

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 41

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 41-Alpha Kenn's tightening grasp causes my face to scrunch up in protest. My teeth clench, I whimper like a hurt puppy, yet he continues to drag me away from the house and towards the tree line. The burn on my chest throbs. I wonder what kind of monster it takes to be shot and to walk away fine.

"Let go," I seethe, attempting to yank my wrist from the cuff that is his hand, "you bastard! Where are you taking me!"

Adrenaline brings my vocabulary to that of a sailor's.

"You piece of sh!t, you think you—"

"Please, darling," he gr0ans, "resisting is not going to get you anywhere. You had your shot at me; you failed, now let us move on."

"Move on?" I gape. "You have ruined everything I have. What have you done? Whose blood are you wearing?"

"If it will shut you up, then it's not your mates. You know, you were much sweeter before—"

"My sister—did you hurt my sister?" I ask desperately. "Where is she? Where is Eric? Caroline? Lucas? Please, I'm begging you."

Alpha Kenn glances back at me, noting my sudden obedience. "Well, if you're willing to cooperate, then I suppose you have earned some information. We arrived almost—well I haven't been keeping track really—but I'd say an hour ago. What have you been up to? What kept you so busy, Isabella? By the looks of it, you've been crying, haven't you? All alone in the big house, all by yourself, such an easy target—it's a little sad. No mate to protect you, though I do appreciate the extensive border protection, that took down almost half of my men. Sadly, he does not protect his dear Isabella."

All of his words toy with me, making my knees wobble as we walk. "He protects me," I mumble, my voice growing quieter with each word, falling into his trap.

"Oh, of course, he protects his dear mate, though, you are in my hold now, aren't you? I have seen your mate, Isabella," my chin lifts up, "yes, he put up a good fight. Some of this blood is mine, not all of it, but some. He got me good, but, not good enough."

My eyes trickle down to the wound below his ribs, directly on his side, most of it hidden from me. I have begun to trail behind him again, his arm stretching only so far before he tugs me back beside him. My feet get caught on rocks and roots as we enter the trees, nearly tripping as I struggle to keep up with him.

“Where is he, my mate?”

Alpha Kenn glances back at me again, not enjoying the conversation topic. “I was your friend once, you know. My mate—well, I would have run to her first—but Eric finds other things more important, no? I mean, I did arrive an hour ago, an hour, Isabella. That is a long time to have your mate in a vulnerable situation, and look what happened, the bigger,” lies, “stronger,” lies, “more worthy Alpha snatched her away.” Lies!

I clench my jaw. “You’re a liar, Alpha Kenn. A manipulator.”

“Let’s not become irrational.”

A group of men are huddled up between the trees, and Alpha Kenn pulls me towards them. I start to sweat, and I know my heart must be near an attack. The men look furious, fueled, blood-thirsty, some coated in blood, their own or others. They are amused at the sight of me.

Alpha Kenn shoves me up against his chest, like a rag doll, and I frown at the metallic, iron stench emitting off of his warm body. He latches onto me like a trophy and the crowd smiles and hollers with victory, with pride. “I have retrieved my Luna,” Alpha Kenn cheers to the crowd, like a newly wedded King. “Where is my dear old friend, Alpha Tate?”

One man from the bunch steps forward, nearly naked, and my eyes roam around me, watching the circling wolves. One, a large, dark brown beast, has black fabric between its teeth. Man against wolf, how cruel.

“The Alpha is in holding. We’ve taken it upon ourselves to make use of his own cellar,” the man informs and my fists wad up. “Yusuf is dead.”

Alpha Kenn seems somewhat distracted by Yusuf’s death—a stranger to me, but he must have held some importance to him.

Alpha Kenn swallows. “Take me to the Alpha,” he directs, voice hard, cold, and smooth.

I have never been to the cellars, and I have never had a desire to go until now. Something so depressing and frightening has never sounded so sweet.

A few men from the group travel with us. My eyes scan the area, searching for any of my pack members, but I see none. Painfully, a few slain bodies in the distance meet my gaze, and I tear my eyes away. What if one of them is Kendra or Caroline or... I cannot bare the thought. My heart is heavy; it weighs in my chest.

