

## Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 61

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I woke up with a scream and I had to force air into my lungs so I could steady my breathing and stop the tears that were falling freely down my face.

My first coherent thought was to run to Logan and I had already made my way to the door when I remembered yesterday's events and I had to push that urge down and force myself to walk over to the bathroom.

I splashed water all over my face hoping it would wipe away the remnants of the dream but nothing was stopping the images from flashing through my mind and with it came the fear.

It started out as a memory of what happened at the pack house when I saw Hunter and I tried to tell myself that it was an imagination but it was like the more I told myself that, the closer and clearer he became.

Then all of a sudden he started to chase me and I ran but the walls seemed to get longer and narrower and I just couldn't seem to find an exit. It was like running in a maze.

I thought I had lost him but then I felt him grab my shirt and I felt his breath behind me and then I woke up.

A knock on my door pulled me out of my thoughts and I made sure I looked a bit presentable and my breathing was steady before going to open it.

"Are you okay?" Logan asked and even though all I wanted to say was no I forced myself to nod.

"I'm fine," I lied, "I was just about to get ready and go downstairs."

"Are you sure?" he asked, "I thought I heard you scream."

"It was just a bad dream, that's all."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"I can barely even remember it," I said with an awkward laugh. "It is nothing to worry about; I just need to take a shower then I'll make breakfast."

His lips pursed in a way that showed he did not believe me but he nodded anyways, "Do you need any help; with breakfast I mean?"

"No," I said quickly because I know more time in his presence will probably make me break down, "I can do it myself."

"Look I just want to make sure that you're okay," he said softly, "If you need someone to talk to then—"

"Are you going to let me see Jake?" I cut him off.

"No," he said without hesitation.

"Then I am perfectly fine and I don't need to talk to anyone," I said.

"Charlotte please don't be like this."

"Like what exactly?" I asked and he sighed in defeat.

"Charlotte—"

"You can talk about how stubborn I'm being but I'm not going to let someone else take my decisions away from me anymore." I said, "Now if you'll excuse me I need to take a bath."

He let out a sigh before nodding and making his way back to his room and I watched him go until I heard his door slam shut and I closed my door and leaned my head against it with a deep exhale.

Am I being childish? Yes. Am I overreacting? Yes.

I know that Logan is just trying to look out for me and while that does give me butterflies he is taking a very important decision of mine away from me and I have let all the men in my life do that and I'm sick of it.

For once, I just want someone to trust me and let me do what I want. So if I have to be a childish bitch for him to let me make my own decisions then fine, I will be.

"Well you look like shit," Diana noted as I made my way to into the daycare and I shot her a bored look.

"That's rich considering you look like you were just run over by a truck."

"I'm hung over," she deadpanned, "At least I have a reason to look this horrible."

"I thought werewolves are supposed to have high alcohol tolerance?" I said in a sassy tone and she flipped me off.

"For your information I had wolfs bane mixed in that," she said, "I wanted to get flat out drunk and you would have too if you drank."

"I'm sorry but I'm not a raging alcoholic." I said with a shrug.

"Neither am I," she said, "So if you didn't drink then what's your excuse for looking like that?"

"Couldn't sleep," I said vaguely and when she opened her mouth to ask a question I deftly changed the subject, "I asked Logan to let me see Jake."

"And I'm guessing that went well," she teased and I shot her a death glare, "I'm just saying; sneak into the dungeons."

"It's not that easy," I said softly, "If it was then I would have done it."

"Before I forget something came in for you," she said and before I could ask she cut me off, "Don't worry it's not someone's severed head."

"Are you sure?"

"I had a look at it don't worry," she said, "And besides it's from Logan."

I let out a sigh of relief and went over to the slim but long box sitting at the corner of the room.

"What is it?" I asked as I picked up the box and she just shrugged. "Just tell me."

"Why don't you just open it?" she said with a smile, "It's really thoughtful honestly."

I took a deep breath and lifted the lid and my eyes widened. I gingerly picked it out and admired the artwork on the violin.

