

## Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

### In Between the Alpha's Chapter 66

"I had forgotten how careless you could be when talking to witches," Greg said after about twenty minutes of silence.

"She agreed to help us," I said, "What's the big issue?"

"How did she know your name?" Logan asked and Greg beat me to an answer.

"Because little Miss. I like to talk to witches told her," he said and I rolled my eyes.

"I didn't know that we weren't supposed to tell her," I said, "I was trying to be nice."

"Well now she's way too into your head." Greg complained and I rolled my eyes.

"I have nothing to hide."

"It's not just about you," he yelled and Logan let out a growl that made me jump slightly.

"Don't yell at her," he said in a dangerously low voice and Greg went silent, "Apologize."

The expression on Logan's face is one I've seen only a handful of times and because of how nice he is I sometimes forget what he's capable of. He isn't the Alpha of a pack for no reason.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you," Greg said and all I could manage was a small nod.

Logan visibly relaxed a bit after the apology and squeezed my hand a little in his own subtle way of apologizing for scaring me.

“You shouldn’t have told her your name,” Greg said snapping me out of my Logan induced haze, “She’s in your head so she can find out about Diana and everyone else.”

“Wait, so does that mean she knows your names?” I asked and he shook his head but it was Logan who answered.

“It’s not that simple,” he said, “She knows who we are to you but not who we are. It’s like she has a face but no name.”

“What was she talking about when she said you were keeping a secret?” I asked and I saw Greg briefly glance at us through the mirror.

Logan opened his mouth but shut it almost immediately as if he was searching for words.

“It’s complicated,” was what he finally settled on, “I wish I could explain it but I can’t. at least, not right now.”

“Okay,” I said softly and he squeezed my hand again in a silent apology.

Greg glanced at us from the rearview mirror but refused to meet my gaze and I knew at that moment that whatever it was that they knew involved me.

“When did she say she was going to be here?” Diana asked for the umpteenth time.

“She said she would be here an hour after,”

“So that means she has about ten minutes left.”

“Yes Diana,” I said rolling a damp strand of hair between my fingers, “Now stop asking.”

“I’m sorry, I’m just curious as to how she’s going to get here.”

“She’s a witch Diana; I don’t know.”

“Okay, calm your tits honey,” she said with a small wiggle of her brows and I heard a small scoff come out from Greg.

“Did you have something you wanted to say?” I asked and he just shook his head.

“Where exactly is she meeting you guys?” Diana asked again and I opened my mouth but closed it immediately.

“She just said she would arrive at the pack.”

“Didn’t you guys think you should ask?”

“Do you think you can be quiet for five seconds?” I asked and she stuck her tongue out at me. “Where is Logan anyway?”

“He hasn’t come down since his shower,” Greg said with a shrug, “I’m surprised it took you this long to figure it out.”

“Fvck you,” I said and Diana snickered, “Fvck you too,” they burst out laughing, “I am going to check on Logan.”

“Make sure to leave the door open,” Diana called out and I gave her the finger.

When I got to Logan’s room I knocked softly before pushing it open.

“Hey stranger,” I said with a small smile and he looked up from his laptop and returned the smile, “Why are you holed up in here?”

“I needed to go over some stuff before she arrives.”

“Do you think those stuff can take a back seat?” I asked and he closed the laptop, “What’s really wrong?”

“Why don’t you come closer and find out?”

I knew he was deflecting but I decided to play at his pace so I walked over and plopped myself on the bed opposite him.

“You’re still a bit too far but I’ll live,” he said and I rolled my eyes,

“I’m not letting you deflect Logan,” I said and he sighed

“What if she can’t fix what’s wrong with him?” he asked, “What if we’ve been chasing a dead end and there’s nothing we can do for him.”

“Thinking about what ifs will drive you nuts,” I said softly, “We just need to have faith.” I continued, “And even if she can’t help him then we’ll find someone who can.”

“Is it wrong that I have no idea what I’m doing?”

“None of us really know what we’re doing and that’s fine,” I said with a shrug.

