

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 36

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 36-“What is that?”

“Eric’s mark.”

“Isabella,” Caroline rushes towards me to get a closer look, “that’s serious. That’s—wow.” An excited look casts over her face, and I am surprised. With Lucas missing, I thought seeing the mark would make her depressed.

“Are you okay?” I ask and take my seat at the kitchen counter. Marina greets me and I give her a smile with questioning eyes. She shrugs. Marina, too, has grown used to Caroline’s depression over her mate.

“I’m fine. Where’s Kendra?”

“She’s still sleeping,” I say, “she hasn’t slept much until last night. Did Eric stop by, was there any news on the search?”

Caroline blushes. “No, no news.”

“Then what’s going on? I’m confused.”

“What do you mean?”

I raise an eyebrow and tug her off her seat. Dragging her into the living room, I let go and cross my arms. “What are you hiding? I know you’re hiding something. You’ve been moping around for the past week and now you seem fine—better than fine.”

Caroline crosses her own arms. “What are you talking about, Isabella? I’m just happy about your mark.”

“Tell me.”

“There is seriously nothing to tell you, stop being weird,” she tries to convince me, then makes a move for the kitchen. Now very used to stopping people, I grab her arm.

“Isabella, I’m being serious. There is nothing—uh! Stop looking at me like that!”

“Not until you tell me what you’re hiding!”

“I’m not hiding anything!”

Like her sister, I dramatically let go. “Fine. Then I’ll search.”

“Fine. Y-You’re nothing going to find anything.”

“Fine,” I tell her and make my way up the stairs. As expected, she follows right behind me.

“Why are you going upstairs?”

“I said I was searching.”

She groans again. “Fine, Isabella, fine! You want to know?”

I quickly turn around. “Yes, I do!”

“Stop yelling,” Marina shouts to us from the kitchen, like a mother scolding her children.

“Tell me,” I say quietly, but with a fire to my tone.

“Alright, alright. I was going to tell you last night but I heard shouting from the bedroom so I didn’t. But, last night, something happened. I was outside walking around, I couldn’t sleep, and suddenly something grabbed me. I thought it was whatever got Lucas, so I tried to scream and get free, but the touch—it was him,” she explains and my eyes widen. “Lucas, he’s in my room.”

“W-What? He’s okay?”

A smile stretches across her face. “He’s perfectly fine, but that’s not all.” Her tone changes. “He told me a few things and I’m not sure how to say it. He also told me not to tell anyone, so you can’t tell Eric that he’s here.”

“What? Why? What’s wrong?”

“Alpha Kenn, he told Lucas to disappear.”

“That doesn’t make sense. Why would he ask his own Beta to disappear?”

Caroline takes a deep breath. “Alpha Kenn is planning something.”

Leaning against the railing, I bring my hand to my forehead, not believing what she is saying. “This is—I don’t know—”

“I know, it’s sudden and crazy, but we need to talk. Lucas will probably be asleep for awhile, Eric will be back by dinner, so just sit down and listen.” Caroline pulls me up the rest of the stairs. “I need to explain before Kendra wakes up. She’ll want all your attention and I need it right now.”

“Alright, alright,” I tug us into my bedroom and close the door gently behind us, being mindful of my sleeping sister only a door away. “So, what’s happening? You said Alpha Kenn was planning something?”

“Lucas said that Alpha Kenn ordered him to stay away for awhile. He said it was sudden, and that he didn’t want to disappoint his Alpha, so he did as told. After the first bit it became difficult, h-he wanted to see me, be with me, and his duties got in the way. When Lucas asked Alpha Kenn to visit me, he said no. He couldn’t be seen by anyone from our pack.”

“So it’s obviously against us.”

“Yeah. Alpha Kenn used Lucas’ disappearance to gain entrance into our pack, to be welcomed in.”

“Well, what did he plan—what does he want?” I ask eagerly. Eric has to hear all of this, and he has to hear it now. “Was he here long enough to actually…” I trail off. “Oh no.”

Caroline’s eyes focus in on me. “What is it?”

“The night he k!ssed me, I found him in Eric’s office. He said he was grabbing a paper or something like that and I was going to tell Eric about it, but then everything got all jumbled in my head, I couldn’t sleep or think—Alpha Kenn probably took something important. Damn it. I couldn’t stop thinking about the k!ss, and completely wiped it from my mind.”

“He probably took something, yeah,” she thinks out loud, her voice more soft and questioning. “I just have no idea what. I would have asked Lucas more, but he was exhausted.”

“I have to tell Eric.”

Caroline hesitates. “What if he comes after Lucas? Lucas asked me not to tell anyone until he is awake and can explain himself.”

“Unless you want to wake him up, there is really no time to waste. I’ll tell Eric, and hopefully, by the time we’re back, Lucas will be awake. Alright?”

