

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 111

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 111

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

I woke up to Adamaris sitting on a chair cross legged and looking bored out of her mind. She had cleared up the circle of salt and moved Kaden and Aubrey to a more comfortable lying position.

Logan and Evan were still knocked out on the floor in the same position and I stifled a smile. Leave it to Adamaris to let the men suffer. Aubrey and Kaden began to stir; Kaden stirred first and as if she heard him, Aubrey moved too.

Aubrey sat up first and cradled her head in her hands for a few seconds. It wasn't until she heard Kaden's whimper that her head snapped up and she rushed to him.

He buried his face into her chest while she whispered a few words in his ears, too low for even my werewolf hearing to pick up on. Kaden just nodded and gave his mum a smile.

Kaden looked up and saw me and he gave me a small smile. "Hey Charlie, I'm sorry I fell asleep." I felt my lips curl up at the sides. He turned to Adamaris and gave her a confused look, "Hello, who are you?"

"That's not important," she told him with a slight wave of her hand.

Aubrey let out a sigh of relief and pulled Adamaris into a hug. She wasn't expecting it so she froze briefly but then slowly put her hands around Aubrey.

"Thank you," I heard Aubrey whisper, "Thank you for helping him."

"You can thank me by not letting your mate kill me." she said dryly, "To be honest, I have half a mind to keep him asleep like that."

"She's joking," I said immediately I saw the way Aubrey's face blanched. "She just has a weird sense of humor."

Adamaris simply shrugged and waved her hand in a noncommittal manner and the men began to stir.

They sat up almost immediately and while Logan looked a little pissed off and irritated, Evan looked downright furious.

“What the fvck just happened?” he rushed over to his mate and child and looked over them for injuries. When he was sure that they were okay he turned to Adamaris, “What the hell did you do to make her scream like that?”

“I helped her, you’re welcome.”

He began stalking towards her, “I swear, I will fvcking-,”

Adamaris held up a hand, effectively stopping him in place. “If I wanted to hurt your mate or your child, I would have done it while you were out. I could have also wiped your memories so you wouldn’t remember, but I didn’t. Do well to remember that.”

She put her hand down and Evan stumbled forward a bit. He still looked a bit pissed off but at least, not as angry as before.

“She’s always like this,” Logan rolled his shoulders as he came to stand next to me, “You’ll get used to it.” Adamaris gave him a cold smile in response and he flipped her off.

He helped me up and ran his hands through my curls and down my back before finally coming to rest on my tiny baby bump.

“Are you okay?” he asked and I nodded.

I took a step forward but wobbled a bit and his hands moved to my waist to steady me. When I was standing, I tried to move away but he held onto me with a firm grip. I didn’t even bother fighting and instead rested my forehead against his chest.

“One more thing,” I heard Adamaris say, she stood up and came to stand in front of me.

She clasped a bracelet on my wrist and muttered a few words. It tightened until it became almost like second skin, “Now you won’t lose it.”

She walked over to where Evan and Aubrey were and looked to Evan for approval. As soon as he nodded- albeit grudgingly- she did the same for Aubrey and Kaden.

"This will keep you safe," she explained, "And it'll keep any intruders out of your head."

As soon as she said it, it hit me and I turned to Logan. I could barely keep my excitement in as I whispered to him, "I remember who she is."

I must not have whispered well enough because Adamaris turned to me in shock. "Are you serious?" I nodded, "Can you sketch her for me?"

"I'm no good at drawing" I admitted sheepishly.

"Greg is," Aubrey piped up and we all turned to her, "Greg is an excellent artist; at least he used to be. I'm sure he would be more than happy to help you sketch her."

Logan's eyes glazed over and I knew he was talking to Greg. As soon as he was done, he turned to Aubrey and Evan.

"If you are spending the night, I will have some of my warriors escort you to a room where you can stay, if not-,"

"We'll stay the night." Aubrey interrupted, "I'm a bit light on my feet, I need to rest." Evan looked like he would have preferred the other option but didn't say anything.

Logan nodded and within minutes, a few guards came in and escorted them out. Evan carried a now sleeping Kaden in his arms while he guided Aubrey with a hand on her waist.

As soon as they left, I turned to Logan, "When will Greg get here?"

"He isn't coming," he said simply.

"Why not; I thought you wanted him to sketch the witch?"

"He will" he pulled away from me slowly to pick me up in his arms bridal style, "But after you have rested a little."

"I'm not tired," I argued and he raised a brow at me.

"So you're telling me that if I put you down right now, you will not wobble or fall?" when I didn't respond he gave me a knowing look, "You've waited so long to know who she is, you can wait a little longer."

I tried to protest but he didn't even respond to me.

He led me outside and put me in the passenger seat of his car and buckled the seat belt. I tried to move but he shot me a scathing look.

"Sit here, don't move. We're going home whether you like it or not."

I huffed and nodded. When he was certain I wouldn't move, he turned around and got into the driver's side.

