

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 101

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 101

"Charlotte," hearing my name pulled me out of the troughs of my dream.

I blinked repeatedly to get used to the light and saw Logan looking at me with concern all over his features. I pushed past him into the bathroom and bent over the toilet bowl to heave out yesterday's dinner.

Logan immediately gathered my hair into a makeshift ponytail with his hand while the other rubbed my back in a comforting manner as he muttered words of encouragement in my ears. When I was done dry heaving, he let go of me and I rushed to the sink to brush my teeth.

He waited until I was done and seated on the bed before he crouched down to my height. I didn't want him to ask anything so I spoke first, "What time is it?"

"It's a little after midnight."

"I guess I should try to get back to sleep." I began but he cut me off.

"What happened?" I didn't answer immediately so he cupped my cheek and made me look at him, "Talk to me; what happened?"

"Don't worry about it." I tried to give him a smile but it came out looking more like a grimace.

"Don't tell me not to worry when you're screaming in your sleep." His voice was so cold that I winced. He ran a hand through his curls and continued in a softer tone, "Tell me what happened."

"I dreamt about the body." I admitted and he cursed, "It's not your fault."

"I should have never let you see that."

I decided to change the subject because I know he won't listen to me no matter how many times I try to tell him that it isn't his fault. "There's something else."

Immediately the words left my mouth, his head snapped up to mine and he held my stare in an almost piercing gaze.

“What is it?” he asked finally.

“I’m not sure,” I began slowly; “It was confusing; I kept on seeing flashes of purple and blood; a pale hand and long nails. I don’t know what it means or who it is.”

Logan pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration before sighing, “We’ll figure it out.” I opened my mouth to speak but he cut me off with a short kiss to my temple, “Go back to bed; don’t worry about it.”

“Aren’t you coming to bed too?” I asked but he shook his head.

“Not right now,” he told me, “I’ll be there soon; I promise.” He made sure I was perfectly tucked in and left a lingering kiss on my forehead.

“Where are you going?” I asked finally.

“I just need to think.” he hesitated before saying ‘think’ and I wonder if that is his first word choice, “Don’t worry about me.”

“Don’t tell me not to worry when you’re acting weird.”

He cracked a smile at my play on his earlier words, “I promise I’ll be back in bed before 1.”

“I’m going to wait up for you.”

“Don’t,” it was one word, but it held so much command and authority, “Just trust me.”

I bit down on my retort and chose to nod instead. He kissed me once more and slipped out of the room; leaving me with my thoughts and the remnants of my dream.

I don’t know when Logan came back to bed but by 6 a.m. when I woke up; he was already dressed for the day.

“You should have woken me up.” I mumbled and his eyes snapped to mine.

“You need to rest.” He shrugged, “I’ll get breakfast while you get ready.”

He didn't even give me a chance to protest before he left the room. I knew better than to argue at that point so I did as he asked and went in to freshen up.

I was in the middle of exfoliating my skin when I noticed an unusual perfume bottle on the vanity. Did Logan put this here? Just as the thought came, the door opened and Logan walked in with a tray in his hands.

"Did you get this?" I asked and he immediately put the tray down to see what I was talking about.

"I didn't." he answered, "I saw it this morning and thought it was yours." I picked it up and he cursed, "Don't touch things that you don't know."

He moved to snatch it from my grip when I noticed a tiny folded note where the perfume bottle lay. I let him take the bottle from me and I picked up the note. It had only 4 words on it.

Hide your scent.

A.

"Relax," I said finally, "It's from her."

He sighed in relief before turning to me, "You shouldn't pick things up if you don't know where they came from."

"It was in our house." I argued.

"Sven was killed in our pack." I flinched at his tone and he exhaled deeply, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have yelled at you. You just can't keep doing things like this; it's almost like you have no regard for your life."

"That's not true."

"You speak to witches without wondering what the consequences are; you act first and think later." He listed them off his hand, "What if it wasn't from her?"

"I didn't think about that."

"I can't find you like we found him." His voice cracked at the end, "You have to think about your safety."

"I'm sorry." I mumbled as tears gathered beneath my lids, "I didn't mean to be so stupid."

"Fvck," he muttered as he pulled me into a crushing hug, "You're not being stupid; I'm just worried about you." I sniffled and tried to keep the tears at bay, "Will food make you feel better?"