We come up to an unfamiliar building, and I hear shouting inside. My mate, I hear him, I hear his voice. The hands around my throat are loosening from the sounds; I can breathe.

Alpha Kenn brings me inside, and the shouting now holds meaning.

“Where is she! I swear to God if you touch her!”

Alpha Kenn walks forward, in front of a particular cell, leaving me in the hold of strangers. The cellar reeks of rotting flesh, of death, and it creeps up my nose like a preview of what is to come. The air is dense, wet, thick, and sticky.

A hand covers my mouth before I can shout back at him, though he catches the sounds of my muffled pleas.

“Isabella?” Eric’s desperate voice floods my ears like an answered prayer. “Isabella?” A thunderous growl shakes the room and two rough hands grip the bars, squeezing almost enough to bend the silver. His hands must be burning. I panic.

“Eric let go! Let go! I’m here!” I shout against the hand, but none of it seems audible.

Alpha Kenn’s eyes swing back to me and he motions for me to come over. The strangers let go, and I dash towards the hands, covering them with my own, feeling the warmth spread throughout my body. Our eyes connect and I pry his hands from the bars. “Let go, Eric! You’re burning yourself!” His eyes study me like a piece of art, and finally, I manage to get one to release. I take his hand and hold it to my cheek. “I here, I’m okay, please let go,” I breathe out, and his face comes to mine. I reach through the bars, trying not to burn myself, and I wipe the hairs from his face.

“Isabella,” he says so quietly and breathlessly, it sounds like a whisper.

“How did you get in there?” I mumble, rubbing my thumb along his cheek, utilizing every second.

“It wasn’t easy,” Alpha Kenn interrupts, yanking me back against him. Eric tenses and stands up straight, his chest rising and falling, filling with rage. “It was a costly process. But to be in this situation now replenishes all losses.”

“You can’t have her,” Eric states harshly. “You can have it all, but you can’t have her. Take the pack, take my title, take whatever, except for her.”

Alpha Kenn pauses, not expecting this.

“It means nothing to me. Take it. Have it all, except her. You can’t have her.”

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 42

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 42-“Well,” Alpha Kenn struggles. “What an offer, but I will have to refuse because Isabella is to be my Luna.”

My eyes cannot leave Eric's. There is something in them. A promise? Safety? Security? Love? Maybe all of them, but definitely love. Suddenly, I am no longer fearful, but determined.

He would give away everything for me, and that means everything. He can give me everything, but it means so much more to give up everything. To have nothing, but me. My cheeks flush with color, with life.

"You can't have me," I mutter and glance up at him. "Sorry."

Some men find this amusing, but Alpha Kenn sneers. "Inject him, then bring him out."

Alpha Kenn drags me out of the cellar and under the gloomy sky. Worry comes over me. Inject him with what?

"Wolfsbane," he snickers as if he read my mind. "Deadly, yet just enough will weaken to the point of uselessness."

Wolfsbane, I have not heard of that technique in years. Back at my old pack, it was used as a peaceful death, as in vast quantities the body will simply drop, yet if not given enough it will slowly eat away, a painful and restless death. Slow, endless. I have never heard of small enough quantities to weaken, until now.

That must be what got him in the cell. How did they manage a clean injection in the first place?

"I told him you had died," Alpha Kenn answers me again, which causes me to believe I am talking out loud. "Obviously, he didn't feel your death, but it distracted him long enough. A man in love is a weak man, Isabella. The Mate bond makes us weak. That is why I refused my mate, and chose you instead, but I am sure you could have figured that out on your own."

My heart drops at the sight of my mate struggling to stand. My finger tips turn numb, tingly.

I make a move to rush to him, but Alpha Kenn holds me back.

"Isabella!"

Swiftly, I turn, my eyes in a focused search, then I see her. Kendra. Kendra stuck in the grasp of a stranger, a dangerous man. Again, Alpha Kenn has to hold me back.

The stranger roughly brings her over, and I see distress cast on her beautiful face. Tears are welling in her eyes, reaching the edge.