"I'm taking you home, you're going to sleep, and after that, you can see Greg, are we good?"

"I'm not sure how I feel about you bossing me around," I mused and he gave me a half grin.

"Get used to it baby, it's going to be happening a lot more often."

I fell asleep sometime during the ride home. I didn't even notice when Logan moved me to the bed, I woke up cocooned in the blanket lying on top of Logan. I felt a little bad that he wasn't covered with a blanket at all seeing as I was wrapped up in it.

He must have felt me stirring because he opened his eyes and looked up at me. I gave him a warm smile that he quickly returned as I slowly untangled myself from his body.

"What time is it?" I asked mid yawn and I saw him pick up his phone and turn it on.

"It's four in the afternoon."

"How long was I out?"

"A little over five hours," I ran a hand down my face in disbelief. I didn't know I was that tired. He opened his mouth to speak but I cut him off, "Can we see Greg now?"

"You just woke up."

"You said that I could see him after I woke up;

I'm awake now." His lips dipped into a frown but he didn't argue. He knows I'm right, and he knows I won't back down easily.

After a full minute, he sighed and nodded, "Go freshen up; he'll meet us here."

By the time I was out of the bathroom and had changed into a pair of sweatpants and a huge black tee that belonged to Logan, Greg was here.

He was sitting on one of the couches, eating a brownie and waiting for me. He was wearing a simple white shirt that perfectly matches his hair- I can see that he has fixed his roots-, black pants and white sneakers.

"I hear you have your memories back." He said as a way of greeting and I nodded.

"Do you know anything that can possibly help us?" I didn't know Adamaris was here until I heard her voice.

She stepped out from the kitchen and sat opposite Greg and beside me.

"No, not really," I admitted, "She knows about the baby, and the snake eating itself seems to be her symbol," I began slowly as I tried to wrack my brain for anything else. I turned to Adamaris, "She knows about you; she was the one who told me about your coven and harming babies.

"So it's nothing that we don't already know."

She deadpanned and I shrugged, "Just do your werewolf link thing and show him her face."

I let Greg into my mind and when he received the picture he whistled and tuned to Adamaris, "She's hotter than you."

"Shut up and draw the picture." She grumbled.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 112

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

We all sat in silence while Greg sketched. Logan made tea for me while we waited. Adamaris muttered something about how chivalry is dead since Logan didn't make one for her too. This led Logan to mutter about how witches should get their own mates to do things for them.

They kept on trading back and forth quips between themselves until Greg muttered something about how he was close to stabbing his ears with his pencil. I giggled and they both shot me looks as if I had betrayed them.

A little over half an hour later, Greg was done with the sketch and when I saw it, I was taken aback by how life like it looked. He got every single feature of her perfectly, from the slight crookedness of her nose to the fullness of her lips and even down to the meanness of her smirk.

After staring at it for a while, I passed it on to Adamaris. She took one look at it and cursed.

"Do you know her?" I asked and she nodded.

"She used to be in my coven," she said slowly as she folded the drawing into neat squares, "her name is Esmeralda."

"You know her name?" I couldn't stop the surprise that snuck into my voice.

"Everyone knows her name," she scoffed, "It is greatly frowned upon to practice black magic in my coven. She was discovered and disgraced in the worst way possible for a witch- her name was revealed and her powers were supposed to be taken away."

"You said supposed to be," it was Logan who spoke, "What happened?"

"We underestimated how deep she had gone into black magic. Knowing her name didn't help us, she already had a lot more weapons in her arsenal. She destroyed our coven and ran away; no one has heard from her since. Our leaders have tried to hunt her down for years but she has been in hiding, nothing could lure her out. Not threats to her family- nothing."

"This talisman has to be important to her for her to risk coming out of hiding for it. We have to find it before she does." She finished.

"She knows where it is." I said softly and they all turned to me, "She told me that she knows where it is but according to the deal she had with Hunter; she couldn't take it unless she did everything in her power to break my bond."

At my words, Logan laced his fingers with mine and squeezed softly.

"I don't understand why she didn't break the bond."

Adamaris cut through the silence, "You were in her grasp."

"She tried but then she found out about the baby; she couldn't risk her magic destroying her, so she stopped."

The room went silent after that. No one seemed to know what to say or do, but I know we were all thinking the same thing; We need to find that talisman before she does.'

"Charlotte," I turned to Adamaris, "Can you try to remember anything at all that Hunter may have told you to hint towards where the talisman is?"

I shook my head, "I can't, I'm sorry. I don't think he would have wanted to tell me anyway. He is a very selfish and controlling person. He wouldn't want someone else to have an edge or an advantage over him."

"She's right," Greg added, "Knowing him, he would have kept the talisman so close to him so that no one else had a chance of finding it."

They continued talking but I couldn't help but mull over Greg's words; 'so close to him'. Where would Hunter have kept it? It would have been in the cabin where he could keep a close eye on it. Could it be possible?

