

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 81

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 81

Thump, Thump

I gr0aned as I tried to ignore the sound.

Thump, Thump

“Logan, what the hell are you doing?” I had to squint to adjust to the bright light that was shining into my eyes but the moment I did, I gasped as I took in my unfamiliar surroundings.

The walls were cemented and so close that two people can't stand with their arms outstretched comfortable. I looked up trying to figure out where I am but all I saw was cemented ceilings and the only window in here is so high that I wouldn't be able to reach it.

A tiny potty is lying at the far end of the room and on the opposite end is a mattress that has all the springs sticking out. It also looks and smells like someone recently pissed on it.

I put my fingers to my temple to try to ease the pulsing feeling that I earlier thought was Logan.

I heard clinking sounds and realized that my hands and legs were chained to opposite sides of the wall behind me but gave enough space to walk over to the little potty at the far end. I tugged on it but it bit into my flesh and left a searing pain; they're laced with wolf's bane.

That was when the memories hit me and I started to panic. I tried to access my bond with Logan but I couldn't reach him.

“FVCK!” I screamed, “Let me out of here you a.ssh0les!”

“Well you're definitely awake,” my spine straightened as I heard the same voice that has plagued my nightmares, “Although I would have thought that you would have been taught as a child the difference between your indoor and outdoor voices.”

“No, this isn't real,” I said to myself, “Wake up Charlie.”

“It’s rude to be so loud when I have been so forgiving towards you,”

I kept my eyes trailed to the ground as I tried to even my breathing.

“It’s all in your head, Charlie,” I whispered as I pinched myself repeatedly, “It’s a bad dream, just wake up.

“Keep telling yourself that sweetheart; it might make this a lot easier for me.” Hunter stood in front of the cell and smiled down at me, “Did you have fun on your little getaway?”

“What do you want from me?”

“What do I want?” he asked aloud, “You of course, you were supposed to be mine and you slipped away.”

“I. AM. NOT. YOURS,” I spat through gritted teeth and his smile faltered.

He made a hand gesture and a guard came over and opened the cell. Hunter walked into the cell until he was standing in front of me and because I was sitting on the floor, he towered over me a lot.

He grabbed my chin harshly and pushed my head back so I was looking up at him.

“I can smell the mutt on you, mixed with your scent,” he growled, “You obviously had a lot of fun.”

“Get away from me,” I tried to wrestle my face out of his grip but he held on tighter.

“You seem to think that you have a choice here,” he smiled down at me, “Don’t worry though; I will fix everything, starting with that horrible wet dog smell.”

“I think that’s you,” I smiled.

I pressed the chain onto his exposed palm and he pulled back with a gasp, the wolf’s bane burnt his skin.

“You’ve changed a lot,” he said with venom coating his tone, “You have some fight in you.”

"I am not your bitch," I said with equal venom, "If you think that you're going to scare me into submission then I'm sorry but you'll have to do a lot better than that."

He chuckled darkly as he made his way over to me and before I could think he had back handed me so hard that I fell to the floor.

"Looks like we have to beat some respect into you," he growled before raising his voice, "Bring me the silver whips."

I heard shuffling and the guard returned with two silver coated whips and I shivered slightly at the thought of them against my skin.

"Is there an apology you would like to make?" he asked but I kept my lips pursed, "I thought you were full of words a second ago? Don't worry; I'll have you speaking up again by the time I'm done."

He grabbed onto the neckline of my plain tee and ripped it so it fell in tatters at my feet, leaving me in my white lace bra.

"You look so beautiful in white," he said as he put on his gloves, "But I think that you will look even better in red."

He lifted the whip and even though I tried to brace myself for the impact, nothing could have prepared me for the feel when it came down hard against my back.

I bit down on my lip so hard that I tasted blood.

"This is for running away," he whipped me again over the same spot and I let out a whimper, "This is for fucking another man,"

I let out a gasp of pain, "This is for making me look like a fool in front of everyone for the past months."

I finally let out an ear shattering scream.

"This is for thinking you could have a life with someone who isn't me."

