

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 51

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 51

We endured the rest of the ride in silence and that was because I knew Logan was barely holding onto his sanity by a thread. I just put my head against the window and stared out.

When he thought I wasn't looking he would glance at me and I would see him glance at the marks on my wrist that the rope had made and clench his jaw or tighten his grip on the steering wheel.

We had barely gotten through the threshold of the house when Logan stopped me.

"I know you probably want to take a shower," he began and I nodded, "But when you get out I want you to wear my shirt." I looked down at the shirt I was wearing and back at him, "Please baby; just do it for me."

I nodded and he gave me a relieved sigh.

"I'll make something for you to eat when you get out." He said and I muttered a quick thank you before making my way up the stairs.

I pulled off all my clothes and sat under the shower for a good ten minutes. I didn't scrub my body or anything, I just sat there and let the water wash away the pain, his touch and my tears. It was only after I had cried my fill that I washed my body and stepped out of the bathroom.

I did as Logan asked and pulled on his shirt and it made me feel a bit safer having his scent cocooning me. I paired it with black leggings and pulled my hair into a messy bun at the top of my neck and left the room.

The scent of oatmeal wafted up my nose the moment I walked out of the room and I made my way to the living room where Logan was holding a bowl of blueberry oatmeal but when he saw me he placed the bowl on the counter.

When I got down the stairs he made his way over to me slowly and when he was next to me he pulled me into him and buried his face into the crook of my neck and took a long inhale.

“His scent is off you,” he said in answer to my silent question, “I couldn’t stand it being on you. It was a real battle not to turn the car around and bash his face in.”

I was surprised at his admission but then he pulled away and gave me a small smile.

“Go sit on the counter, I’ll be right there.”

I looked at him in confusion but made my way over to the counter and lifted myself up to it. My legs were dangling over the edge but I didn’t mind and focused instead on the coolness of the counter.

Logan came back with a small kit in his hands and he gestured to my outstretched legs, silently asking for permission to stand in-between them and I nodded. He stood in between my legs and I felt my core tighten from the heat his body emitted.

“Let me see your hands,” he said and I slowly lifted them.

He looked at the raw red skin and his breath hitched for a second and I saw murder flash through his eyes before he lifted my hands to his lips and kissed the skin softly.

“I’m sorry this happened to you,” he said softly, “

This might be a little cold.”

He started rubbing an ointment over my wrists and I was so shocked by his gentleness that I couldn’t reply. I just stared at this massive dangerous man who was being so caring to me and couldn’t help but wonder why.

“All done,” he said after a while and I muttered a quick thanks and he gave me a nod in return as he returned the kit.

When he came back I was still sitting on the counter and he placed a hand on my waist and gently brought me back to the ground.

“I made you oatmeal,” he began, “I don’t know if you like oatmeal or not,” he added sheepishly, “But I figured something light would be perfect for you right now.”

“I love it,” I said softly, “Thank you.”

"When you're done with that then you can have some fruit slices," he said and I shot him a grateful smile. "And if you want we can watch a movie in my room or here."

I couldn't help it, I threw my hands around his mid- section and he froze for a second before he pulled me closer to him and cupped the back of my head.

"I don't know why I'm so emotional," I said as I tried to force the tears back into my eyes, "I'm just- thank you for doing this for me."

"You never have to thank me for taking care of you," he said, "I will always do it and I will always keep you safe. Even though I've failed a few times."

"You haven't failed." I said and he pursed his lips but didn't say anything about it.

"Come on, let's go watch a movie before your oatmeal gets cold." He said as he picked up the bowl.

I made to take the bowl from his hands but he moved it out of my reach.

"I'll hold it for you," he said and I opened my mouth to protest but he shot me a look that made me sigh and drop it.

He grabbed a bowl of fruit slices and we made our way to his room.

I wanted to watch the movie on his couch but he wanted me to be comfortable and insisted on me sitting on the bed but I also wanted him next to me so I insisted he sat next to me. At first I thought he would refuse but he just shrugged and sat next to me so our arms were touching.