"What are you thinking?" Logan's voice snapped me out of my reverie, "You look like you just made a huge discovery."

"What if the talisman was close to Hunter?"

"Of course it was," he said, "You and Greg just said that."

"No, you don't understand," I implored, "What if it was close to him all the time; like within reach at all times."

They looked confused and I was ready to growl in frustration until Greg spoke up.

"That would not be totally out of character for him," he mused, "I think you're on to something Charlie."

"What are you talking about?" it was Adamaris who interrupted this time.

"I think Greg had the talisman on him," I explained,

"It would make sense why she said she knew where it was because it was with him at all times.

It would also be perfectly within reason to say that he was paranoid enough to not want to leave it lying around."

"That's not a bad theory," she said after a beat.

I turned to Logan, "What did you do with Hunter's clothes?"

"Buried him in it" he shrugged, "What else would I do with them?"

"We need them dug up." He raised a brow at me as if to say 'who is going to do that?'. "If the talisman was with him then it is buried six feet underground."

"His grave isn't that deep." I shot Logan a hard look, "I'll get some people to dig it up and check.

But what if it isn't there?"

"Then it's back to the drawing board, I guess."

I shrugged, "But it's worth the risk."

It seemed that everything was settled. Adamaris and Greg stood up to leave when Logan's phone rang. He answered it while I walked the others to the door.

I was about to shut the door when Logan stopped me. I looked to him in confusion as he handed me a hoodie.

"It's cold outside," he said as way of explanation but I only got more confused so he added, "Aubrey and Evan are awake; they're asking to see us."

We met with them in a private conference room in the pack house. If I'm being honest, I didn't even know that it existed. It is on the second floor, there aren't any offices in use around it and the room is sound proof so it gives the needed privacy.

Logan and I got there first, and I sat in one of the black cushioned chairs while he stood behind me and softly kneaded my shoulders.

We didn't have to wait long before Aubrey and Evan made their way in. I didn't exactly count but I'm sure it didn't take up to two full minutes. Evan was still in his outfit from earlier but Aubrey had changed, she was wearing a pair of black sweatpants two sizes too big and a huge black hoodie. As she got closer, I realized that they belonged to Evan because of the smell.

"You look better," I said to Aubrey in an attempt to break the ice and she cracked a small smile, "I hope you were able to rest well."

"I was, thank you," she paused to glance up at her mate.

They seemed to have a short Conversation with their eyes and then before I could think, she had me pulled into a hug.

"Thank you," she whispered, "He slept like a baby; I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am. Thank you so much"

"I didn't do anything; it was all her." I wouldn't dare take credit for what Adamaris has done; she is the real hero here, not me. "And it was the least I could do after everything that I caused."

"You still did it," she pulled away, "That is what matters. And I am forever grateful to you for it."

She walked back to her mate's side and he put a hand at the small of her back then turned to Logan and I and gave us a curt nod.

"Thank you," he said simply.

I'm getting used to the fact that Evan is a man of few words. He only talks when he needs to, and even then, he says only what is necessary.

"Kaden is still asleep," Aubrey began, "He's probably catching up on a month's worth of sleep."

We were wondering if we could stay the weekend.

It was my idea obviously; and you'll barely even know we're here. Kaden is too weak to travel and

I'm still not steady on my feet yet either."

I turned to Logan and he gave a little shrug, so subtle that I'm sure they wouldn't have noticed it.

His answer was clear: 'if you're cool with it, then so am I.

I turned back to Aubrey and gave her a smile, "

You're welcome to stay however long you want to."

She let out a sigh of relief and pulled me into one hug before Evan pulled her away while whispering about how she needs to sleep.

I watched them with a smile and didn't even realize when Logan came to stand next to me; he had a disapproving look on his face.

"What's wrong?" I asked suddenly feeling like I had made a bad decision, "Did you want me to tell them they couldn't stay? I didn't know, I thought-

"Why didn't you tell me that you're not steady on your feet yet." I looked at him in confusion and he sighed, "Aubrey said she wasn't steady on her feet yet. I'm going to take a good guess and say that you aren't either."

"I'm fine," I tried to brush it off, "Really; I just want this whole thing over so that we can stop looking over our shoulders every damn second."

He scoffed as he led me out of the conference room. "You should have told me; this could have waited until later."

"Logan," I kept my voice soft, "I'm fine; everything is fine. It's not a big deal."

"You need to start worrying about yourself Charlotte."

"Okay, I will. I'm sorry," I sighed, "Can we just go home so you can hold me?"

I was barely done with my sentence when I felt a tiny body collide with mine. I looked down and saw a mop of curly black hair and a toothy smile,

"Hey Amy," I couldn't help the smile that grew on my face as I lifted her onto my hip, "I haven't seen you in ages."

She gave me a toothy smile as she made a noise of content deep in the back of her throat. I turned to Samantha who looked tired but otherwise happy to see me.

“Hey,” she gave me a small nod in response, look exhausted.”

