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In Between the Alpha's Chapter 91

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

Everything feels foggy and my head feels like someone is sticking a million needles into it at the same time. There is also the incessant beeping that just won't stop.

I'm trying to raise my hands to my ears just to block out the sound but my hands feel like they are wrapped in cement. The beeping quieted and I felt a hand stroke my cheek softly and even though it feels different, I kept my eyes squeezed shut- I don't want to give Hunter the satisfaction of knowing that his touch puts me on edge.

"Charlotte," my name was like pure honey dripping from that voice- his voice and my eyes shot open.

Grey clashed with green as I stared into his eyes never once blinking. I know I'm dreaming again but I don't want to wake up.

"It's not a dream baby," he said softly but I shook my head.

I know how this works. I think it's him and he tells me the sweetest things. He tells me how much he loves me and that he doesn't hate me and I let myself believe it only for the dream to be shattered by Hunter's morning actions.

"I'm right here," he promised me, his eyes softening with love and concern, "You're not dreaming."

His knuckle brushed against my cheek and I caved into it. He doesn't feel like a dream.

"Lo-," my voice came out scratchy and he quickly handed me a glass of water that I drained quickly, "Are you- Am I- If this is a dream then I don't want to wake up."

"If it's a dream then I don't want to either."

A tear fell from my cheek at his words and he wasted no time in sitting at the side of the bed. I tried to sit up and he helped me get into a comfortable position.

More tears fell at the feel of his hands against my skin- it has been so long. I could see his hands shaking as he pulled me into his arms.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered into his shirt and shame filled me, "I don't deserve-"

"I should be the one apologizing," he shushed me softly, "I was supposed to keep you safe and I failed- I am sorry for that. You were gone for an entire three weeks and I couldn't find you."

"Hunter," I began but he shook his head

"He's as good as dead," he told me and I let out a sigh of relief.

I realized I needed to tell him that I am- ruined, "He- While I was there he would- every morning- I tried but."

"Don't," Logan's voice was soft but firm, "I don't want you to think about him or anything he did. Just focus on me, listen to me- it's me and you now."

"Don't," Logan's voice was soft but firm, "I don't want you to think about him or anything he did. Just focus on me, listen to me- it's me and you now."

"You know." It's not a question, it's an observation. "You know about every other time after the first."

"I do," he admitted and my sobs grew louder, "it doesn't change anything Charlotte- fvck." He cradled my face in his hands and tilted my head up to him but I wouldn't open my eyes, "Look at me."

"I don't want to see it," I said- the disgust, the anger- I don't want to see it.

"Look at me baby, please." I forced my eyes up to his and there were tears welled up in his eyes, "You are so strong and I love you so much. Whatever he did, it can't change that. You're my mate, you're my girl and I will never ever look at you differently because of something like that."

I paused when I realized that he was telling me he loved me for the first time. I decided not to draw much attention to it.

I sniffled, "I really don't want to talk about it right now," I told him, "I just want to go home and get clean."

"You are clean," he told me, "The doctors gave you a bath before-,"

"I want to go home," I reiterated, "Please Logan."

He nodded and rang for the doctor. He moved to touch my hand and I stiffened almost immediately. I quickly recovered though but Logan saw it.

"Do you want a female doctor?" he asked and I shook my head.

Getting another doctor will take some time. I just want to get out of here.

"I think she should stay at least a day for supervision," the doctor began but when he saw Logan's look he cleared his throat, "She can go home but she should take at least three days bed rest and she needs to get some food and a lot of liquids in her stomach. I just need to draw some blood to run some tests and make sure that there is no wolf's bane or any other chemical remaining in her system."

He drew the blood and as soon as he took the IV out of my arm I was on my feet. I swayed a bit and Logan immediately steadied me.

"I could carry you," he offered but I shook my head.

"I can do it; I'm fine."

The ride home was quiet and a little tense. I knew Logan had a lot of questions but he chose to respect my space and stayed quiet. I was too busy trying to stop myself from clawing at my skin because of the memories flying around in my head. By the time we got home I was sporting a headache.

Logan opened the door to the house and it was like nothing changed. Scratch that, nothing changed at all. His shirt was still lying on the couch where he had taken it off the morning I was taken. A half empty glass of water that I know belongs to me is sitting on the counter.