“Everyone is counting on me to fix everything.” He said, “I don’t want to make a mistake.”

“Everyone is bound to make mistakes Logan; even you,” I said, “Besides we have a psycho trying to kill me and your best friend is in a cell; I think that wins you some cookie points.”

He let out a chuckle before his expression suddenly turned serious.

“Do you trust me?” he asked and I raised a brow at the question.

“Where is that question coming from?” when I saw he was serious I sighed, “Of course, I do; you know I do.”

“You know that I’m just trying to protect you, right?”

“Of course I do; but what is going on?”

“I just need you to remember that.”

“I never forgot it.”

He let out a small sigh when he heard a knock on the door and Diana poked her head in.

“I think she’s here.”

Diana and Greg didn’t go with us to the dungeons. Logan didn’t want me there either but the witch said if I didn’t go then neither would she.

“Can’t you wolves learn to clean up after yourselves?” she said with a crinkle of her nose as we walked through the dungeons. “It smells like something died.”

"That's because people die here," Logan deadpanned and she sported an amused look.

"So he can speak to me," she mused.

"Don't tease him," I whispered to her.

"But it's so fun," she giggled.

The smile on her face dropped when she came to the door guarding Jake and she let out a ragged breath.

"This is why I can't see you clearly anymore," she said softly, "This is some powerful magic."

"What are you talking about?" I asked but she ignored me and walked in.

Jake was awake and on seeing her, he began to snarl and tug against the chains with a vicious force.

"Oh be quiet," she snapped with a flick of her hands and he fell to the ground with a crunch, "That can only hold him for so long so we have to do this now."

"Do what?" I asked and she rolled her eyes before turning to me with annoyance in her eyes.

"He's possessed," she said in a bored tone, "And I need to get it out."

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"Possessed," I squeaked out and she rolled her eyes.

"Don't turn into a broken record right now," she said then turned to Logan, "Open the cell."

"He's rabid." He argued

"He's unconscious," she corrected, "Open the cell so I can perform my spell."

He muttered some expletives under his breath before signaling for them to unlock the cell.

“I need everyone out except the both of you.” She said and everyone scurried out; apparently scared of the tiny witch.

She walked into the cell and knelt on the floor; apparently not caring about the piss and blood lying everywhere.

She began to chant but almost immediately snatched her hand back as if she was burnt.

“You were his best friend right?” she asked Logan and he nodded, “So get over here and place your hand on him.”

Logan clenched his jaw at the order but followed her and did as she asked.

“For this to work I’m going to have to browse through your memories,” she said and he nodded stiffly, “I need your name.”

He told her his name and she held onto his left hand while their other hands rested on his fur.

She started chanting and it seemed to be working because a hazy fog began to lift from his body but like the last time they jerked their hands back.

“It’s not working,” she growled in frustration and I saw Jake begin to stir again and she waved her hands again and he was out.

“What’s wrong?”

“Their connection isn’t strong enough,” she said, “Whatever it is that has a hold on him is way too strong.”

“What can we do about it?”

“Well unless you can get someone who has a fairly strong connection to him here in less than ten minutes, I don’t know.” She looked visibly frustrated, “Does he have any family?”

“I sent them on a vacation after this happened,” Logan said and she cursed.

“I was his girlfriend,” I offered, “Although he probably hates me right now.”

“I guess hate could work,” she said with a shrug, “Get over here.”

I knelt next to her and she showed me where to place my left hand and she grasped my right in hers.

I could hear her chanting and my skin felt warm and tingly for a second before I felt a sharp pain in my chest and I gasped out loud.

Logan's eyes shot to mine in panic and he started to move but she cut him with a sharp look that kept him in place.

The pain in my chest intensified and I felt a heat around my left wrist; almost like a branding that seemed to be getting hotter and I screamed.

Just as I screamed she let go and the pain receded and I saw Jake slowly begin to shift back.

Logan rushed over to me and held my face in his hands, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I said softly, "I can't feel it anymore."

"What the hell happened to her?" Logan said as he whirled on the witch, "Why was she screaming?"