He put on an animated movie called Finding Nemo and I really enjoyed it. I was never allowed to watch movies back at my father's pack so it was a very fun experience. I didn't even know when I finished my oatmeal. It was Logan who took the bowl from me and started feeding me the fruits.

"That's it?" I asked as the credits started rolling and I wiped my tears away, "It's really beautiful; I don't know why I'm crying."

"If it makes you feel any better Diana cried as well when we watched it for the first time." He said.

"How is she?" I asked suddenly feeling bad for not checking up on her earlier.

“Greg told me she woke up earlier but she’s resting,” he said, “We can go see her tomorrow.”

“Thank you, for everything,” I said and he just waved me off and that’s when I noticed the time on the clock reading 6:15. “It’s late; I should probably start leaving.”

“There’s a sequel,” he said and I turned to him in confusion, “The movie has a sequel and it’s about Dory. In my opinion it’s even more beautiful.”

I bit my lip in silent thought before shrugging, “I guess I can watch it; I just don’t want to fall asleep here.”

“You won’t,” he said and I thought about it for a second before nodding and leaning back into the bed but instead of letting me lean unto the pillows Logan Wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me into his side.

I was shocked for a second but then I snuggled into his embrace and he placed a soft kiss on my forehead and I knew, even before the first movie started that I wasn’t leaving this room tonight.

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I didn’t have any nightmares. In fact, I think this is the most peaceful night’s sleep I have had in a while.

I woke up to my cheek pressed against a hard chest and my hand was laid flat against his abs.

One of his hands rested against my shoulder while the other one was on the bare skin on my lower back, my shirt must have ridden up sometime during the night.

Our legs were also tangled together. I looked up slightly and saw that Logan was still asleep and I took the time to admire his sleeping form. His lashes fanned across his cheekbones and his features looked so relaxed.

I decided to gently get out of bed but I must have miscalculated how entangled we were because when I tried to move out of his embrace I accidentally brushed against the wrong or right place depending on how you saw it.

In the flash of a second I was on my back and Logan was hovering over me and I let out a small gasp of surprise.

“That’s one way to wake someone up,” he said in a voice that was extra husky from sleep and I had to force myself not to squeeze my thighs together seeing as he was in-between them.

I just swallowed audibly because I couldn’t form any coherent sentences because this little intimate position had my nether regions weeping.

“I can smell you Charlotte,” he said as his nostrils flared, “I’ve always been able to smell you and it is such torture to have this scent around me and not be able to do anything about it.”

I opened my mouth but no words came out and he pressed his hips to mine and I let out a small moan and he let out a curse of his own.

He leaned down and kissed me hard. My fingers immediately found their way into his hair as I pulled him closer to me.

One of his hands cupped my neck while the other ran down the length of my torso eliciting goosebumps and finally settled on my hips.

He pulled away and I almost moaned in protest but quickly shut up when he began to trail wet open-mouthed kisses on my neck. I arched into him and he trailed his tongue down to my collarbone and he sucked the skin into his mouth hard before lightly biting on the area making me moan out loud.

As much as I wanted him to, he didn’t go lower than my collarbone but I didn’t have much energy in me to protest considering the fact that I have completely lost function of my vocal chords. In fact, the only sounds they are capable of making right now are moans.

He pulled away after a second and I was left staring at him with a mixture of lust and shock. I swear that every cell in my brain is completely melted.

We stared at each other for a full second before I saw a look cross over his face and I knew. I knew he regretted what he had just done. I pushed myself up to a sitting position but he wouldn’t meet my eyes anymore.

I decided to leave before he could utter those two words that would ruin what started out to be an amazing morning. I moved to leave but he held onto my hand.

“Don’t run,” he said softly but I couldn’t bring my eyes to him, “Charlotte,”

“Don’t say it,” I cut in, “I know you regret it but just don’t say it.”

“You think that was what I was going to say?” he asked incredulously.