"How did he know I play the violin?" I asked aloud.

"Maybe you told him," she suggested but I shook my head.

"I would remember if I did." I said as I turned the instrument around and when I noticed a particular design I dropped it as if burned.

"What's wrong?"

"That's my violin."

"Well of course it is," she said with a funny look, "Logan got it for you."

"No Logan didn't get me that," I said, "That is my violin; the one I had back home."

"What are you talking about?" she asked, "Maybe they just look alike."

"No," I said as I picked it up and took it to her.

I turned it to the back and showed her the spot where I had etched a C into the violin and painted flowers around it.

"I did that on my 17th birthday," I said, "It's my violin."

Her eyes widened in shock and she let the violin fall from her hands.

"How did it get here?" she asked and I knew her confused and horrified expression mirrored mine. "Is there like a note or something?"

"I don't know, I didn't check."

I made my way back to the box but it was completely empty.

"There's nothing here," I said in an almost cry, "But he had to have dropped something."

"Hey, calm down," Diana said as she placed a comforting hand on my shoulder and the tears broke free.

"I just want him to leave me alone," I said in between sobs, "Why can't he just leave me alone?"

"There is a way," she said softly and I looked up at her.

“What are you talking about?”

“Well he thinks you’re his so that’s why he’s after you but if you were someone else’s then he would be obligated to leave you alone.”

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.” I said and she bit her lip before speaking again.

“I’m not supposed to tell you this but I’m going to because I think you should know,” she inhaled deeply before continuing, “The truth is that you and-,”

“What’s going on?”

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“Logan,” Diana said in an almost too cheerful tone.

He narrowed his eyes at her and she had a deer caught in headlights look.

“What is going on here?” he asked and when he saw the opened box he turned to me, “Who sent that?”

“You apparently,” I said in a whisper and he turned to me in confusion.

“What are you talking about?”

“I think we should take this to the other room,” Diana said with a quick look at the children who were crawling around and squealing. “I’ll get the twins to watch the kids.”

She rushed out and Logan and I sat in silence until she returned with the twins trailing behind her. She picked up the box and the violin and we made our way into the other room that we usually use to store the bags for all the babies.

“Now can someone tell me what the hell is going on?” Logan asked.

“The package came about half an hour before you arrived and the delivery guy said you asked for it to be given to Charlie,” Diana said, “I opened it of course to make sure it wasn’t something horrible and it wasn’t.”

“But I didn’t send any gifts.”

“Well I know that now,” she said with a small huff.

I heard footsteps and Logan came to crouch next to me “So someone sent you a violin?”

“It’s not just any violin. It’s my violin,” I said softly as I gestured to it, “It’s the same one I left back home.”

“He’s toying with me,” I said simply, “He wants me to know that he knows where I am at every second of every day and that when he decided to then he can come get me.”

“No one is going to get you,” Logan growled and I rolled my eyes.

“Can we stop pretending for one fvcking second?” I yelled, “There is nothing we can do about it. He wants me and he is not going to stop until he has me so unless you have some magical way to make sure that he stops then there’s no use.”

“Listen to me Charlotte,” he began, “I’m going to keep you safe.”

“At what cost?” I asked, “He’s going to find me over and over again and he is going to destroy everyone and everything in his path. Just let me go back to him.”

“I can’t let you do that baby.”

“But why not,” I yelled, “Why am I so important that you’re still keeping me around regardless of all the threats?”

He opened his mouth to reply but closed it immediately, “It pains me more than you know to not be able to answer your question,” he said softly, “Diana please take her home; I’ll take the violin with me and-,”

“No,” I said firmly as I got to my feet and picked the violin up.

“No,” I said firmly as I got to my feet and picked the violin up.

“What are you doing Charlie?” Diana asked but I didn’t reply. Instead I raised the violin over my head and smashed it against the floor.

The sound was so loud that Diana let out a small scream and covered her ears with both hands. She was looking at me in complete shock and even Logan looked a bit surprised at my outburst. That was when I realized what I had done.