“Okay, but don’t make it sound like Lucas is in on it. He knew nothing. He just followed Alpha Kenn’s orders—orders with no explanation.”

“Of course,” I assure her. “Do you know where Eric could be? Should I check the training grounds or a border post or—”

“He might be at the training grounds, and if he’s not there, Heath will be, and you can ask him.”

I nod and turn back to the stairs after glancing at Caroline’s bedroom door. Lucas is in there, perfectly fine, sleeping soundly, and the search no longer has meaning. The search never had meaning, never had a purpose for us, only Alpha Kenn. I suppose it

no longer matters anymore, as Lucas is safe, and there are greater things to worry about, such as Alpha Kenn's motives.

I hurry to the training grounds while ideas flourish in my mind. He has to be after the pack, after power, after the land, and Eric will likely see that right away. What was he looking for in the office? Weaknesses? Could he have simply attacked without digging a way in? Or does he know that he has no chance against us without preparation and a lot of it?

I spot Heath, and near him. He smiles at me, noticing the mark but saying nothing. "Hi Heath," I smile, "have you seen Eric around? Do you know where he is?"

"If you want to wait a moment, he'll be back here in a few minutes."

"Okay, thanks."

I wander around the grounds, watching people as they talk, fight, gently hit each other, and cool down. It takes my mind away from Alpha Kenn, acting as a small distraction as I wait for Eric. Some of the pack members peer over at me, say nothing, then look away. Some smile, others say 'hello', and I say it back. In the distance I see Olivia, and she does not look well—possibly worse, which makes me question why she is outside. What could have happened to her? On top of the Eric issue and failing to find a mate, Olivia must be at rock bottom if something else knocked her back down.

For a split second her eyes connect with mine and my chest tightens. Her eyes disconnect immediately before she heads off in a random direction. A part of me wants to run after her and question, while the other still feels the threatening clench of her hands around my throat.

"Watching?"

With a sharp breath, I turn and see my mate. "Waiting also, but you're here now."

The sun's light shines on his face, making Eric seem more alive than ever, like some sort of beacon in a life of darkness. "Is everything alright?"

"No, everything is not alright," my eyes scan around, searching for anyone near. "It's Lucas, he's okay, he's at the house."

"What do you mean he is at the house?"

"Caroline found him last night," I explain, "but you can't focus on that because he wasn't missing at all. Alpha Kenn told him to disappear."

Eric's face is a mix of confusion, processing, and surprise. "Isabella, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that Alpha Kenn is planning something against us, and used Lucas to gain entrance."

Eric is quiet, which causes me to wonder.

"Lucas is at the house right now?"

"He's sleeping, but yes he is."

Without explanation, Eric heads in the direction of the pack house, and I follow beside him. "He's had nothing to do with it, he didn't know that Alpha Kenn was planning something at the start. Lucas was just trying to follow orders and left when the orders were questionable. He wants to be with Caroline, and he abandoned his Alpha for her."

"He worked with him."

I step in front of Eric swiftly. "And now he's helping us. Without him, we wouldn't know any of this."

"He is his Beta."

"He's also your sister's mate."

Eric looks away from me with crossed arms, off in the opposite direction of my harsh eyes. "Isabella—"

"He chose her, he chose us. Now we're going to go back, and you're going to listen to what Lucas has to say. No accusing. Only listening. He knows what is going on."

Eric's eyes find me again. "Alright, but if I'm not sure after he is done explaining, then I'm taking my own measures."

## **Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 37**

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 37-Eric stands quietly, refusing to sit down. The room seems to grow smaller as we wait for the pair as if the truth is preparing to rain down and suffocate us. I am expecting something well planned, something selfish from Alpha Kenn, but who can blame him for acting like an Alpha. The way he went about it was unusual, though: slowly and carefully digging a way in, gaining my trust. He has done it all only to leave. Maybe he wasn't planning that until Eric kicked him out, or maybe he got what he needed from the office and had to reason to stay any longer.

Caroline and a rested-looking Lucas enter and wake both of us up. She studies Eric, looking for any signs of hostility.

"I'm not going to hurt him. Now sit down," Eric orders, and the two follow. "You're going to tell me what you know, or things are going to get ugly."

Caroline crosses her arms, "Stop threatening him. He's going to tell you whether you play bad cop or not."

I ignore the siblings bickering and turn to Lucas. "Anything will be helpful. We understand that you're doing this for the protection of your Mate. Caroline told me that Alpha Kenn had planned this."