“You

“Having a kid does that to you,” she joked,

You should try it sometime.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

She laughed softly before turning her attention to Amy, “Come on, you have to say bye to Charlie.”

Amy’s lips puckered up as her eyes welled up with unshed tears- oh sh!t, “No,” she moaned, “I want cha wee.”

“I’m so sorry,” I whispered to Sam but she waved me off

It took a lot of coaxing and a few tears but we finally extracted Amelia from my hands. She wasn’t pleased about it at all but at least she didn’t throw a tantrum.

Samantha left soon after so Amy wouldn’t change her mind, and I was left watching them leave. I didn’t know I was staring until Logan placed a soft hand on my shoulder.

“Come on,” he whispered, “We have to get you into bed.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 113

The next twenty four hours after Adamaris got rid of the brand were entirely uneventful. I guess that should have been my clue that it was the calm before the storm.

The day actually started out like any normal day. I woke up with Logan bringing me breakfast in bed, then I lay back while he ran his fingers in circles on my baby bump. I looked up at him and he gave me a small smile but his fingers never slowed.

“Are we going to stay here all day?” I asked and he raised a brow.

“Shouldn’t you be happy that you have a day off from all the drama?”

"I am happy," I admitted, "I was just curious as to why we haven't moved yet."

"We don't have anywhere to go for now" he explained, "Do you remember the changes you approved for the school music department?" I nodded, "Well they've been implemented and today is the grand unveiling."

"I totally forgot about that."

"I told them to go ahead with it while you were," he trailed off, "While you were gone."

He seemed to close off after that statement and I forced myself into a sitting position. His hand fell off my belly as I sat up and I saw a small frown mark his face.

"You don't talk about that time," I began slowly, "

Why?"

"I don't want to upset you Charlotte," he didn't look at me while he spoke, "It was harder for you than it was for any of us. I don't want you to have to remember."

"Truthfully I haven't thought about it in a while," I chuckled dryly, "it's mainly because of all the drama that has been going on. And I thought you didn't want to hear about it, considering the fact that you saw it, so I never brought it up."

"I want to hear anything you want to tell me; seeing it isn't the same as experiencing it."

I swallowed deeply and tried to gather my thoughts. I had shoved all the memories into a box at the far corner of my mind and digging through it is a lot harder than I thought.

"You don't have to," Logan began but I cut him off.

"I want to do this."

He nodded and gave my hand a little squeeze in encouragement and it was as if that was all I needed to start speaking.

"When he took me I was so scared, but I also wasn't because I thought you would just get me immediately. I thought it would be easy to find me, you know?" I began, "it didn't fully hit that he was there until the first time he wh!pped me. Before then, the last time I was wh!pped was when I tried and failed to run away from the wedding."

I inhaled sharply, "It burned so bad, I thought my entire skin was peeling off. Then he did it again because he wanted me to denounce our bond. In some crazy part of his mind, he thought that I was his."

Logan let out a warning rumble but didn't interrupt me. I knew he hated the use of the word 'his' in relation to another man, but he didn't stop my story and only pulled me closer to him while he listened.

"You know what happened the next time I tried to stand up to him. I don't really want to spell it out because I want to put it behind me." I kept my voice low and soft, "All I wanted during that time was you and when I found you, I couldn't believe it was real. I thought it was a dream, I thought I was dreaming of you again and it hurt because- it hurt because I didn't want to wake up and get thrust back into that horrible reality."

Updated by Jobnib.com

"I had already made up my mind that if he touched me again then I would have found a way to k!ll myself." The admission came from me so quickly and freely that I didn't realize the implication of my words until they left my mouth.

Logan let out a feral growl and pulled me into his c.hest while muttering 'mine' over and over again under his breath.

"You are not going to die," he ground out as his hand stroked my curls firmly but softly, "I'm sorry that I failed you."

"You didn't fail me," I whispered, "You saved me, and I am so grateful for that. You saved me twice."

"I also saved you twice, because you should never have needed to be saved." I swallowed, "If I had recognized you the first day at your pack, I would have taken you away and all this would have been avoided."

"There's no use crying over spilled milk." I shrugged, "Everything we went through made us who we are right now. It brought us right here and I won't change it for anything."

He leaned down and pressed his lips to mine in a soft but passionate kiss. He pulled away all too quickly and gave me a small smile.

“Come on, let’s get you ready for the grand opening.”

The first person who greeted me as we made our way was Diana. She was wearing a short white dress that stopped mid thigh with black ballet flats. Greg wasn’t too far behind her with his hand around her waist.

Samantha came next with a glass of punch in her hands but on closer inspection, I smelt a faint hint of vodka in it.

I was wearing a pair of black leggings with a huge hoodie over it to cover my bump. Not because I’m ashamed to show it, but because I don’t want to take the attention away from the celebration.

The pack hasn’t seen me with my bump yet, neither have they gotten a whiff of my scent yet. I still use the perfume Adamaris left for me.

“Think of the devil, and she shall appear. Logan whispered in my ear and I shot him a hard look.