I turned to Logan and he gave me a sad smile that solidified my thoughts. He didn't come in here while I was gone.

"Do you want to stay in your room or ours?" he asked and I decided then that I hated the way he asked questions as if scared I would break.

Granted I am on the verge of breaking, but that isn't the point.

"Ours," I said finally, I don't want to be away from him for any much longer.

He looked pleased with my answer and led me to his room.

"If you're hungry I can make something for you. I was thinking chicken-,"

"If I had chosen my room," I cut him off, "Would you have let me stay there?"

He looked surprised by my question but nodded immediately, "I will always respect your wishes; but I would have stayed there with you."

I didn't know how to respond to that so I just made my way into the bathroom and turned on the shower. I made sure the water was steaming hot before I sat under it. It burnt my skin but it was worth it. The pain from the shower covered up the muddled voices in my head but it couldn't help my fractured soul.

I stood up and took a loofah and started scrubbing my skin aggressively, trying to get the dirt and grime off my skin, the blood and his- and him.

"What are you doing?" Logan asked and I didn't realize he had walked in.

He cursed when the hot water hit his skin but other than that he didn't do anything. He didn't try to change the temperature or anything; he just held my hand that was scrubbing in a firm but kind grip.

"You're hurting yourself," he told me but I shook my head, "Baby, talk to me please."

"I need to," I tried to jerk my hand out of his grip.

"Charlotte."

"I need to get him off me." I yelled finally as the sobs broke free.

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I saw his shoulders deflate and he knelt in front of me. He pried the loofah out of my clenched fingers and the moment I lost their comfort I started to cry.

I hate how I'm crying over every single thing.

“Please don’t cry,” he whispered.

“Give it to me.”

“I can’t, baby you know I can’t.”

A scream clawed out of my throat and he placed his forehead on my stomach in defeat.

“Don’t do this to me Logan please,” I resorted to begging, “I need to get it off.”

“I’m sorry.” He whispered

“I just want to be clean.” I pleaded with him, “Please don’t do this to me.”

He squeezed the corner of my stomach for a second and lifted his head. When he opened his eyes a certain redness was seeping into the rims- he’s crying. Why is he crying?

“There’s nothing on you,” his voice was so soft, “You’re clean, you’re perfectly clean.”

I shook my head, “It’s all over me.”

“There’s nothing over you,” he assured me.

“It’s everywhere; on the outside and the inside.” I decided to use my hands to scrub it off and he grabbed both of mine in one of his.

I slid to the shower floor in defeat and pulled my knees up to my chest. “Just let me clean it off.”

“Look at your hands;” he told me “You’re hurting yourself.”

“Please just get it off me.” I can’t look at myself right now, “Please Logan, I need you to do it for me.”

A shudder wracked through his body but he nodded. He pulled me to my feet and I could feel how his skin was vibrating with every movement.

His hands were soft and they made slow and deliberate strokes across my skin. He never once looked away as he washed me and he didn’t linger longer

than he needed to. My sobs reduced to small hiccups as he stood and faced me.

He put the loofah back then cupped my cheek with his left hand. I shivered from the intensity of his eyes as they roamed my face. Finally, he placed a lingering kiss on my forehead and I couldn't help but melt into it.

"You are perfect," he breathed out.

"I'm broken."

"You aren't broken, and even if you are I will stand by your side as you pick up all the pieces and help you put them back together." His voice held promise, "And he will suffer for what he did to you."

Standing there in the shower under the now cold shower, one of us fully clothed and the other fully naked- it felt like I could be whole again.

He pulled away much too soon and returned with a fluffy towel, turned off the shower and wrapped me up. I tried to take the towel from him but he wouldn't have it. He dried me off and pulled one of his plain tees over my head. I couldn't stop myself from taking a large inhale.

"Let's get you to sleep okay," his smile was shaky.

"Will you hold me?" I hate how small my voice sounds.

"Of course,"

I sat up in bed while he changed out of his wet clothes into a clean pyjama set and I frowned.

"You don't sleep with a shirt." I told him and he froze with the shirt over his head.

"I want you to be comfortable."

"I am, I just don't want you to treat me like I'm different." I can't decipher the emotions in his eyes, "You tell me I'm not broken but then you act completely different."

"I'm sorry." I wasn't expecting an apology.

