

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's Chapter 71

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 71

At first he didn't react, almost as if he was shocked that I was kissing him, then he groaned and deepened the kiss, slanting his lips over mine.

Excitement coursed through me, causing goose bumps to bud all over my body. It didn't matter that I had made the first move; Logan was always in charge and he was doing a good job of proving that to me.

The movie completely forgotten, he rolled on top of me and I automatically parted my legs, creating space for him to settle and he did, the ridge of his growing erection settling perfectly against my center. Right there.

"Is this what you wanted?" He asked, wrenching his lips away from mine to drag them down my neck, leaving a trail of fire in their wake.

I nodded my eyes at half-mast as I stared up at the ceiling, tilting my head to the side to expose more of my neck to his hot mouth.

"Your words Charlotte,"

The words were uttered on a tone filled with warning and my eyes quickly flew open to catch him looking at me, the heat in his intense grey eyes making my breath catch.

"Yes." I panted.

God, the man had barely even done anything to me and my composure was shattered into bits all over the place.

He returned his mouth to my neck, flicking his tongue against it and peppering it with soft kisses. In a flash, he flung the covers off us and cold hit me, but not for long because his body heat compensated for it.

I didn't know how, but all of a sudden, my clothes were off and I was lying there in front of him in just my underwear. I had the sudden urge to cover myself with my hands, mainly because I wasn't used to being so exposed, but when I felt the heat from his gaze as he stared at me, looking like he wanted to eat me whole, like I was the most precious thing on earth and he was so

grateful to have me, the urge died and I found myself wanting to show him more of me.

Without giving too much thought to it, I arched my back, drawing his molten gaze to my breasts. My nipples were chafing against my bra uncomfortably, begging for his attention.

Attention that he looked like he had absolutely every intention of giving.

"You're so beautiful," He complimented, "So fucking sexy."

My stomach swarmed with butterflies and I found myself wanting to touch him. And I did. I frowned when my fingers met the material of his shirt.

He was dressed. Why was he still dressed?

Before I could ask him, he leaned down and brushed his mouth directly on my nipple through the bra. I moaned, my hand shooting out to tangle in his rich mane of black hair as I held him against my breast.

I didn't know it was possible for a person to feel this way, but apparently, it was. This was Logan. Of course it was different with him.

His hand slipped under me and he deftly unhooked my bra, leaning back so that he could take it off. I expected his mouth to descend back on my breasts immediately my bra was off, but he surprised me by simply leaning back and staring.

I didn't just see him staring at me; I could also feel him. And that was so hot, I had to squeeze my legs together to soothe the emptiness I felt between my thighs.

Logan wasn't oblivious. He caught onto the movement and his eyes flared, a muscle working in his jaw.

When he spoke, his voice was like smoke; dark and intangible, drifting into my ears. "Tell me what you want."

It took a whole minute for my fried brain to process his words.

"I- What?"

"What do you want?" He repeated again, calmly.

To an outsider, he appeared calm and collected; unaffected, even. As if he wasn't wrecking havoc on my body.

But I knew him; knew that he wasn't as unaffected as he appeared. Knew that he was barely holding himself back from giving into his own needs with that incredible control he possessed.

And yet, I knew him well enough to know that he would stop if I didn't tell him what he wanted to know.

"I-I want your mouth."

His eyes flared and my cheeks flamed as I uttered the words. It took everything in me to not look away from his piercing gaze.

But apparently, he wasn't done with me.

"Where?" He asked with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Why did he want to make me say it?

"On my breasts," I said on an exhale and he fell on me so fast, I would have missed it had I not been staring at him.

His lips closed over the tip of my right breast, swirling his tongue around it and tugging on it with his teeth until I thought I was going to go mad. He moved to the other breast and lavished it with the same attention he had given to the first one.

I felt every tug and pull at my core and whenever he looked up at me, I clenched around air.

God, this was so different. So... not what I was used to.