“I saw the look in your eyes,” I began, “And I really don’t want to hear it right now.”

“The only thing I regret,” he began and I winced inwardly, “Is doing this not up to twenty four hours after what happened to you.”

I finally raised my eyes to his.

“I would never regret k!ssing you,” he continued,

What I do regret is taking advantage of you while you were vulnerable.”

“You didn’t take advantage of me,” I said softly, “I wanted it and even if I didn’t I would have said so. You didn’t force me or anything.”

He didn’t respond using words, instead he gave me a much softer variation of the k!ss he gave me earlier.

“You should get ready,” he said softly, “We’re going to see Diana.” I leaped off the bed as soon as he finished speaking and he let out a small chuckle, If only you would be this excited to see me.”

I ignored him and was about to leave when he stopped me.

“You can use my bathroom if you want,” he said with a nonchalant shrug, “Instead of going all the way back to your room.

“But my body was-“

“Use mine,” was his reply and I raised a brow but he just shrugged, It’s no big deal really, you’ll just end up smelling like me and I think that’s a plus.”

I thought about it for a second before nodding.

"No peeking," I warned him and he gave me a smile.

"Scout's honor," he said holding his hand against his chest.

"But you're not a scout" I said and he just shrugged in response.

I made my way to the bathroom and when I passed by him he gave my a-ss a small swat and I turned to him with a frown.

"You're not slick Logan," I said and he just shrugged.

"Who said I was trying to be?"

I had finished taking a shower when I realized that there were no towels or robes in here and I let out a small curse.

"Logan," I called out softly praying he was still in the room.

"Is everything okay?" he asked and I swallowed before replying.

"There isn't a towel here," I said, "Do you think you could pass me one please."

LOGAN'S P.O.V

It was a serious battle to not go into the bathroom after her. I can't get the scent of her arousal out of my head and it's becoming really difficult to go about my day with a fucking boner all the time.

But I can't rush her and I can't push her. She doesn't know and I won't have her loving me just because she knows I'm her mate. I want her to love me the way I love her; because she loves me not because she feels obligated to do it.

"Logan," her soft voice pulled me out of my thoughts and I immediately rose.

"Is everything alright?" I hope she isn't hurt.

"There's no towel here," she said, "I was wondering if you could pass me one please."

I cursed at my forgetfulness and picked up a fluffy grey towel from my wardrobe and walked into the bathroom.

I saw her- well her silhouette and grew hard instantly. She was in the shower and I knew the only thing blocking her from me was the fog that covered the shower glass. I could see every part of her and I couldn't- wouldn't touch her.

I suppressed a groan and knocked on the stall. She opened it slightly and stuck out her hand. I placed the towel in her hand but I couldn't stop our skin from brushing and pulled back almost immediately.

Just before she closed the door I caught the heady scent of her arousal and I hurried out of there before I did something that we would definitely regret.

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CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

When Logan's skin brushed mine I couldn't help but think about what little barrier there was between the both of us. I was completely naked behind the shower stall and all he needs to do is just push the door open.

Would I let him have his way with me? Who am I kidding, of course I would.

Even the drive with him had a bit of tension that I had never noticed before. My thoughts were running a mile a minute and Logan noticed it too because he had to speak.

"Whatever you're thinking; don't," he had said, "I like to pride myself in my ironclad self-control but even iron is breakable."

His words hadn't helped and I had to make a conscious effort to think about other things.

"I can see that look on your face," Diana teased, "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," I lied and she gave me a crooked grin.

"You are a horrible liar," she teased and I rolled my eyes.

"You would expect that after being knocked out you would be a little bit nicer,"

"Sweetheart I don't do nice," she said as she sat up in bed, "Now tell me what's going on."

I bit my lip for almost a full minute before sighing, "I kissed Logan."

"Once?" she asked not fazed at all and I shook my head,

"Twice?"

"Three times," I admitted and she nodded.

"You didn't like it?"

"I did" I said, "That's the problem."