"Yes," he begins, "my Alpha discovered that we were mates and he used it to his advantage. He told me to disappear for a while. I questioned it, but he only became angry when I did, so I just listened, thinking I would get to see Caroline again next week. More days went by, and I asked if I could see her, and Alpha Kenn ordered me to stay away longer. After I wouldn't stop asking, he finally told me that he was building a relationship with you." His eyes stare at me, and I see Eric becoming uneasy and tense. "He wanted you to trust him, to protect him if Alpha Tate questioned his actions. It wasn't until another few days had passed that he told me he wanted to take over your pack."

"So he wants my land? He wants my pack gone as a threat?"

Lucas shakes his head, which has me more intrigued. "He wants your position."

"But he's an Alpha?" I ask, confused. "What do you mean his position?"

"He wants to be Alpha of this pack; he wants your Luna as his, he wants to combine both and rule over all."

"But he has a Mate!" I burst up out of frustration and anger. "It's not my fault that he got rejected. H-He can win her back—"

Lucas shakes his head. "He rejected his Mate."

"But he told me—ugh! This is insane. So what, he wants your life and a little more?" I look to my mate, feeling the need to break something. "W-Well he can't have me! I'm not something to be taken."

"He's not going to get near you, Isabella. He is obviously deranged. Where is he now, do you—"

"Isabella?"

Standing on the stairs is Kendra, hair tousled and eyes puffy from hours of needed sleep. She wanders down the steps, and I meet her at the bottom. I look to the group,

signaling them to continue in my absence. Leading Kendra to the kitchen, I pull out the stool for her, and Marina smiles. “Hello. And who is this?”

“My younger sister, Kendra. She’s visiting for a few days.”

“How lovely. Are you hungry, dear?”

“Now that I think about it, yes. Do you know how to make pancakes in the shape of hearts?”

“Kendra,” I scold lightly, giving Marina an apologetic look. “She’s not your personal chef.”

Marina waves me off. “Of course I can make that, and don’t worry, I miss having children in the house. Ever since Caroline and Eric grew up, along with my own, it’s been all regular shaped foods.”

Kendra is amused by this, and I can already see her taking a liking to Marina. “Say thank you, and wash your hands, please. You probably drooled all over them.”

“Drooled? I do not drool, Isabella. Don’t listen to her; she’s a liar,” Kendra defends herself. I point her in the direction of the bathroom and shake my head casually as I sit down in her place.

“She’s a fun one.”

“She sure is something,” I murmur.

“How are things? I’ve been hearing a lot of yelling lately,” Marina asks, and I rest my chin on my fist.

“It’s been a bumpy ride, Marina. Sometimes I wonder if this was how my life was supposed to turn out. When I look at my sister, all I see is my past. At home, with her and mom, taking care of things—sometimes I miss it.”

“You’re happy here, yes?”

I sigh. “Well of course I am. I love Eric, I love Caroline, and I’m committed to this pack.”

“So it’s your sister then, you can’t let her go.”

I swallow and lean further into the counter. “How can I? She’s stuck back there all alone. I feel like I abandoned her—I feel selfish.”

“Is there a possibility for her to stay here, permanently?”

“She’s all my mother has left. My father died, I left, and I can’t take Kendra away from her—”

“Take me away from who?” Kendra hurries back in and pushes me off the seat with her eyes, though there are more beside us.

“No one. I should get back in there,” I look to Marina, “thanks for listening, even if it was only for a minute or two.”

“I’m always here,” she smiles and turns to Kendra, chatting her up while I slip away.

“So when is he planning on coming back?”

“Is it going to be an attack?” Caroline asks her mate as I slip back in. “Isabella, tell them what you saw him doing—what you told me earlier.”

My cheeks heat up, and I feel Eric’s eyes immediately on me. I saw this coming, I expected this, yet telling Eric to his face about my mistake, bringing up the k!ss again—it all seems like we are taking a step back. “Well, the night Alpha Kenn... The night he attacked me, I found him in your office going through things—”

“You’ve got to be kidding me, Isabella,” he gr0ans with obvious frustration, “and I’m only finding out now?”

My cheeks flush with more color as I notice Lucas peering away, trying to escape the awkwardness of a couple beginning what seems to be a fight. If I can help it, there will be no fight, though. “I’m sorry. I was distracted with what happened to me. Can we not focus on that—let’s focus on him. What could he have taken?”

The look on Eric’s face tells me he sees my attempt at a cover up, my attempt to jump over the problem. Hopefully, he will let it go until later. I much rather deal with this without the company of Caroline and Lucas.

Thankfully, Eric looks to me, studies me for a brief moment, then crosses his arms. “I’ll look to see if anything significant is missing. Right now I need you to get Heath for me,” he looks to his sister, “Lucas, go with her, and Isabella, come with me.”