I nodded and he chuckled softly then pulled back so I could sit cross legged on the bed. He returned with the tray and froze- his eyes lingering on my legs and that was when I realized I was in a robe. When I sat, the robe parted and now my entire th!gh is on display.

He shook himself out of the daze and gave me a smile before placing the tray on my lap. On it lay a bowl of porridge with sliced bananas and berries on top, a smoothie that smelled suspiciously of mango but has a weird green color.

"Do I want to know what's in this?" I asked as I gestured towards the smoothie and he shook his head, "Well ignorance is bliss."

"It's supposed to help with the morning sickness." He began, "At least that's what I read."

"You read up on this?"

"Well, yeah," his cheeks stained pink, "I had to know what I should and should not give you."

"This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me." he smiled at my words and I took a spoonful of porridge, "This is really good by the way."

"It was either this or pancakes," I grimaced at the mention of pancakes.

"You're not feeling it today, are you?"

"Not really," I forced a smile.

"It's a good thing I went with porridge then." He chuckled, "On second thought, I should probably just ask what you feel like eating every morning."

"I'll probably be too indecisive to answer."

He ran a finger across my cheek before rising to his feet, "I'll be back; you finish up."

Logan left and returned just as I threw on one of his large sweatshirts.

“I hope you don’t mind,” I gestured to it and he shook his head, “It’s a lot comfier than mine; and it smells like you.”

He walked over to me until he was practically hugging me from behind, “It looks good on you; and I like you smelling like me.” he placed a kiss on my temple, “Are you done?”

“I just have to put the perfume that she left.” I reached out but his hand curled around my bicep.

“Just,” he trailed off, “Just let me smell you like this for a minute.”

He buried his face into my neck and I was left frozen in shock. He placed one of his hands on my waist while the other splayed over my stomach in a warm but possessive grip.

“I didn’t know my scent mattered this much,” I began and he scoffed, “I thought you wanted me to hide it.”

“I want you to hide it because I want you safe,” he began, “But that doesn’t stop me from wanting to be able to smell my kid in you.”

“So, you like it.”

“I fucking love it.” He took one last long inhale before stepping back, “Do it before I change my mind.”

I gingerly picked up the bottle and quickly sprayed it twice, “How do I smell?”

“Just like you,” his brows were furrowed, “No baby scent whatsoever.”

“That’s weird; I thought it would hide my scent completely.”

“If she hid it completely then people would know that we were hiding something.” he hummed, “She’s smart, I’ll give her that.”

“You just don’t want to like her.”

“She’s a witch; I’m not supposed to like her.”

“I think you do.” I teased and he smiled at me.

He opened his mouth to speak but almost immediately he froze and his eyes glazed over. It stayed that way for a full minute before he blinked it off.

“What’s wrong?” I asked and he swallowed before responding.

“We’re needed at the pack house.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 102

Logan held my hand in a firm grip the entire ride. He would occasionally squeeze it softly to let me know he was still with me but he never spoke.

I couldn’t help the array of nerves that fluttered in my body as we walked through the pack house corridors. He led me to his office where Jake was standing guard at the door.

Jake glanced at me before turning to Logan, “Well, there aren’t any dead bodies today.” He said in an attempt to lighten up the atmosphere.

The corner of my lips lifted but Logan remained stoic as Jake pushed the door open. My eyes immediately went through the office, not noticing anything out of place.

“You’re looking in the wrong place.” Jake said finally.

He shut the door and there etched on the back of the door was the same snake symbol we saw at the border.

“The good news is; it’s fading.” Jake spoke up, “The one on the tree at the border disappeared completely so I imagine this one will fade too.”

“That can’t be all.” Logan said suddenly, “People don’t slow in their offense and whoever it is already did something bad the last time; what did they do now?”

Jake gestured to a note on Logan’s desk. “I picked it up, so I know it’s not going to hurt anyone.”

Logan and I took a few steps closer and there in an immaculate cursive were six words.

I’M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET

“What the hell do they mean by this?” Logan picked it up and immediately I felt a sharp, searing pain in my skull.

I doubled over as if someone had punched me in the gut and let out a deafening scream. Black spots danced around my vision and my ears started to ring but as quickly as it started, it stopped.

I felt arms around my shoulders and I blinked until my vision cleared and saw Logan leaning over me. I didn’t even realize when I fell to my knees.

“What happened? Are you okay?” he asked and I attempted to nod but my vision started to swirl again, “Stay with me, Charlotte; just look at me.”