"I don't see how that's a problem," she said with a shrug, "If you like him and he liked you then go ahead."

"He has a mate," I said and she opened her mouth then closed it back, "I don't know much about her but I know she exists."

"Listen," Diana began, "She isn't in the picture right now."

"What do you-"

"Don't ask me to explain," She cut me off, "I don't know how to; it's complicated."

"That's what everyone says," I mumbled.

"Just know that she will have no problem with you being with him."

"That's what Logan said." I said softly and she gave me a 'see' look.

"Just forget about every other thing and be happy" she said and I sighed then she grabbed a lock of my hair,

Your roots are showing."

"Really?" I asked and she nodded.

"I'm sure your natural hair would be very pretty but if you want to dye it back I can do it for you."

"No," I said, "I think I want to go back natural."

"I can help you wash out the dye."

"You shouldn't be stressing yourself out," I said and she rolled her eyes.

"I'm perfectly fine," she said, "You sound like Greg honestly."

"Who sounds like me?" Greg asked as he walked into the room.

"Charlotte won't let me wash out her dye because she thinks I should be resting." She said.

"I absolutely agree." He said and she shot him a hard look.

"I'm just washing out dye," she said, "Not running a marathon."

He still didn't budge so she rose on her feet and whispered something in his ears and he sighed.

"Fine" he said finally, "Just the dye and that's it."

She gave me a victorious smile and he quickly left the room.

"What did you tell him to make him agree so quickly?" I asked and she just gave me a sly smile.

"I told him he would sleep on the couch," she said with a shrug and my eyes widened, "Now come on; we have work to do."

I never realized how good it would feel to have my natural hair color back. I'm so used to seeing myself as a brunette that I forgot what I looked like with my natural hair.

"I absolutely love your hair," Diana said as she dried my hair with a blow dryer.

She had locked the door because I had to take off my shirt so we wouldn't get water on it and right now I'm sitting on a chair in my b.ra with a towel around my neck.

"Do you want me to style it for you?" she asked and I just shrugged. "I'll style it."

She curled my hair loosely and just left it to fall down my back and I took off the towel to hang it when she let out a small gasp.

"What is it?" I asked turning to her but her eyes were wide as saucers, "Are you okay?"

"You have a hickey," she said and my hand immediately went to the place I knew the purplish mark was, "You fvcking made out with Logan."

"Keep your voice down," I hissed.

I saw the hickey after my bath and I had covered it up with some powder but sometime during the washing I must have cleaned it off and now it was bare for her to see.

I moved to grab my shirt but she stopped me.

"This is dark," she said, "You either got it last night or this morning."

"I'm not talking about this" I said and she rolled her eyes.

"Of course you are," she said matter of factly, "Sit down."

"Diana," I began but she cut me off.

"Would you rather I probed Logan for answers?" she asked and I quickly sat down, "I thought so; now spill."

"There's nothing to tell honestly," I said, "This feels very uncomfortable.'

"Fine" she sighed, "But the moment something happens I expect to be the first to hear."

"Sure," I said and she gave me a smile.

She was about to speak when we heard a knock on the door.

"Is everything okay in there?" it was Logan's voice.

"Of course," Diana replied, "We're just catching up.

Stop bothering us."

"You guys got to0 quiet," he said, "I had to be sure you weren't plotting against us."

"We aren't," Diana said, "Now go back downstairs; we want to do a grand entry." He mumbled something under his breath but then we heard his footsteps recede, "Get dressed; we're going to show them the new you."

Logan's eyes widened when we came down the stairs.

Greg just had a smirk on his face as if he knew something I didn't.

"Glad to see you went back natural," Greg said and I shot him a smile, "You look good."

Diana went to sit on his lap and I sat next to Logan.

"Close your mouth Logan or you'll catch flies," Diana said and he shot her a death glare.

"You look beautiful Charlotte," he said, "You've always looked beautiful but this," he trailed off and I gave him a smile.

"Thank you," I said.