"I am so sorry; that could have been evidence," I said but then I realized no one was looking at me. I followed their gaze and they were looking at a piece of paper that was lying among the broken pieces of what used to be my violin.

I bent down and picked it up and almost flinched when I realized the familiar scrawl.

"This is the note," I said to Diana and she gave me a smile that looked more like a grimace.

"Do you want someone else to read it first?" she asked but I shook my head.

"I can do it." I said and she gave me an encouraging look before I started to read.

I'm going to take a good guess and say that it's Logan reading this.

Charlotte probably cried when she saw the violin and threw it straight in your arms. Either you or that white haired oaf she stayed with will have the patience or the rage to find this letter.

How is he by the way? I know he's staying with you and some brown haired girl I'm assuming is his mate. I still haven't figured out who they are but rest assured I will.

I'm going to admit that it's getting boring when you're playing chess and you're already about ten moves ahead of your opponent. It makes the game extremely boring and it makes your victory taste a bit sour.

So I'm going to help you and I suggest you start with that precious Beta of yours you keep locked up in your dungeons.

I know his only coherent words have been to see Charlotte and if I were you I would be a little more curious about why.

Anyways I do admire your efforts to keep her safe but they aren't going to work. I have eyes and ears everywhere. I know where she goes whenever she goes and with whomever she goes. Your stance is admirable but I'm older and I'm smarter and I always get what I want. You can't beat me alone.

But from one man to another, you've earned my respect and if you let her leave then I will leave your pack forever and I always keep my word.

H.

"Jake wanted to see me?" I asked and I saw guilt flash across Logan's features before he quickly hid it.

"What are you talking about?" he asked and I handed him the letter.

His eyes ran across the length and I saw the guilt get more pronounced before it was quickly replaced with fear then anger.

"Charlotte," he began but I cut him off.

"He wanted to see me and I wanted to see him and you wouldn't let me?"

"Charlotte I couldn't let you near him again after what happened." He began but I let out a loud groan.

"That was not your call to make."

"I'm just trying to keep you safe."

"And I appreciate that but you need to let me see him." I said, "Even Hunter thinks it's a good idea."

"All the more reason I think it's a bad idea."

"Listen," I began softly, "Hunter is a lot of things but one thing he is not is a fool. If he thinks he is ten steps ahead of us then he most likely is."

He opened his mouth to interrupt but I cut him off.

"He knows that you have Jake in a dungeon," I began, "He knows about Greg and he knows about Diana. He can hurt any of them at any time and if he really wanted then I'm sure he could have gotten me a long time ago."

"He's playing with us Logan and we can't beat him at his own game," I continued, "You can try all you want but you don't even know the rules."

"Then what are you suggesting?"

"I suggest we make our own game," I said simply, "But first we need get on an even playing field and that starts by letting me see Jake."

"I don't like this idea," he said finally with a grimace.

"You don't have to like it for it to work." I said with a shrug.

He looked at me for a full second before sighing, "Fine but I'm going to be there and Greg too."

"Fine," I said with a smile, "We'll go today."

"Tomorrow," he cut me off and I raised a brow at him, "You're seeing him tomorrow, take it or leave it."

"Tomorrow it is then."

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"You haven't eaten anything," Logan noted from across the counter and I just shrugged.

I had another nightmare again and honestly food is the last thing on my mind right now. I really want to tell Logan about them but I know he's going to just blame it on stress but there is something real about those dreams.

"Earth to Charlotte," Logan said snapping his fingers in front of my face and I blinked up at him, "You should eat something."

"It's alright," I shrugged ignoring the frown growing on his face, "I'm not hungry."

"That's bullsh!t," he said, "You didn't eat anything at all yesterday. What is going on?"

"Nothing; I'm fine," I lied, "Can we drop this? I thought we had somewhere to be."

"We're not leaving here until you eat something," he said and I narrowed my eyes at him, "You can look at me like that all you want but my decision stands."

"I can't," I said softly and he shrugged.

"Then we're not going," was his simple reply, "I could really use a day off anyways."