He folded the shirt back into the closet and lay in bed next to me. He pulled me into his chest and I felt so emotional by the action that tears dripped from my eyes.

“You’re killing me here Charlotte.” His voice broke at the end, “I can’t keep doing these things if they’re going to make you cry.”

“They’re happy tears,” I promised, “I just- every night I imagined you holding me, that was how I was able to fall asleep and now- you’re here and it’s just a lot.”

“I didn’t- I’m sorry. I’ll say it every single day of my life if I need to but I’m sorry I let you get taken in the first place.”

“It’s okay,” I sniffed, “I just wish I could will it all away. Wake up one day and it’s all gone from my mind but it doesn’t work that way, does it?”

“No it doesn’t, but if I could I would take away all your pain in an instant.” He pulled me impossibly tighter, “I hate that you had to go through all of that alone.”

“How do you know what happened in there?” I asked the question that has been on my mind for a while, “Did he tell you?”

“No,” he hesitated before speaking, “He would send- videos. Sometimes they were live streams and other times they were already filmed.”

“Did you watch them all?”

“Yes.”

He saw it. He saw me like that and he’s still here. He must be so disgusted. How did I look? Does he hate me?

“You’re pulling away,” his voice cut in, “I don’t hate you, I don’t feel anything but hurt for you, anger with myself for letting you get taken in the first place and pride that you went through all that and you’re still here with me.”

“Was it just you who saw them?”

“I don’t-,”

“Please Logan; I need to know.”

“Greg and Jake saw the first one.” He admitted, “We didn’t know what it was. He just said he wanted us all there for it. That was the only one they saw.”

I inhaled sharply, “Can I-,”

“Go to sleep Charlotte,” he told me, “You had a long day, we’ll talk tomorrow.”

I nodded and he ran his fingers through my hair slowly. I know sleep won’t find me easily and when it does it will be plagued with demons.

LOGAN’S P.O.V

It took her a full hour to fall asleep and the moment she did I let out a relieved sigh.

I tried to sleep, I really did but each time I closed my eyes I saw her in the bath with terrified eyes, rubbing her skin raw. She looked at me like I held all the solutions to her problems and it broke my heart.

I ran my free hand through my hair in frustration.

I shot a quick text to Jake telling him she is awake but to hold off with any visits. I don’t want to overwhelm her with people when she is like this.

I started to get out of bed but she held my arm in a death grip and I stayed back. Just then my phone rang: JAKE

“How is she?” were his first words.

“I don’t know,” I replied honestly, “I can’t talk now. She’s asleep and it’s disrespectful to talk about her when she can’t listen.”

“That’s fair, have you told Greg?”

“Not yet, tell him for me.”

“Sure.” He said and then he hesitated before adding, “She’ll be fine.”

“I know she will.”

I hung up and stared at her sleeping form. She looked so peaceful and at ease. I stroked her cheek softly and she cuddled into me further.

“I love you.” I whispered

“Well isn’t that sentimental?”

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CHARLOTTE’S P.O.V

I don’t know when I dozed off but Logan jerked into a sitting position and successfully roused me from my sleep. I sat up in alarm but he curled an arm around my shoulders keeping me in place. The room is completely dark because he turned out the lights earlier and even with my werewolf senses I can’t see anything.

“What’s going on?” I asked but he held up a hand so I can be quiet.

“Who’s there?”

“Relax; I’m not going to hurt her.” A very familiar voice said and my brows furrowed, “But it’s funny to think that if I wanted to you would be able to stop me.”

What is Adamaris doing here?

Logan let out a growl, “Relax Logan,” I whispered but he wasn’t easing up so I turned to the source of the voice, “Don’t antagonize him. It’s not very nice of you.”

I heard a snap and the lights came on. She stood there in all of her glory wearing a floor length black tulle skirt and a black long sleeved shirt. She paired it with a huge coat and black ballet flats. Her raven dark hair was in a tight ponytail and her violet eyes assessed me carefully.

“What are you doing here?” Logan had eased up but he was still tense, “It’s 1 in the morning.”

“Here I thought you would be glad to see me.”

“I would if you came through the front door like a normal person.”

She ran her eyes over his figure slowly before turning to me, “Get dressed, we need to talk. I’ll be downstairs- don’t make me wait.”