He was mumbling words like a crazed man as he dragged the whip over my back again and again. After a while, I lost the urge to scream because my voice had turned so hoarse.

I was lying with my cheek pressed against the floor in a heap of my own blood when he was done and he was breathing heavily as if he had run a marathon. He threw the whip down and ordered the same guard to come and pick it up.

From where I was lying I could see the blood coating it and I felt the room spin.

“I will let your family know that you have been found,” he said as he peeled off his gloves, “I am sure they will be more than glad to hear it.”

He squatted and lifted my chin so I could look at him.

“This is all be over the moment you accept to be mine,” he gave me a crooked grin, “The moment you renounce your relationship with that fool in front of the council, I will put an end to everything, I give you my word

“Fvck you and you can shove your word up your a.ss,” I mouthed and his face twisted into something evil.

“I’m sure you wouldn’t mind going to sleep like this, after all you can afford to run your mouth,” he stood to his feet, “Only good girls get medical care.”

He walked out of the cell and locked it behind him.

“You’re fighting a lost battle Charlotte,” I cringed when he said my name, “Even if your precious mate did come here with the intention of saving you; he would die before he gets into my house.”

“And if by some miracle he is able to bypass all my guards and get here,” he smiles at the thought, “Then I will make sure that you both die a very painful death, Goodnight.”

I heard the door click shut before everything went black.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 82

My bones feel heavy and my mind feels like it is being weighed down by shackles. My back also seemed to pulse but not in a way that hurt.

I want to start like this, half delirious, half in the clutches of sleep and half awake but my body had other plans as my mind started to wake.

I woke up feeling numb all over. I reached behind me to feel my back but my fingers came in contact with a cold sticky balm. I wiped my hands on my laps and forced my body into a sitting position.

I leaned my head back against the wall while making sure my back didn't touch it at all and I tried my bond again but I couldn't get through and I swore under my breath.

"It's not going to work," my body went on high alert when I heard his voice, "Your mind link isn't going to work."

Hunter walked into the cell and let his eyes roam over my body slowly. I fought the urge to cringe from his stare and he just gave me a smirk in return.

"Other than the fact that your chains are laced with wolfs bane; I had a witch cast a spell on this particular cell, your link won't work as long as you're in here."

I pretended not to be listening and he dropped a tray of dry bread and j.erky in front of me. I let my eyes roam over the plate briefly before turning away.

"Don't be stubborn, Charlotte," he began, "You have to eat if you want to live, I can't have you dying on me."

"I would rather die than eat your food."

"If I have to tie you up and force the food down your throat then I will," he warned, "You need to learn which battles are worth fighting and which are not." He turned on his heels.

I glanced at the plate in front of me but still didn't make a move towards it.

"Oh and Charlotte," he stopped by the door of the cell, "I will be back in an hour and if you haven't eaten then I will make good on my promise."

He left without another word and I cursed out loud but found myself picking up the bread. I got out once and I'll do it again, I just need to be strong enough to do it.

I don't know how long I was left alone. I tried to count but I found it only made me more agitated.

The light coming from the small window was getting darker so I assume it's night. Other than the food Hunter brought earlier, I haven't been fed and my stomach is starting to grumble.

Light but firm footsteps caught my attention and my spine instantly straightened. Speak of the devil and he shall appear.

"Get up," he spoke without even looking at me, "Your family is here to see you." I ignored him and stayed sitting on the floor, "You know that I have to repeat myself Charlotte; get up and come with me."

"Charlie isn't hard to say you know; it's less syllables."

"That is a ridiculous boy name."

"Are you stealing quotes from my dad now?" I teased, "He calls me Charlotte too and it must be so sad knowing that you call me Charlotte just like everyone else, you're not special."

I know asking him not to call me Charlotte will only make him want to call me that more and I don't want anyone calling me Charlotte except Logan.

"Get up." He ignored my taunts as he unhooked my chains, "I'm not discussing this with you."

I rubbed my sore wrists and shot him a wicked scowl. "I'm not seeing my family n.aked."