“Don’t be mean,” I shot back, “And stay out of my head”

He chuckled and pressed a kiss to my forehead, “I make no promises.”

Adamaris walked up to me in his signature black and purple. This time she chose to don a pair of black skin tight pants with a purple top that fell off her left shoulder and black boots. She had Celeste next to her in blue pyjama pants and a white shirt.

Celeste gave me a small smile, “It’s almost time,”

Her soft tone set me on edge and the hair at the back of my neck stood up.

“What did I say about party manners?” Adamaris chided her daughter as she pulled her away, “Don’t say things that creep people out.”

“Come,” Logan pulled me towards the stage,

You’re starting the ceremony.”

He led me onto the stage and squeezed my hand softly before taking a step back and leaving me in front of the microphone and everyone else.

I cleared my throat before speaking, "It is an honor and a privilege to be here today and see the grand unveiling. I cannot wait to see what has been done and what these amazing children are going to do with it."

I turned to Logan and he gave me an encouraging smile, "I don't really know what else to say so let's just get on with the ceremony."

I took a step back and the music teacher, I think her name is Claire, walked up to me.

She leaned into my ear and whispered, "The kids are to perform next and they would love it if you could play with them."

"I haven't played in a while and I wouldn't want to mess up the performance."

"We wouldn't mind," she assured me, "They would love to have you."

"Are you sure?" I asked and she nodded, "No problem then."

"We have a violin and a harp, whichever you would prefer."

"A violin please,"

She nodded and rushed off to set up an extra seat just for me. I told Logan about the developments and he told me to go for it. He sat with the crowd while I sat with the children. Their nervous excitement ricocheted over my skin.

The little girl next to me had dirty blond hair and she was wearing a familiar black sweatshirt.

"Hi," she whispered, "You may not remember me but I'm Jordan and you gave me this." She touched the sweatshirt with pride, "It's my new favorite thing."

"I'm glad you liked it Jordan."

"Thank you for playing with us," she said and all the children started to say thank you as well.

"It's fine, I promise."

She wanted to respond but Claire returned and cued us in.

It was a different kind of thrill to play because I wanted to and not because it was expected of me. I actually found myself enjoying it and getting lost in the music. When it ended I felt a pang in my chest.

Everyone burst into applause and I snuck away while the kids took a bow. Logan found himself by my side again and held my cheeks in his hands.

"You were absolutely amazing," he breathed, "I have never seen anything like it."

"I wasn't that good Logan, you don't have to spare my feeling."

"You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

I felt my eyes begin to water and I wiped at my tears with a scoff, "Stupid hormones are making me cry."

"Charlie," Diana's voice snapped me out of my thoughts, "You were amazing." She pulled me into a hug, "You're definitely playing at my mating ceremony."

"I'll be sure to remember that"

She kept on talking about how much she missed me and all the things we would do when we got time to catch up when I noticed two people by the snacks table.

"I didn't know Aubrey and Evan were here," I said to Logan and he shrugged.

"They asked me if they could be here and I agreed."

I don't remember what I was about to ask when Adamaris bumped into me and spilled her drink on me. Seeing the liquid brought a deep urge to pee and I quickly excused myself.

THIRD PERSON P.O.V

Charlotte returned from the toilet and wiped her hands against her jeans. Adamaris was quick to apologize again but Charlotte was quick to brush her off.

Celeste walked up to the duo with a giddy smile on her face after spending time with some kids her age, She took one look at Charlotte and smiled.

“Now, it’s time.” She said.

“You’re right little one,” a third voice said unknown to them. She had been watching them for a while, “Now, it is time.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 114

THIRD PERSON’S P.O.V

Charlotte was mingling with the guests with a smile on her face. She had the part of being Luna down to a pat, she was sweet, respectful and paid attention to every little detail.

Logan stayed behind her to give her space to talk to the people, but also close enough that he always had her in his sight. He was on edge and for good reason too; they hadn’t heard from the witch in a few days and that probably meant she was waiting for a good time to strike.

A little girl walked up to Charlotte and softly tugged at the hem of her hoodie. Charlotte turned her attention to the girl with a smile on her face.

She crouched down so she was at eye level with her.

“Can I help you?” she asked and the girl nodded.

“I was wondering how it feels to be pregnant.”

Charlotte was taken aback by the question.

“I don’t know; I’ll let you know when I am pregnant.”

She started to rise but the girl held onto her arm with a grip that seemed too strong for a girl who looked no older than eight years old. The girl’s eyes tuned a violent shade of purple and she gave a curved and wicked smile.

Yes you are” she mused, “I’m here, and I’m ready for you.”

The little girl blinked and her eyes went back to normal. She had a confused expression on her face and scurried off.

The fear on Charlotte's face was so obvious that Diana and Greg who were standing a few feet away noticed and rushed over to her side, but they were not as quick as Logan who rushed over to her and cradled her cheeks in his palms.

