

## Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

### In Between the Alpha's Chapter 16

I was already dreading the date from the moment I woke up. I went about my day with my thoughts running around in my head. In fact, I was so in my own head that customers actually noticed and Greg had to give me a ten minute break to (and I quote) "Get my head back into the game".

"Are you alright today dear?" Mrs. Wiggins asked snapping me out of my thoughts and I quickly nodded and gave her a small smile, "You've just been so out of it today; I've been watching you since I walked in."

"It's okay Mrs. Wiggins; I'm fine." I said, "I'm just thinking."

"Are you sure?" she asked again and I nodded, "If you're feeling a bit under the weather then I'm sure Greg will be more than happy to give you the rest of the day off."

"I'm perfectly fine Mrs. Wiggins," I assured her, "I promise you."

"Well if you're sure," she trailed off as I packed up her stuff, "I hear you're going on a date with the hot guy."

"Where did you hear that?" I asked quickly.

"We live in a small town Charlotte; news travels fast." She said with a shrug, "Besides Mary said he asked her where the best date spots are and everyone knows he has his eyes on you; so we put two and two together and figured you finally agreed to go on a date."

"So now the whole town knows about the date."

"Pretty much yes," she said with a shrug, "But as of a few days ago I thought you weren't interested in him, what changed your mind?"

"I'm still not interested," I said with a frown, "I just agreed so he would stop bothering me every day. It would be good to not have to see him every single day."

“You wound me Charlie,” a voice said from my left and both of us turned sharply to face Jake. “And here I was thinking you had grown attached to me.”

How did I not notice him sneak up? I must be getting way too comfortable here; I can't keep my guard down anymore. What if my pack comes back and I'm too relaxed. I can't go back there. Luna Aubrey can't save me twice.

“Earth to Charlie,” he said snapping his fingers and bringing me back to reality. I realized Mrs. Wiggins had left us and he was sporting a huge grin on his face, “It's good to know that I distract you so much.”

I kept my face perfectly neutral and ignored his words and started ringing up his things and I tried to keep the confusion out of my face when I saw a bunch of things he has never bought before.

“It kind of s.ucks that you work at the only good store here,” he began, “You'll probably piece together what the date is before tonight.”

“I'm not looking forward to it enough to make me loose a few minutes of my day over it.” I said and I saw surprise flash across his features before he wiped it off.

“I take it you don't want to go on this date.”

“What gave it away?” I asked rhetorically and he just smiled.

“Don't worry,” he began, “You may not want to go now but I promise that you won't regret it by the time we're done.”

He might be wrong because it's almost time for the date and I already regret saying yes. It is 5: 58 and I've been staring at the clock wonder ing if I could just freeze time right here.

“You'll be fine,” Greg said as he walked into the living room, “Besides if you're going on a date looking like that then there's a 90 percent possibility you won't get asked out again.”

I looked down at my outfit. It's a pair of grey sweatpants and a matching grey hoodie with white sneakers. My hair was in a low ponytail and I thought I looked cute; lazy but cute.

“You're so mean, there's nothing wrong with my outfit.”

"If you say so." He smirked and I was about to reply when I heard a knock on the door, "Six o'clock; he's punctual I'll give him that."

I ignored him and opened the door to see Jake standing there with a bouquet of roses in his hand. I looked him up and down slowly; he was wearing a pair of jeans and a simple blue t-shirt.

"Don't you think roses are a bit cliché?" I asked as I took them out of his hands and made sure he saw me placing them on the table.

"I didn't know what you liked; it seemed like a safe choice," he shrugged, "You look beautiful."

"I know," I said with a sickly sweet smile on my face, "Are you going to stand here all day or are we actually going to leave."

"You seem excited about this date."

"The quicker we leave; the quicker the date will be over." I said as I stepped out and shut the door behind me, "So where are we going?"

I honestly feel bad about being so rude and dismissive towards him because he obviously put so much effort into this.

We took a walk around the park and even fed some ducks before ending up at a cute little picnic site. It was so beautifully set up with tiny lilies and candles. It was at the tip of my tongue to mention how beautiful it was but I had to dismiss him with a shrug. I could see the hurt on his face but it had to be done.

The snacks and pastries actually tasted wonderful and by some miracle he actually made my favorite oat cookies.

"You seem to like the oat cookies," he began softly and I shrugged.

"They're not horrible," I lied.

"So why don't you tell me a bit about yourself," he began and I shot him a bored look; I hate that sentence so much. He seemed to get the hint because he cleared his throat, "On second thought would you prefer it if I started?"

"You can do whatever you want."

“Well you already know my name is Jake and I’m 21; I’m from a small town about a day south of here.” Well it’s good to know that his pack isn’t anywhere close to mine, “I work in real estate with my best friend; he’s the boss.” In other words he’s the Alpha, “What about you?”

“I’m Charlotte and I’m 19.” I said simply and he raised a brow.

“That’s it?”

“That’s it; were you expecting some kind of life story?” Seeing the hurt on his face made my heart clench and I almost took back my words.

“I’m sorry,” he began, “I really thought you were just playing hard to get; I didn’t realize that you really didn’t want to go on this with me.” He let out a long sigh, “How about this; you drop the attitude; I’ve taken the hint and I’ll never bother you again. Let’s just finish today on a good note.”

I thought about it for a second before nodding curtly, “Fine,” he gave me a small smile, “I really can’t tell you anything more about myself; Greg is my only family.”

“That’s okay; I’m sorry for prying.”

We sat in silence before I spoke, “the cookies are my favorite actually.”

He let out a small laugh, “Good to know.”