"You're not n.aked," he said simply, "As far as I can see your pants are still on. Besides it is nothing that anyone hasn't seen before. You were comfortable being a slut at that pack, so you should be comfortable doing it here."

I gave him a sardonic smile and rose to my feet.

"I guess it goes to reason that you are a weak man." His jaw clenched and I know I am poking him. I can only hope I get the reaction I want, "I can imagine all the people that will see me like this; guards, servants. No strong Alpha would let their woman out looking like this."

"Logan would rather die than let anyone see me n.aked," I faced him so he was looking me dead in the eye, "I guess that's the difference between you

and him; he is a man who commands respect and you are a sad lump of clay, excuse of a man.”

I was barely done when his hand wh!pped across my cheek hard and a sharp gasp flew from my l!ps. I righted my face and he wh!pped me again.

“If you ever compare me to that boy, I will rip him to shreds and make you watch.” He spat but I didn’t give him the satisfaction of my anger.

He stormed out of the cell and I made to follow but he stopped me with a hand. “Do not take another step, or I will break every bone in your body.”

I stayed still and I heard him yelling but couldn’t make out the words. He returned with a plain black tee shirt and threw it at me.

I wanted to smile but I had to force my face to remain neutral as I pulled the shirt over my head. It smelled like soap and it was faded and almost falling apart at the seams but it is better than walking around n.aked.

Hunter walked over to me and snapped two bracelets over my wrists. I felt a tremor go through my body and I fell to the ground with a gr0an of pain.

“You didn’t really think I would let you go out just like that? I won’t have you calling that petulant child Alpha.”

“Why not; are you scared of him? I taunted and Hunter grabbed a fistful of my hair.

He pulled it sharply and I smothered the scream that was about to escape my l!ps, “I will enjoy breaking you down Charlotte,” he ran his nose through my neck and I forced bile back down my throat, “It will be the highlight of my life.”

He bit just over my mark and I threw up. I threw up all over his pristine shirt and shoes and all over the new shirt he got for me.

His l!ps turned up in a snarl and for the second time today he backhanded me so hard that I fell back a few paces.

“Now I have to change,” his voice was barely above a whisper, “No worries, I will just have to take you to dinner.”

He moved to grab me but took his hand back at the last moment. This time I actually smirked.

“Better watch how you handle me, Hunter,” I said, “Because I promise you, that will be my reaction every single time you try to touch me.”

“I could always gag you.” He smirked and my smile faltered. “I have spent too much time talking with you; we leave now.”

He grabbed my arm and pushed me out the door so I walked in front of him. As I walked I realized two things;

1. His mind is truly fvcked up and I have underestimated him.
2. The only way I will make it out alive is by scheming and reverse psychology.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 83

Hunter led me to the door before leaving to change the shirt I puked on. I almost gloated in my victory when I saw him retreat.

Charlotte- 1, Hunter- 0

He must have noticed my glee because he gave me a stern warning.

“Behave Charlotte,” he warned, “Or I will not be responsible for my actions after.”

He disappeared up a flight of stairs and I stood behind a pair of oak doors. I can smell them from here; father's cologne and Liana's scent that reminds me of rotted flowers. I exhaled deeply and pushed open the doors.

I don't know how I expected go feel on seeing them. My family had occupied a crevice at the back of my mind for so long that they almost seemed fictional. But seeing them and inhaling their scent, my steps almost faltered.

My father looked the same as always with his graying black hair, his dark eyes held so much anger towards me.

Carmen looked bored but I knew she was invested because she sat at the edge of her seat and would occasionally glance up from her perfectly manicured nails and look at me through the corner of her eyes.

Liana on the other hand looked almost giddy to see me; her blood red coated lips were pulled up into a small smirk. Her normal short hair had grown out and stopped in the middle of her back. It framed her face and was held back

with a few bobby pins and she was anxiously tapping her fingers against her thigh.

“You didn’t even have the decency to clean up before coming here,” Liana began in a nasally voice, “Or is this how you parade yourself around your Alpha?”

“I wouldn’t waste a second trying to impress any of you,” I retorted, “And as for ‘my alpha’ I prefer to parade myself in my birthday suit; it makes for easy access.”