“I-,” I began but my voice left me and my vision went black.

An incessant beeping drove me out of my stupor and I tried to cover my ears with my hands but they felt like lead.

“I think she’s awake.” A voice spoke but it came out garbled so I don’t know who it is.” A hand stroked my hair in a soft and comforting manner: Logan.

I peeled my eyes open and was immediately assaulted by a flash of blinding light.

“Close the curtains; they’re bothering her.” Logan ordered and I heard footsteps then the light reduced.

“What happened?” I managed out and I was surprised by how hoarse my voice sounded.

“I don’t know.” He said softly, “I picked up the paper and you just started screaming.”

“Where is it now?”

“I burnt it.”

“You shouldn’t-,”

“Don’t finish that sentence.” His voice went dark.

I let out a heavy sigh and leaned back into the fluffy pillow behind my head. I used the silence as an opportunity to look around the hospital room. They

should try to make it a little happier. If I were a patient- which I am- I wouldn't want to be in a white room that smells like antiseptic and death.

"Talk to me," Logan whispered.

"I don't know what to say."

"Tell me what happened."

"I don't know how to explain it." I trailed off, "It felt like someone was trying to make a construction site out of my head. It was the most excruciating thing I've ever felt."

"I'm so sorry."

"It wasn't your fault."

"Yes it was," he cut me off with a bitter smile, "I don't know how they did it but when I touched it; it affected you as my mate. If you had picked it up then nothing would have happened to you."

"It's probably just a fluke; you're reading too much into it." I attempted to ease his worries but he shook his head.

"Greg and Diana agreed to try out the theory," he grimaced, "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault, Logan."

He didn't respond but I knew he didn't believe me. I tried to sit up but he stopped me with worry clouding his features.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I just want to sit up," I told him, "It's not like I'm trying to secretly escape from the hospital."

"That's not funny." I let out an exasperated sigh and he ran his fingers through his hair, "I'm sorry; I'm just worried."

An idea popped into my head, "Do you think Dr. Brennan would squeeze us in for an emergency?"

"Of course," he instantly went on alert, "What's wrong?"

“I was thinking that since we’re already in the hospital then we could get the ultrasound.”

He thought about it for a second before mind linking someone- presumably her. When he was done he blinked and turned to me.

“She’ll be here in five minutes.”

“I’m sorry I’m late,” Dr. Brennan said as soon as she walked into the room, “I was finishing up with a patient.”

“It’s no problem,” it was Logan who responded, “We came unannounced.”

“I will be doing a normal ultrasound this time.” She brought a tube of gel, “This will be a bit cold.” She squ!rted it on my stomach and I inhaled sharply.

She moved the wand over my stomach before settling on a single sp0t and I stared at the screen.

“That is your baby,” she pointed what looked like a miniature version of a formed baby.

“It wasn’t like this last week.” I had to force the words out of my throat.

“Right, werewolf babies mature a lot faster than human babies.” She explained, “They mature at the same rate until about 5 weeks before they begin to develop faster. A full werewolf pregnancy lasts about 7-8 months. Right now you’re at the equivalent of a 12 week pregnancy but it’s only 8 weeks as a werewolf.”

“That’s not confusing at all.”

She chuckled softly, “Would you like to hear the heartbeat?”

I turned to Logan who nodded and after a second a whooshing sound filled the room. It’s faster than the normal heartbeat and I felt tears prick my eyelids.

I snuck a peek at my mate who looked to be fighting tears as well. He pressed a soft but firm k!ss to my forehead and muttered an ‘I love you’.

“For what it’s worth, Alpha,” She began, “you’ll make awesome parents.”

“You helped deliver me; you don’t need to call me Alpha.”

“I don’t call you that because I need to; I call you that because you’ve earned the respect that comes with the title.” She gently wiped the gel of my stomach, “In about 2 to 3 weeks we should be able to find out the gender and between 3 weeks to a month, you should start to feel the baby move.”

“It might be earlier; it usually is for Alpha kids but it might be later as well.”

“Thank you,” I finally found my voice as I pulled my shirt down, “For squeezing us in so late.”

“It was my pleasure.” She gave me a full smile before leaning in to whisper, “it is okay to grieve the loss of one child while fully accepting the blessing that is another.”

I had to pinch the bridge of my nose to stop myself from crying and I just gave her a nod because my tongue wouldn’t loosen long enough for me to form words.

