

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 106

I know I'm dreaming but somehow I can't get myself to wake up.

I don't know where I am; the entire place is filled with some kind of purple fog. It's like the fog is a cage keeping me in.

A loud rattling sound caught my attention and I was able to see a tiny gap through the fog. I reached forward but jerked back when something slammed against the fog; rattling the entire place.

The thing kept attacking the fog cage; slamming into it over and over again. I don't know how I know but if it breaks through; I'm dead.

"Charlotte." I jerked away at the mention of my name and Logan looked down at me with worry. "What happened?"

"It was a bad dream." I managed out as I recounted the events of the dream. "What do you think it is?"

"It's probably the witch." He frowned, "But what does she want?"

"We need to see Hunter." I began and he scoffed, "Logan please; we need to talk to him to be able to go through with this."

"I don't like this idea,"

"I don't either; but we have to."

He thought about it for a second before nodding, "Fine; we'll go see him."

"Thank you."

"But," he cut me off, "You have to go and see Greg first. You put Diana in danger and you need to apologize for that."

"He hates me." I muttered.

"He doesn't hate you," I shot him a disbelieving look, "Yet."

It took a lot of cajoling for me to get out of the car when we stopped in front of Greg and Diana's place.

"What if he throws me out?" I asked as Logan knocked on the door.

"He won't throw you out."

Diana opened the door and she pulled me into a hug when she saw me. It was so tight; I had to remind her that I need to breathe.

"I was so worried about you," she breathed as she pulled away, "I thought you were hurt or something."

"I'm fine," I assured her, "I'm so sorry for dragging you along with me. It could've ended badly and I should have known better."

"I'm fine; I'll always join you on your crazy plans."

Someone cleared their throat making us stop. I looked over her shoulder at Greg who was watching us with a blank expression.

"Hi," I said softly and he shot me a bored look, "I'm sorry; for putting her in danger and for not telling you when I was making my crazy plans."

"Logan put you up to this." It wasn't a question.

"Maybe; but I know I was wrong and I'm sorry."

"It took you long enough." He said finally and I scoffed.

"You could accept my apology like a normal person."

"Where's the fun in that?"

I let my eyes rake over him and I smiled, "Your roots are showing." His hand immediately fell to his hair and I repressed a smile.

"I'll sort it out within the week." He looked at me then Logan, "Where are you two going?"

"To see Hunter," his brows rose, "He's in on it this time."

"I'm coming with you."

“You don’t have to.”

“I wasn’t asking,” his tone held no room for discussion.

“What about me?” Diana asked and both Logan and Greg said no at the same time, “That’s not fair; Charlie is pregnant and you’re letting her go.”

“It’s not because I didn’t try to discourage her; believe me.” Logan muttered, “But he is more likely to talk if she is there.”

“Fine,” she mumbled, “Just get back safe.”

Greg kissed her before stepping out of the house, “let’s get this over with.”

The cell smelt the same if not worse than the last time I was here which is weird considering it was less than two days ago.

“I see you’re here with your mate.” Hunter mused as we walked in, “I preferred you alone.”

“I want to talk.” I went straight to the point, “About her.”

“I could always choose not to tell you,” he attempted to shrug but he winced from the pain, “But I’m in a good mood so I’ll make you a deal.”

Annoyance rolled off Logan in waves so I intertwined our fingers in an attempt to calm him down.

“What deal?” I asked

“For every question you ask; I get to ask one of my own.”

“Fine,” I agreed, “Who is she?”

“She’s a witch I found.”

“That’s not an answer.” I told him, “You’re being vague.”

“Be more detailed with your questions then.” He smirked, “Do you remember the days you spent with me.”

“Yes,” I said simply, “What does she want?”

“She wants a talisman of hers that I have.”

“What does it do?”

“It’s time for my question,” he reminded me, “Has he fvcked you yet?”

“The fvck is that?” it was Greg who exploded and I exhaled deeply.

“You need to calm down or you’re going to leave.”

“He asked a stupid question.”

“I don’t care if it’s a stupid question; relax.” He rolled his eyes but nodded and I turned back to Hunter, “No he hasn’t; now answer my question.”

“I’m not sure what the talisman does. I think it enhances her powers. Why hasn’t your mate fvcked you yet?”

“No particular reason.”

“That’s not an answer.”

“Be more detailed with your questions then.” I threw over my shoulder, “What does she want with me and why?”

“That’s two questions; but she needs you because unless she breaks your bond for me, she can’t take the talisman. We made a blood oath.”