“Why! Why her? What did she do?” I act frantically and glare up at Alpha Kenn. “She’s a child!”

He refuses to explain, which fills me with fury.

“She’s a child! She has nothing to do with this!”

Kendra’s sobs strike me and my legs twitch, almost bringing me to the forest floor.

“Isabella,” she cries, confused, scared. Her arms reach out to me, but the man does not let go.

“Why is she here?” I grab Alpha Kenn’s collar and nearly cause an uproar. He yanks my hand off of him and raises his own to me, yet he somehow Eric’s sudden growling and my fearlessness stops him. He clenches his jaw and lowers his arm.

“Try anything else, and she’s dead. Understand?”

My lips shut.

Alpha Kenn enjoys my reaction. “You know what, let’s make this interesting. Since you are choosing to be a pain, maybe you can choose something else. Someone has to die. You choose who dies, right now, right here. The options are him,” he points to a random man, who is surprised, confused, angry, and many other sudden emotions. For the finger has pointed mercilessly at him, “Him, or that man,” Alpha Kenn finishes, and the other men have similar reactions.

I do not take him seriously until his next sentence.

“Choose now or I... Or I kill all three of them.”

My eyes shoot to Eric, and he too looks confused, maybe even disturbed.

“They are your men?” I question.

Alpha Kenn nods. “For now they are.”

I thought Alpha Kenn to be power hungry, but now I see him as he truly is, psychotic. Kill one man, or all three die. A good person would pick one, no? Save two instead of none. A good Luna would let all three die.

My eyes stay with Eric’s, hoping for an answer, but he is drugged, swaying in and out of consciousness as he is held up by other men.

“What will it be, Isabella?”

“My sister, I don’t want her to see this, please.”

Alpha Kenn raises an eyebrow. “She’ll turn around.”

I swallow. “All... All three can die.”

Alpha Kenn did not expect a quick decision; I can see that clearly. He also seems excited by it as well. His men look to him, needing leadership, not believing the control he has given me. “You heard her,” Alpha Kenn says, easily.

I squeeze my eyes shut.

One.

Two.

Three.

Maybe it makes me a bad person. Maybe it makes me a bad Luna. Maybe it makes me a good one? It is easy to believe that they would have died anyways when Eric and I take back control. It is even easier to believe that they would have lived, that I have played God, and that I should not have. If I did not answer, he would have killed all of them, if I chose just one, that would leave more danger for my pack.

Once it is over, I refuse to look at the ground, where they lay lifelessly.

Alpha Kenn claps his hands three times. “Alright, round two, yes?”

Now I jerk away. “No. No more.”

“Now, choose between...” he pauses then lights up, “Eric, your mate, Kendra, your sister, or yourself.”

My breath hitches in my throat. My lungs squeeze.

Maybe it is Alpha Kenn playing God, not me.

Eric grows restless, fighting the Wolfsbane with all he has. “Isabella,” he breathes out, trying to speak clearly, “don’t do what I think you’re going to do.”

Alpha Kenn smiles. “Oh, and of course, if you don’t choose, you all die.”

“I thought I was your Luna? Now you want me dead?”

He shrugs. “Well, there is no Mate bond is there? I’m sure another will do just fine. I’m sure Caroline, yes, Caroline will be a lovely Luna. She has the Alpha blood.”

Die in place of someone you love? That is the correct option, right? I have heard it enough to know that it should be. Eric knows that is what I am thinking of, as he is shouting at me, “no one has to die. Listen, Isabella! No one has to die! Let’s talk about this—let’s talk.”

Maybe I am hoping for a diversion, for someone to come in last minute and save the day. Quickly, Heath will come in, attack the Alpha, distracting his men, giving Eric enough time to attack his restraints. Or Caroline and Lucas will come thrashing through the trees, planning the same. Or maybe all three of them will team up, either way, it would happen just before my decision. I will not have to choose myself then, like I am about to do. Before the word, myself, leaves my lips, it will all happen. Maybe if I wait long enough.

I have always feared death, but I have always believed that everyone has, everyone that is not ready to die. Thinking of my elderly self drifting off scares me like nothing else, the only thing relaxing me is the thought: I will be ready by then.