She straightened up and turned to Logan, “Whatever you’re doing, keep doing it. Both mum and baby are in top notch condition.”

After she left Logan turned to me with a teasing grin, “You see,” he began, “Even she thinks I should keep being over protective.”

“I will stab you.” I threatened and he laughed.

He held out a hand to help me get down and I took it. It wasn’t until we got into the car that I finally spoke.

“I’m scared,” I said softly.

He turned to me but didn’t speak. He was giving me enough time to process my words and decide whether or not I wanted to say them.

That’s one of the things I love most about Logan; he will never push. He is more of a silent pillar, just keeping you upright and guiding you.

“I’m scared that we’re going to lose whatever this is.” I said finally, “I’m scared that whoever is doing all this is going to win. But most of all,”

I swallowed the lump in my throat before adding softly and almost inaudibly, “Most of all, I’m scared that we’re going to lose this baby too and there is nothing that we can do about it.”

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 103

Logan didn't utter a word on the drive home. He just clenched his fist around the steering wheel until it turned white. Once we got home, he pretended like the conversation never happened.

We made dinner together because I was craving pasta and he sat with me while we watched a movie. Well, I watched the movie while a million thoughts ran through his head.

That night, I had another nightmare. It put Logan on edge more than he already was. I couldn't go back to sleep so neither did he.

He held me in his arms while he ran a comforting hand through my hair, effectively taking it out of his ponytail then down my back. I peered up at him through my lashes and although he was looking at me; a million thoughts ran through his features.

"What's going on?" I reached up and brushed my fingers across his temple, "It seems pretty busy in here. Do you care to share?"

He gave me a small smile that didn't reach his eyes, "I don't even know what I'm thinking about."

"You'll give yourself a migraine."

"Werewolves don't get sick."

I sighed then got an idea, "Come with me." I pulled myself out of bed and pulled him with me.

He looked at me in confusion but I didn't give him the chance to ask as I pulled him into the kitchen.

"What are we doing here?"

"We're making brownies."

"If you want brownies I can make them."

"I want to make it," I cut him off, "I need to make sure I'm not slacking off." He put up his hands in mock surrender and we got to work.

He was still on edge but relaxed after a while and I had fun baking with him. I may have eaten like half of the batter but that's not the point.

We had just put the brownies in the oven when his phone rang. He answered it and the smile that I worked hard to put on his face dimmed.

He stayed quiet while the person spoke before finally saying, "I'll get ready."

"What's wrong?" I asked as he hung up the call.

"Something urgent came up; Greg is on his way with Diana. She'll keep you company."

He turned around and made his way up the stairs. I waited until he had disappeared before I pressed the heel of my palm to my eyes and forced the tears back.

"The calvary has arrived." Diana said as a way of greeting, "Something smells good in here- excluding you of course."

She made her way into the kitchen and grabbed a brownie from the tray and stuffed it into her mouth.

"You look tired." Greg offered and I gave him a smile.

"It's called pregnancy; you should try it out sometime." I quipped.

He opened his mouth to retort but Logan's presence filled the room. Greg just gave me a look that said 'this isn't over'.

"Where are you going?" I asked the question that has been plaguing me since the phone call.

"There's an emergency at the pack house," his explanation was vague, "I'll be back soon." I knew better than to push so I just sighed and nodded.

He pressed a soft kiss to my forehead, "I'll be back."

"I know."

Greg gave me a mock two fingered salute and they were off.

"What's up with Logan?" Diana asked snapping me out of my reverie.

“I need your help.” I ignored her question.

“Say the word and it’s done.”

“Are they keeping Hunter in the dungeons?”

Shock filled her features but she nodded and I gave her a shaky smile.

“I just want to say that I do not approve of this idea.” Diana said as she parked the car next to the dungeons.

“Weren’t you the one who advised me to sneak off and see Jake a few months ago?”

“Jake is not a murderous and kidnapping psychopath.” She whisper yelled, “I don’t want you to see Hunter.”

“Yet here you are with me.”

“Logan would kill me if I let you go alone.”

“Well then let’s go inside.”

We made our way into the dungeons and I could see the barely concealed surprise on the guards faces. I stopped in front of the same door leading to the cell Jake once occupied. The guard in front of the door looked shocked to see me.

“Luna,” he bowed, “The Alpha didn’t inform us you were coming.”

“It was a last minute decision.”