I wonder what the talisman is and if I can get it.

“Now for my two questions,” his words snapped me back to reality, “Does he refuse to fvck you because he is disgusted or do you refuse to fvck him because you can still remember how I feel?”

Logan let out a growl and started forward but I stepped in front of him.

“The both of you need to calm down.” I whisper yelled as Hunter laughed, “You’re giving him what he wants.”

“He disrespected you.”

“Get out,” I said after a moment of thought and everyone looked at me incredulously, “He knows how to push your b.uttons. I need you to get out so I can talk to him.”

“No,” Logan’s reply was instantaneous.

“Please,” I whispered then dropped my voice so only he would hear, “If you want this baby to have a chance then you need to leave so I can talk to him. If not, we are walking straight into a trap completely blind.”

I hate to have to blackmail him but I need to think straight and Logan is not thinking straight.

He stared at me for a minute before letting out a growl and storming out. Greg stared at me and shot him a pleading look; he finally left.

“I thought they would never leave.” Hunter remarked.

“I know you were just pushing their b.uttons.”

“Of course I was.” He smirked, “I’ll answer all your questions but I need one thing in return.”

“What’s that?”

“Ten seconds for me to tell you something special.”

“Deal,” I agreed and he gave me a smile that made me feel like I was losing.

I pushed the thought away and tried to arrange my questions in my head.

“What’s her name?” I asked

“She never told me and I never asked.” He shrugged, “It was never beneficial to my plans.”

“How can we catch her or find her?”

“You can’t; she will find you.” He sighed, “You’re asking the wrong questions; you always have been.”

“Then what are the right questions?” he stared at me with a smile on his face.

“Ask your question Charlotte.”

I thought about it for a second before realizing what to ask, “What do I need to know?”

“She’s a witch from a certain coven that deals with potions. She was cast out because she started practicing dark magic. I enlisted her help to get you back.”

“I was never yours.”

“Don’t interrupt me,” his tone went cold, “We made a deal where if she breaks your bond then she can get the talisman. No loopholes; that is the only way. The talisman is very important to her so she will do anything to get it.”

“You were supposed to see her the day Logan came to get you. She wiped your memories because she didn’t want you remembering her. I was in the dungeons imagining what I would do to you when you got back.”

“I had so many plans for you but Logan took us away. She told me what had happened between you and her. I was upset that she let you get away but I know she will do anything to get that talisman so I decided to trust her. I promised to fix the hiccup that is the abomination growing in you and she promised to-”

“Wait,” I said and he shot me an annoyed look, “If you were in the dungeons then how did she tell you what happened and how do you know about the baby?”

“She told me,” he tapped the side of his head, “She speaks to me in here.” I inhaled sharply, “She’s talking to me right now. Do you want to know what she is saying?”

“I think we’re done here.”

“She’s coming for you,” he smirked and I turned to leave, “You didn’t let me fulfill my end of the bargain.”

“What do you want to tell me?”

“It’s a message from her,” he said, “Dormi puella, sinas me dum tu quiescis.” (sleep girl; let me in while you rest: Latin)

I felt a sharp tug go through my chest as he said the words and I suddenly found it hard to breathe.

“What did you do to me?” I asked,

“She says goodnight.”

“Logan!” I managed to scream but my voice came out muffled to my own hearing.

Hunter laughed while I gasped for air and the last thing I remember is the door flying open just as I hit the cold ground.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 107

There was a sharp pounding in my skull and a soft hand caressing my curls in steady strokes. I let out a small groan as I forced my eyes open.

Logan was leaning over me with a soft expression on his face. His hand in my hair stilled as I stared at him. His expression alternated between anger, fierce protectiveness and worry.

I took in my surroundings and realized I was in our room- well, what used to be our room anyways. The chairs were turned over and I can see glass shards at the door of the bathroom. Wood splinters were sticking out of the door and the curtains had been ripped off and somehow replaced.

Logan had the decency to look a little sheepish, “I’ll fix the room; I promise.”

“It’s okay,” I murmured with a wonky smile but he didn’t return it, “Hey, what’s wrong?”

I tried to sit up but he stopped me, “Don’t; stay down.”

“I’m fine, Logan.” I told him as I sat up. His face showed that he didn’t agree with me. “What happened?”

“You blacked out,” he muttered, “I heard you and I ran in but you had already blacked out.”

The door opened cutting both of us off. Greg walked in and whispered something into Logan’s ears.