Jealousy swirled in her eyes, “You stupid bitch. How dare-“

“Quiet Liana,” father said and her lips snapped shut. He rose and made his way over to me slowly.

I didn’t cower; I kept my eyes trained on him until he was a few feet in front of me. Then his hand whipped across my cheek. I accidentally bit the inside of my lip so I could taste blood and his ring had cut my corner lip.

Still, I kept my eyes trained on him and even lifted the corner of my lips slightly.

“How dare you?” he spat, “You disgraced not just me with your actions but the entire pack. You made me look weak.”

“Maybe you are weak.”

“I will-“

“You’ll what?” I taunted, “Are you going to hit me? you’ve already done that and I still left.”

“You’re a disgrace to the family.”

“You’re not my family anymore.” I growled, “You lost that right ages ago.”

“Liana, Carmen,” father began and they perked up, “Speak some sense into Charlotte, I am bored of the conversation.”

He retreated to pour himself a glass of wine and Liana all but squealed, her entire face was glowing with unbridled joy at being given permission to pick on me.

Before she could open her mouth, the door breezed open and Hunter walked in wearing a freshly ironed suit. A cigar hung between his lips and he walked in without a care in the world.

"I had a few things to attend to," he said as he took seat by the edge of the table, "Sit down Charlotte."

"In case you didn't notice, there isn't an empty seat."

"Did you think you would sit on a chair?" he asked with a small laugh and pat his thigh, "Your seat is right here."

I looked at him with disgust in my eyes then plopped on the floor cross legged. Annoyance flickered over his features at my blatant disrespect and I cocked a brow almost daring him.

Charlotte- 2, Hunter- 0

"Perhaps we should get a dog bowl for you to eat in?" he asked and I forced the irritation off my face, "It might just complete the look."

"I think it's sad how a 50 something year old man has to resort to bantering with a 19 year old girl simply because she doesn't want to do him," I mentioned casually, "No is no, don't you think?"

"Have some respect Charlotte." Father spat, "You were trained better?"

"By who?" I asked, "Last I checked you couldn't even be bothered to talk to your own children."

"ENOUGH!" Hunter boomed and father clenched his jaw. "I will punish your daughter for her disrespect, make no mistake about it. In the mean time, we need to talk about the wedding."

"Unless you are talking about a wedding between you and Liana, I can guarantee that no wedding will take place." I let coldness seep into my voice.

"Our wedding will happen Charlotte," he assured me, "it's a matter of getting that mark off your neck."

"Good luck with that," I smiled at him then turned to my sister, "You should start picking out wedding dresses because you're going to walk down the aisle soon."

“Speaking of weddings and marks, I can see that you mated yourself to an Alpha,” she began, “So tell me, did you spread your legs for him before or after you had a witch do a spell on him? Because I know that no man would want you.”

“I think you mistake me for you,” I smiled, “I’m not like you who needs to slip a human a love potion just so he would fvck you. Does father know about him? I’m assuming that you’re still seeing him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“So you don’t know about the letters you kept in the loose floorboard under your bed? Or the secret nights out you take to see him? What’s his name again?” her face was beet red, “That’s right, his name was Frederick.”

‘That is enough Charlotte,” Carmen spoke her first words, “It is bad enough that you disgrace the family, but now you’re lying.”

“It’s nice to see that you can still speak, Carmen,” her eyes held panic but her face remained stoic, “Are you still fvcking his guard or was it the doctor you were seeing? I can’t even seem to keep track of your infidelities. Although I’m sure you have added a few more people to the list since I left.”

“Don’t you dare,” she began but I cut her off.

“Don’t YOU dare,” I turned to my father, “Haven’t you ever wondered why pieces of footage go missing from the security cameras every day? If you don’t then you should probably dig into it.”

“You should keep an eye on your wife and daughter and keep them in check before trying to control my life. I am not anyone’s toy or punching bag. I have a mate and a pack and I am the Luna of the Dark Moon pack. If you think you can intimidate me then you are wrong.”