“I-,” he stammered, “Should I call him?”

“He doesn’t need to be bothered with the mundane details of your job.” I forced venom into my tone.

“I wouldn’t want-,”

“Why am I still standing here?” I cut him off, “Open the door and do whatever you must after.”

“Yes Luna.” He opened the door and I pulled a gaping Diana in after me.

There were three guards in the room and they all stood up once they saw me.

“I need everyone out,” when they didn’t move I reduced my voice to a cold whisper, “Did I stutter? Get out, now.”

They rushed out and I waited until the door was shut before I let out a sigh.

“Girl, that was insane,” Diana laughed, “You totally have the authoritarian tone down to a pat.”

“I wasn’t sure that would work.” I whispered, “I was pretty sure they would call Logan and spoil the plan.”

“I see you’re getting better at lying to people.” I inhaled sharply when I heard that voice and fought to shove the memories down into the recesses of my mind.

I looked everywhere but into the cage in the centre of the room. I stared at the chairs where the guards sat and even at the metal window high above the ground.

“You won’t even look at me, Charlotte; after all we’ve been through.” Those words forced my eyes into the cage and Hunter gave me a wide smile complete with his yellowing teeth, “I was wondering when you would come to see me.”

I took in his wounded features as he lay on the floor clutching his side. His hair was matted with blood and blood lay crusted on almost every corner of his face. His eyes were swollen and his nose looks like it was broken more than once.

His leg was turned in an awkward angle and blood seemed to be pouring from the side he was holding so I’m assuming it’s a fresh wound.

I also heard the distinct buzz of a fly somewhere around and it made me feel a bit better to see that he is suffering more than I did. “Hello Hunter.”

“You look good; although I have to say that I prefer you in white or red.” Shudders wracked through my body at the memory and he let out a hearty laugh. “Tell me Charlotte, do you still have scars?”

“You don’t have to do this.” Diana whispered to me but I ignored her.

"You're one to talk," I told Hunter, "Last time I saw you, you were parading around in your expensive shirts and now look at you. You're in a cell, you haven't had a proper bath in a while, you smell like a dump and your face isn't even recognizable. Are those wh!pping marks? How the mighty have fallen."

His features turned into a snarl and I forced a sickly sweet smile on my face.

"I didn't come here to argue with you," I said finally.

"Then why are you here?" he asked, "I can only assume your mate doesn't know you're here. I wonder how he will react when he finally sees you for the lying b!tch that you are."

"I have a question Hunter, answer it and I'll be out of your hair."

"What makes you think I'll give you an honest answer?"

"I'll just say that I'm fairly confident."

"You won't be when she comes," he whispered, "I remember how you screamed the last time you saw her. Tell me; do you miss her?"

"Miss who?" I ignored his taunt, "Who are you talking about?"

He stared at me for a second before laughing. He winced mid laugh and clutched his side.

"The b!tch wiped your memory," he smiled with glee, "This is going to be so much more fun."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

The door flew open and a fuming Logan escorted by a stoic but equally angry Greg burst in.

"I think you've been caught, Charlotte." Hunter taunted.

Logan walked up to me and pulled me to his side, "What the hell were you thinking?"

"I'm sorry; I-," I began but he cut me off.

"We'll handle this at home."

He led me to the door and I was just about to cross the threshold when Hunter spoke.

“With your memories you had no chance of beating her but without them,” he paused for dramatic effect, “It’s like trying to catch the wind in your hands; you’re bound to fail.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 104

Logan was fuming; I could almost see the steam coming out of his ears. He led me to his car and opened the door for me to get in and I was going to when I saw Greg and Diana arguing in hushed tones.

“It wasn’t her fault,” I spoke up making them stop and turn to me, “I asked her to go with me; it was my idea.”

“The point,” Greg began, “Is not whose idea it was; it’s that you were both incredibly stupid and naïve.” He turned to Diana, “Get in the car.”

Diana shot me a sympathetic look before getting into the car and Greg shut the door after her without sparing me another look. I turned to Logan who was staring at me with cold eyes and I got into the car as well.

He didn’t utter one word during the drive and my shame and guilt wouldn’t let me try to breach the silence first. A part of me knew that if I had tried to speak, he wouldn’t have responded and I didn’t want to experience that.

He stopped the car in front of the house and let out a deep breath, “Go inside, Charlotte.”