"A simple 'thank you' would suffice."

"Don't-," he growled out and she raised a brow.

"Listen Logan; I understand your worry but don't ever raise your voice at me again," she said in an eerily calm voice before turning to me, "Why don't you tell him what you're hiding?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked in confusion and she walked over to me and grabbed my left hand and pulled the sleeve back.

"How did you get that?" she asked gesturing to the bruise there and I yanked my hand back from her.

"I don't know," I lied and she scoffed.

"You're both so good at keeping secrets from each other," she mused, "I know how you got it and I wouldn't mind telling him if you don't."

"I don't know," I ground out, "I had a nightmare where someone grabbed me and when I woke up it was there."

“Who was in the dream?” she pushed and I shot her a glare.

“You’re a real witch, you know that right?” I asked and she just shrugged and waited for me to respond, “It was Hunter.”

Logan let out a curse, “How long have you had nightmares about him?”

“A while,” I said vaguely and he pinched his forehead in frustration.

“Well I’m going to leave both of you to discuss whatever this is,” she said as she began to leave but Logan stopped her.

“How do I stop him from appearing to her?”

“He won’t appear to her again,” she assured him, “It was some kind of magical link that he had with the both of them but it’s broken now.”

“So that means he can’t get to her anymore,” Logan said

“I didn’t say that.” She corrected, “What I did say is that he can’t get to her that way.”

“So what can we do to ensure that he doesn’t get to her again?” Logan asked and she stayed silent but stared at him intently for a few seconds until he cursed, “No; I made an oath to the goddess”

“Suit yourself,” she said with a shrug, “But I assure you that it is the only way you will get out of this unscathed.”

I looked between both of them in confusion and she gave me a small smile.

“Don’t bother your pretty little head about it,” she said, “Focus on you; that’s what is most important right now.”

“Are you a seer?” I blurted out and she raised a brow in question, “I’m sorry; you speak like someone who knows the future.”

“I’m not a seer; my specialty is spells and potions,” she admitted, “But I do know a seer.”

My mind instantly went to her daughter and she smiled, “You’re smart; so why don’t you add up the dots?”



I opened my mouth to speak but Logan cut me off.

“Thank you for your help,” he said and she gave him an acknowledging nod.

“You might want to get your Beta off the floor before he wakes up; he needs serious medical care.”

Logan cursed and hoisted Jake over one shoulder and carried him out of the room and I let my eyes follow him.

“Thank you,” I said to her after he left, “For helping me.”

“There’s something different about you Charlotte,” she said, “I don’t know what it is yet; perhaps it’s the fact that the very first thing you said to me was your name.”

“I didn’t understand the whole issue with names then,” I said with a small laugh.

“Well what do you understand?”

“That it gives the witch access into my head therefore she can hex me without me even being there,” I said, “So basically it’s a bad thing,”

“Only with a bad witch,” she shrugged, “But with the right witch; it can prove to be very beneficial.” She sighed before continuing, “For a witch to entrust someone with a name is the highest honor.”

“It is an even deeper link than the first,” she continued, “My name is Adamaris; don’t make me regret this.”

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Logan came in about a second after she had finished speaking and her eyes snapped to his.

“I am leaving now,” she said, “It was an honor to be here.”

“Thank you,” he said and she nodded.

“You might want to work on gathering allies,” she offered over her shoulder as she walked out.

“That wasn’t weird at all,” I muttered and I heard Logan chuckle.

“Let’s get you out of here,” Logan said as he offered me his hand, “You have blood and piss on your knees.”

I made the mistake of looking and cringed, “I’m burning these.”

“I’ll bring the lighter,” he added and I gave him a smile.

It has been two days since we got Jake back but he’s still unconscious. Logan relaxed the curfew till ten to give the people a sense of safety.

I’m also back at the pack house albeit not permanently. I think I’ve scarred those children enough so I just hang around Logan’s office and help wherever I can. I’m better at math than him so he lets me do anything that has to do with calculations.

There was a knock on Logan’s office and I had barely looked up from the desk when Diana’s scent filled the room.