I rolled my eyes and stacked two pancakes on my plate and forced a piece into my mouth.

“Happy?” I asked after I had swallowed and he gave me a smirk.

“Elated,”

“Listen if you feel uncomfortable then tell me and we’ll get the hell out of there,” Logan said as we stopped in front of what I’m guessing is the dungeons.

“I’m fine Logan,” I said with an eye roll as I got out of the car.

The building wasn’t what I expected. I expected something along the lines of a graying building that stank of piss and blood- probably like the one back home. But this looked like any other building, it had brick walls and it looked pretty immaculate and even when we entered I still didn’t smell anything.

“Are you sure we’re in the right place?” I couldn’t help but ask and he gave me an amused look.

“I think I know where the dungeons are in my own pack,” he said with a teasing smile.

“I know that,” I rolled my eyes, “It just doesn’t loom or smell like one.”

“The dungeons are under the building,” he said and my mouth formed an o. “How do you know what a dungeon smells like?”

“It’s not hard to guess,” I lied and he narrowed his eyes at me so I quickly changed the subject. “Where’s Greg?”

“He’s waiting for us downstairs,” he said and his face took on an unreadable expression, “It’s not too late to change your mind.”

“He’s waiting for us downstairs,” he said and his face took on an unreadable expression, “It’s not too late to change your mind.”

“I want to do this,” I said softly and he let out a ragged breath before nodding.

He led me to a locked door and went in first and I inhaled sharply before following after him.

That was when the smell hit me and I almost gagged.

"It's horrible isn't it?" he asked and I nodded.

"I just forgot how bad it is."

"What do you mean you forgot?" he asked in a cold tone and I thought of how to put my words nicely so he doesn't blow a fuse.

"This isn't my first time walking into a dungeon," I said in what I hope is a nonchalant voice.

"Have you been in a cell before?" of course he would see through my bullshit,  
"Charlotte-,"

"Yes I have," I said simply and when he opened his mouth I cut him off, "We can talk about it later; I don't want to be in here any longer than I need to."

He clenched his jaw for a second before nodding and leading me down the stairs and through a narrow passage. The further we walked the worse the smell was and I tried not to look at the different people locked in the cells.

I think because of how nice Logan has been to me, I had forgotten who he is and this is a reality check.

I saw Greg standing in front of another set of iron doors and he grimaced when he saw me.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked and I nodded then he turned to Logan, "You know I don't like the fact that she's here."

"She wants to see him," he said, "So let her."

Greg pushed the door open and I swear I threw up in my mouth a little. There was crusted blood all over the walls and the smell of piss and sweat was overwhelming and if I looked in the cage next to the mountain of fur then I would be able to see little bits of what looks like skin.

"Did you do this to him?" I asked and Logan shook his head.

"He did it to himself,"

“Where is he?” I asked and I followed where his finger pointed to what I thought was a mountain of fur but was actually a half shifted Jake. “What is wrong with him?”

“He’s crazy,” Greg deadpanned, “What do you think.”

At the sound of our footsteps Jake stood up and I saw that his hands and feet were chained to the walls, probably to stop him from hurting himself.

“Charlie,” his voice was a lot coarser and deeper than I remember, “Charlie please it’s not me I swear, I-,”

He doubled over and when he raised his head again his eyes were pitch black and he charged at the bars with a loud snarl that had me jumping back a few feet and Logan had to put a hand on my waist to steady me.

Gone was the calm Jake. Now there was foam dripping from his mouth and I’m sure he would have charged me if not for the chains holding him back.

“What was that?” I asked as I watched him struggle against the chains.

“That’s what happens every day,” Logan said from behind me, “He says a few coherent sentences then he turns into a snarling beast.”

“It’s almost like he’s two different people,” Greg added and that was when a light bulb lit in my head.

“He did that a few times,” I said and they both turned to me, “He would stop and try to apologize or something then the next minute his expression completely changes and then he acts like nothing happened. It was almost like he was two different people.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about this?” Logan asked and I shrugged.