Logan's smile dimmed and he kissed my forehead before leaving the room.

"It was stupid of you to stay there alone," Greg began and I stopped myself from rolling my eyes.

"A normal person would ask how I am."

"A normal person wouldn't have asked us to leave while you stayed alone with that psychopath." He countered, "What were you thinking?"

"You didn't have to leave."

"Do you think I had a choice? Logan would give you the moon if he asked. As long as he was leaving; I had to as well." He scoffed, "he hates himself for leaving you."

"It was my choice to make him leave."

"He didn't seem to share that sentiment." There was a look on his face that had me worried.

"What's wrong?" he still didn't respond so I tried again, "What the hell is going on?"

"He killed Hunter."

I was taken aback by what he said, "What?"

"Logan caught you just before you hit the ground and Hunter laughed saying how he was done with you and the witch was going to have you." He shook his head, "Logan lost it and he ripped his heart out of his chest."

"He carried you back home with his bloody hands. He lost it again just after he put you down and ruined the room. It was only after that he got cleaned up."

"I didn't-, I stuttered, "What happens now?"

"I hope you got everything you needed from Hunter because you're not going to speak to him again." Greg said and I ran a hand through my hair in disbelief. "What the hell is that?"

I looked up at him with a confused expression but his eyes held anger. He walked over to me and grabbed my left hand before lifting it to his face.

Right in the center of my wrist was a huge bruise- almost like a brand. It was a dark shade of purple.

“Did he grab you?” Greg asked but I shook my head, “Then how did you get this?”

“I don’t know.”

“What did he do to you? How did you black out?”

“I don’t know; he just spoke to me.”

“What did he say?”

“I don’t know; it wasn’t in English.”

“Can you just try to-.”

“Stop!” I exclaimed finally with deep breaths, “I can’t think; I just-,”

The door burst open and Logan rushed over to my side, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, I just-,”

He cut me off when he saw my hand in Greg’s grip, “What the hell happened to you?”

“Can the both of you just calm down?” I huffed, “Hunter didn’t grab me; I don’t know how I got this.”

I pulled my hand out of Greg’s grip, “I’m fine but I’m hungry. Can I get off the bed long enough to make something to eat?”

Logan gave Greg a look that had him standing up and walking out of the room.

“It looks like the mark that Aubrey had.” He said and I shrugged “What happened?” he asked and I sighed, “Cut the attitude.”

I was taken aback by his words. Logan has never ever spoken to me like that before,

“What the hell happened back there?” he asked in a much softer tone this time.

“I don’t know; I told you. He said something and I just blacked out. I was probably tired.”

“You were tired all right,” his tone held a little bit of anger, “You were completely drained and dehydrated when you got here. You were hooked up to an IV up until ten minutes ago.”

“I didn’t-,”

“I knew it was a bad idea to take you there. I don’t know why the fvck I even agreed to it in the first place.”

“Logan,” I began softly but he wasn’t listening. I held his jaw and forced him to look at me, “I’m okay, I promise you.”

“You were hurt.”

“I’m not hurt right now,” I tried for a positive tone but he just gave me a blank look. “I promise you that I am fine.”

“I was worried.”

“I know,” I murmured, “But you have nothing to worry about anymore.” He still didn’t look convinced so I sighed, “K!ss me.”

“What?”

“I’m tired and I want a k!ss from my mate.” He still looked confused, “I’d be more than happy to get it from someone else.”

I was barely done with my sentence when he pressed his lips to mine in a bruising k!ss. His fingers grabbed my curls at the nape of my neck and angled my head so he could k!ss me better.

I pulled back to catch my breath and he stared at me with a look that can only be described as dark.

“Don’t ever threaten to k!ss someone else.” He warned, “Do you understand?” I nodded.

He started to get up but I stopped him, "Are you just going to leave?"

"You need rest; you were hurt."

"I'm fine; I'm just-," I trailed off.

"What's wrong?"

How do I tell him that the last thing on my mind is me being hurt when all I can think about now is the kiss?

A knowing look crossed his features and I flushed pink from embarrassment.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about," he assured me, "You're pregnant and your body has needs."

"That doesn't make me feel any better."

He cupped my face and kissed me softly. It was a direct contrast to how he kissed me the last time. One of his hands got tangled in my hair at the back of my neck while the other took a slow path down to my waist.

He brushed a thumb over my tiny baby bump before pulling away from my lips and latching onto my neck.

He leaned over me until I was lying back against the pillow and settled himself between the junction of my thighs.

