned.

“Well, you are walking, so I suppose the injury is not too bad,” he says. “Now before you explain, welcome me home like everything is perfect.”

I sigh and fight back a fierce smile. For a moment, I forgot that he is home. The fact that Lucas is here and he does not know has taken over as the most important thing for a second, when it is actually the fact that Eric is back safe. I curse myself before wrapping my arms around him. “Sorry, I just wanted to tell you before you go in and overreact.”

He holds me closely and does not say a word for a moment to two; he just enjoys the embrace. “Okay, you can explain now.”

“Well, Caroline’s mate is visiting.”

He crosses his arms. "When?"

"Now."

"He is inside right now?" Eric repeats and looks to the front door. "How come you did not tell me earlier?"

"I didn't want to distract you, but everything is going nicely. Caroline, Evangeline, Lucas, Sebastian, and I are all having dinner, and I want—"

"You're telling me that Caroline's mate is in there, and so is my father?" I nod. "To think I would come home and relax."

"You still can. Lucas seems like a good guy, Eric. There is really nothing to worry about."

Walking into the dining room, I return to my seat while Eric sits at the other end of the table, opposite to his father. "It is nice to meet you, Alpha Tate," Lucas greets Eric, and I watch carefully.

Eric sighs and forces a smile to his face. "Yes, I have been waiting to meet you ever since the party."

Caroline seems happy with her brother's response, as does Evangeline, but it comes Eric's father, and I cannot tell what he is thinking. His face is blank like he does not know his son has arrived and joined in. "How was the trip?" Evangeline cuts in.

Once dinner is over, we move to the living room, and Marina offers coffee. I sit uncomfortably between Eric and his father while Evangeline sits in a chair on her own, and Lucas and Caroline take the love-seat. I can feel the tension closing in on me. Thankfully, Evangeline decides that it is time for her and her mate to leave, as she is exhausted. Caroline seems happy, as her father left before he could take her with him. She might just have a chance to be alone with Lucas.

"It is rather late," Eric comments once they are gone. "Shouldn't you head home Caroline?" He prefers to have Lucas stay here than with his sister.

"It is only eleven, but if you are tired, maybe you should just go to bed."

"Before knowing you are home safe?"

She smiles. "I'm sure Lucas can walk me home."

I interrupt. "Maybe Caroline should stay here? We have enough rooms; two more taken wouldn't be a problem."

Eric looks to me. "Can I speak to you?"

We step aside into the hall. The light from the living room dimly reaches into the darkness of the hallway, but the moonlight illuminates the rest with almost blue tones. Once satisfied with the distance between the couple and us, Eric comes to a stop. "If they are both here it makes it even easier for them to be together."

"We can put Caroline at the end of the hall and Lucas beside us, then if he leaves or she tries to sneak in, we can hear it."

"And if we don't?"

I lean against the wall. "You know how hard it is to sleep soundly knowing your mate is so close by."

"So what do you suggest? We let them sleep together?" He questions sarcastically. "I am not letting that guy sleep in the same bed as my sister."

"It would be easier for them to be together if Caroline goes home. He could easily get out through a window without us hearing him, but at least the hallway gives us a chance. I wish we didn't have to worry about this. What if they just sleep? What if you are overreacting?"

"You expect them to sleep?"

My eyes find his. "We did."

"But Caroline is not like you, Isabella," he tells me while his hand connects with my arm in an assuring way. "It is not the same."

"Why can't it be?"

"Because Caroline has been with someone before, which only makes the decision easier now, and I'm sure he has too. It would be nothing new, nothing to worry too much about."

Confused, I look away.

Caroline is not like me because she has been with someone before? What is that supposed—oh. "Well," I struggle. "Maybe we should just tie them up and lock the doors."

By the way, he said what he did; I can tell it would be nothing new for him either. These thoughts never came to me before, thoughts of Eric with other people. This connection we share must have blinded me from the idea that there were people before me. Of course, I know about Olivia, but I never allow my mind to think in such ways.

“Isabella,” he starts, saying my name which usually affects me. “I can deal with this. How about you get ready for bed? I’ll be up soon.”

Not wanting to talk about the subject anymore, I agree and head upstairs on my own. I pass the two in the living room and mutter that I have a headache, so they will not begin another conversation. Eric’s voice is the last thing I hear before it drowns downstairs and I can no longer make out his words.