Many people die before they are ready. Maybe I am just one of them.

My eyes wave from East to West then North to south, again, hoping for the diversion. Next, to Eric, he is pleading with me, then to Kendra, she is crying.

I thought Eric and I would have children. One or two. Hopefully a boy and girl, one of each. The thought makes me happy. Changing diapers, rocking to sleep, feeding only for them to spit it out, the giggles, the cries, it all sounds lovely, only with him. It makes me sad to think I will never have that. The least I could do was leave an heir, but I suppose Caroline could do that.

I hate this, thinking everything over as if I am going to die. The first three died in under a minute; it was easy for the killer.

The Wolfsbane.

“Can it be peaceful?” I ask softly, knowing it will upset Eric.

Alpha Kenn raises an eyebrow. “What did you have in mind?”

“Wolfsbane. Enough will make it quick, painless.”

“Isabella!” Eric shouts. “Don’t you do this, don’t do this, Isabella, please. Listen to me. No one has to die. Let’s talk about this.”

I swallow. “Do I get,” I begin to struggle, “goodbyes?”

Alpha Kenn shrugs. “Whatever you can say here and now.”

Eric begins to panic, greatly.

As Kendra nearly screams in the background, I near her first. She clings onto me, a dying fish to water. She can hardly breathe, as the cries are all that is leaving her. I wish she were a bit younger, too young to understand.

“Kendra,” I say sharply, “you listen to me—”

“We are not doing this, Isabella!” Eric yells. “What do you want?” He turns to Alpha Kenn, begging for strength. “What is it, what do you want? I’ll give you everything, the pack, everything, just stop this, now,” his voice is demanding, hard, scared.

I don’t want him to be scared, that’s my job.

“Kendra, I love you, alright? You’re going to live with mom for as long as you have to, then, as soon as you find your mate, or make a good friend, someone you can trust, you get out of there.” She shakes her head rapidly, refusing the outcome. “Listen! I won’t see you anymore, listen to what I’m saying.” My grip on her tightens as I fight not to fall apart. “You take care of yourself, whatever it takes. Eric will give you money, and if you want, stay here. Scratch mom, she’s poison, she’ll make you sad like she is. Stay here, with Eric okay? With Marina and Caroline, they’ll take care... Care... Stay with them!”

I have never thought of saying goodbye like this before, and I am not doing a good job. I do not know how much time I have left, but Alpha Kenn warns me.

I squeeze her too tightly in a hug and kiss her on the forehead.

Damn diversion.

The man holds her back as I stand up and turn to my mate. He looks angry, at me, of course. With every step I take, the harder it is for Eric to stay together.

“What a game,” I mutter and Eric begins to crumble, angry tears well in his eyes and he stands up, gripping onto my shoulders.

“What are you doing, Isabella?” He asks. “What are you doing? No one is going to die. No one is going to die. You’re not going to die! Okay? Okay?”

“Alright,” I murmur. “It’s looking pretty bad right now, though,” my voice cracks, “I mean, no one is coming. What if they gave you too much?”

“You’re worried about me?”

“Well, you could be slowly dying,” I say while the first tear falls. “It really feels like I’m going to die right now, Eric. I have a feeling. I don’t really want to die, it scares me, but I

think this is what I-I'm supposed to do. You know, die in place of who you I-love. People die all the time randomly, so what if I'm just one of—"

"Times wasting!" Alpha Kenn calls.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye," I begin, though I have no idea how to tell the love of my life goodbye. "You'll be okay; you'll move on eventually. The only thing helping me right now is thinking that you'll be okay without me. I love you, this much, just know that, please. We'll be together again someday, but don't rush it. You take care of the pack; they need you. You're their Alpha, lead them. Take care of Kendra, please—"

Eric shakes his head. "I'm not letting you do this. I'm going to end this," his voice is growing weak, and the Wolfsbane is becoming too much for him to conquer.

"I love you too."

"No, no, you're not," Eric struggles as he falls to his knees.

"Times up!" Alpha Kenn calls. "I've waited long enough. This was a game you know."

There's a rustle as the brush sways around us as if the world is waving goodbye to me.