“But-,”

“I am this close,” he held his thumb and pointer finger close together, “To losing my sh!t, go inside and I’ll be right there.”

I opened my mouth but decided against it and rushed into the house. I didn’t dare look back at all. I sat on the couch and buried my face into my palms. What have I done?

He came in about five minutes later but I was still sitting at my sp0t on the couch.

“What the hell were you thinking?” were the first words out of his mouth.

“I just wanted to talk to him.”

“And the best way for you to do that was to sneak off and do it?” his voice was flat and cold, “Didn’t you think to tell me about it?”

“I knew you wouldn’t let me.”

“And did you think it wasn’t for a good reason?”

“I was just trying to help.”

“Well you didn’t help,” he wasn’t yelling but somehow I wish he was, “Did you even stop to think about the consequences of your actions?”

He ran a hand down his face in frustration, “You put Diana in danger, and you put yourself and the baby in danger. Don’t you think before making certain actions?” he asked, “What if he had hurt the both of you, what would you have said then?”

“I was safe, he was behind bars and he was hurt; he wouldn’t-.”

“You weren’t fvcking safe.”

“Don’t yell at me.” I ground out even though I know he isn’t yelling.

“I’m not yelling,” he inhaled sharply, “Alright then; what did you gain from your visit?”

“What?”

“Your visit,” he repeated, “The one you put yourself and Diana in danger for; what did you learn? What new things did he tell you?”

I opened my mouth to respond but paused when I realized I didn’t have anything to say. He didn’t tell me anything I don’t already know. Shame filled me and I kept my eyes glued to the floor to avoid his gaze.

“You got nothing, right?” he scoffed, “I could have told you that but you decided to just do whatever you wanted.”

“I was just trying to help.”

“I don’t need you to help.” This time he yelled, “I was trying to find a solution to our problem when I got informed that my pregnant mate is in Hunter’s cell alone because she sent everyone out.”

“I don’t need you to constantly put yourself in danger. I have enough trouble worrying about this goddamn witch and what she is trying to do to you. I don’t need to worry about you being stupid and putting yourself in danger all the damn time.”

I felt the impact of his words on a physical level and flinched back. He took in my reaction and pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration.

“Charlotte,” he began but I cut him off.

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” I sniffled, “I shouldn’t have been stupid and I’m sorry I put Diana in danger. I’m just going to go upstairs.” I swallowed the huge knot in my throat, “You should go back to what you were doing.”

He opened his mouth to speak but I didn’t give him a chance to say anything before I was rushing up the stairs.

I had barely shut the door to the room when the tears started falling from my eyes and I furiously wiped them away. Logan is right, I was so stupid. I crawled into our bed and wrapped the blanket around my shoulders while trying to reduce my sobs.

I heard what sounded like footsteps and held my breath until they stopped right outside the door. I know it’s Logan but I couldn’t help but wait with baited breath wondering what he would do.

I let out an involuntary snuffle and I heard a thud as if something hit the door then the footsteps retreated and somehow, hearing his receding footsteps hurt worse than when he yelled at me.

I don’t know when I fell asleep but footsteps woke me from a fitful sleep. I smelt him before I saw him but I couldn’t help but peel my eyes open to make sure I wasn’t being delusional.

Logan sat at the edge of the bed staring down at me with an unreadable expression on his face and I sat up slowly, bracing myself for the worst.

He ran his knuckles down my cheek softly and I couldn't help but lean into his touch. His hand lingered on my jaw before he dropped it.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you," his voice was a cold whisper that I couldn't help but bask in, "I was worried about you and I didn't handle it well."

"I'm sorry for being stupid."

"I should never have called you that."

"You were right though," I shrugged, "it was stupid of me to go there alone; anything could have happened to me or Diana. I just hope Greg isn't mad at her."

"I'm sure he isn't; he's enamored by her."

Silence filled the room and I used the opportunity to speak, "I was just trying to help; you're not letting me help and I just wanted to be useful."

"You are helping by staying out of trouble; you're the one they want and as long as you're safe then everyone else is fine."

"is this like our first major fight?" I whispered in an amused tone and he chuckled.

"I guess o."

"I'd say we did pretty well," I mused, "it ended in tears; all that's left now are flowers and ice cream."

"I'll handle that tomorrow." He said and I laughed, "I'm sorry I made you cry."

"It's fine," I waved him off, "I'm pregnant so everything makes me cry."