“I come with coffee and bagels,” she said as she placed a paper bag in front of me and two cups of coffee. “I don’t know how you take your coffee so I just decided to wing it.”

“You could’ve just asked me,” I shrugged

“That would have ruined the entire surprise,” she said, “You look good in glasses.”

I subconsciously touched my reading glasses. Years of reading in the dark did a number on my eyes so I need reading glasses to be able to work for a long time and Logan didn’t hesitate before taking me to get one.

“Thank you,” I smiled.

“So how do you take your coffee for future purposes?”

“I like mine with a sh!t tone of milk and sugar and Logan likes his black like his soul with a dash of cream,” I recited off the top of my head and I saw her staring at me in shock, “Is there something on my face?”

“You know how he likes his coffee?” she asked and I nodded, “I don’t even know how Greg likes his coffee.”

“Greg doesn’t like coffee,” I said, “Tea is the way to his heart.”

“How do you even know this?”

“I tend to notice things about people I care about,” I shrugged, “I like it when people remember little things about me so I try to make sure I remember little things about people.”

“That’s amazing,” she said and I picked up one of the coffee cups and took a sip.

“I think this is for you,” I said handing it to Logan and he raised a brow from where he was sitting across me, “It tastes like sh!t.”

“I’m going to ignore the part where you called my coffee sh!t,” he then turned to Diana, “Thank you.”

“Thank you again for the coffee,” I said as I took a sip from the other cup and found it was a bit to my taste. “How are the children?”

“Amelia absolutely refuses to be carried by anyone,” she said with a huff, “It’s like we suddenly have a plague or something.”

“It can’t be that bad,”

“She has been crying for half an hour and even her mum can’t calm her down.” She deadpanned, “We’re just hoping she stops crying long enough to fall asleep.” She paused before continuing, “You should come over; she always liked you more.”

“I can finish this up and come over,” I offered, “Maybe see if I can help in any way.”

“If you can do that I would be so grateful,”

“Just give me a few minutes to finish this up and I’ll be right there,” she muttered another quick thanks before leaving and I noticed Logan staring at me, “What?”

“Nothing,”

“That’s a lie and you know it,” I teased, “Why are you staring at me?”

“Because I can,” was his simple reply.

“Haven’t you been told that staring is rude?”

“Well I have a beautiful girl sitting opposite me; what do you expect?”

I rolled my eyes at him but couldn’t stop the corner of my lips from tugging upwards. He does this every day, drops compliments at random times.

“If you want then you can go check on Amelia now,” he said, “Or I could have Diana bring her in here.”

“A child in your office?” I asked and he just shrugged, “What if messes everything up?”

“Then we tidy it back up,” he said simply and I shrugged

“If you’re okay with it then I don’t mind either.”

I went back to my work and I heard the door knob turn before loud screams assaulted my ears.

“I’m sorry I tried to get her to quiet down but she didn’t want me holding her,” she said as she put Amelia to sit on the floor, “Good luck.”

She didn’t even wait for me to respond before leaving the office and I turned to Logan who just shrugged.

She was wearing a pretty white dress with flowers and I was ultimately grateful for the fact that Logan’s office had a rug and her hair was escaping its braids. I made my way over to her and crouched in front of her so I wasn’t towering over her.

“Hey, don’t cry” I said in the softest voice I could muster, “It’s Charlie,”

Her cries reduced in volume but she still had tears and snot streaming down her face.

“Can I have a wipe or a tissue please?” I asked and Logan opened his drawer and handed me a pack of wipes. “Thank you,”

I gently wiped away the snot and her tears before sitting on my heels in front of her.

“Do you want me to pick you up?” I asked as I opened my hands and she crawled towards me so I could pick her up.

I let out a sigh and hoisted her in one hand before standing up. She still let out the occasional snuffle but she was quiet and that was the best thing ever.

“Let’s get you to sleep okay,” I said as I began to rock her back and forth and that was when I noticed Logan staring at me with an unreadable expression, “What?”

My words seemed to snap him out of his reverie and he just shook his head.