Suddenly, one of his men pulls out a gun from his waistband, the same one that killed the three men before me.

Eric shouts things I cannot fully register.

"I asked for Wolfsbane!" I yell at Alpha Kenn. "Not a gun!"

Alpha Kenn shrugs.

Then the shot is fired.

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 43

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 43-I imagined death to be a flash of light then darkness. Nothing but darkness. Everything simply shuts off and you are erased from the world and all of its glory. Frightening, isn't it?

The gun shot rings in my ears and I wait for the flash of light, or whatever may come. In this moment, I am open to anything.

My largest and only regret will be my lack of a goodbye to my mate, as Alpha Kenn got impatient. Hopefully Eric knows that I loved him unconditionally, probably too much, if that is possible. I will die for him, so hopefully that shows him my feelings. If I focus on the things I will miss, I will regret my decision, and it is too late for that.

God, I just love him so much. I want to touch him again, to feel his skin on mine, to hear his voice. Everything about him made me feel fulfilled. Knowing that we will never be intimate again... it is terrible. If this is death, me and my thoughts, then I am sure in hell. The rest of my thoughts will contain Eric in some way, what I can no longer have, feel, taste, smell. The smell of him, my God.

“Isabella!”

“Get down!”

Something plows into me, taking me to the hard floor of purgatory, which is uneven and familiar. My eyes shoot open—I did not know that action was still available—and I see grass. In death, I am a ghost. This seems like a good deal, at least I can still see my mate everyday. I can scare Kendra towards the right boys.

Finding humor in death may be my only way of coping with it.

Then I feel it. The sensation, the particular one I was so disappointed in loosening just moments ago. My mates touch, the feel of his skin. Did he die also?

“Isabella, are you okay?”

There it is, his voice.

I open my eyes again and peer upwards. “Am I dead?”

“No,” he breathes out, “you have to get up and run.”

I can still hear the faint ringing of the gun in my ears. Everything has a white mist over it, like in a dream. Eric said I have to run.

I see his face one last time before he pushes himself up and grabs me as well. “Run, Isabella, into the forest.”

I use my legs to lift myself up. Eric, I catch him running off, fighting the Wolfsbane when he suddenly shifts. He seems more stable in his wolf form. My head spins. My stomach rises and everything becomes one blur.

I feel as if I have just come off a roller coaster, and I think I am going to lose my lunch. My eyes roll from side to side, and that is when I see her, and that is when it all makes sense. She is why I am alive. Olivia.

She stands upright like a statue with her hands clasped tightly around the gun, the same one I shot Alpha Kenn with. To the human eye, she seems to be suffocating, as her chest is still, unmoving. Her arms are out straight in the position they were when she

must have pulled the trigger. Olivia looks as if she had shot herself. The terror and sadness on her face is chilling.

I see my mate pouncing on another wolf, too close for comfort, and I realize the danger we are in. My last question is answered when I follow Olivia's eye to the ground, to Alpha Kenn's vacant body.

Ignoring the pounding of my head, I stumble towards Olivia and grab her arms, pulling them down. She refuses to look at me, her eyes glued to the man she had just killed. Tears tumble from her eyes, confusing me. Why is she so upset? Is killing a killer this difficult?

"I-I-I," she struggles, "I killed him."

Her voice is soft, surprised and full of disbelief. I place both my hands on the sides of her face, forcing her to look at me. "We have to go, it's not safe here. We have to go."

With a powerful sob, Olivia falls to her knees, releasing the gun to the earth. "I killed him!" She cries, bringing her hands to her face, covering her mouth and nose as she stares at Alpha Kenn's body. There is a bullet hole in his chest and blood rushes from it, seeping into his clothes and hardly reaching the dirt underneath him. His eyes are open, gazing up at the sky.

Olivia crawls to him, throwing her arms over his frozen chest. I now realize her pain. For she had just killed her mate.

I am oblivious to my surroundings as I drop to my knees as well. My arms forcefully grab her, taking her from him and towards me. She latches onto me and cries into my shoulder, small, muffled screams. I cannot imagine the heartbreak, the pain, the betrayal she must be feeling. My fingers swipe the hairs from her face, they stick to her wet skin. "It'll be alright, it'll be alright," I repeat like a broken record. "We can't stay here, Olivia. It's too dangerous. We have to go, now."