“I never thought it was important,” I admitted, “And I forgot about it, it was Greg’s comment that made me remember.”

I turned back to the cage where Jake had stopped struggling and was lying limp. I would have thought he was asleep if not for his mouth moving slowly.

“What are you going to do about him?” I asked. None of them answered so I turned to Greg.

"Don't look at me," he said raising his hands to show his innocence, "I haven't been here since the first day they brought him here. I'm only here right now because of you."

I turned to Logan and he shrugged, "I'm not sure yet; I'm trying to see if we can get hold of a few covens."

"A coven," I repeated and he nodded.

"Witches aren't known to help werewolves but once in a while you'll find a coven who is willing to risk it and help."

"Why do you need a witch?"

"Because," he began, "Something is clearly wrong and it is not normal."

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Logan was going to drop me off at home before going goddess knows where with Greg and he had barely turned into the driveway when a thought popped into my head and I gasped out loud.

"That is totally not a weird sound to make out of the blue," Greg snorted and I slapped him on the arm, "What I'm just saying."

"Shut up," I rolled my eyes, "I just remembered something."

"And what might that be?"

"You know a witch," I said and all eyes turned to me, "She might be willing to help."

"I'm sorry but what witch are we talking about?"

"The one that helped me with my potion," I said and his eyes widened.

"Look as far as I know, she's an herb and potions witch," he said, "I don't think this is her area of expertise."

"What's the harm in trying?" I asked, "We just need to ask first."

"Listen sweetheart," Greg began, "You don't just go to witches and ask for help."

"Yeah you do," I said, "You went to her for the potion."

"No," he said with a small shake of his head, "I didn't go to her; Aubrey did. I don't mess with witches and for good reason too."

"Well if you don't want to go then Logan and I can go instead," I offered, "All you need to do is tell us how to get there."

"That's the problem," he began, "I don't know how to get there."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, "You took me there on the first day."

"Before agreeing to help me she spelled me so I couldn't describe the way there to anyone," he said, "Can you remember how to get there?"

I tried to think and realized I came up blank. The only thing I can remember is the empty field and the barrier.

"I can't," I admitted and he gave me an 'I told you so' look. "But then you can take us."

"How are you so certain that she's going to help?"

I remembered her words but something wouldn't let me say them out so I shrugged. "It's just a feeling" I said, "And even if she doesn't then at least we tried; right?"

"She has a point," Logan said, "We need to exhaust all possible options."

"I don't trust witches," Greg said. "Not as far as I can throw them."

"Neither do I," Logan replied, "But what choice do we have?"

"Fine," Greg groaned, "If you're cool with it then we can leave tomorrow."

"Fine," Greg groaned, "If you're cool with it then we can leave tomorrow."

They shook on it and I made my way into the house while Logan went to drop Greg off.

I was making brownies when Logan came back and I sensed his presence the moment he stood by the kitchen door.

"They're almost done," I said when he didn't speak. "You can have them in like fifteen minutes."

"Charlotte," he said softly and I looked up at him, "I'm not going to apologize for not letting you see him but I will apologize if you felt like I was making decisions for you."

"What's the difference?"

"By not letting you see him I was protecting you; and I won't apologize for that."

"It doesn't matter," I shrugged, "I saw him and now we know what to do."

"Are you still mad?" he asked and I shook my head.

The sound of the timer saved me from the awkward silence and I quickly took the brownies out of the oven.

"You can have them in like ten minutes; after they've cooled down." I said, "I'm really tired so I'm going to go upstairs."

I left before he could say anything and locked the door behind me.

I woke up with a start and before I could help it tears started streaming down my face. My nightmares have gotten worse. This time I could feel his hands on me, I heard his voice as if I was in the same room with him and I tried to scream but his hands were over my mouth. I thought I was going to die.

I forced my legs to take me to the bathroom and I turned on the shower to scalding hot and sat under it and I knew I hadn't been there long when Logan found me because the water was still burning.

"Fvck," he cursed as he turned off the shower and picked me up, "What happened?"