"What happened?" he asked, the worry on his face evident, "Are you hurt?"

Charlotte swallowed before responding, "She is here," she didn't need to clarify who 'she' was, "She wants us to know that she is here and she is ready for us"

The expressions on Logan, Greg and Diana's faces changed to worry, annoyance and fear respectively as Charlotte recounted the event that just took place.

"How did she get in?" Diana asked, "The pack is secure"

"She's a witch," Greg deadpanned, "She can get into anywhere she likes. Speaking of which, where is our witch?"

"I'm not your witch," Adamaris walked towards them as if summoned, "I am on your side, there is a difference." She turned to Logan, "You called me."

"She's here," those two words were enough to drop the smile on Adamaris' face, "Charlotte spoke to her in the body of a little girl."

Worry took over Adamaris' face as she began looking around the clearing, "Where is my daughter?"

"She isn't after your daughter; she's after-," Logan began but Adamaris cut him off.

"I don't care who the hell she is after. If there is anything I've learnt from being in the center of this: it is that she will hurt anyone to get what she wants. My daughter will not be that person, so I need to find her."

"Ill get her," Greg said and he walked away with Diana in tow.

Adamaris paced and swore under her breath until Greg returned with Celeste in his arms.

"I had to drag her away from the other kids," he mused as Celeste frowned from her spot in his arms.

While Adamaris scolded her daughter, no one but Charlotte noticed the little girl from the stage- Jordan get pushed to the floor.

Charlotte rushed over to help her and gently guided her to her feet while simultaneously dusting off the particles of grass on her skin.

“What happened?” Charlotte asked, “Are you okay?”

“I am now,” the voice sounded too mature to be a child’s and when Charlotte looked up, her eyes were purple, “Make a sound and everyone here dies.”

“What do you want Esmeralda?” Charlotte asked and she gave a smile.

“I see you found out my name,” she mused, “I want you to come with me.”

Charlotte looked back at her mate and friends.

They seemed to have noticed her disappearance and were already searching for her. All it would take is one scream and they would see her, but everyone at the party would suffer for it.

All it took was ten seconds for her to make the decision and take Jordan’s hand.

Jordan- Esmeralda led her into the pack house and into an empty room. When she opened the door, she saw the real Esmeralda sitting on a chair with a doll in her hand that looked just like Jordan. She dropped it and the real Jordan fell to the floor in a heap.

Charlotte made to get her but Esmeralda made a clicking noise with her tongue.

“Get in here,” she instructed, “And close the door behind you, I will take care of the little girl.”

Charlotte swallowed but did as the witch said for fear that she would hurt someone if she didn’t.

Esmeralda pointed to a spot in the middle of a circle of salt and Charlotte had flashbacks from the time she spent in Hunter’s cabin. She sat in the circle and exhaled deeply as Esmeralda sat opposite her.

"Your family is dead,' she said as a way of conversation, "I sent your sister to you, but you turned her away. Their death is on your hands."

"Their death is on their hands," Charlotte said unflinchingly, "They chose to work with you; they knew the consequences."

"I see we still have the issue with the baby" She smiled softly, "But fortunately for me, I am stronger now and I can afford to do what I need to do."

"Your magic will eat you up from your inside."

Charlotte warned, "You can't hurt me."

"It will eat me up, yes," she admitted, "But it's not an immediate thing, it takes time. And the moment I get my hands on that talisman, it will give me so much power that I can cast away all the magic I got from my coven. Do you know what that means?"

When Charlotte didn't answer, her smile grew, "It means that I can hurt your baby, and not a damn thing will happen."

She placed her hands on either side of Charlotte's temple and she let out a scream.

Worry and anxiety climbed up in Logan's chest the longer he went without finding Charlotte. He searched every nook and cranny of the outside but he couldn't find her. Adamaris, Diana and Greg had also taken to searching for her.

He was about to go outside when Jake approached him looking and smelling like a dumpster.

"I found it," Jake said as he held up what looked like a little golden coin, "She was right, it was on Hunter's body."

"That's great, but we need to find her now."

Just as he was talking, Charlotte ran out of the pack house looking a bit rough and wearing a red sundress. Her hair was a mess around her and her eyes looked wild.

"Where did you go?" Logan rushed up to her but she ignored him and turned to Adamaris.

“Where is she?” Adamaris kept a black expression on her face which pissed off Charlotte, “

Tell me where the hell she is right now.”

Esmeralda was growing increasingly frustrated because she couldn't find their mating bond.

Charlotte looked like a mess with blood streaming down her nose and tear streaks down the side of her face.

“I see your witch employed stronger tactics this time,” she mused, “Well not to worry, I always have a backup plan.”

She produced a large butcher's knife from behind her back and Charlotte struggled to drag her body out of the circle.

Esmeralda grabbed her legs and pulled her right back into the middle then straddled her body with a smile while Charlotte struggled aimlessly against her hold.