She frantically shakes her head. "I can't move!" She cries.

Two wolves snap at each other, battling just a few meters away. One digs its teeth into the other's fur, there is a whimpering, then blood, finally death, and the slain wolf falls to the ground. The victor has the taste of flesh on his tongue, energized from tearing out the beast's throat.

My eyes widen and I fight to lift Olivia up. I throw her arm over my shoulder and I begin to walk us out of the dense wood. As Olivia shrieks and wails, I try and take my mind off of death, off of my fighting mate, and—Kendra. Oh dear God, where is Kendra. A panic overcomes me. My eyes scan my surroundings, seeing no sign of her. After the gun shot I lost track of her.

Olivia almost slips from my grasp. My mind is too cluttered. Where could she have gone? She could have run anywhere. Kendra could have been attacked. She could be dead. She could be crying out for me. Begging for mercy.

I see the house ahead.

“Olivia, go to the house,” I point in the direction and her eyes follow, “go to the house and do not come out.”

Another sob erupts from her throat and I have the urge to fist my hair. “Olivia, go to the house. You’ll be safe there. Go!”

She staggers off and I leave her, heading back into the forest.

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 44

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 44-I have always taken care of Kendra like a mother.

“Kendra!”

“Kendra!”

My mother was broken, always too hurt to properly take care of a child. All she could do was her job, helping the Luna.

“Kendra, where are you!”

I would make breakfast in the morning while our mother slept, or while she stayed at another’s house. She was heartbroken, and it made her reckless sometimes. I wanted to hate her for it, but I couldn’t. I hated her because she let the sadness make her weak.

“Kendra!”

“Kendra, please!”

She never got over it, she never became determined again. All she had left, all her energy went into her job, none to spare for her family. In her mind, her family had died along with her mate.

I grab the trunk of a tree, stabilizing myself before the intense worrying causes me to vomit. Where could she be? Where could she have gone? Did Kendra simply run in a random direction until she couldn’t hear the sounds of killing anymore? Those types of screams stay in ones mind for a lifetime.

She could have ran her way into one of Alpha Kenn’s guards, gotten herself taken, or worse. She is probably scared, crying, begging that I find her in time—but what if I

can't? How can I let her down when it matters the most? Kendra's life is on the line, and I'm supposed to be her mother figure, I am supposed to save her, protect her. If something were to happen to her, I could never live with myself.

Swallowing, I push off of the tree and continue on.

In the distance, I spot something lurking between the heavy brush, disguised behind its dense layering. I creep closer, hoping it's Kendra, but I pause when I notice a thick coat of dark fur. Not knowing if the beast has seen me or not, I slowly back away, but against my hoping the unfamiliar creature walks forward. This is no member of the Tate Pack.

Its yellowish-golden eyes stalk me intensely, and I struggle to conjure up a solution on the spot. If I run, it will catch me. If I shift, it will kill me. If I stand here, it will kill me. If I beg, it will kill me. If I shift and then run, it will catch me. If I scream, it will kill me. Either way this beast, stronger and bigger than I in any form, can take me easily. I swallow.

The stranger gets that certain look in its eyes, an animal ready to do what it does best, survive, hunt, and kill.

The brush bends under its giant paws, snapping twigs like it will snap my neck. The wolf prepares to lunge at me, giving me no time to think any longer. With a quick and sudden decision, I throw my head back and let my beastly side take over. Hairs sprouting one by one in a split second, bones shifting, changing like a caterpillar to butterfly, and once dull human eyes turn to something much darker, glowing in the oncoming night. Two legs turn to four, sweet lips disappear and are replaced by needle-like teeth. A true beast.

The other wolf growls at me, threatening me, telling me that I will soon die. I have much to lose, but so much more to fight for.

With a swift lunge and snap of a jaw, the wolf makes its move and takes me to the ground with a startling thud. I fall to my back and immediately roll out from underneath its heavy body, dodging another attempt to sink its teeth into my neck.