Without another word she walked out of the room- through the door this time.

“I fvcking hate witches.” Logan cursed but put on a shirt and I grabbed one of his boxer briefs and put it on.

Sure enough when we got downstairs Adamaris was in our kitchen drinking a cup of coffee and leaning against the counter.

“You don’t just walk into people’s houses and start making coffee.” Logan chided

“Don’t worry; the honor is reserved for only you. I wouldn’t dare do it elsewhere.” Sarcasm bled through her words, “Your friends are on their way.”

“Did you sneak into their houses like you did ours?”

“Yes,” she admitted, “Your beta threw a lamp at me which I would have found amusing if it didn’t cut my hand and I had a very unnerving sight at the white haired one’s house.” She smiled to herself, “you need to get protective spells around all your houses by the way.”

“I guess I should; it might keep you away.”

“I’m going to chalk your grumpiness up to the fact that I woke you up really early and not as disrespect.”

“What the hell is going on?”

She ignored Logan and flicked her hand. The front door flew open and I saw Diana standing there. When she saw me she gasped and rushed over to pull me into a hug.

“I can’t believe you’re back here again.” She said

“I can’t breathe Diana.” I forced out and she released me a bit.

“I missed you so much,” she mumbled, “I had no idea you were awake until she told me.” she flushed crimson at the last sentence and I have an idea of what Adamaris saw when she went to their house.

She pulled away and I used the opportunity to really look at her. Her hair was in a messy bun and she was wearing a pyjama set with a black robe tied over

it. Greg stood behind her in sweatpants and a plain shirt. As Diana moved away he pulled me into a hug.

“Don’t scare us like that again.” He whispered and I cracked a smile.

“If you’re done,” Adamaris cut in, “I’d like to get to the purpose of my visit.”

Greg took a step back and we all turned to her. I noticed Jake over her shoulder and gave him a small smile that he quickly returned.

“Why are you here?” it was Jake who asked, “I don’t appreciate finding strange women in my bedroom at 1 a.m.”

“Yesterday afternoon I was at home making a potion when I felt this searing pain like someone was trying to dig through my skull.” She began, “I knew it wasn’t a direct attack on me but on someone I was protecting.”

“What does that have to do with any of us?” Diana asked, “We haven’t had any attacks.”

“You haven’t, but she has.” Adamaris turned to me, “Why didn’t you say anything about the witch?”

“What witch?” I asked

“While you were taken did you ever meet a witch?” she asked and I shook my head, “That’s impossible, for one you were guarded with so many cloaking spells I couldn’t find you and then the pain, almost like someone was trying to break the connection and dig through your memories.”

“Maybe it happened when I was asleep,” I offered.

“No, that kind of spell will wake you straight up.” She thought about it for a second, “You don’t remember seeing a witch.”

“No I don’t; I’m sorry.”

She hummed to herself and sipped her coffee, “Where were you when they found you?”

“I think I was in the basement,” I swallowed before responding.

“No,” Jake cut in, “You were in a room in the cabin.”

"I didn't go to the cabin. I didn't even know it was a cabin. The only time I was allowed upstairs was to see my father and sister."

"You weren't in the basement," Logan said from beside me, "He was there but you weren't."

Adamaris scoffed and everyone turned to her, "I think I know what happened but humor me one more time." She turned to Jake, "How exactly was she when you saw her?"

"She was in some kind of chalk ring," he said, "And she was out so I assumed she was drugged. What's going on?"

"The bitch wiped her memory."

"Why would she do that?" I asked.

"My guess is she probably told you something under the impression that she would do what she wants and leave quickly but he came to get you and she didn't want you knowing her plans."

"So you mean we have a crazy witch who wants something from Charlotte." Diana said

"Like I said, I'm just guessing," she shrugged, "All I do know is that she is from my coven."

"How do you know that?"

"It's a witch thing," she didn't elaborate, "Well then, just-."

"Wait," it was Logan who cut in, "How did you know she was taken?" everyone turned to him, "We never told you about it."

"I understand your skepticism but I'm bonded to her. She knows my name and I know hers. I knew the moment something bad happened and my- my daughter told me."

"How did your daughter know?"

"She's a seer," I whispered, "She all but told me a while back."

“So let me get this straight,” Greg spoke up for the first time, “We have one crazy witch against us and another crazy witch on our side.”