I let out a loud moan when he sucked the skin at my collar bone. He smirked against my skin and bit down on it. I smothered down a tiny scream.

"Don't hold back," he mumbled against my skin, "I want to hear you."

His hands found the top of my shirt and he pulled it up slowly until it was settled above my lace black bra.

He stare at me for over a full minute and I felt myself getting wetter with each second. He had a look in his eyes that can only be described as pure desire. He looked ready to devour me.

One of his hands pulled the cups of my bra down, exposing my peaked nipples to the world.

He leaned down and blew out a gust of air on them making me arch my back into him.

“Logan,” I moaned, “Please.”

He leaned down and grazed his teeth ever so softly on my nipple and I swear almost combusted right there.

His lips closed over the tip of my right breast, swirling his tongue around it and sucking it deep. I couldn't help the strangled sounds that fought to leave my throat.

His left hand trailed down to my sweatpants, wasting no time, he plunged one long, thick finger into me. A very loud moan escaped me and he stopped.

“I would bottle that sound up if I could,” he murmured.

His fingers started to move in slow, languid strokes, he drew out my pleasure until I thought I was going mad.

“Please Logan,” I didn't know what I was begging for. I just knew that I needed it soon.

“Tell me what you want.”

“I-“

“Say it, or I won't give it to you.”

“I want to cum,” I yelled finally, “Please.” He didn't say anything but his lips curled up into a smile.

His thumb found my clit and soon I was writhing beneath him as my orgasm hit me like a freight train.

He pulled his fingers out of me slowly.

“So pretty,” he mused as he brought his fingers up to his lips and sucked them clean, “So sweet too.”

I flushed pink and he leaned down to kiss me but froze.

“What’s wrong?” I asked but he didn’t respond. Instead, he righted my clothes and pulled me into a sitting position, “Logan, what’s wrong?”

He turned to me with a slightly annoyed expression, “Your witch is here.”

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I sat up in alarm, “What do you mean she’s here?”

“She got into my head,” his face was a calm mask but I could see the annoyance swirling in his eyes from being interrupted, “She wanted to give us time to be presentable; something about not wanting to see another wolf n*ked.”

“For good reason too,” Adamaris strutted into the room, “I’ve been scarred enough for one lifetime.”

She was wearing a black long sleeved bodysuit with skinny jeans and a huge brown jacket over it.

She paired it with black high heeled boots. Her lips were painted a dark red color and her eyes were hidden behind dark shades.

When she took them off, I could see deep bags under her eyes.

“You don’t look good,” I began, “Is everything okay?”

“That’s what happens when you’re bonded to someone who can’t seem to stay out of trouble.”

Her tone was cold and sharp. “I was booted out of your head during a game with my daughter this morning; what was that about?”

“I don’t know,” I looked to Logan for support, and he held my hands in his before squeezing once, “I still don’t fully understand how this works.”

“Where is the bracelet I gave you?” I held out my hand and the moment she came in contact with it, she cursed, “It isn’t cold anymore.”

“Is that a problem?”

“Of course it’s a fvcking problem.” She yelled and Logan growled. She turned to him with a raised brow, “I could knock you out in two seconds flat, and not even break out a sweat.”

“Don’t ever talk to my mate like that again.”

I was torn between siding with Logan and telling him to calm down. I understand where he is coming from but at the same time, I understand why Adamaris is upset. I had one job and I couldn’t even do that right.

As if he could sense the direction my thoughts were going in, Logan ran his thumb over the back of my palm softly.

“Im sorry,” Adamaris said finally, “I overstepped my boundaries and I realize that.” Logan gave her a terse nod and she turned back to me, “Is there anything else?”

I held out my other hand and showed her the brand that lay on my skin. She took one look at it and muttered a long string of expletives. She opened her mouth to probably berate me but cast one look at Logan and shut it immediately.

“How did this happen?” she asked after a deep inhale.

“I don’t know, it was here when I woke up.”

“Remind me again why you had to see him.”

“I thought he could help.”

“Did he?” she asked and I shrugged, “If you don’t know who she is then he hasn’t helped at all.”

“Isn’t there a way you can find out who she is: maybe search through my memories and see her

face?”

“I could, but it’s going to hurt and you’re pregnant. I can’t put your baby in any danger,”

“Your coven has something against harming babies,” I finished for her, “yeah, I know.”

She looked stunned for a second and stared at me with confusion. The way she stared at me unsettled me and I started to fiddle with my thumbs.