"Now that we're done with that," Diana spoke up,

What happened with Jake?" Everyone's expressions went sour, even mine, "Someone has to tell me what happened to him."

"It's not important," Greg whispered to her but she shook her head.

"That's not an answer."

"He's in the dungeons," I said and Greg shot me a glare.

"Great," Diana said, "I want to see him."

"Not happening," Greg said at the same time Logan said, "No."

"Come on," she whined then turned to me, "Back me up here Charlie."

"You know, she kinda-"

"Don't even think about it princess," Logan whispered to me and I went quiet and shot her an apologetic look.

She rolled her eyes but turned to Greg and started listing all the reasons why she needs to see him and she actually has a point. In fact, now I want to see him.

I need to know why he did all of this.

“I can see the wheels turning in your head,” Logan said,

“But just kill that thought where it is; you aren’t going anywhere near him.”

“But-“

“No Charlotte,” he said and I fell silent.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 54

Over the past two days we have fallen into a slightly comfortable routine, I sleep in Logan’s room, he makes breakfast and we go to the pack house, becomes to check up on me around noon then he disappears for a few hours and comes back around size in new clothes.

I haven’t asked yet, mainly because I’m scared I already know the answer and it won’t feel real until it is said out loud.

“Aren’t you the least bit curious about what he goes to do?” Diana asked as he left the daycare and I shrugged,

You can’t tell me you haven’t thought about it.”

“Of course I have,” I said, “That doesn’t mean I’m going to do anything about it”

“We should follow him,”

“We should sit still and mind our business,” I corrected and she rolled her eyes, “I have had enough adventures to last me a lifetime; I don’t need any more.”

“You can’t tell me you don’t want to know what they’re doing to Jake” she whispered and I turned to her with a raised brow, “He had Jake’s scent on him yesterday, don’t tell me you didn’t notice.”

“I did; I always do,” I said with no emotion, “What’s your point?”

“My point is you should ask him,”

“He’s not going to tell me,” I shrugged, “So there’s no use asking.” She must have sensed the bitterness in my tone because she scoffed.

“You deserve to know,” she said, “He did those things to you; so you more than anyone deserves to know what’s going on with him.”

“I’ll think about it,” I said and she narrowed her eyes at me but dropped it anyways.

I always planned on talking to Logan about Jake, I don’t need anyone thinking I’m doing it because of her and I also don’t want her breathing down my neck about it.

I’ll do at my pace and when I am ready to do it.

“Okay enough talking about Jake,” she said as she crossed her legs and turned to me, “How are things with you and Logan?”

“They’re good I guess,” I answered with a shrug and she raised a brow at me. “Stop asking about me; how are things with you and Greg?”

“What do you want to know?”

“I want to know what you want me to tell you about Logan and I”

“Well he usually wakes me up with his head in between”

Okay,” I said loudly, “I did not need to hear that.”

“You asked.” She shrugged, “And I have no problem with giving you all the dirty details, so I expect the same”

“Well sorry to put a downer in your coffee but there are no dirty details,” I said and she pouted.

“I’m sure it’s no thanks to you.”

“I just don’t know if I’m ready to have s3x with anyone right now,” I lied and she just tipped her head forward with a hum.

“Well it seems like you could do with some excitement so I need your help” she said and I raised a brow so she leaned closer to me and whispered, “I think I’m pregnant.”

I jerked back in shock and my eyes widened, “Are you Sure?”

“Well not exactly but my period is like clockwork and I’m three days late,” she said, “I just need someone to go with me while I get a pregnancy test.”

“When would we have time though,” I said, “We can’t just leave the kids and I’m sure you don’t want Logan to know right now.”

“We can just use our lunch break,” she said with a shrug and I raised a brow.

“We have a lunch break?”

“Well yeah,” she said in a duh tone, “How else do you think we got away with leaving all the time?” When I didn’t reply she just shook her head, “We have a one hour lunch break each day. There are people who take over from us until we get back.”

“I didn’t know that,” I said softly and she just shrugged.

“So are you in?” she asked and I nodded.