“I’ll overlook the fact that you just called me crazy,” she shot him a hard smile; “I’ll do protection spells around your houses. I don’t know who this witch is but you have to be careful. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to find me.”

“Thank you.”

She gave me a smile, “I almost forgot; congratulations.”

“What is that for?”

“For the baby of course,” She shrugged and everywhere went razor silent.

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You could have heard a razor drop from how silent the room became. Nobody dared to move or speak, we were all processing her words.

“I’m sorry,” it was Diana who broke the silence, “Did you just say baby?”

“Yes I did.” Adamaris turned to me, “You didn’t know.”

“I’m not-,” I began then exhaled sharply, “How do you know that?”

“We’re bonded remember,” she cracked a small smile, “When the witch tried to pry your mind open I had to jump in to defend you and then I felt another aura mixed with yours- it was pretty weak so at first I didn’t think anything of it but when I saw you I felt it again. I thought you knew.”

“I didn’t,” I forced the knot in my throat back down, “Do you have an idea how far along I am?”

“Charlotte-,” Logan’s voice was soft.

“It’s a question Logan.” I turned to Adamaris, “Do you?”

“I’m a witch not a doctor. And the aura isn’t that strong yet so it can be anything as little as a week or as far a month. Anything I say will probably not be accurate; you’ll have to go to a doctor to confirm.”

I inhaled sharply as tears pricked my eyes. There might be a possibility that it's Hunter's child. "Can you just tell me what you think?"

"I don't know- maybe two or three weeks. I could be wrong. You were underfed and the baby would be really weak so you could actually be further along."

"Is that all the news you have?" I asked and she nodded, "Thank you for bonding with me and keeping me safe."

"You're welcome." she gave me a warm smile, "I have to go but I'll be back tomorrow to help you ward the house."

"A time for when you'll arrive would be nice." Greg drawled, "I'm not interested in any more surprises."

"Seeing you once was more than enough," she quipped, "I'll make my way in after you leave the house." She shot him a grimace before turning to me, "I'll see you around Charlotte and if you ever need me- call."

She walked out of the door and everywhere went silent for a full second.

"Congratulations Charlie," Diana pulled me into a hug, "You'll be a great mum."

"Thank you."

"Amelia is going to have to contend with someone else for your attention now." I cracked a smile at her words.

Jake ruffled my hair and gave me a short hug that felt more comforting than congratulatory. Greg walked over and raked his eyes over me. I silently cursed those dark eyes of his that had a way of feeling like they were searing through your soul.

"Congratulations." His voice was even as he pulled me into a hug.

"Thank you."

He kept his voice barely over a whisper as he spoke, "It's not his."

My heart clenched at his words and I tried to pull away but he held me tighter, "I know what's going through your mind right now but it is not his. It's yours and Logan's no matter what happens."

He pulled away and I let out a ragged breath. Logan subtly pulled me closer to his side.

"It was really nice to see you guys." I said after I managed to stop my voice from cracking. "I didn't know how much I missed you until I saw you."

"We missed you too." Diana said, "I can't believe there's going to be a baby." Tears pricked my eyes and her eyes widened in alarm, "Are you okay?"

I nodded, "I'm just tired and all this news is overwhelming." I chuckled softly, "I just want to go to bed and handle everything tomorrow."

I knew none of them believed my lie but they let me retreat to the room. Before I even reached the top of the stairs, the tears had started to fall. I shut the door behind me and pulled the blanket over my head.

About five minutes later, I felt Logan walk into the room but I didn't rise to look at him. I kept my sobs silent as the tears streaked down my face.

His hand brushed over my back through the thick blanket, "Charlotte," he began.

"I'm fine Logan," I kept my voice steady; "I'm just tired and overwhelmed with all the news."

"Don't lie to me." he said so I didn't. I stayed silent instead.

He sighed and lifted the blanket before slipping in behind me. He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me close to his body. I couldn't stop myself from turning around, burying my face into his chest and swinging one leg over his hip.

He wrapped his arms around me leaving one to rest in the middle of my back while the other rested on the upper thigh of the leg around his waist. He pulled me impossibly close and pressed a kiss to my forehead.

"Everything will be fine." He promised me, "I'm right here and I'm not going anywhere."