I sprint forwards and prepare to attack it from behind, but it meets me halfway. To a human child, we may look to be two dogs playing in the backyard, but rather than barks, the air is filled with snarling and growling, snaps and whimpers. I am again brought to the ground, fighting back any attempts to my face. I am not strong enough to take on this wolf by myself, primarily because I have never fought a day in my life. Every move I make is based on a natural instinct, but that can only take me so far.

I manage a few hard bites at its neck, almost deep enough to cause real damage, and the wolf lets its guard down long enough for me to slip out again. This time, I sprint off into the trees, knowing it is hot on my trail. Things are crushed underneath me, sounds that I have never heard before, large branches, bushes, dead tree branches, as I have

no time to be so careful to where I step. Mud coats my paws as I rush in the direction of the commotion I escaped from. If I can lead the wolf to many others, maybe some on my side will take over.

With a quick glance, I spot the wolf running after me, powering through the forest like a bulldozer. Knowing it is too close for comfort, I push even harder, giving it my all.

Cries of help erupt from me as I near the battle ground where Alpha Kenn's body lays. Before I can get any closer, the wolf tackles me to the ground, my back thrown onto a patch of rocks, large enough to scratch through my fur and jab me, digging at my flesh, sure to leave a black bruise if not a break.

Expecting the wolf to sink its teeth into my throat, deep enough to tear things out, I squeeze my eyes shut.

Another sound comes from beyond, halting the wolf on top of my limp body. Its eyes shoot forward before its paws push off of me and its body is propelled forward. The darkness that was once above me is replaced by the warm sky.

Adrenaline takes my pain away as I roll onto my front, watching the wolf leap towards someone very familiar. Heath. I want to get up and help him, I want to be able to lift my body from the forest floor, I want to keep my eyes open, I want many things, but my body will not agree with me.

My surroundings turn hazy as my lids wave open and closed. I can feel my body shrink, shifting back to my human form, making me more vulnerable than before.

I want to get up. I want to get up and fight, and find Kendra, and find my Mate, but I cannot.

My body will not let me.

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 45

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 45-I feel dazed. My memory is a mess, and I do not have the patience to sort through it. There is a certain urgency yelling at me to get up, shouting nonsense, but I can hardly hear what it is saying. My surroundings are soft to the touch, my fingers stroking the fabric beneath me before scrunching into a fist. My back aches, more than the rest of my body at least. I feel bruised, like a fruit dropped to the floor one to many times.

The smell of heaven is terribly familiar. Have I died before? I want to open my eyes and take in the city of white, but I struggle to do so. Suddenly, I find myself drifting off again, slipping into a warm darkness.

Time is inexistent in heaven. The urge to wake comes to me again, and I do not know how long it has been. An hour? A day? A month? A year? Everything blends together into one long night. But, I have this urge, so this time I try harder than before.

My eyelids are heavy, hardly letting in a sliver of light, but the light is there overall. It takes patience, which I fight myself for, and slowly but surly I am getting somewhere. I stretch my legs, move my arms, take a couple deep breaths, filling myself to the brim with life. The concept of heaven is leaving me. So far, I feel quite normal, but I thought death was supposed to take away the pain—and my aching back is exactly that, aching.

When I manage to open my eyes fully they do not seem to take in my surroundings, as if none of it matters. My brain is too focused on the fact that I am alive process anything else. I lay in my spot, wherever I may be, and I attempt to remember how I exactly got here, in this bed. Steadily, the images come back to me. Alpha Kenn's death, his killer, Olivia, my missing sister, my mate who I have no update on, and finally, the Wolf that attacked me. I remember running from him, leading him towards the heart of the ambush. I also remember the trembling noises of my back hitting the rocks. From the way I am moving I can tell that nothing is broken, though.

I do not want to wake up only to be told bad news. My mind can conjure the terrible outcomes so easily, tossing together one horrible story after the other. They will tell me, Kendra, she has been missing for days and no one can seem to find her, Caroline, she ended it all after her mate was killed by one of Alpha Kenn's men, and finally, Eric—and I will fall to my knees at the mention of his name, too weak to not cry—there were too many to them too quickly, he was over powered, I am truly sorry.