"Nothing," I breathed softly.

"Don't fvcking lie to me," he growled out before taking a deep breath, "I need to get you out of these."

I was barely processing his words but I nodded anyways and he pulled my shirt off but like the perfect gentleman his eyes didn't stray. Instead he took off

the shirt he was wearing and pulled it over my head before proceeding to pull off my underwear shorts and underwear.

“Let’s get you back into bed,” he said and my eyes snapped up to his for the first time since he got here.

“I thought we were going somewhere.”

“Fvck that I’m staying here with you.” He said, “We can go another day.”

“But it’s important,” I began and he cut me off

“Not as important as you.”

He pulled me into him and draped the covers over both of us and I snuggled closer and rested my cheek against his warm chest while he ran his fingers through my hair.

“My hair is probably a tangled mess,” I said softly and he let out a small scoff.

“If it bothers you so much I can help you detangle it later.”

“Do you know how to do that?” I asked and he hummed.

“I grew up with Diana,” he explained, “She was always making me help with her hair.”

“Well thank the goddess for her.”

“What happened Charlotte?” I opened my mouth to reply but he cut me off, “Don’t lie to me please.”

I sighed deeply before speaking, “I had a nightmare about him,” I didn’t need to explain further he knew.

“How long have you been having them?” he asked and I shrugged.

“I can’t remember,” I said, “He’s just there and he’s following me and chasing me and today I could feel his hands on me and they felt so real. It didn’t feel like a dream.”

"You're just scared but I promise that he won't get to you," he said into my hair, "I will do everything in my power to keep you safe. He is never going to hurt you again."

"I want to see the witch today," I said and he turned to me, "Please; we need to get to the bottom of everything and the quicker we do that the better."

"Are you sure?" he asked and I nodded, "Alright then; it's still early so you can stay in bed for a while longer."

I turned to the clock beside me and it read 5 a.m. so I turned back to him.

"What time did you come in here?"

"A little after 4:30." he said, "Why?"

"No reason," I shrugged, "I can't fall asleep again so I'm going to make snacks for the trip; do you want to help?"

"Of course." He said with a smile and I quickly leaped off the bed.

"Let's go then,"

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Greg was munching on one of the pastries with his left hand while keeping the other one on the steering wheel.

"You're supposed to use both hands while driving," I muttered under my breath and he raised a brow at me through the mirror and deliberately took another bite.

"Would you like to take over?"

"If I die then my ghost is going to haunt you forever," I said with a pout.

"If you die then I'm dead as well so there's no haunting for you." He said and I rolled my eyes, "I've been driving for years Charlie calm down."

"How old are you anyways?" I asked and he scoffed.

"I find it insulting that you don't know how old I am."

“Are you going to tell me or not?”

“Is this how we’re going to spend the entire ride?” Logan cut in, “With both of you bickering like children?”

“Well I’m still a child,” I said with a shrug.

“You’re nineteen,” he deadpanned, “You’re not a child.”

“Yes she is,” Greg said with a small snicker, “Look how she’s sitting in the back all alone. All that’s left is a car seat.”

“I swear I’m going to kill you once this is over.” I growled.

“Stop,” Logan said and I stopped the spew of curses that were about to come out, “Both of you are acting like children,”

“No we aren’t,” we said at the same time and I turned to glare at Greg.

“I just want to know how old he is.” I said, “I already know his birthday is in March.”

“I’m ages older than you sweetheart,” Greg said with a wink and I rolled my eyes, “Your little brain wouldn’t be able to comprehend my age.”

“Stop teasing her Greg,” Logan said although I could see that he was fighting a smile, “He’s twenty four.”

“You’re younger than Logan,” I pointed out and he exhaled deeply.

“Don’t remind me please.”

“I knew I should have found my own way here,” Logan mumbled under his breath and Greg and I burst out laughing.

“You love us,” I sing songed.

“Unfortunately,” he mumbled.

The moment we drove into town my good mood had evaporated and I was left feeling nervous and worried.