“You will show respect.” Father began slowly, “Or else I-,”

“I will not,” I cut him off, “Your threats are baseless and they don’t scare me. if you were going to hurt me you would have done it a long time ago but you’re scared of Logan and what you know he will do to you if any harm comes my way.”

“Now if that’s all. I would like to leave.”

Everyone was fuming but Hunter called for a guard. "Take her to her cell."

Even though I'm going back to that godforsaken cell I still count it as a small victory.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 84

JAKE'S P.O.V

The entire pack has been in disarray since Charlotte went missing. It was just 3 days ago but it feels like a lifetime. I will never forget the panicked note in Logan's voice when he called me.

"Where is Charlotte?" he had asked, "She screamed my name down the bond but I can't get to her anymore."

We checked the entire pack house and even went back to his place but she wasn't there and neither was Kevin. It wasn't exactly difficult to put two and two together. Hunter had struck when we least expected, he took Charlotte from right under her nose and now the entire pack is suffering for it.

Diana has been crying nonstop, Greg had to leave her at home for the past two days so she doesn't upset the children. Today is her first day back.

And Logan- Logan is a shell of his former self. He is all brutal rough edges and no one goes near him for fear that he will snap at them. The only people who see him are Greg, Samantha and I.

I knocked on the door of the day care softly and Diana's head snapped up. She quickly slapped a grin on her face but not before I saw the sadness etched there.

"Hey," she gave me a smile that didn't reach her eyes, "You can tell Greg that he doesn't need to check up on me every hour."

"I'm not here because of Greg."

She looked shocked but nodded nonetheless, "So why are you here?"

"I came to see how you were doing?"

"Well none of the children have thrown any tantrums and I don't smell like piss or vomit so I'll consider it a win."

“I asked how you were doing Diana; not the job.”

She paused, not breathing, for a full second before sighing, “It feels weird not having her here and I can’t really talk about it with anyone.”

“Of course you can,” I took a step closer so I stood in front of her but she shook her head.

“Logan is pissed at everyone and everything; even Greg said he doesn’t mention her name in front of Logan. Greg is hurt and he feels guilty because he was supposed to go pick her up but something came up. You’ve been busy cleaning up after Logan and then there’s me.”

She sniffled, “I spend my time crying like I was affected the worst. Logan hasn’t cried and he feels the most pain. So yes, there’s no one to talk to because everyone has it worse.”

“Grief isn’t something that can be measured,” I told her softly, “And we all process differently. Don’t judge your processing method by anyone else’s. And if you need to talk about her, then I’m right here.”

She nodded, “I walked to her office today before realizing she wasn’t there.” She laughed softly, “I was almost expecting her to open the door for me. What if we don’t get her back?”

“We will,” I promised, “She belongs with us and she will be back.”

She opened her mouth to speak but someone cleared their throat behind us. It’s one of the guards, I don’t know him personally but I have seen him around.

“There is a message,” he began, “For the Alpha.”

I nodded and he placed the note in my hand then excused himself.

“Why did they bring it to you?” Diana asked

“I asked them to bring every mail or document meant for him to me first.” I said as I turned over the envelope. No sender address, “Logan doesn’t need to be disturbed or bothered by anything that isn’t related to finding Charlotte.”

She started to respond but I couldn’t hear her, my eyes widened as I took in the content of the letter.

“Are you okay?” she asked suddenly and I nodded.

“I just have to handle this right now,” I gave her a small smile, “Excuse me.”

She looked like she wanted to protest but I didn’t give her a chance. I called Greg; he picked up on the second ring.

“I need you in Logan’s office; now.” I didn’t give him a chance to respond and hung up.

It took him ten minutes to get to the pack house.

“What’s wrong with Logan?” he asked

“Nothing yet,”

I pushed open Logan’s door and he barely even raised his head to acknowledge us. He was peering down at a map that was spread open on his table.

“We need to talk,” I said simply but he didn’t look up.

“Where do you think she is?” he asked, “He may have taken her to his pack but then he also may not have.”

“Logan,” I called again and he finally lifted his eyes to me.