The four of us split up, Caroline and Lucas heading to the training grounds, and Eric and I to the office. I walk behind him after checking on Kendra, feeling like a child being escorted to the principal’s office. I’ve done a bad thing, and hopefully, Eric cuts off the ‘bad cop’ attitude. There is no escaping my mistake, my act of stupidity. I saw Alpha Kenn rummaging through my mates office and said nothing about it. I let a silly k!ss get in the way of pack safety. An Alphas office is where many important, irreplaceable things are kept, and as Luna, I’m supposed to protect those things as well. As Luna, I’m supposed to help keep the pack safe.



Because of me, something precious could have been stolen. Because of me, Alpha Keen could have gotten the upper hand.

Eric shuts the door behind me, then says nothing as he begins searching through his desk and computer. I wander to one of the file cabinets, old, wooden, and carved elegantly as if they have been around for decades. The drawers are heavy, and I am not sure what I am exactly looking for. How can I spot a missing thing if I've never made use of the space?

"I didn't ask you here to search," Eric says to me, and I slowly shut the drawer, looking for more time to hide my embarrassment. I bite the inside of my cheek and try to convince myself that he appreciates my trying. "Just tell me what you saw him going through."

"I don't know. It was dark. He just looked like a shadowy figure."

"Did you ask him what he was doing?"

I think back to that night, removing the kissing fiasco, trying to focus on what happened before. "Um, I did. He said..." I shut my eyes. "He said—he said he was looking for a paper. He said he needed it back from you."

Eric pauses. "Did you ever see a paper in his hands?"

I shake my head.

"Did he leave with anything at all?"

I freeze in my spot. Oh goddess, what have I done?

"Isabella," Eric says slowly, "please tell me you did not leave him in here."

My throat feels like it is closing up on me. "I—I—I don't remember," I struggle. "I just remember saying that I needed to get back to you and... And leaving."

I watch Eric closely; I watch as he stands up straight and stares me right in my eyes. The disappointment is as clear as day. "Please, leave."

My brows furrow together. "What—"

"Just go," he mutters and turns away from me, turning to more storage. He says nothing as he continues, waiting for me to do as he said, waiting for me to leave.

I do. I leave the office and gently shut the door behind me.

## Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 38

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 38-I sit on our bed thinking about what to say, about what to do when Eric and I come face to face again. Kendra is in the shower, and I sit here, waiting for her, but truly using the time to think and nervously wait. Eric is in the office still, and I do not know if he is almost done. Caroline and Lucas came back with Heath, and Heath went into the office, told to me by Caroline before she went off with Lucas again, this time for themselves.

I envy the two of them, as they are still caught up in the early phase. Everything, in the beginning, was exciting and new. When were we going to k!ss? What was his family going to be like? Will I ever see my sister again? What about se.x—did he want it? The smell of him drove me insane, to the point of t-shirt swiping, and now here I sit, alone, anxious, waiting to find out if my latest mistake is small enough to be forgotten. I remember when I used to help him, when I used to calm him, lecture him when I was in control. He would ask for a k!ss, and I would have the restraint to say no. I knew he wanted it then, but now, after I have risked the pack, I'm not sure if he wants it anymore.

In the beginning, he would listen to me describe anything just to hear me talk. Now I hold my breath just so he will talk to me.

Maybe the Mate bonds magic has worn off. I told him I loved him, and that moment was wonderful, but now that it's over we just simply love each other. All has been revealed. Maybe he feels the same. Maybe neither of us were meant for a life like this—a life belonging to someone else.

Whenever I am upset, I think differently. I only focus on the negatives, and I hate it afterward. Why must I see only darkness in our future? Later I will reflect on the bright side, the family aspects, the pack, and my friendships.

Everyone is like this. When we are sad, we think negatively. When we are happy, we think positively. If one has the power to think about the good side with a depressed mind, well good for them. It makes sense, to think about the good to cheer yourself up. I have done this artificially.

When I was younger, upset because Talia might have said something mean to me at school, I would lay on my bed and cry. After a few moments have passed, after the heaviest tears have fallen, I would force myself to be happy. I would think of the good and lift myself out of the hole. Most of the time I knew I was lying to myself, but at the moment I didn't care.

So here I am now, sitting, apparently depressed and disappointed with myself. What am I going to do? Am I going to plaster on the smile and pretend until I no longer feel pain, or continue in my puddle of sadness? Part of me wants to continue, but Kendra emerges from the bathroom, and the smile is already on, the glue already drying.

"Let's do something," she smiles back and rushes to me, jumping up onto the bed.

“Well, what do you want to do?”

“I want Caroline again.”

I sigh. “She’s busy right now, buddy.”

“Well, I want to go swimming then, like you said we would.”

Maybe it was the down part of me or the fueled part, but swimming off pack lands sounded like an escape. I know Eric said no, but with a few guards, we will be fine.

Kendra changes into her swimsuit, not caring that she showered herself clean only to get dirty again.