“Where did you hear that?” she asked.

“You told me, remember.”

“No, I didn’t,” she shook her head, I would know if I told you that.”

“You told me; I can remember.”

“When did I tell you?”

“It was,” I trailed off because I couldn’t remember, “I don’t know; but how else would I know this?”

“My guess; you memories are coming back; I don’t know if it’s a good thing or a bad thing.”

“Can you help with the branding?” I asked and she gave me a sympathetic look.”

“I can try; but I’m not sure if I can keep whoever it is out of your head anymore.” She admitted, “I’ll work on another protective talisman but I can’t make any promises. I think it’s time you took offense instead of defense. I’ll get everything I need and be back here tomorrow to help with the brand.”

She turned to leave but I stopped her.

“One more thing,” I began, “If it’s not too much to ask, someone else was caught in the crossfire of all this. Both she and her son have been getting nightmares and she has a similar brand on her wrist. Can you help them?”

“Get them here tomorrow; I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you.”

With a smile directed at me, and one last curt nod directed at Logan; she disappeared.

ADAMARIS’ P.O.V

I have never seen anyone as prone to trouble as Charlotte Denver. I don't even know why I'm protecting her. Left to me, I would cut my losses and leave, she comes with a lot of stress and a lot of baggage but Celeste seems to love her.

Speaking of Celeste, I heard her small footsteps running down the stairs. She seems in a hurry, but then again, she always is.

She was wearing a pale pink nightgown with bell sleeves that flowed all the way to her soft, bare feet. Her pale white hair was in a messy ponytail at the back of her head and her eyes that mirrored mine held fear and concern.

Most witches don't get their powers until they are at least 8 but Celeste started her visions at 4, she is 7 now and they haven't gotten any easier.

"What's wrong?" I asked as I pulled her into my arms.

"Mummy, there's-," she trailed off and smothered another shudder.

"Tell me Celeste."

"A fire, there's a fire." She said finally and I sighed.

I let out a sigh of relief, "There's no fire darling, you can relax. It was just-,"

"No!" she wrenched herself out of my grip, "There's a fire and we're not safe."

"Celeste, I don't- "

"It's coming for us, we need to leave now."

I stared at her for a full minute, when I saw how panicked she was I nodded. "Grab the necessities for both of us; I'll right the house."

She rushed back up the stairs and I waited until she had come back down before I started the spell.

I learnt this spell the day I gave birth to her. I knew that one day, I might need to get a quick getaway and I never want to be homeless with a mouth to feed.

With this spell I can reduce the size of this house to that of a matchbox.

When I was done, I picked up the miniature version of the house. I placed it in my pocket and grabbed her hand.

“Come, we’ll find someplace to stay,” I told her with a smile, “We’re safe now.”

She shook her head, “We’re too late.”

Before I could ask what she meant, I felt the searing heat of a flame at the back of my neck.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 109

Logan and I decided to make dinner together. It’s been a while since I baked anything and I was itching to get into the kitchen.

It was extremely fun, especially because he kept sticking his finger into the batter for the brownies and he would always pull away before I can whack him with the spatula.

When we were done, we went to our room and he sat up against the headboard while I leaned against his chest as he fed me brownies.

“Were you able to get in touch with Aubrey?” I asked and he nodded.

“I spoke to Evan and they’ll be here tomorrow with their son.”

“He agreed to that,” I was shocked that he did, if anything, I expected Evan to put up a fight about letting their son into another territory.

“He didn’t want to at first, believe me” he scoffed, “But then he realized that it was for his benefit, not mine. He finally agreed on the condition that he comes with guards.”

“He’s a bit over protective; we would never hurt him or his son.”

“I think he’s the right amount of protective he ran his hand through my hair softly; “I think I would do the same if I were in his shoes. I’m pretty sure I’ve already done worse when it comes to you.”

I couldn’t help the small smile that grew on my lips at his words. He leaned down and gave me a soft kiss on my lips. I was about to lean more into it when I felt a searing pain at the back of my head.

I pulled out of his embrace and threw up at the side of the bed. Logan was at my side in an instant and he rubbed his palms against my back in a soothing manner while I dry heaved.

“Is it the baby?” he asked and I shook my head which proved to be a big mistake because it made my entire body feel out of balance, “Then what’s wrong?”

“I don’t know,” I began but I barely finished my sentence and I was throwing up again.