He somehow looks worse than yesterday and that is saying something. His eyes are red rimmed and he has a 5 o’clock shadow and his hair is disheveled, his clothes are wrinkled and his breakfast tray is sitting at the far corner of the office untouched.

“A letter came in,” I began, “Do you want me to read it?”

“Is it important?” he asked and I nodded, “Whatever.”

I peeled it open and forced the words out of my throat.

‘I must say it was very disappointing at how easy it was to take her; it I also very sad that your soldiers are easily bought out. He would betray his Luna because of a girl- granted she is his sister. But no worries, I have helped you get rid of the untrustworthy.

I looked up at Logan to gauge his reaction but he kept his face perfectly still.

“Keep going.” He instructed.

Gather everyone, that Beta of yours and the white haired one, you can even get the girl if you want.

I’m giving you a chance to see her.

Set up a laptop and tap into this meeting at 8 p.m. and you get to see her. No strings attached.

Just make sure that I can see you as well as you can see her.

H.

“There has to be a catch,” Greg was the first to speak, “He obviously wants to show us something.”

“There’s more at the back.”

“What is it?”

“He asked us to play a clip; I found a flash drive in the envelope that the letter came in.”

“Give it to me,” Logan said.

“It is probably going to be something that you don’t want to see.” Greg tried to reason.

“I don’t care;” he said slowly, “Give me the drive.”

I handed it to him and he pulled out a small notebook from his drawer. I instantly recognized it. It’s the laptop we use when we want to do things without it being traced back to us.

Greg and I made our way to the other side of the table just as Logan clicked play on the video.

It started out grainy with Charlotte lying on the floor of a cell. She looked exactly the way she did when she left.

She got up slowly and I saw her lips moving but there was no audio attached to it.

“Are you sure you want to watch this?” I asked and Logan nodded.

Hunter walked into the frame and I saw anger cross her features as she spat a few words at him. The barest hint of a smile crossed my face when she burnt him with her chains.

That smile quickly fell when I saw him bring out a silver whip. I turned to Logan who looked like he wasn't even breathing; even Greg who is usually expressionless had worry on his face.

Hunter ripped off her shirt and I winced when the first blow landed.

“You don't have to see this.” I reached forward but he grabbed my arm in a death grip.

“Don't,” it was one word but it was enough.

I forced a deep breath down and trained my eyes on the screen. If Logan is watching then so will I.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 85

JAKE'S P.O.V (TW FOR THE CHAPTER)

After the clip was over Logan calmly asked us to leave his office and return only when it's time for the meeting. I didn't want to but Greg pulled me out.

“He shouldn't be alone right now.” I argued.

“Alone time is exactly what he needs.”

“You watched that too, didn't you?” I asked, “That is his mate right there, if it was Diana-.”

“If it was Diana, I would want to be alone as well.”

“He is upset.”

“Rightly so, his anger is justified.” Greg sighed, “Let him stay alone and process.”

I pinched the bridge of my nose in frustration, “You don’t even look fazed by what you just saw. She was lying in a pool of her own blood. Some trained soldiers will cave before going through what she just did.”

“I’m upset, don’t get me wrong. But what use would it be if I show it and throw a fit? It won’t bring her back.”

“I know it won’t,” I said, “I just-.”

Greg put a hand on my shoulder and I looked up at him. This is the first time he has touched me since what happened with Diana.

“Trust me on this one; he needs to be alone.” He assured me, “Just get your affairs in order before 8. I have a feeling that what we are going to see will be a lot worse than what we just saw.”

“Where do you think she is?”

“I don’t know,” he looked annoyed at the fact, “I think it’s close enough to his pack that it isn’t suspicious but also far enough that we won’t look at it.”

I exhaled deeply, “I’ll see you at 8.”

I found myself in front of Logan’s door at 7:50 but I couldn’t bring myself to push it open. What will I see in there?

I have seen him at his worst these past two days, he hasn’t set foot in his house because it smells like her so he sleeps at a hotel.

But what we saw earlier today, it might just push him over the edge.