Maybe I am digging myself a deeper hole, finding more ways for Eric to be upset with me. I should tell Kendra that we can’t swim—I really should—but I don’t.

Together, the two of us leave the house and head towards the borders. Once there, I talk with a few guards and ask them to watch us, which they happily agree to, as I am technically their Luna after all. How could they refuse to protect me?

One asks if I would like the Alpha to be informed of my location since I am going off of territory, but I lie again, saying that he already knows. Maybe I am setting myself up, and truthfully I know I am, but as long as I pretend it’s okay, the world cannot hurt me anymore.

Lately, I have been delusional.

Maybe it was the kiss; maybe he poisoned me with his lips. Maybe he didn’t have to poison me.

The lake water is chilly against my skin, yet Kendra is not affected. She jumps right in without a care, splashing around and enjoying herself as a child should. I lay floating on my back, somewhat blinded by the sun.

It is easy to blame my current moods on someone else, anyone but myself. Alpha Kenn got to me, though. All his questions, his compliments, his understanding, at the moment it felt genuine. He must have wanted me to turn against Eric, wanting my trust and protection as Lucas said. Maybe it worked, all until he kissed me and tossed my head in the trash can.

Kendra jumps up on me, pushing me under the water while boosting herself up. The lake is somewhat deep to the point where I cannot swim to the bottom without horrible pressure in my ears. My arms flail around in the water as she uses me like a pool toy. When I finally surface with heavy breaths, Kendra’s laughs fill my ears as air fills my lungs. “What, are you trying to kill me?”

The guards have neared.

We continue to hang around the lake, now on the shore. I lay in the pebbles while Kendra carves a message or picture with a stick. Sitting up, I watch as she finishes the flower. "Do you like it here?"

"A lot," she murmurs.

"More than at home?"

"Yes, because you're here."

I smile and lay back down. "Would you come with me anywhere?"

"Of course. You're my sister," she says with an unmistakable tone. "Wherever you go, I go now."

"You'll have to start a life of your own, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you'll grow up, find your mate, make your own friends, build a life for yourself," I explain. "It's like a fresh start."

She frowns. "Will you not be there?"

"I will be, just not all the time."

"So like it is now?"

I nod. "Yeah, like it is now."

The sun begins to set, and I contemplate returning to the house or not. The guards urge us to step back on pack territory, as the forest is not safest at night, so we do. I thank the guards and walk back with Kendra. She is less energetic now, calmer and worn down from swimming.

"You should shower again," I tell her. "I'd feel better if the lake water wasn't still on you."

"Okay. I'm hungry."

"Let's go have dinner then. You shower after, okay?"

She nods and hurries to the kitchen, hearing Marina in there. Kendra possibly sees Marina as the grandmother she never had, as our grandparents died before we got to meet them. It makes me happy that she has this connection with her. Marina is

someone to look up to. "Don't you want to change first?" I ask Kendra as I enter the kitchen after her.

"No, I want to eat."

I tell Kendra that I'm going to shower and that I'll be right back down, before heading to the bedroom. Expecting it to be empty, my heart is calm, no nervous racing. When I open the door and see the bathroom door shut, I want to turn back. He's in there. I can hear the running water of the shower.

Taking a deep breath, I grab my clothes from the closet along with extra towels. Kendra's shower is empty, so I grab my things and use the guest bathroom. I shut the door behind me, walk down the hall, open the guest bedroom door, shut it behind me, open the bathroom door, shut it behind me, then set my things down. After taking off my clothes and turning on the water, my eyes drift closed.

Once in my peaceful state of mind, an array of noises catch my attention. A door opening, a door closing, footsteps, a door op—

An abrupt shout escapes me, and I nearly slip at the sight of my Mate barging in the bathroom. Swiftly my arms cover what needs to be covered, and I steady myself from falling and breaking a bone or two. My glossy eyes grow wide as my chest rapidly pumps up and down. "What are you doing!"

"I told you not to leave Pack land," he says firmly, not fazed by my nakedness or the current situation.

My entire face is cast with color. "Are you serious? I'm in the shower!"

"Why did you go off of my land?"

The tone of his voice frightens me. I know this tone, and it is not the tone of my Mate, but an Alpha, an angry one.

"I-I—" The fogged glass of the shower frame is not enough to cover my body or my struggle. "Right now—really?"

He takes a step closer, his hands now pressed against the glass, my body against the tiled, wet wall. "I told you not to go off of my territory. I told you to your face. Now answer: why the hell did you disobey me?"

My eyes harden. "Who the hell do you think you are!"

"I'm the Alpha, Isabella! I'm the fvcking Alpha!"

His shouting makes my ears hurt, and for a moment I expected the glass to break from the pressure of his hands. I shut off the water and force the door open, slipping past him and into the bedroom. “I don’t care! I don’t! I’m done with this!”