My entire body ached, my head was pulsing and my skin felt like lead. My bones felt completely weighed down and my head continued to spin on its axis. I felt Logan’s presence near me but it did nothing to ease the pain I was feeling. It got so intense that I let out an involuntary scream.

“It hurts,” I managed out through my sore throat,

Everything hurts.”

Logan pulled me from the edge of the bed and into his chest. I could feel his heavy breathing and hear the quick pounding of his heart. From the bond, I could sense his worry and fear, hidden underneath it all was concern and anger.

“Logan,” I tried to pull away from him. I probably stink of vomit and I’m shivering every few seconds.

“No,” he held onto me tighter, “I’ve got you; you’ll be fine.”

Another wave of dizziness hit me like a freight train, my head started pounding again and black dots danced around my vision. This time I muffled my scream into his shirt. He held onto me impossibly tighter while stroking my back and the curls at the nape of my neck.

It wasn’t until my voice was hoarse from screaming that I realized a few tears had leaked out and stained his shirt. I buried my face in his chest to hide from him.

Why does this always happen? Why do I always get stuck in situations where he has to care for me? It would have been better if we never even met. His life

would probably be a lot better without me. If this witch killed me, he might have a better-

“Stop,” I heard Logan ground out, “Just stop, I can hear your thoughts down the link and just fucking stop.”

“I’m sorry,” I mumbled because my headache wouldn’t let me speak any louder, “I just don’t want to be a burden.”

“I love you,” he said through gritted teeth, “I don’t think you’re a burden. I love you and I want to protect you.” I sniffled at his words. “Don’t you ever think otherwise. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I breathed and he pressed a kiss to my forehead in response.

We sat there for a few minutes. The pain would appear and then disappear then all of a sudden, just as quickly as it came, the pain completely disappeared and I was left feeling a bit weak.

I tried to pull away from Logan but he wouldn’t let me.

“I feel better,” I tried to explain, “I just want to clean up the mess and brush my teeth.”

“No,” his tone left no room for discussion, “Go to sleep, I’ll clean it up.”

“But-,”

“It’s after midnight, you were like that for over two hours, you need to rest.”

I tried to complain but he didn’t even respond to me. He just started massaging my scalp in a similar pattern that made my eyes begin to droop.

“Sleep baby,” were the last words that I heard before the darkness took me.

There was a bit of shuffling and some muffled voices in the room. I ignored it because I’m sure it’s Logan on the phone with someone.

I was already half way back into falling asleep when I felt a presence in front of me. It’s not Logan or anyone I knew. The hairs at the back of my neck prickled and I peeled my eyes open slowly.

The first thing I saw was a pair of dark eyes and I let out an involuntary shriek as I sat up.

Everywhere went silent and I realized that the eyes belonged to a little girl with hair as white as Snow.

She had soft but very sharp features that made you want to look twice. Her eyes were dark but had an unnatural mixture of purple and green swirl in her irises. She was wearing a pale pink night dress and for a second I thought I was dreaming until Adamaris rushed over and pulled the girl to her side.

Adamaris didn't look any better dressed either; she was wearing a pair of purple pants and a plain black shirt that was singed and torn in a few places.

"What did I tell you about sneaking up on people?"

She chided the little girl who just shrugged in response, "My apologies, this is my daughter.

You've met her before; briefly."

"I'm Celeste," the little girl held her hand out to me and Adamaris looked ready to explode.

"I told you not to give your name to strangers."

"It's okay," Celeste shrugged, "She knows me."

I looked up at Adamaris who just shrugged and rolled her eyes. I realized Celeste still had her hand out so I took it and gave it a firm shake. The moment my hand came in contact with hers, different images flashed through my eyes.

One of my lying on the floor in a pool of blood, a flash of deep purple nails, white hair, a plump baby's leg and curly dark hair that reminded me of Amelia's.

She pulled her hand away and the images left my eyes as quickly as they came. She gave me a reassuring smile as if to say, I saw them too.

"Now that we're done with the introductions,"

Logan's voice came from the door, "What the hell are you doing here at 4 a.m.?"

"We had nowhere else to go." Adamaris said softly, "She came for us."

"The witch?" I asked and she nodded, "Are you okay?"

"Thankfully, Celeste saw that she was coming, and we were able to pack up in time. But that's not the real problem." She turned to me, "She bonded with you."

"I don't understand, I thought I was bonded with you."

"We're bonded together but she bonded with you." I looked confused so Adamaris sighed, "

There's a potion, it's blood magic but it can allow a witch bond with you without knowing your name; she bonded with you and I know that because after dueling for a while, she told me."