“Nothing is going to be fine,” I told him, “He just keeps coming back every single time and I’m sick of it.”

“He can’t hurt you anymore.”

“He doesn’t need to. He delivered his final blow and if he succeeded then I am stuck reliving the worst days of my life for the rest of my life.”

“You don’t have to,” Logan whispered, “If you want to then I will make an appointment for you first thing tomorrow.”

I paused my sobs, “I can’t do that,” I said finally, “Even if it is his child I can’t because it’s mine too.” I let out a shaky breath, “I just to be happy for once in my life. I don’t want to have to worry.”

“I am so sorry.”

“Would you take care of it?” I asked, “Would you love the baby if it wasn’t yours- if it was his.” He went silent for a full minute, “I’m sorry, I should have never-.”

“Don’t apologize,” he cut me off, “I was thinking of the best way to phrase my answer.”

“You don’t have to.” I said but he ignored me.

“I would love the child because it’s yours. I will always hate the circumstances around it but I will not hate an innocent child. I may not love them instantly- it would take some getting used to but I can promise that they would never know the circumstances around their birth and I will not give them reason to find out.”

I sniffled, “I hate that you’re in this position because of me.”

“It’s not because of you.” He kissed my forehead, “I love you.”

It hit me that I haven’t said the words back to him, “I love you too.”

“It may not be his.” He said after a few minutes of silence, “You might be worried over nothing.”

“Let’s be realistic here.”

“I am being realistic.” He said, “There’s a higher possibility that the baby is mine than it being his.”

“The odds don’t ever seem to work in my favor.”

“Then we make our own odds.”

“I just-,” I exhaled deeply, “I just don’t want to get my hopes up and get disappointed. I don’t want to believe it’s yours then be told that the baby is not.”

“It’s going to be mine no matter who biologically fathered it.” He kissed my forehead again, “I can set an appointment for tomorrow. We need to find out how healthy the baby is anyway.”

“Okay,” I said finally then decided to ask something else, “Is he dead? You said he was as good as but never that he was.”

“He’s still alive,” he admitted, “But barely.”

“If the child is his, will you let him live?”

He didn’t hesitate before responding, “This child is MINE, I don’t care if he fathered it or not. He won’t be alive to get involved in their life.”

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The doctor’s appointment was set for 12 and by 11:58 I was ready to hightail it out of the hospital parking lot. I’m terrified to know the truth- I know Logan says he will love this child but we all say things until we’re faced with reality and I don’t want to see the disappointment on his face when he realizes he is going to have to take care of someone else’s child.

“We don’t have to do this.” He cast a sideways glance at me, “We can go home and watch a movie or something.”

“No,” I shook my head, “I need to know or I’m just going to worry about it.”

“I’ll be right there with you.” He assured me.

I finally stepped out of the car and let him lead me into the hospital. We were about three minutes late but the doctor didn’t seem to mind.

She was a short plump woman. She had her salt and pepper hair tied up in a bun and really kind blue eyes. She gave me an itchy blue hospital gown to change into and showed me to the bathroom where I could do so. She looked so familiar that I stared at her for a full minute before going in to change.

When I returned she was having a hushed conversation with Logan that ceased the moment they saw me. It was at that moment I realized who she was.

“Hi, Dr. Brennan.” I said softly and she gave me a smile.

“For a second I thought you didn’t recognize me.”

“For a second, I didn’t.”

“You’ve met her,” Logan’s voice cut in and I nodded.

“She was the one Diana and I went to when we had the scare.” He nodded in understanding.

“Well,” Dr. Brennan cut in, “I’m going to need you to lie back with your knees bent.”

“I thought you would do an ultrasound.” I said softly

“I would but based on what Alpha Logan just told me you probably aren’t that far along yet so it would be more prudent to use a transvaginal ultrasound,” she explained, “That way I can determine when you got pregnant and your due date.”

“Is it going to hurt?” I couldn’t help but ask.

“It shouldn’t.” She got the wand and I exhaled deeply, “Just take a deep breath and relax. It will all be over before you can even blink.”

I found myself seeking out Logan’s eyes and he gave my hands a small squeeze almost as if to remind me that he’s here.

We drove to the pack house in silence. Even though the doctor advised that I take time off I don’t really want to be at home right now.