“You’re good with her,” he said softly and I shrugged.

“I always liked children,”

“They like you too.”

“Would you like to hold her?” I asked and his eyes widened, “Maybe on a day when she isn’t screaming at everyone.”

I let out a small laugh but was interrupted by a knock on Logan’s door.

“Are you expecting anyone?” he asked and I shook my head, “Open the door for me please.”

I opened the door with my free hand and saw one of the guards there and shock splashed across his features for a second before he schooled it back.

“Is the Alpha in?” he asked and I stepped aside.

“Is everything alright Steve?” Logan asked and he nodded.

“You asked us to let you know the moment Beta Jake wakes up,” he said then his eyes flittered to me quickly, “He’s awake but he’s asking for he

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Logan didn’t say a word until we got to the hospital.

He didn’t speak while I took Amelia back to the day care and he didn’t speak through the car ride; he just held my hand in his.

“Are you sure you don’t want to go in alone first?” I asked and he shook his head.

I didn’t say anything else because I knew it wouldn’t help the situation. I just let the nurse lead us into the room where Jake was held.

I took in his figure lying on the bed and couldn’t help but notice how starkly different he is from when I first met him.

For starters his facial hair has grown out making him look more wild and rugged, he is a lot thinner and he just looks worn and tired. I noticed the silver cuffs holding him to the bed and held back a wince.

“I would be upset about these,” Jake said with a nod at the cuffs, “But I think I understand,” his voice was so hoarse from lack of use but I cleared my throat.

“Hi Jake,”

“Charlie,” he began softly, “I am so sorry for everything that happened.”

I took a step forward and Logan voiced his disapproval by tugging on my hand a little but I ignored him. “What do you remember?”

“Everything,” he said softly, “I remember meeting you, I remember you coming here and I remember-,”

“Hitting me,” I continued after he trailed off, “Do you remember that?”

“I never hit you,” he said and I raised a brow, “My body did but I never did.”

“You’re not making a lot of sense here,” Logan said and Jake turned to him before turning back to me.

“Right after our failed first date I came back here but I was attacked on the way by what I thought were rogues,” he swallowed, “They held me down and said a few words and the next thing I know, I wake up in my bed.”

“I remember that,” Logan said suddenly, “You asked me how you got here and I thought you were joking because I saw you walk into the pack.”

“Exactly; it continued like that for a while; I would have complete blackouts for a long period of time.” Jake said, “I didn’t even know I was dating Charlie until

I had to bring her to my pack, I would've sounded like an a.ss if I said anything so I just went on with it."

"Wait," I cut him off, "You're telling me that you're not the one I dated."

"I honestly stopped pursuing you after you told me you weren't interested," he said and I pursed my lips but gestured for him to continue, "It took me a while but I noticed my blackouts were unusual and I started to dig into why it was happening but it didn't fully click until that day on the couch,"

I let out a shudder at the memory.

"It was like I was watching it happen but I couldn't do anything to control it. I fought it with everything I had but I couldn't stop it from happening," he inhaled deeply, "I did have a few moments where I would break out of the control and I would try to apologize or tell you what was happening but he would always pull me back."

"You told me it wasn't you," I breathed out and he stopped his story, "the day we argued about the brownies you promised me that it wasn't you."

"You remember," he said softly and I nodded.

"So it really wasn't you."

"I swear it wasn't me," he promised, "I would never hurt anyone like that."

I nodded softly and turned to Logan, "Please take those cuffs off him."

The words were barely out of my mouth when Logan grabbed a napkin in his hands and snapped the cuffs.

"If it wasn't you," Logan began as he disposed of the cuffs, "Then who was it?"

"Hunter,"

After dropping that bombshell Logan's jaw tightened and he said a few words to Jake under his breath before promising me he would be back and left.

"So; you and Logan," Jake began and color filled my cheeks.

"I don't know what you're talking about,"

"I may be doped up on painkillers but I'm not stupid Charlie," he said and then gestured to the chair next to him, "Come sit."

I huffed and sat next to him while making sure I wasn't touching him at all, "You're not upset?"