"She set fire to my field and I attacked, she used a spell so I couldn't see her face. We fought for over an hour and then she told me that as I attacked her, it hurt you because she was bonded with you.

Did you feel anything; maybe a sickness of some sorts."

I turned to Logan who had his jaw locked tight. He looked downright pissed at the situation. I swallowed, turned back to Adamaris and nodded.

She let out a sigh of frustration, "This just got a whole other level of complicated."

"What do we do now?" I found myself asking.

"We need to find a way to kill this witch."

"You just said she's bonded to Charlotte," Logan spoke, "Doesn't that mean that if he dies then Charlotte does too?"

The look on Adamaris' face let me know all that I needed to. I found myself turning to Celeste and she gave me a nod. Suddenly, the first picture made a whole lot of sense.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 110

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

It was Logan who snapped out of his reverie and realized that we still needed to find Adamaris a place to sleep. Thankfully, she has her house (I still don't understand what the hell she means by that). She said that all she needs is a large expanse of land, preferably in the woods.

Logan wanted me to stay home but I'm not going to let him go alone, especially since everyone is in this mess because of me. Reluctantly, he handed me one of his big, warm hoodies and I pulled it over my head.

I sat in front with Logan while Adamaris and Celeste sat at the back. The drive was tense and quiet; Logan had one hand on my leg to keep me grounded because my thoughts were going haywire.

Adamaris was lost in thought, her eyes were kept fixed on the window. Celeste was staring at me, not in a creepy way, but in a way that kept me alert. Occasionally, her eyes would move from my face to Logan's hand on my thigh and back.

I caught her eye through the mirror and she gave me a smile that looked genuine but still managed to put me on edge.

It took over an hour to get a spot for Adamaris and Celeste. Every single place Logan took them to seemed to have some sort of problem. It has too many trees, it doesn't have enough trees, it's too cold, it's too hot, there's not enough moonlight, there's not enough moonlight.

Ten minute in and I knew Logan was already losing his patience; I had to remind him through the bond that she was helping us and we have to make her as comfortable as possible. Logan didn't seem to share the same sentiment because he had half a mind to throw her out of the car.

Finally, we found somewhere that she liked.

Actually, her exact words were: "I'll manage it."

I watched in awe as she put down a miniature house and muttered a few words and it grew into the same cottage I remember seeing when we visited her last. She shot me a wink when she caught me staring.

“You should get some rest,” she said as soon as Celeste ran into the house.

“We would be doing that if you didn’t come around.” Logan muttered and I know she heard him because the corner of her lips lifted slightly but she ignored him.

“We have a very long day tomorrow.” She finished, I’ll be at the pack house by ten. Don’t be late.”

Without another word she walked into the house.

Logan was quiet for the first fifteen minutes of the ride then he muttered, “One day, I will murder her slowly.”

“You like her,” I turned to look at the stars through the window.

“She’s a b!tch.”

“But you like her anyway,” I finished, “She’s pretty hard not to like.”

He huffed but ignored me and I smothered down my smile.

Logan and I got to the pack house by 9: 30, and by ten on the dot, Adamaris walked into his office.

We got an empty room that she was going to use for whatever it is that she planned on doing and she locked us out and told us not to bother her for the next thirty minutes while she got everything ready.

After she locked us out, I could have sworn I heard Logan mutter something like b!tch’ under his breath but I didn’t have time to ask because Diana came to tell us that Evan and Aubrey were here.

We met them in Logan’s office. Aubrey was wearing a huge white jacket over a black shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and black ankle boots. Her hair was tied up in a messy ponytail and I could see huge purple bags under her eyes.

Evan didn’t look any better; he had bags too, although not as deep or pronounced as Aubrey’s.

He wore almost the same thing she did, a black shirt and blue jeans, although he paired his with sneakers.

It was when we got closer that I noticed the little boy hiding behind Evan's legs. He looks no older than 5, but as he is the child of an Alpha, I'll make a safe bet that he is 3 or 4. He has the same chestnut hair that Aubrey does but dark eyes like Evan.

"Hey" I crouched down so we were almost at the same height. He looked to Evan for approval, and Evan gave a short nod.

He slowly moved out of his hiding place but kept a firm hand on his dad's leg.

"I'm Charlie" I continued.

"I know you." he whispered and I could literally hear everyone stop breathing.

"I don't think so, I would know if we've met." I began but he shook his head.

