

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 17

True to his words Jake has never bothered me for a date or anything romantic and he doesn't come to the store every day anymore; he comes once a week-Tuesday to be exact. And although I didn't ask why he offered up the information himself; he has to go back home every week because his "friend" needs him.

I knew he couldn't stay away from his pack for too long. In fact I wonder why his Alpha let him stay away this long in the first place. Father would have never allowed it.

I pushed all thoughts of Jake out of my mind and focused on getting ready for the day but something didn't feel right. I paused what I was doing to think about it then I realized- Greg wasn't yelling at me to hurry up.

"Greg," I yelled as I poked my head out of the door, "Is everything okay?"

Everywhere was quiet for a second and I was about to go looking for him when he yelled back, "Yeah; everything's good."

"Why aren't you ready for work yet?"

"Oh I must've forgotten to tell you," he said, "We're not going to work today. I already asked someone to take over for today."

"You're giving me a day off?"

"I'm giving myself a day off," he replied, "But by extension that kind of applies to you now quit yelling; I have things to do."

I distinctly heard a door slam shut and I chuckled in response. A day off seems like heaven right now; I could use it. I quickly stripped out of my clothes and into a comfy pair of cotton shorts and a plain tee and decided to spend the rest of my morning cleaning up the house.

Contrary to what most people say I actually like to clean. It was always a way for me to clear my head and also a subtle act of defiance towards my father since he hated the idea of us being useful for anything other than looking

pretty. According to him, the daughter of an Alpha does not degrade herself to tasks like cleaning. Doing it despite his qualms towards it made it all the more fun.

I had just finished up in the kitchen when Greg walked in. he took in the sparkling counter tops and the rag in my hands and just made a hum of appreciation.

“Hey I need you to help me get some things from the hardware store down the street.” He said and I nodded. “Just meet Mr. Brennan and he’ll give you my box of tools that I lent him.”

“Sure; just let me clean up my hands first.”

I finished cleaning up and made my way down the street. I didn’t bother changing because it’s a walk able distance, I should be in and out in fifteen minute tops.

Lucky for me when I got there Mr. Brennan wasn’t attending to anyone. I just had to wait at the desk while he got the tools for me.

“Tell Greg I said he’s a life saver.” He said as he handed me the box of tools which is a lot heavier than I expected.

“Will do Mr. Brennan; have a good day.”

I made my way outside and I had barely gotten a few feet away from there when I heard my name being called. I stopped and turned around and saw Jake staring at me with shock written all over his face.

“Are you okay?” I asked but he kept staring at me with that dumbfounded look on his face. “Quit the staring; it’s creepy.”

“I never thought,” he began but trailed off, “You can’t be,” he continued with the half sentences and confusing words and I rolled my eyes, “Is that why you wouldn’t date me?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about so you have to be more specific.”

“You’re a werewolf,” he said and I had to wipe the surprise off my face and make it a mask of confusion.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I said, "You sound crazy right now so please stay away from me."

I turned on my heel and tried to make a quick escape but he hurried after me and came to a stop directly in front of me.

"Don't try to deny it or make me look like a fool," he said in a hard voice, "I can smell your scent; it's faint but it's there almost like you've been hiding it somehow."

That was when it dawned on me; I had forgotten to spray the potion this morning because Greg said we were not going to the store. How could I have been so stupid?

"I can see the wheels turning in your head; I know that you know I'm right," his voice snapped me out of my thoughts, "Why are you hiding out here? If you tell me I can help you."

"Just leave me alone please," I begged and he appeared confused, "Just stay away from me."

"I can help you."

He had barely finished his sentence when I turned on my heels and ran. I could hear him behind me but I pushed my legs to go faster. I won't lose my freedom when I just got it and it won't happen because of him.

A few times he almost caught up to me but luck was on my side because I was able to turn a corner he probably doesn't know about and get home. I slammed the door behind me and tried to even out my heavy breathing.

I am screwed. I am so screwed. I am in so much trouble and Greg- oh my goddess, Greg; I don't know how he's going to take the news. I have ruined everything.

"Charlie is that you?" I heard Greg ask and I forced my voice to maintain a normal pitch as I replied with a yes. "Can you come over to the kitchen real quick; I need you to do something for me."

"Sure." I put the box of tools on the floor and made my way into the kitchen. "Is everything ok-"

“Congratulations,” he said holding a small cupcake in his hands with a candle over it, “It has been a full month since you came here. In my opinion you’re completely free of the werewolf world.”

“Thank you so much,” I said with a huge smile on my face, “This is amazing Greg. Did you make it yourself?”

“I did actually although I had to ask Mrs. Wiggins for her recipe.” He said then he handed the cake to me, “Make a wish.”

I closed my eyes and wished for everything- especially my mistake- to right itself then I blew out the candle and took a bite.

“This is actually really good,” I said and he shrugged albeit not modestly.

“Maybe I should add baking to my ever growing list of talents.”

“Yeah; you can put it right after c0cky.” I said and he let out a bark of laughter.

“Come on; I made breakfast.”

He picked up two plates and I followed behind him to the living room. As soon as he put the plates on the table I cleared my throat making him turn to me.

“I made a very big mistake,” I said and he raised a brow.

“What did you do?”