"I should never add to that," he cleared his throat, "I came to apologize but I heard you crying and I just couldn't walk in. It absolutely wrecked me to hear you like that."

"I know you came," I admitted, "I heard your footsteps, but it's fine now. We're fine."

"We are."

He gave me a smile that I swear can light up a mega watt bulb.

“Logan,” I murmured and he hummed in response, “K!ss me.”

He smiled and ran his fingers through my curls until he cupped the back of my head then leaned forward and pressed his lips to mine.

He moved his lips against mine ever so slowly and placed one hand against the curve of my stomach while the other fisted the curls at the back of my head tightly.

He pulled away from me and I let out a small sound of protest that morphed into a moan when he placed small open mouthed kisses against my neck. Dampness pooled in my centre and his hand against my stomach trailed higher, closer to where I wanted him.

A loud ring cut through the haze and I had to blink to re orient myself with my surroundings.

“You should answer that.” My voice came out hoarse.

He ran his hand through his hair in frustration as he picked up the call.

“What do you want?” he put on his ‘orderly Alpha tone’ and I felt another pool of wetness flood my centre.

His eyes cut to mine in a knowing look and I couldn’t help but flush pink and squeeze my thighs together.

The person on the other end of the line said something that caught his attention because he furrowed his brows. I gave him an inquisitive look and he just handed the phone to me.

“It’s for you,” he said and I slowly took it from his hands.

“Hello,” I cursed myself for my voice sounding so soft.

“There’s someone looking for you at the border,” Jake cut right to the chase, “She says she is your sister.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 105

“What do you mean she’s my sister?”

"The patrol caught her trying to sneak into the pack and she claimed to be your sister." Jake explained, "She looks nothing like you but she says she has a message from your dad."

"We'll be right there."

I hung up the call and instantly moved into action. I pulled one of Logan's sweatshirts over my head in haste. What the hell is Liana doing here?

"Relax, Charlotte," Logan's voice cut through my racing thoughts, "No matter what she wants; we'll handle this together."

"I just," I trailed off and started pacing.

Logan stood in front of me; effectively stopping my pacing and forced me to look at him.

"What's wrong baby?"

"I don't know what she wants," I began, "And it- it takes so much for me to be brave in front of her and I don't know if I can do it."

"You can," he assured me, "I'm going to be right there with you; okay?"

"Okay," I nodded.

He kissed me softly, "Let's go."

We got to the border where Jake was waiting for us.

"Describe the girl," Logan didn't waste any time before asking.

"She has black hair, green eyes, kind of short and very fvcking rude."

"Does that ring a bell?" Logan asked and I nodded.

"It sounds like Liana."

"I want you to stay close to me." Logan's voice held no room for negotiation so I nodded.

Jake led us forward and I smelt her before I saw her. She was in skin tight leggings and a ripped black top. Her heels and clothes were muddy; leaving

me to think she had to do some weird things to sneak in here. Then to top it off; she had her signature scowl on her face.

“Hello Liana,” I spoke softly and her eyes cut to mine.

Her scowl deepened, “I’d say it’s nice to see you but I would be lying; you look like sh!t.”

“You’ve looked better yourself,” I said simply, “What do you want?”

“Aren’t you going to invite me into your pack?”

“No,” my answer was curt and simple, “You can either tell me what you want or get dragged out. It’s your choice really.”

She ignored me and turned to Logan whose hand hadn’t left my waist.

“Hi, I’m Liana; I’m Charlotte’s sister.” She gave him a seductive smile, “You must be Logan; I’ve heard so much about you. I can only imagine that you’d be more diplomatic to speak to.”

I almost scoffed. She did not just flirt with my mate in front of me.

“I can see why you ran away now.” Jake whispered to me and I stifled a laugh.

Liana shot daggers at me. She looked prepared to speak when Logan cut in.

“If you won’t speak to Charlotte then you won’t speak at all.” He said simply, “And while I will not enforce that you refer to her by her title; I will enforce that you give her the respect that comes with the title. She may be your sister but here she is Luna.”

Shame washed over Liana’s features while pride filled mine. It took everything in me not to reach over and kiss him.

“Why are you here, Liana?” I asked again.

“Father wishes for you to come back home.”

“If that is all then you can tell him my answer is no.” I turned to leave.

“No wait,” the urgency in her voice stopped me, “She is going to kill us if you don’t go to her.”

“Who is she?”

“The witch Hunter had,” she gave me an exasperated look, “You know her; stop pretending like you don’t.”