I run to our bedroom and ferociously snatch a towel from the bathroom, frustrated beyond belief, hoping no one saw me in the hall. I cover myself and storm towards the closet, dragging one of my suitcases out.

“I’m done, Eric,” I mutter, knowing he is in the room.

“Oh, you’re done?” He mocks me.

I clench my teeth. “I’m so done. Ever since I came here, I have been screwed up. You’re poison; you’re toxic!”

Nothing that comes from him sounds regretful. “Where are you going to go? You’re just going to leave, walk off the land?”

“I’m going home.”

“Good luck getting there!”

I want to scream, cry, fall to my knees, shift; all my emotions are turning against me. “You said I was your world—your life. If this is what mates are, then I don’t want one.”

Abandoning my bag, I rush down the stairs and into the kitchen. Kendra is eating with Marina, both of them happy until they see me, wrapped in a towel with hot tears streaming down my red face. “Watch her, Marina, please. I’ve asked too much of you, but just make sure she’s safe.”

Marina shoots up at my frantic actions. “What’s going on?”

“I’m leaving.”

“Don’t go, Isabella,” she looks at me seriously, not a hint of emotion.

Kendra panics. “Where are you going? Why are you leaving?”

“Just watch her, please.”

I can’t take anymore before I head out the front door and determinedly make my way away from the house. My heart squeezes in my chest, making it hard to breathe.

Every part of my being is begging to return to my Mate, but I keep on walking.

## **Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 39**

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 39—"Isabella," a familiar voice calls, and I turn back to see Evangeline running towards me. "Wait."

I stop and secure my towel, "I'm sorry, I have to leave."

She catches up to me. "Just relax, you're too worked up, too irrational."

"I can't stay here."

She reaches out to me. "Just come with me, get some clothes and calm down."

I shake my head, hating the fact that I have to refuse her. "I'm sorry—"

"He doesn't have to know. Please, just come stay with me for the night. Eric doesn't have to know that you're with me." My eyes drift off. Evangeline seems desperate in her task to keep me on pack land. "Just sleep on it."

I follow her back towards her house and enter with hesitation. She leads me upstairs and brings me clothes, reminding me of a mother, one I never had. I change and follow her back downstairs. Sebastian, her mate, is not here, and she sets me on the couch before bringing me a glass of water. I sip it, sit back, breathe, and take another sip.

"Thank you, for the hospitality," I mumble, feeling worn out and depressed.

She looks at me worriedly. "All I'm asking is that you sleep on it, okay?"

I nod, for her, and she sits down with me.

"What caused this, Isabella?" Evangeline asks carefully.

I set down my water and take a few deep breaths. "I used to be the strong one, you know," the thought makes me almost laugh at myself. "I used to never show the weak side of me, for my sister, and she saw it tonight. I don't know what I'm doing anymore. I can hardly think straight sometimes."

Evangeline looks down as if she recalls something. "You know, I've been in your situation too many times. Confused, not thinking clearly, continually making the wrong decisions, believing that I shouldn't be a Luna—that I can't be. I tried running away once or twice—ran out in a towel too—and I thought I was losing my mind. Being mated to an Alpha, being a Luna, taking care of your sister; none of it is easy. Just stop, take a breath, and remember who you are. The worst thing that can happen is losing yourself through all of this. Having a mental breakdown is normal, just don't let it take over for too long."

I lean back further into the couch and sigh. Evangeline is right, I am losing myself, and I have to grasp on before I'm like this forever. "What am I supposed to do? Everything I did—what I said, how is he expected to forgive me?"

"Eric is understanding. You may have gotten him all riled up, but on the inside he's forgiving. Don't be turned away by the Alpha reactions, just sit down, the two of you alone, and be honest. An Alpha acts all intimidating and mighty when they feel threatened—worried even. You've worried him, Isabella."

I bite the inside of my cheeks and swipe the falling hairs from my face. "Lately, that's all I've been doing. I don't know why. I just—I act on impulse instead of actually thinking like I used to."

"There are many emotions in the Mate bond, and maybe you just became overwhelmed," she genuinely says to me, making me look up to her, again, the mother I never had. My mother never talked to me about feelings, as my father's death destroyed hers. "Take a day or two, stay here, collect your thoughts, organize your mind, and when you're ready, talk with him. Now isn't the time to run away. Your sister needs you; she's here for you. Kendra is welcome to stay here as well, or Marina can care for her."

I shake my head. "Marina—I've asked too much of her. I feel terrible."

"Marina loves children, Isabella. I'm sure she would be delighted to watch over your sister for the day. And when you're ready, you can explain to Kendra too on why you needed a break."

I look to Evangeline, completely open for her help. "Why are you doing this for me?"