"Why would I be?"

"I was your girlfriend,"

"How do I say this nicely?" he started with an awkward chuckle, "You're an awesome girl Charlie but I technically didn't date you so it doesn't really matter."

"Way to let a girl down nicely." I joked and he laughed.

"You're good for him," he said softly, "You would make an awesome Luna."

"I don't think I'm going to be Luna but thank you for having faith in me."

"Of course you're going to be Luna; who else do you think the position would go to?"

"Maybe his actual mate," I offered and his brows furrowed in confusion, "Yeah I know he's found his mate and although everyone says she wouldn't care if we're together I can't help but think about her."

A knowing look flashed across his face and she shook his head in disbelief, "Do you love him?"

"That's a personal question," I muttered and he rolled his eyes.

"It's a simple question Charlie,"

"I do," I mumbled, "Are you happy now."

"Then believe me when I say his mate is perfectly happy where she is and honestly she wouldn't give two fcks if you were to mate with Logan."

"Ew, don't use the word mate," I wrinkled my nose, "It makes us sound like animals."

"But we are part animal," he argued and I scoffed, "So you two haven't-,"



“No,” I said immediately, “Not at all.”

“I guess that explains a lot,” he muttered under his breath before turning to me, “Do you want to?”

“Okay I appreciate you not being the one who hit me and all,” I began with a fake laugh, “But I don’t think we’re close enough for a heart to heart yet.”

“Apologies,”

I let out a sigh before speaking up, “What gave us away?” he turned to me, “What made you notice that there was something going on.”

“Well it could be the fact that he held your hand throughout our entire conversation and the Logan I know hates body contact,” he began, “Or it could be that before he left, he warned that if I hurt you he would flay the skin from my bones and make me eat it.”

I swallowed deeply at his words, “He was probably just joking.”

“He might be a cuddly teddy bear around you but make no mistake about it; there is a reason he’s the Alpha Logan that everyone fears.”

“Wait a minute; he is the Alpha Logan that everyone tells stories about?”

“Who did you think he was?”

“My dad always told me that Alpha Logan was older than him,” I said and he chuckled, “They’re all rumors sweetheart, made by bitter old men who refuse to believe that someone so young can best all of them.”

“I don’t know how I never pieced it together.” I said, “I was terrified of him growing up.”

“And you aren’t now?” he asked and I nodded.

“No,” I answered honestly.

“Good, because he would burn the world down to make sure that no one hurts you.”

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Jake was discharged within a week and almost immediately he went back to his beta duties although he hasn't taken over completely.

Diana seems to have forgiven him although Greg is still a bit reluctant to come around which explains why he is shooting daggers at Jake from the corner of his eye.

"Are you sure we made the right choice by leaving them together?" I asked as I peeked through the kitchen door.

"Relax, Logan is there," she said, "He'll be sure to play peace maker."

"He seems more likely to leave them to brawl it out," I commented and she thought about it for a second before nodding.

"I think you're right."

"I think we should intervene,"

"Relax Charlie," she grabbed my arm, "If they start fighting then Logan will just kick them both out."

"Fine but I'm not cleaning anyone's blood off the floor," I mumbled.

"The only person whose blood is going to spill is Jake," she deadpanned.

"I can't believe you're betting on who is going to win a fight," Greg said from the doorway and we shrugged sheepishly.

He walked into the kitchen and wrapped an arm around Diana so he could swipe his finger into the brownie batter and I smacked him with a spatula.

"Keep your hand out of the batter or get out of my kitchen," I warned and he held up his hands in mock surrender.

"My apologies Charlotte," he said and I rolled my eyes.

"Don't call me that; it's weird when you say it," I muttered as I stuck the brownie tray into the oven.

"But you love it when Logan does," he teased and I rolled my eyes but didn't reply, "Come; you've spent way too long in here."

“No it’s fine; I’ll be right out,” I had barely finished refusing when he grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the kitchen.

I rolled my eyes at his manhandling but allowed him pull me to the living room.