“Relax Charlotte,” Logan said and I fought the urge to roll my eyes.

"I'm perfectly fine," I said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You're bouncing your feet," he said and I realized I was so I stopped, "And you've been picking at that nail for the past ten minutes."

I cursed softly and folded my hands neatly on my laps, "That doesn't mean anything," I said, "I'm perfectly fine."

"It's okay to be anxious sometimes," he said softly, "But everything is going to be fine,"

"What if she doesn't help us?" I blurted out suddenly.

"Then we keep looking," he said and let out a deep exhale.

"We're here," Greg said as he pulled the car to a stop and I took in the rundown buildings.

"I remember it now," I said, "But I thought it was a large expanse of land. How did I mix it up?"

"I'm not sure," Greg began, "But it can't possibly be magic."

"Screw you Greg," I said and he laughed.

Although he's an a.ss I couldn't help but be thankful for Greg and Logan. They both calmed me down the way they knew how.

I stepped out of the car and Logan intertwined his hand with mine.

"Are you ready for this?" he asked and I nodded, "Let's go talk to a witch."

We passed through that ripple of energy and her house came into view and we followed behind Greg as he walked up the porch and knocked on the door.

"I've been expecting you," I heard that familiar voice say but it didn't stop me from jumping in fright.

She was standing behind us just like the last time and she gave me a smile.

"By all means, go in." the door flew open and I looked at Logan who had an expressionless mask on his face and we stepped in.

The inside of the house was very different from the outside. For one, it had a stair case and it looked like it could fit five apartments in here.

"It's a simple charm," she said as if she could read my thoughts, "I like having a lot of space."

"Thank you for not kicking us out," I said softly and she just smiled.

Her violet eyes zoned in on Logan and I's intertwined hands and her smile grew a bit wider.

"This is very interesting," she said and I couldn't help but furrow my brows so she turned to Logan, "When do you plan to give up that secret or are you going to keep it to yourself forever?"

"I won't be revealing any secrets," was his curt reply so she turned to Greg.

"You know about it too," she clapped her hands in glee, "Well this just got a whole lot more interesting."

"What are we talking about?" I couldn't help but ask and her eyes turned back to me.

"You'll know in due time," she shrugged as she gestured for us to sit, "For once I can't see why you're here."

"We need your help with his beta," I said and both men shot me warning looks which I ignored, "There's something wrong with him and it's not normal."

"What makes you think I would help?"

"Because you told me so," I said and she raised a brow, "Just before I left the last time. You said it to me inside my head."

"You're a very different person from the girl who walked in here the last time," she said, "But you still don't know the things you should."

"I'm working on it."

"I'll help you," she said, "I will be at your pack an hour after you arrive. I have some things I need to take care of first."

"Thank you," I said softly and she gave me a small smile.

We were about to get up when I heard a sound like footsteps coming from the stairs and a little girl appeared.

“Mummy who are these?” she asked and my eyes shot to the witch whose features had softened considerably on seeing the girl.

“They’re friends,” she said softly, “Now go upstairs I’ll be right there.”

The little girl frowned but left anyways and she turned back to us.

“She’s beautiful,” I said and the worry on her face turned into a small smile.

“Thank you Charlotte,”

“Are we going to forget everything once we leave?” I asked and she thought about it for a second before shaking her head.

“I’m choosing to trust that none of you will let that little piece of information slip,” she said, “But if you do and any harm comes to my little girl then I will hunt you down and make you regret it for the rest of your life.”

Logan’s hand around mine tightened and he pulled me backwards so he was standing in front of me. The gesture didn’t go unnoticed by her and she let out a small chuckle.

“How have you not figured it out yet?” she asked me and I was about to ask what she was talking about when Logan cut in.

“I think we should go,” he said and just as he was about to drag me away I paused.

“I forgot to ask,” I said, “What’s the catch?”

“It’s the same as before,” she said and I finally understood why she needed an advocate for witches. She wants to protect her daughter, “You’re right, that is the reason.”

“Thank you,” I said again and this time I allowed Logan pull me away.