"We're similar, Isabella. You're also my son's mate, the pack's future, and I care about you, your well-being. I wish I had someone to talk to me when I was younger and going through the same problems."

After our talk, I went to bed. The next morning Evangeline and I had breakfast together and spoke so more about my recent feelings and actions, relating them to her past ones and talking about ways to fix them. Conversing with her is a tremendous help, making me feel more like the old, stable me than ever.

Evangeline stayed with her promise on keeping Eric from me, from my location. He does not know where I am currently, and I wonder if he is thinking about me. I want to be better for him, for my sister, for Caroline, the pack, Evangeline, and my future. My thoughts of not wanting a mate anymore seem unreal now, and after a full day of healing, I truly, and utterly miss Eric. We agreed on another day away, yet sleeping the second night was a problem unlike the first.

The next morning we drank tea, an earthy mixture that tasted funny, yet calmed me. Afterward, Evangeline took me for a walk through the forest, and like before; I noticed



my surroundings more thoroughly. In my head, I described it all to myself, and I wanted to share this with my Mate. I remember our moments together when he would only listen.

Towards the end of the day, Caroline comes through the door after agreeing not to tell Eric. Together we sit in the living room.

“How are you feeling? I’ve been worried about you,” she softly asks.

“I needed this.”

“Eric’s been quiet the past two days. I think he needed a break too.”

I fold my hands together, feeling excited to see him tomorrow. “How is everything? Was anything missing from the office?”

“Future guard schedules, meeting plans, stuff like that. Things that would help decide the perfect time for an attack. Obviously, we’re prepared now, after changing everything around. There have been a few rogue and member sightings around the borders. We think he’s planning to do it soon.”

Caroline abandons the topic of pack safety and talks about Lucas for a solid while. I enjoy hearing about their happiness. Caroline deserves someone good, someone willing to give up anything for her. She tells me that he will be joining our pack since Alpha Kenn practically removed him from his. I wonder what Alpha Kenn thinks about Lucas’ abandoning if he knows that he has spilled the plans. It is likely that he does.

“How is Kendra?”

“Well, she keeps asking when you’ll be back, but Marina is teaching her how to bake. They made peanut butter cookies today.”

I smile. “Good. Tell her I’ll be back tonight.”

Caroline raises an eyebrow. “I thought you were coming back tomorrow?”

“I know, I was, but I just miss everyone too much. Your mother helped me, and without her, I couldn’t have gotten through this, but I feel pretty good. I want to be with Kendra, with you guys again. I-I need some sleep. And I have to talk with Eric.”

“You’re going to talk to him?”

I let out a laugh. “Well, I can’t just ignore him for the rest of my life. I love him, Caroline. I made mistakes, he did too, and now I really want to mend things.”

Caroline leaves and I tell Evangeline that I am ready to return home. She walks me back after dinner, and I walk up to the door alone. Glancing back at Evangeline, she smiles and turns away, ready to head home. I sigh and do the same.

The door opens slowly, and I peek through before submerging myself. Most of the lights are off. Kendra must be in bed, and Marina must have left, which leaves one person.

The kitchen is empty and so is his office, so I make my way upstairs. Before trying the bedroom doors, I peer into Kendra's room, seeing her safe and in bed, fast asleep. Light trickles from my bedroom, as the door is not completely closed. I bite my lip and prepare for the worst as I reach my hand out and inch it open.

I see Eric right away. He is looking down at the bed, lacking a shirt, and carrying a blank expression. I know he senses my presence.

"Eric," I murmur, closing the door without looking away from him. The room is dim, and the bathroom light illuminates his strapping back, the one my fingers have dragged down before.

"Where did you go?"

I take a breath, remembering all I have been through with Evangeline. "I was with your mother, staying with her."

"Why?"

"I needed time to collect myself. I haven't been myself lately." He says nothing, but I near him. "I know what I did was stupid, and mindless, and the last thing I wanted to do was harm the pack. I want to be good for the pack; I want to be good for you. These last few days I've really looked at who I've become, and I don't like that person. You're the only sure thing in my life, and that scares me."

Eric looks to me.

"I've had a bit of a breakdown, but I'm done with it now, I'm done messing up."

## **Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 40**

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 40-Our conversation is quiet, no more yelling and arguing. We have worn ourselves out, and my body cannot put up a fight against him anymore. My inner wolf was crushed from my actions just a few days ago.

The words that left both of us meant nothing that night, and we both understand that. Eric is upset with himself for bursting in on me, I can see it on his face. Many times I tell him that I forgive him, but he doesn't seem to forgive himself.

Our conversation is quiet, meaningful, and filled with regrets, and I am dying to move on. Selfishly, I have the power to forgive myself after Eric forgives me, but he cannot seem to do the same. I hate that he is so angry with himself. "I'm okay, Eric," I tell him as I caress his cheek softly. "Please—I'm not mad at you."