Logan has been glancing at me from the corner of his eye since the moment she told us when I conceived almost as if he is waiting for me to break down.

“Welcome back Charlie,” Samantha’s voice cut through my thoughts, “Amelia really missed having you around.”

“Thank you Samantha,” I gave her a small smile, “I was just going to check up on her.”

“I’m sure she will be happy to see you. I have to go check on something for the school.” She turned to Logan, “It’s nice to see you Alpha.”

She walked into a black Audi and drove off without another word.

“Stop looking at me like that Logan.” I said as I got out of the car, “I’m not going to snap.”

“You’re too calm about this.”

“Would you prefer if I was a blubbering mess?”

“Maybe, at least then I would be able to know how you feel. You have your wall up and I hate not knowing what’s going on.”

“I’m fine.” I lied, “Just go and do some work, you don’t have to act as my bodyguard. I will spend some time with Diana and the children.”

He looked like he wanted to complain but at the last minute he nodded. He walked me to the door of the daycare and I heard the screaming children from the door.

“Are you going to go in?” I teased.

“No thank you, I think you got this.”

“That’s going to be us in a few months. You might want some practice.”

He cracked a small smile, “You’ll teach me everything I need to know.” He kissed my forehead softly, “If you need anything call me.”

“I will, I promise.”

I walked into the day care and had to duck because a building block flew at me. It hit the closed door behind me and I slowly stood.

“Are there going to be any more flying blocks?” I asked rhetorically and Diana turned to me.

“Charlie, what are you doing here?” she was bouncing a crying baby in one hand and trying to clean up spilled milk, “Not that I’m not grateful, I could use the help.”

“I just decided to stop by; I needed to get out of the house.”

I found Amelia staring at me with wide eyes. She walked over to me and tugged at my trousers.

“You’re shouldn’t like to be carried so much.” I commented, “Soon you’ll be too old for me to pick up.”

“No!” she exclaimed and my eyes widened.

“I just realized I’ve never heard you speak before.”

“No!” she repeated and Diana giggled

“Give me a minute, let’s make sure your friends aren’t crying before I pick you up.” She huffed as if she understood.

It took the better part of half an hour to get all the children calm and either sleeping or playing. When I was done I picked Amelia up and balanced her on my h!p.

“Why don’t you tell me the real reason you’re here.” Diana said and I purposely ignored her, “You can’t ignore me Charlie.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Is it because of the baby?” I inhaled sharply as she mentioned it, “Speaking of babies, you shouldn’t be picking her up now that you’re pregnant.”

“I’m pregnant not handicapped,” I told her, “I’m sure I can handle holding a one year old.”

“What’s wrong Charlie?” she asked again, “Yesterday you looked anything but happy when she told you the news.”

“It’s not that I wasn’t happy. I’ve always wanted to be a mother.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“I was thinking about the possibility that the child could have been Hunter’s.”

“Why would the child be his? It doesn’t-,” she trailed off when she realized, “I didn’t know, I’m so sorry Charlie.”

She started tearing up and I groaned, “Please don’t cry, if you do then I’ll start crying.”

“I’m sorry, I just-,” she wiped at her tears, “I didn’t know you went through all that. Do the guys know?”

I nodded and the first tear slipped through. Amelia started to squirm in my hands so I put her down.

“I guess it’s pretty understandable that you’d tell me last considering how I’m reacting.”

“I didn’t tell them,” I said softly, “You’re the first person I’m actually telling. He told them- well showed them.” I tried to push the image of them seeing me like that out of my head, “But it’s not important anymore. I’m here and I’m fine.”

“That’s so messed up,” I nodded in agreement, “Can I hold you?”

“Of course you can.” She rushed over and pulled me into a hug, “I’m so sorry it happened. If we knew it would end like this we would never have let you go with him.”

“What happened to him; the guy who took me to Hunter?”

“Jake told me that Hunter killed him,” she said, “He took you because Hunter had his sister but he killed them both.”

I didn’t know what to say. He hurt me to help his sister and I can respect that but he still lost everything.

“What are you going to do about the baby situation?” she asked suddenly and I turned to her, “You could go to the hospital to find out?”

“We did actually,” I forced the words out of my throat, “We did a vaginal ultrasound to find out when exactly I conceived.”

“And?”

I opened my mouth to respond when the door opened.