Eric cannot be over powered, though, so I will change it. At the sight of my limp body, he was distracted, giving the enemy just enough time to strike with the final move.

He would die because of me.

I roll over in my sheets and squeeze my eyes shut, wanting to fall back into my death-like slumber. If this is really how it all ended, I would not be able to take it.

Like my mother, if I discover my mate to be dead, my soul will die with him. A life without him seems impossible. Every morning, waking without him beside me would feel like a slice of my throat every time. Every day without him is starving to death. Every hour is bleeding out on the floor. Knowing that I will never seem him again will be the end of all I am. There is no Isabella without him.

I cannot wake up only to find him gone. I rather die now without knowing. My mind is cruel to me.

There is a sudden noise beyond the bedroom doors and on instinct, I shut my eyes and pretend to sleep, like a child staying up past their bedtime. I hear the door open, followed by gentle footsteps. Curiosity begs me to peek, but I do not.

It smells of her, Caroline. I take it in.

I flinch at the touch of her hand stroking my cheek, and she stops. "Isabella?"

I stay silent, letting out relaxed, even breaths.

"Are you awake?" She questions softly.

There is something about her voice that is not right. That is it, he must be dead. My heart clenches, and that must be the feeling, a mate sensing the death of her one true partner. My eyes squeeze, a dam holding back tears.

She coos, "Isabella?"

I cannot take it. I cannot breathe.

"Tell me it's not true," I whisper, a sound of struggle clear in my tone.

Caroline immediately brings herself down to my level, her face right in front of my eyes, so I open them.

"Tell me," I beg again, louder than before, more serious, more desperate. "Why do you sound like that? Who's dead? Who died? Please don't tell me—"

"You're awake," she smiles, but there is something missing, something stopping her from completing her puzzle of a fulfilled life, a missing piece. "You've been out for a whole day—"

"I don't care! Who died!" I shout, quickly sitting up. "I can see it on your face, just tell me. Tell me."

Caroline's lips close.

"Just say it," I murmur, "just say it. He's dead, isn't he? He's dead. He's gone. He's dead. Isn't he? Tell me. Damn it, Caroline! Say something!"

"He's dead," she whispers harshly.

I feel no pain. I feel as if I am floating. I expected sobs and screams, begging and swearing. An intense feeling of death, dread, and hopelessness. But I feel none of it.

Caroline glances away, wipes her cheeks, and does not look back. "My father is dead."

Silence.

“Eric saw it all,” she struggles, “it was right in front of him. No one can find my mother. I can hardly breathe and the only reason that I’m fighting is because of Lucas, but damn it, Isabella, you’ve been asleep,” tears are released and she hunches over, hiding herself from the prying eyes of the heavens. “I needed you, but you had to go and fight some stupid wolf! You had to get yourself hurt! He needed you. He’s become some numb robot, and here you’ve been, like sleeping beauty waiting for someone to come k!ss you awake. It’s been hell out here.”

I place my hand on her back and begin rubbing soothing motions. “Caroline, I—” she backs away, letting my arm fall.

“No. I’ll be downstairs when you’re ready to wake up.”

With that she leaves the room and closes the door behind her, leaving me in the familiar silence.

Maybe it was selfish, running after my sister myself. Maybe I should have went to someone who could have gotten the job done, someone that could fight and actually save her. Somehow I have lost my sister, abandoned my mate in his time of need, abandoned Caroline as well, and started a fight that would eventually kill the past Alpha of this pack.

If I never came here, Sebastian would still be alive.

Looking up into the mirror, I face away from myself. How can anyone stand to look at me? Have I only caused problems this entire time? Have I been blind?

I cannot face them. I have been napping while they have all had to deal with the death of a mate, father, and Alpha. How could I possibly face them?

I tumble to the bathroom floor, sitting with my knees to my chest. Time is no longer a matter to me, apparently. I could have been sitting here for an hour and I would not have known. I suppose I am selfish, but also a coward. My mate needs me, Caroline needs me, my sister needs me, so why can I not get up and run to them?