“What’s it to me?”

“Didn’t you hear what I said?” she asked, “She will kill us. You can pretend to be a b!tch all you want but I know that you will do anything for us.”

“I would have done anything for you a year ago. I may have even still considered it a few months after father sold me to be married to that oaf.” I saw her wince slightly, “But I will never consider it now; especially not after you watched how he treated me in that cabin.”

“Charlotte-,”

“Do not call me that,” my voice was barely above a whisper, “You knew what he did to me and you laughed about it. I remember it all. You aligned yourself with Hunter; you can get yourself out of that mess. I couldn’t care less if you burnt in hell.”

“If you won’t do it for me then do it for Carmen,” she yelled, “She’s pregnant; it’s a child, you can’t hurt an innocent child.”

“I was a child when she betrayed me,” I scoffed softly, “And besides; the child is better of dying than being brought into that family.”

“You were never like this. You’ve changed.”

“It seems you didn’t know me as well as you thought you did,”

I turned to leave and it happened so fast. One second everything was fine; and the next, Jake was pulling me out of the way while Logan’s hand whipped out and caught something. He let out a warning growl.

“Are you okay?” Jake asked and I nodded.

I turned and saw Logan holding a huge rock in his fist. From the look on Liana’s face; she was the one who threw it.

His knuckles turned white as he crushed the rock between his fists. The next second he had Liana's neck in a tight hold against the tree while she gasped for air.

"Logan," I pleaded but he didn't respond to me.

I moved towards him but Jake kept me in place. "Don't; he has to punish her for what she did."

"I let you say whatever you wanted," Logan wanted, "I let you run your mouth. But it wasn't enough and you tried to harm my mate on my territory."

"Please," Liana gasped out as she clawed at his hands.

"I can kill you where you stand and nothing would happen. You breached my lands first and insulted my Luna." Her already white face went even paler, "But as it is; you are still her sister; so I'll show you mercy."

He threw her to the floor and she wheezed heavily while trying to inhale large gulps of air.

"You have ten seconds," Logan said as he walked back to my side, "Before the guards and trackers start looking for you."

"I don't understand."

"If you're caught; you will be executed instantly."

"Charlotte please; you know I'm not good at running," she turned to me with a pleading gaze, "I'm your sister; I am begging you."

A part of me felt pity for her but another part of me knew she deserved worse. Besides, I can't go against Logan's orders in public.

I turned away from her and walked over so I was standing next to Logan. Realization dawned on her features and she looked down at herself. She knows she can't outrun them.

She snapped the heels off her shoes and shot me one more pleading look, "Please; I'll die."

"I never ran a day in my life. But I got out; didn't I?" I asked, "I wish you all the luck I never had."

“You have ten seconds,” Logan repeated, “They start now.”

She took off without another thought and Logan turned to the guards.

“Give her fifteen seconds; then you can chase.”

He turned to me, “Do you want to go home now?”

I nodded and he led me to the car. Jake was about to get into his car when Logan stopped him.

“If we have any visitors like that again,” he paused, “Kill them; then call me after.”

“I will.”

Logan opened the car door for me and I gingerly sat in.

“Will she die?” I asked as he took his spot behind the wheel.

“She will if they catch her.”

“They will catch her.”

“Have a little faith in her; she almost snuck in here. She may just escape.”

“She won’t; you know that.”

“They won’t catch her,” he assured me, “The person I want dead is your father. I’m not against collateral damage but I need her to go back to him. That way; he will know that if he comes within 100 feet of you. I will kill him.”

I swallowed deeply. “Why do you want him dead?”

“Do you want another reason other than the fact that he sold you to that bastard?”

“Is it wrong that a part of me wanted her dead?”

“No.” he said and a high pitched scream cut through the air.

“I thought you said they wouldn’t catch her.”

“They won’t catch her,” he repeated, “But it doesn’t mean that they won’t hurt her.”

“Logan-,”

“She may not have been the main villain but that does not mean that she didn’t hurt you,” he said, “She watched while they hurt you and she never did anything about it. She deserves to be hurt just as much as they deserve to die.”

I inhaled sharply. Never has someone felt so fiercely on my behalf before.

“Are you scared of me?” he asked and I thought about it for a while then shook my head, “Good; I may be a monster but never to you.”

“You’re not a monster.”

He gave me a small smile, “Let’s get you home.”