“There is one sure way to break a bond, she began,

“Death” She leaned into Charlotte's ear, “Your mate is on the way; he'll get here just in time to see you bleed.”

She grabbed the knife and plunged it right into the center of Charlotte's stomach just as the door flew open.

Logan rushed in first with Adamaris behind him and his eyes immediately flew to Charlotte's dying body on the floor. He rushed over to her and Esmeralda let him.

“There is nothing you can do,” she mocked him,

She is dead.”

“Actually,” Logan began and the click of metal was heard. Esmeralda gasped as she realized what was circling her wrist.

It was a creation of old meant to hold witches and prevent them from using their powers. It worked on every kind of magic, even blood magic.

She tried to break the hold but Adamaris rushed in and knocked her out.

“The council is on their way to get her.” She rushed over to Charlotte on the floor just as another Charlotte walked in through the door looking alive and well.

She looked at the person on the floor and was immediately reminded of what she saw when she held Celeste’s hand for the first time. Everyone in the room except Adamaris looked confused and shocked.

“Who is the real Charlotte?” Greg asked and Adamaris raised her hand.

The person on the floor shimmered until their appearance shifted to reveal Samantha. Charlotte let out a scream as she rushed over to her side.

“Why would you do this?” her scream was aimed at Adamaris, “Why would you let her do this? Save her.”

“I can’t,” Adamaris explained, “The knife she used was cursed.”

Charlotte stood up and rounded on the witch, “You ambushed me when I went to use the bathroom and knocked me out so she could take my place.

She has a child, a little girl. And now she is dead because of you.”

“It was the only way,” Adamaris argued, “I asked Celeste to check, this was the only way that you came out alive. I was protecting you, because I care about you. Your life was more important to me and Samantha agreed.”

“That wasn’t your call to make,” tears began streaming down Charlotte’s face as she turned back to Samantha and held her hand, “Why would you do this?”

“It was so sad living without Aiden.” Samantha whispered, “Im going to be with him now.”

“What about Amy?”

“I can see Aiden.” Samantha coughed, “I can-“

Her voice trailed off as she took her last breath and Charlotte let out a loud wail. Logan’s arms came around her and he pulled her close to him. She buried her face in his shoulder as sobs wracked her body.

“Take care of the witch and the talisman,” Logan’s voice held authority as he spoke to Adamaris, “ Jake, get Amelia. We have to figure out if Sam had any family in another pack that would take her.’

“No,” Charlotte’s voice was shaky but audible, Amelia comes with us; it’s the least we can do.”

Logan looked at his mate for a second then nodded and turned to Jake, “Take Amelia to the house and clear the party. Let everyone know that tomorrow we are burying Sam.”

Everyone nodded and got to work while another sob broke free from Charlotte. Logan felt his heart and resolve crack with each sob that escaped his mate’s chest.

He leaned over Samantha’s body and whispered so only she could hear, “Thank you,” he said, “For saving her for me. I will protect Amy with my life.”

He pulled away and swallowed the knot in his throat then picked up Charlotte so he held her in a front piggyback. He would allow her grieve, but he would not. Because Samantha didn’t die in vain, she sacrificed for the greater good.

And as much as he would grieve her later, he would first appreciate the gift that she gave him- his mate, alive and well.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 115

CHARLOTTE’S P.O.V

Adamaris and the council were able to break the bond between me and Esmeralda before finally executing her and destroying the talisman.

We held Samantha’s burial the next day. It felt wrong to hold it until after Esmeralda was dead. It was so difficult for me to stand next to her body and act like it wasn’t my fault she was dead. Logan assured me no one felt that way, but I felt that way.

What made it a lot harder was having to explain to Amelia that her mum was going away. She wasn’t even two yet, she didn’t understand the concept of death, and she just stayed in my arms and kept on screaming the word ‘mummy’ over and over again.

Logan tried to take her away from me but she refused to let anyone else hold her.

Amelia's things were moved into our house the day after the funeral. She was a frollicky baby with a terrible sleep schedule. I attributed that to the fact that she missed her mum. Considering each time she woke up, she would ask for her mother.

A lot of people advised that I take away all pictures of Samantha because if she saw her less, she would forget about her but I refused to do that. It would be an insult to Samantha to make her daughter forget her. So even though it hurt, I made sure to show Amelia pictures of her mother every day.

The greatest shock happened the day Aubrey and Evan had to leave. They came over with Kaden because I wasn't in the right frame of mind to leave the house. While we were talking, we didn't realize that Kaden had snuck off.

We went out in search of him and found him cuddled up beside Amelia in her crib. Both of them were peacefully snoring and the four of us exchanged confused looks.

Aubrey took Kaden out of the crib and almost immediately Amelia started to cry. It took us all of one minute to realize that they could possibly be mates. I was torn on whether to leave them together but Aubrey and Evan were insistent on their standpoint.

"I want my son to be happy," Aubrey had said, "

More than anything; but they're going to hurt themselves if they grow up knowing they are mates. They'll only meet when necessary but otherwise, they don't need to know they are mates until they are both mature enough."