It was the twins who took over from us. I haven’t seen them since the incident with Jake and immediately I tried to apologize to them they cut me off by saying they didn’t blame me but they just wanted a few days to clear their heads.

I would have stayed longer apologizing but Diana grabbed my arm and after a long phone call that had a lot of convincing and compromising) she told Logan that we were stepping out and the best we would do was to take two guards with us.

Diana mumbled the entire way about how her freedom was being infringed on by the guards as she kept eyeing the car they drove in through her mirror and for a few seconds I thought she would do something crazy like try to run them off the road.

Finally she stopped at a convenience store and told me to wait in the car while she went in. I didn't have any objections to the matter so I sat still and drummed my fingers against the dashboard as I waited.

I must have been so into my thoughts that I didn't even notice she was there until she drummed on the windows making me jump.

"Sorry to scare you," she said as she took her seat and dropped the plastic bag on the floor, "I'm just so nervous."

"Do you need this much?" I asked as I peeked into the bag and she shot me a look.

"I'm sorry did you say we?" I asked and she shot me another exasperated look.

"Haven't you heard of the sister code?" she asked, "If one of us is taking a pregnancy test then both of us are taking pregnancy tests."

"But there's no way I'm pregnant."

"When did you see your period last?" she asked and I fell silent.

As soon as we got into the pack house we rushed into the day care and locked ourselves in the bathroom.

When we were both done peeing on the sticks Diana put them in the bag and shook the bag up a bit and I shot her a wide eyed look.

"What are you doing?" I asked and she shrugged.

"It's all part of the fun." She said as she took them out and sprayed a bit of perfume on it, "So we don't know which one belongs to us."

"You are definitely crazy Diana," I said and she didn't refute my claim.

We left the sticks in the bathroom and went out to the girls like nothing happened. When they asked we just shrugged because neither of us wanted to go into the story.

Diana's alarm beeped after two minutes and we made our way albeit slowly to the bathroom door.

"You go in I don't want to see it" Diana said all of a sudden.

"But you're the one who wanted to do this."

"Please Charlie," she begged and I sighed and pushed the door open and picked up the sticks and my eyes widened. "What's going on in there?"

"I- We, "I began but I couldn't form a proper sentence.

"What the hell is it?" she asked but her steps faltered when she saw the look on my face, "What's wrong?"

"One of them is positive," I whispered as if making my voice low would make it any less real.

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"What do you mean one of them is positive?" she asked and I shrugged and handed her the two of them, "Well which one belongs to you?"

"I don't know, you're the one who had the brilliant idea to shake them up" I said with a shrug.

"Now is not the time to be a smarta-ss Charlie" she frowned and I resisted the urge to laugh at her expression, "This is serious.

"I'm sorry but it's funny and you're the one most likely to be pregnant."

"Says who?" she asked and I just shrugged, "Tell me, when was your last period?"

"Last month," I shrugged, I don't know."

"Have you had your period at Logan's place?"

"I haven't been at Logan's place for up to a month."

"So that means the last time you had s3x was about a month ago," she deadpanned and I nodded slowly, "So you also have a chance of being pregnant."

"We're not getting anywhere with this," I shook my head, "Where are the other two you got?"

She rushed out and came back in with the other two pregnancy tests and I took one from her.

“Let’s take it again and find out which one of us is actually pregnant.”

This time Diana didn’t wait to turn of the timer before she snatched up both sticks and she frowned.

“What’s wrong?” I asked and she handed them to me.

“Now they’re both negative,” she said and I looked up at her, “What now?”

“Well our only choice is to schedule an appointment and find out the truth.” She said and I let out a deep sigh.

“Are you nervous?”

“Horribly”

“Will you tell Greg?” I asked and she shook her head.

“Not until I’m sure.”

I wanted to say more but thought better of it and nodded instead.

“I’ ll find a way to make them squeeze in an appointment for us tomorrow.” She said and I raised a brow.

“Can you do that?”