"I know you," he repeated, "I had a dream about you."

Aubrey inhaled sharply, "I thought you said you couldn't remember your dreams."

"I don't," he turned to his mum briefly, "But I remember her, and a lady with purple eyes. Do you know her?"

"I know one lady with purple eyes, but she's really nice."

"This one isn't," he mumbled and I forced myself not to grimace.

What the hell have I done?

"What's your name?" I asked and he looked to his parent's again for confirmation. This time, they hesitated a little before nodding.

"My name is Kaden."

"Well it's nice to meet you Kaden," I smiled softly;

We're going to help you get rid of your nightmares.

My friend with the purple eyes is really nice."

He gave me a small smile and I stood to my feet and faced Evan.

“Thank you for trusting us enough to bring him.”

Evan just kept a blank look as he stared at me,

She is going to do everything in her power to make sure that they are both alright.”

“Who exactly is she?”

“A witch, but you can trust her. She has helped me out more times than I can count.”

Evan scoffed but didn't say anything else. I checked the time and realized that over thirty minutes had passed so I gestured for them to come with us.

We got to the door and I raised my hand to open it; just as my hand closed around the knob; Aubrey's hand wrapped around my Wrist.

I felt Logan tense up beside me but I shot him a warning look.

“What happened to you?” she asked as she stared at the purple mark on my skin almost identical to hers.

“I don't know,” I admitted, “Same thing that happened to you probably.”

“Why hasn't she helped you?”

“She's ready for us,” she realized I ignored her question but didn't push any further.

I opened the door and Adamaris was sitting in the middle of a salt circle. As soon as we walked in, she turned to us and her eyes instantly fell on Kaden and her features softened.

“She looks like the mean lady with purple eyes,” he whispered to me, “Is she mean too?”

I shook my head, “She's the nicest person ever.”

Logan closed the door behind us and Adamaris gestured for Aubrey, Kaden and I to get into the circle.

As soon as we got in, she turned to Kaden with a sad expression on her face.

“You poor baby,” she muttered, “You’ve suffered so much.” She turned to Aubrey, “I can take away his memories about everything that happened, if you would like that?”

“I would,” she said after a moment of indecision.

“Good; I’ll need both your names.” Aubrey recited their names and Adamaris gave her a small smile, “

Don’t freak out.”

Before anyone could ask what she meant, she snapped her fingers and both Evan and Logan were out cold. Aubrey opened her mouth to protest but Adamaris cut her off.

“Believe me when I say, it’s better if they are asleep. This could get ugly really quickly.”

Aubrey looked ready to protest but she settled for shooting me a look that clearly said, ‘if anything happens, you’re dead.’

Adamaris started with Kaden. She made him sit opposite her and put her hands on his temple.

As soon as she touched him, he fell asleep. He was still for a full minute and then he began to writhe beneath her hands.

Aubrey panicked and rushed to him but I heard Adamaris’ voice in my head clear as day telling me to hold her back. I wrapped my hands around her middle and used all my strength to keep her in place.

She j.erked against my hold and even tried to elbow my nose, thankfully she missed. She screamed in my hands and my heart broke for her. I was even tempted to let her go as I took in her tear streaked face.

Suddenly, Kaden stopped writhing, his breathing became even and he slumped in Adamaris’ hold.

She looked at me and nodded, and I let go of Aubrey who rushed to his side.

“What the hell did you do?” she screamed.

“I got a bltch out of his head and took away his memories,” Adamaris quipped, “I did tell you that it would be better if your husband was out. Believe me, it was insanely difficult to stay in your son’s head and keep your husband under.”

“What?” Aubrey looked half confused and half delirious.

“The mate bond is a very strong thing,”

Adamaris explained, “The moment you started screaming, he started to stir. He heard you and he wanted to go to you.” She turned to me, “You and Logan have a whole lot of explaining to do the moment he wakes up.”

Aubrey looked like she had more questions but Adamaris was done with the conversation. She gestured for the both of us to sit. She held the hands with the brand in hers and chanted a few words. At first nothing seemed to be happening, but then I felt a dull thump at the back of my head that increased into a searing pain.

Pictures started to fly through my vision and I realized what they were; memories. They flew through my lids at insane speeds that I had to clutch the side of my head with my free hand. I could still hear Adamaris chanting but it was becoming more like a dull whisper.

I don’t know how long it lasted, but then it stopped and everything was quiet for a second. I glanced down at my hand and the brand was gone. I opened my mouth to thank her but my vision went black.