Logan agreed, so I did too. It was hard to get Amelia to sleep after that, and for the next two days, she didn't sleep without the blanket that Kaden lay on.

My major worry during all that was that I wouldn't be able to take care of a newborn and Amelia at the same time; but thankfully, Amelia had calmed down significantly by the time I gave birth.

We named our son Samuel- after Samantha. Diana and Jake cried when we told them his name. After I was released from the hospital, I took him to

Samantha's grave to introduce her to him. I knew it wasn't enough thanks for what she had done for me, but it was a start.

Amelia loved Samuel, she took the role of a big sister very well, and she told anyone in the pack who would listen that she had a baby brother.

"Mum," Amelia's voice snapped me out of my thoughts and I turned to her with a small smile.

She is ten now, and she has grown into a splitting image of Samantha. Her curly hair is braided in two fishtails down her back and she was wearing a yellow sundress with matching pointe shoes- she must have just finished with dance.

I stood up from the basement floor and brushed dust off my trousers, "Are you okay?"

She nodded, "What are you doing here?"

"I was looking at pictures of your mum," I admitted and an unreadable expression crossed her face, "

Do you want to join me?"

She hesitated for a second before nodding and sitting next to me. After a few minutes of looking in silence she spoke, "How did my mum die?"

"She was killed by a witch."

"Like Addy and Celeste?"

Adamaris never left our pack, and she introduced herself to our kids as soon as they were old enough to understand the need to keep her name a secret.

"Addy and Celeste are good witches," I explained, "She was not."

Her features held understanding but she didn't say anything. I could sense that she wanted to say something but was holding back. I started to ask but loud footsteps interrupted me.

Samuel ran into the basement wearing cargo shorts and a plain tee. He is just 8 but is already a splitting image of his father.

“Hey mum” he turned to Amelia, “Dad was looking for you; Katelyn too.”

I put away the photo album and helped Amelia up.

Samuel stuck by my side as we made our way outside.

The noise alerted me to where they were. I followed it to the backyard and saw Logan with our 2 year old Katelyn slung over his shoulder, while four year old James ran around him in circles trying to grab his sister.

James is like another mini Logan while Katelyn looks exactly like me down to the same birthmark on our inner thigh.

Katelyn saw me first and she squealed until her dad put her down. She ran over to me and buried her face in my legs. I ruffled her hair but before I could pick her up, she pulled away from me and ran over to Amelia and stretched out her arms.

The action made me laugh. Amelia bent down and picked her sister up then pressed a kiss to her head.

I was so enthralled with watching them that I didn't realize when Logan walked up behind me and wrapped his arms around my mid section. He pressed a kiss to my temple and I smiled up at him.

Amelia noticed him too because she turned to him,

“You were looking for me.”

“Katelyn was looking for you,” on hearing her name, Katelyn raised her little head, “she wanted to chase butterflies.”

“Butterfly,” she squealed and struggled until Amy put her down.

As soon as she hit the floor, she took off as fast as her tiny legs could carry her. She took off too quickly because she slipped over a root and fell to the ground.

Her lower lip began to wobble and I muttered a small curse. If Katelyn starts crying, there is no stopping her.

I was about to rush to her side when Amy fell dramatically to the floor. Everyone turned to her, even Katelyn.

“That hurt,” she exclaimed, “But it’s fine because the grass is soft.”

Samuel took the cue and fell as well, then James did and soon they were all laughing, the tantrum already forgotten.

I watched as they all played together and felt my heart warm. We did a good job with them.

“We did good, didn’t we?” Logan voiced out my thought and I couldn’t help but smile at him.

“I think so.” I agreed.

“Mum,” Samuel interrupted us by running over to my side, “Can we go see Uncle Greg and Claire tomorrow?”

Greg and Diana ended up having one child. A little girl named Claire and I swear, she is the smartest Six year old that you will ever come across. She also has Greg’s ‘know it all’ personality which can be a huge pain in the a-ss.

“They’re coming over with the twins and Uncle Jake.”

Jake found his mate around the same time Diana gave birth. His mate was a rogue who crossed our border by accident. Her name is Alicia and they have two kids- twins. A little boy named Farrow and a girl named Fawn.

They are four years old just like James and they are a pair of rascals; literally, the most mischievous humans ever. You have to keep a constant eye on them or something will blow up.

Samuel looked excited by the prospect of his cousins visiting and rushed back to his siblings to play.

“Do you think we should take them in now?” I asked Logan.

He didn’t answer, only gestured for me to sit on the floor next to him. I obliged and he leaned against a tree and pulled me to lean against his chest.

“Let them be kids,” he said finally, “besides, the longer they stay out here, the more likely they are to tire themselves out. That way, they will eat dinner and fall asleep immediately.”

I agreed with his plan and we let the kids play but kept a close eye on them.

As I watched my family, I couldn't help but mutter a quick thanks to Samantha, I couldn't have done it without her.