“Being one of the Alpha’s closest friends has its perks,” she said with a shrug, “Just be ready to go tomorrow.”

“What do I tell Logan?”

“Anything you want to,” she shrugged, “It doesn’t really matter as long as you don’t tell him about me.”

“How do you think he’ll react if I am pregnant?” I asked and she shrugged.

“Only he can answer that question.

“Come on,” I said, “Let’s go to the twins before they start to worry.”

"You're right," she said with a smile as she grabbed the used tests, "I have to dispose of them properly."

I knew Diana was nervous and probably even scared but I knew nothing I would say now would help so I just stayed quiet and made my way back into the day care.

"Your little spawn is awake," Kayla said to me and that was when I noticed Amelia sitting up and rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand.

Despite how I was feeling I picked her up and cradled her close to my chest and wondered what it would feel like to have a baby of my own.

While it would be wonderful; would I want to bring a baby into this world and can I live with myself knowing what is being done to Jake and knowing that the child is his?

"Are you okay?" Logan asked and I looked up from my bowl of pasta and nodded. "You zoned out for like a solid five minutes. Are you sure everything is okay?"

"Yeah," I said softly, "I was just thinking that's all."

His lips pursed as if he wanted to say more but he just nodded and allowed me drop the subject.

"Do you want to watch a movie with me?" he asked and I nodded. I would do anything to get my mind off of everything.

We had settled in his bed and even though there was a movie playing neither of us were watching. I was thinking about everything and Logan was watching me and trying to figure out what was wrong.

"I'm done with this," he said suddenly as he hit pause the movie and I turned to him, "Get up, we're going out."

"Where are we going?"

"Just pack a swimsuit." He said and I tuned to him in shock.

"I don't have a swimsuit."

"Then pack something you can swim in," he said and when I didn't move he rolled his eyes, "Come on, we don't have all day."

I found the courage to move my legs and hurried over to my room to change my underwear to a matching black pair and made my way back out and down the stairs where Logan was waiting.

"Are you going to tell me where we're going?" I asked but he shook his head.

"Come on or we'll be late," was his only reply and he didn't wait to see if I was following when he left the house.

I followed behind him quietly and got into the car after him. The entire ride was silent and the only sounds were the hum of the engine.

"Logan," I began but he cut me off.

"I'm not going to tell you where we're going." He said, "Not because I don't want to but because it doesn't exactly have a name. It's just a place I go to think and relax."

I nodded in understanding and just watched the trees get thicker as we went deeper into the forest. Finally the car stopped in front of a waterfall and my eyes widened in awe.

"I see you like it," he said and I couldn't help but nod.

"How did you find out about this place?"

"I came across it one day after I had shifted in a rage."

He began, "I decided to take a run to calm down so I could shift back and I found it." He smiled at the memory, "I shifted back immediately out of shock."

"Thank you for sharing it with me," I said and he scoffed.

"You haven't even seen the best part yet." He said, "You can swim right?" I nodded, "Then come on."

I followed him out of the car and he stripped down to his boxers and before I could say anything he jumped off the cliff and into the river below. My eyes widened in shock and I think I let out a small scream as I peeked over the edge to make sure he didn't drown.

After a few seconds he rose to the surface and, wiped his hands across his face.

“Are you crazy?!” I yelled and he just shrugged in response, “You could have died.”

“I would have broken a few bones but I definitely wouldn’t have died.” He said matter of factly but I wasn’t amused. “Just jump in; you ‘ll be fine.”

“There is no way I’m participating in something that can lead to my potential death.”

“Do you trust me?” he asked and I didn’t think before replying with a yes, “Then trust me when I say that nothing will happen to you.”

“But it’s so high,” I began, “And it’s a cliff.”

“You’ll be fine I promise.” I thought about it for a second before huffing and stripping down to my underwear.

“If I die then just know that my ghost is going to haunt you forever.”

“That is a punishment that I will not mind at all.”

He replied with a cheeky smile and I rolled my eyes, muttered a silent prayer and jumped.