Just as I was about to open it, the door creaked open and Logan stared almost through me.

“I’m not a ticking time bomb,” he said, “You don’t have to give yourself a pep talk before walking in.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that so I just nodded and walked in. He had already set three chairs in front of a laptop and I sat in one of them.

Greg walked in a few minutes later and sat in the other one so we were on opposite sides of Logan.

“You don’t have to do this;” Logan said finally, “The note was for me.”

“We’re not doing this because it’s a requirement,” Greg stated simply, “We are doing it because Charlie is our friend and so are you.”

Logan would have spoken but then it hit 8 o’clock and the video started.

It was the same cell as last time and this time Charlie was lying on the floor in nothing but a black shirt. I could see the rise and fall of her chest to signify that she is alive.

There was shuffling and I realized that this live stream has audio attached to it. I’m still uncertain whether that will be a good or a bad thing.

Hunter walked into view and murder flooded my blood. He smiled wide, “I was expecting to see the girl, but it’s not a problem, I can work with the three of you.”

I saw him clasp a silver chain around Charlotte’s legs and she didn’t as much as flinch. That action alone should have woken her.

“She’s drugged,” Greg voiced out my thoughts.

We watched as he tightened the chains so she would not be able to move even an inch.

“I had her family over today,” Hunter began, “And she was extremely disrespectful. The Charlotte I know would never say those horrid things, she was corrupted by all of you and I will rid her of it one day at a time.”

He stroked her cheek softly, “Let’s wake her up, shall we?”

He took some salts and put it under her nose and I heard her whimper slightly. He pulled it away before she could wake up completely which confused me.

What is he doing?”

He started to unbuckle his pants and it hit me like a freight train. I turned to Greg who was watching with his usual impassiveness; Logan’s face was cold as ice, almost bored but different emotions were swirling in his eyes.

(TW: R*PE)

He lay behind her and lifted the shirt and I fixed my eyes on his face instead of her n*ked centre.

“This is what will happen each time she disrespects me.” he entered her with one thrust and she woke with a gasp.

Emotions flew across her face at record speed; first pain, then confusion, shock and finally disgust. Then she let out an ear splitting scream that made me shut my eyes.

“NO!” she j.erked against the chains but she was held in place, “Stop; please, No.”

I looked away from the screen but her screams still echoed around the walls of the office.

Greg’s expressionless mask had cracked finally and I saw him look away and wipe a tear from his cheek.

Logan’s eyes were fixated on the screen and so many emotions were swirling through them that I couldn’t even pinpoint one.

“You don’t have to watch this.” I said softly but he shook his head.

“She is going through it,” Logan’s voice was barely over a whisper, “I won’t insult her by not watching. You’re free to leave if you want.”

I couldn’t leave but I still kept my eyes off the screen. Finally, Charlie’s screams died down and dissolved into sobs.

“Was that too hard for you?” Hunter taunted and I forced my eyes back to the screen. He had put his clothes back on and was standing in front of the screen. “Why don’t I take you to say hi?”

He picked up his laptop and walked over to where Charlie was lying. I tried to ignore the mix of s.emen and blood that lay in between her legs and focus instead on her face.

He squatted behind her and placed the laptop in front of her face.

“Say hi,” he whispered, “Your little friends had a front row seat to your punishment.”

She hiccupped but didn't open her eyes.

"I guess she doesn't want to talk to you," Hunter smirked, "Well then; until next time."

The screen went blank.

I didn't know what to say, my words were stuck in my throat.

"Logan," Greg began but he held up a hand.

"Just leave."

"We're not going to leave you like this," I offered.

"Please leave," I can count on one hand the number of times I have heard Logan sound this defeated, "Just leave goddamit."

I gave a curt nod to Greg and we left his study. We had barely shut the door behind us when we heard a loud heartbreaking scream followed by an unmistakable smashing sound.

"Do you think he is going to be alright?" I asked and for once Greg looked lost for answers.

"That isn't something that a mate should ever see," he said simply, "He is never going to unsee it."

"Don't tell Diana about it."

He shot me a hard look, "I wouldn't dare."