"What I said to you... I can never take it back," he murmurs and removes my hand from him.

"What you said doesn't matter to me anymore. I forgive you. I know you didn't mean it." The bedsheets are knotted up beneath us, and we sit in the middle of it. The time is the last thing on my mind as I just want to get through to him.

"I can never forgive myself for how I treated you," he gazes directly into my eyes, giving me nowhere to hide. "I said you were my life, and that hasn't changed. How can I protect you if I'm the one hurting you?"

"But you're not hurting me."

He shakes his head. "I did. I saw it on your face."

Tears threaten to spill from my eyes. "Eric, please—"

"Isabella, you're only hurting because of me. You're better off away from me."

"What about Alpha Kenn," I panic, needing him to agree with me. "Alpha Kenn will hurt me."

He stands up from the bed and nears the bedroom doors. "After everything is dealt with, I think it is best for you to stay with your mother."

"Y-You can't do that." He says nothing and leaves the room, but I stop him before he gets too far. "What—you won't even sleep with me?"

Eric turns away in silence for one of the guest rooms.

It is a sleepless night without him, something I didn't expect after leaving Evangeline's. I thought after dealing with myself everything would be all right, back to normal, but it has only gotten worse. I called him toxic; I said he ruined me, I know why he feels this way, and I hate myself for it.

All he wants is to protect me, to keep me happy, and now he believes the only way to accomplish that is a life without him in it. But I can't live without him. He said he couldn't live without me.

In the morning I find the house empty. Caroline is off with Lucas at her home, as she moved back. Marina has agreed to busy Kendra after being informed on my mood and

what caused it. So the house is empty, letting me cry in many locations other than the upstairs bathroom with the door locked. When I was younger, I preferred to cry alone, not letting anyone see me, and I still prefer it that way.

After the clock strikes four, I seem to run out of tears, leaving me staring at the ground. I sit on the couch with my lips shut, with no plan on opening them. My thoughts aren't jumbled anymore—I can think clearly—I'm just suffering from an aching heart. My mate wants me to leave, not out of anger, but love. And convincing him otherwise is harder than I expected, as he refuses to blame me for any of it.

I need to prove to him that I need him, which shouldn't be difficult because I honestly do need him.

Standing up from the couch, I rub my eyes and wander to the stairs, planning an attempt to sleep. If I am lucky, my head will give me at least an hour or two of shut-eye. Before I can make it, the sound of a door opening catches my attention. It sounds like the back door. If it is Marina and Kendra, I don't want them to see me like this—but what if it is Eric.

Without a second thought I hurry to the kitchen, hoping to see my mate standing there, but what I see causes my heart to plummet.

My lips part as my hands begin to sweat.

“What are you doing here?”

It is all I can think to say. Panic and anxiety are overruling me. My heart races in my chest, but there is an unusual numbness that keeps me from really feeling it.

My lips run dry. “Why are you here?”

Alpha Kenn smiles. “Can I not visit my favorite Luna?”

The smears of blood on his chest give me a foggy dizziness that threatens to pull me to the floor. “W-Why are you here?”

A sad look is cast on his face, something fake and playful. “Don't tell me you're scared?”

I can ask the question as many times as I like, but I know the answer already. “You're going to die—people will come and kill you for this.”

“I'm afraid they're a little occupied at the moment, dear.”

He stands at the opposite side of the room, giving me a chance. I dash into the hall and aim for the closet, remembering what Eric once told me. If I shift, he will take me easily, as he is an Alpha and I am not stupid. The door is swung open, and I scramble in the

baskets until I shove a scarf aside and feel the cool metal against my hand. Just as Alpha Kenn grasps me and tugs me back, I hold the gun up to him. He lets go.

“Don’t touch me,” I order.

He seems amused. “Put down the gun, Isabella. We all know you are no killer like your mate, or like me. The blood proves that. Now hand it to me.”

I clench my teeth and move the gun, so it is pointing at his shoulder instead of his head. The shot is fired, and the kickback surprises me.

The bullet buries in Alpha Kenn’s shoulder, giving him a scowl and tensing his muscles. The pain is seen in his eyes, as he fights to hide it. “Give me the gun!”

He stalks towards me while reaching in his wound, pulling out the bullet like some barbarian. He presses the bullet to my skin, directly on my chest, distracting me and snatching the gun away. “Silver burns doesn’t it,” he seethes.

When he finally stops, I see the severe burn and begin to sob. It hurts like nothing I have ever felt before. My skin is seared, dying for a drink of something icy.

Alpha Kenn grabs my arm and drags me out the front door, pulling me to what I am expecting is my death.