

Read Novel Big Bad Alphas Chapter 9

Big Bad Alphas Chapter 9-I lay in bed and stare up at the ceiling, still feeling the trace of his kiss on my skin. After our short moment in the kitchen we headed upstairs and I convinced him to let me sleep in one of the guest rooms, knowing that if I was in a bed smothered in his scent I would not be able to sleep. Though I am cozy under the covers my eyes will not shut. It is simple; I cannot fall asleep. Over the hours I have sifted through different causes: I'm still hungry, I don't feel good, I miss Kendra, I'm worried about my pack, I'm nervous about meeting Eric's Dad, and even that Olivia's acts have me worried.

I have tried it all: pacing my breaths, counting sheep, taking deep breaths, progressive muscle relaxation, visualizing a peaceful place, yet no matter what I do one factor stays glued in my mind; the fact that my mate is sleeping in the bedroom beside me and I cannot get to him. Obviously, I can physically walk over to him, but that is not the issue. I cannot simply barge in while he's sleeping and expect him to solve my problem. There's always the solution of sleeping in the same bed, together, but there is no way that is happening. Sure he has kissed my face, but sleeping in the same bed is on an entirely different level.

Rolling over, I groan for the thousandth time. All I can picture is his big arms holding me close, protecting me. Imagining the warm, intimate sensation of his breaths fanning the back of my neck make me want to scream. I want his touch and I want it now. Groaning again I shove my pillow in my face, hiding my intense blush from the world.

I didn't think about these things before— before him.

A part of me hopes he is struggling too, even though that is terribly selfish and egotistical of me. Yet, this part of me wants his thoughts to only be about me during times like these.

Kicking the covers off my hot body, I become frustrated. I just want to sleep.

Without him, sleep is becoming a chore.

Getting up, I roll out of bed and wonder over to the closest window. The moon still shines bright, yet every time I check it sinks lower and lower in the sky.

"Isabella."

My heart jumps and I shoot around to see Eric standing in the doorway. I place my hand on my chest while taking deep breaths. "You scared me."

"I came to check on you," he says and I glance at the clock resting on the bedside table.

“At three in the morning?” The moonlight pours through the window and drips down his face, making him look like some sort of angel.

He crosses his arms. “You’re still up.”

“I can’t sleep.”

“I know, I can hear you rolling around and gr0aning,” he says and my face heats up. “Nothing has to happen, but you can come with me.”

Immediately I protest, “I can’t, it’s too... It’s too early to be doing stuff like that. We just met yesterday and sleeping in the same bed is so intimate.”

“It doesn’t have to be.”

In his bedroom, I sit in the bed and construct a short wall of pillows in between us. He watches with his arms crossed until I finish. “Your side,” I point to his half, “and my side.”

He takes in a short breath and turns off the lights. Hesitantly, I lift up the covers and slither inside. The bed moves as he gets in and my heart will not settle down. I try and quiet my breaths but it only feels like I am suffocating myself, and soon my lungs burn. Knowing he is just on the other side is already killing me. Could this possibly be worse?

Tugging the blanket up, part of the wall falls and I swiftly place the pillow back. There is no way I am falling asleep like this.

An hour passes and I continue to stare up at the ceiling— just like I was in the guest room— only this time I have to distract my mind from my mate even more. Suddenly he moves and I notice him getting up. I close my eyes and pretend to be asleep while peeking through the thin slivers I left. He sits up and surprisingly tugs off his shirt causing me to bite my lip, hard. What is he doing?

Slowly he stands up and walks to the door. The hallway light illuminates his body as he leaves the room, and once the door is closed I spring up.

Looking around I spot his shirt lying on his side of the bed. Quickly I snatch it and breathe in his scent. “Oh my god,” I mumble and hold the fabric to my chest before breathing in again. It is like cocaine.

I conjure up ideas of his hot breath on my neck and the tender brush of his lips, burning as they make contact with my skin. His hand would slide around my waist and pull me against his hard body while his kisses fell down my neck to my shoulder. I would tell him just what I went through...

“Isabelle, what are you doing?”

My eyes shoot open to see him standing at the end of the bed, then they look down at his shirt pressed against my nose. Immediately I throw the shirt across the room and panic. "I-I-I w-was... Oh god."

Taking a deep breath I quickly climb out the bed and stumble when my feet touch the floor. "That was not what it looked like," I tell him. "It was just laying there and I, I don't know what happened." Stopping, I run my hand through my hair. "Just get out of my head, just get out of my head."

He says nothing as I walk over to him. "I can't think straight, can you put on a shirt?"

"You threw it," he tells me firmly.

Turning away from him, I go and pick up the shirt only to bring it back and push the fabric against his chest. "Here," I say harshly while looking into his eyes. "Now stop making me... Just, stop please."

"I'm not doing anything."

Not knowing what to say I look away. What am I doing? What is wrong with me?

"Just calm down. You're probably exhausted, you haven't slept since the car ride over." He leads me back over to my side of the bed and I sit down. "Just relax." His hand rubs soothing circles on my back and I begin to slow down.

"I'm sorry," I mumble and close my eyes, enjoying the feeling. "Just don't stop." My head rests on his shoulder and I feel myself beginning to drift off.

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