

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 13

The stream was about five minutes away and I immediately jumped in and tore my dress off and let it float downstream.

True to Aubrey's words there were some clean clothes and I quickly put them on and continued my journey.

I don't know how far I ran but I ran until I came to a busy street and from the smell that assaulted my nose I knew it was dominated by humans. I can blend in here and no one will ever find me.

I made my way over to the payphone but cursed when I realized I didn't have any money on me.

"Are you okay dear?" I heard a woman ask from behind me and I turned and gave her a small nod.

"I am thank you." I said with a small smile.

"I think I have a few coins here if you need one," she said as she rummaged through her purse and handed me a quarter. "You look like you're lost."

"It's my first time in the city and I want to call my brother," I lied and she gave me a nod, "Thank you for the quarter."

She just waved me off and continued on her way. I slipped in the quarter and pulled out the note from my pocket and dialed the number. It was picked up on the third ring.

"Who is this?" I heard a male voice grind out.

"Hi I'm Charlotte and Lu- Aubrey gave me your number. She said when I get into the city that I should call you and you would help." I muttered and I heard him curse.

"She's lucky I owe her a favor," he mumbled under his breath then cleared his throat, "Where are you?"

“I don’t know,” I admitted, “I’ve never been here before.”

“Okay well can you describe your surroundings for me?” I described the area to him in the best of my ability and told him what I was wearing and he sighed. “I think I know where you are; I’ll be there soon; just try to stay hidden.”

He hung up the phone and I lingered close to the gas station so the smell from it would continue to mask my scent. I couldn’t calm down the entire time I was waiting because I was so scared that someone from my pack would run through here and see me.

I don’t know how long I stood there before I noticed who I think is the man I spoke to over the phone. He had a single tattoo line that started from his middle finger and disappeared under his sleeve and he had four piercings on his face alone; one in each ear, one on the lip and an eyebrow piercing. His hair was dyed an unnatural shade of white and I couldn’t make out the color of his eyes because of his dark shades.

His eyes snapped to mine and he made his way over. I secretly prayed that he was the guy on the phone and not someone from my pack.

“Are you Charlotte?” he asked in that gruff and bored voice of his and I eyed him skeptically.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I’m Greg,” he said and when I gave him a confused look he sighed and took off his glasses, “I’m the one you spoke to on the phone; Aubrey’s friend.”

I let out a sigh of relief and came out of my hiding spot and allowed him lead me to a simple black station wagon.

Just as I got into the car he turned to me, “I hope no one from your pack followed you here.” He said and I gasped in shock. How does he know about packs?

“What do you mean pack?” I asked trying to feign ignorance, “We’re not animals.”

“Don’t try to play dumb kid,” he cut me off, “I know all about werewolves and packs. I came from one too.”

“But you don’t smell like a werewolf.”

“That is courtesy of a potion I got from a witch friend.” He said, “Speaking of which; you might need one too so your pack doesn’t find you.”

“Why are you helping me?”

“I’m helping Aubrey not you.” He corrected.

“Why are you helping her?” I probed and he shot me an annoyed look that made me quickly turn to face the window.

Just when I had given hope of him answering me he spoke in a small, almost inaudible voice, “Because when I was at my lowest she helped me.”

He took me to an abandoned building first and my heart rate began to spike. What if he’s bringing me here to kill me?

“Relax, I can hear your heart beating fast,” he said, “I’m just taking you to see the witch who gives me my potion.”

“Why would she be living in a rundown building?”

He didn’t reply, just stopped the car and gestured for me to come out and follow him which I did. Just as we were a few steps away from the door of the house I felt a ripple pass through me and the atmosphere changed revealing what was a beautiful looking bungalow with a huge garden.

His eyes snapped to mine and he made his way over. I secretly prayed that he was the guy on the phone and not someone from my pack.

“Wow,” I couldn’t help but say and I saw Greg smile from the corner of my eye.

“You’re not the first to be fascinated by my cloaking spell,” I heard a voice say and I turned abruptly and saw the witch. She looked young, almost my age but I know from experience that she is probably a lot older. Her hair was an unnatural shade of black almost as if the night itself bled into her hair and her violet eyes were so unreal. It gave her a hauntingly beautiful look.

“Hi I’m-“

“Charlotte, I know,” she said with a smile, “And I also know why you’re here.” She handed me a small perfume bottle, “One spray and your werewolf scent is gone completely for the next 24 hours.”

“Thank you,” I said but she just waved me off, “But wait, what’s the catch.”

I saw a smirk grow on her face, “What do you mean?”

“Everything comes with a price,” I said, “He’s helping me because he owes Aubrey; why are you helping me?”

“You’re smart I’ll give you that,” she said, “My only request is that when you’re in a position to help; don’t forget about my kindness. The witches need an advocate.”

“I won’t,” I promised, “Thank you.”

Greg signaled that it was time to leave and I followed him back. I was almost to the car when I heard her voice clear as day in my head.

“You have a long road ahead of you Charlotte; and when all seems like it is lost remember that you will always have an ally here.”

Greg started the car and turned to me in shock, “You’re either very smart or very dumb for talking to a witch that way.”

“She didn’t seem to mind,” I shrugged, “But wait; I forgot to ask her name.”

“She wouldn’t have told you,” he said, “For witches names have power; she would never tell someone her name because it would mean having power over her.” He continued, “All she or any other witch needs to perform a spell on you is your name.”

“Then should I be worried that she knows my name?”

“You would be a fool not to be,” was his only reply.