“She is going to turn into a social recluse if you let her,” he said to Logan and I stuck my tongue out at him as I took a seat.

Logan draped an arm over my shoulder and pulled me into his side and my eyes widened briefly at his actions.

He has been more expressive with his actions but it still takes me by surprise every single time.

I heard the barely there sound of a camera and I turned to Diana who had her phone out.

“Shit I didn’t take the sound off,” she muttered and I scoffed in amusement, “You looked cute and I needed a picture; screw me.”

“You need a new hobby Diana,” Logan said without looking up from his phone, “You take pictures more than you eat; I think that’s unhealthy.”

“How have I not noticed you taking pictures?” I asked and everyone turned to me with equal looks of amusement.

“Because you’re oblivious,” Jake began

“And you can barely see past your own nose,” Greg added.

“And even if I came to you with a camera and a note plastered to my head then you still wouldn’t notice,” Diana finished.

“It was just a questions you guys; geez, lay off a girl a bit,” I said with a small laugh.

“I’m sorry Charlie but you win the award for most oblivious,” Greg said and I rolled my eyes and they all nodded in agreement.

“Well guess what; no brownies for all of you,” I pouted and Greg reached over to ruffle my hair but I slapped his hands away and turned to Logan, “Your friends are bullying me.”

“They do it to me all the time,” he said, “Welcome to the family.”

Thankfully we were able to avoid any fights and by the end of the day Greg and Jake were getting along, much to Diana and I’s happiness.

They left a little before six after I literally had to pry them away from cleaning up the kitchen after me.

I left Logan to see them off while I busied myself with clearing the countertops and doing the dishes.

I was wiping off the last tray when I noticed Logan behind me.

“Are you going to stay there staring at me all day?” I asked without looking up and I felt rather than heard him move closer.

For someone of Logan’s size you would be surprised how stealthily he moves. You won’t know he’s there unless he wants you to.

He stopped behind me and reached around me to pry the rag out of my hands.

“What are you doing?” I whispered.

“Helping you clean up,”

“You don’t have to; I can just do it myself.”

“My mother taught me that if someone cooks for you then you should clean up.”

“It wasn’t exactly for you; it was for all of us,” I argued and he didn’t let me finish before he spun me around so I was facing him.

“Stop complaining,” he said simply and he walked away leaving me standing there confused.

I couldn’t help but stare at him as he finished up the dishes and cleaned the top of the counters.

“Thank you,” I said after he was done and he raised a brow at me.

“You really need to stop thanking me,” he said as he made his way over to the freezer, “Do you want some ice cream?”

“Yeah of course,” I said and he took out a small tub of cookie dough and handed it to me, “How did you know this was my favorite?”

“You mentioned it once,” he said with a small shrug, “Come let’s go watch a movie.”

“What about yours?” I asked when I noticed him climbing the stairs without a bowl.

“We can always share,” he winked at me.

I burrowed myself under his blankets and our legs were pressed together. His hand was over my shoulder like earlier and he was rubbing small circles on my arm.

I couldn’t concentrate on anything except him, his hands and the fact that we were sharing an ice cream spoon.

It’s funny that it’s something this little that is turning me on the most.

He put the empty tub of ice cream on the bedside table and pulled me closer until my cheeks were resting on his chest and I couldn’t help but snuggle closer to him and let out an involuntary shiver.

“Are you cold?” he asked and I shook my head but kept my face hidden in his chest as heat flamed my cheeks, “What’s wrong?”

Other than the fact that we’re in your bed and I’m insanely turned on, “Nothing,” I muttered and he gripped my shoulders so I would face him.

“What’s wrong?” he asked and I couldn’t stand the intensity in his eyes so I looked away and my eyes landed on his lips, “I need words Charlotte,”

My eyes snapped back up to his and I noticed the darkness swirling around his eyes.

“I need you to talk to me or I can’t help you,” why does that sound so erotic?

One of his hands moved to cup my cheek and he stroked his thumb across it slowly.

“Please Charlotte,” he breathed and I realized that we were both breathing heavily so I decided to do us both a favor and I k!ssed him.