He freed my nipples from his mouth, then plastered wet kisses on my body as he went down, down, and down until he was placing a kiss on my hipbone.

Only then did he stop.

He looked up at me. "Can I take them off?"

Two things happened simultaneously at his question. I felt an instant rush of arousal that caused wetness pooled in my center, and a feeling bloomed in my chest, spreading out until it felt like I was going to burst from it.

This man, this big beautiful magnificent man was asking permission before he took off my p*nties.

My feelings for him deepened exponentially in that moment.

I nodded, then said, "Yes." when I remembered that it was my words that he needed.

He hooked his fingers into both sides of my p8nties and then placed a k!ss just above my cl!t through the material, before rolling it down my legs.

I should have been shy, but I wasn't. Instead, I spread my legs wantonly, lifting my h!ps in barely controlled excitement.

I knew what he intended just from the way he was looking at me and I needed his mouth there and fast before I combusted ungracefully on his bed.

His eyes jumped from the flesh between my legs to my eyes, then back down. "You're so pink here." He hummed, "So pretty, I want to taste you so bad."

I m0aned, my eyes falling shut and my hands flying to my bre-asts to cup and squeeze them, as if that would alleviate the ache in my core.

"You want me to, don't you?"

"Yes." I whimpered; need riding me so hard that I wasn't even ashamed anymore.

I just wanted him. Period.

"Tell me."

Screw it.

"I want you to eat me out."

He grinned wolfishly, then lunged down and gripped my th!ghs in his hands, hooking my legs over his shoulders.

Then he proceeded to eat me out.

Literally.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 72

I had to physically push Logan away. He had given me an Orgasm with his mouth and even as I thought that I would not be able to have another one, he set in and pushed me over the brink again.

As if that wasn't enough, he kept lapping at me, his eyes closed in bliss as if he had found his new favorite flavor.

He actually enjoyed it—was enjoying it. Going down on me, I mean. And he'd done it simply because he wanted to, because he wanted to make me feel good.

I didn't know what to make of that. Did men like him actually exist? Or had I conjured him up from my thoughts?

As I stared at his Greek-like body as he lifted himself off me, coming to his knees, at his smooth tan skin glistening in the low light from the TV, at his glossy black hair and his sculpture-worthy face, I believed he was. Maybe I had conjured him out of my thoughts, because it wasn't possible that a man like this was real and that he was mine.

But he was mine. And I wanted him. I wanted to touch him. Feel him. I needed to touch him. I needed to confirm he was flesh and blood.

I was breathing heavily and my legs felt like jelly, so I didn't know where I found the energy to lift myself off the bed to a sitting position.

Slowly, hesitantly, I shoved my hand under his shirt, feeling across the indentations on his abdomen before dragging my hands up to his chest, running my fingers along the packed muscles.

He hissed in a breath, releasing it on a gr0an when my pinkie finger grazed his right n!pple. Holding his gaze, I did it again and he gr0aned, stealing my !!ps in a k!ss.

He whipped his shirt over his head, baring his upper body to me. Words couldn't explain what the sight of his body did to me. Logan was big; big and hard everywhere. My eyes dropped to the tent in his jeans.

Definitely everywhere,

As if my gaze there reminded him that he was still wearing jeans, he undid the button, rolling down the zipper and shoving the jeans down his legs, sitting to drag them off his legs before turning to face me, grey eyes ablaze.

He knelt in front of me, his muscles rippling with the movement and I watched, fascinated.

Unable to help myself, my eyes dropped to the straining bit of him; the hard flesh between his legs that jerked before her very eyes, bobbing up to touch his belly button.

That was so hot.

"You're looking at it." Logan's voice was gruff. "Do you want to touch it?"

My cheeks became hot. I nodded. "Can I?"

"Yes." Then he groaned, "Fuck, yes. Touch it. Wrap your hands around it."

I didn't need to be told twice. Tentatively, I wrapped my hand around him, surprised to feel the smooth yet rough skin of him. The roughness, I realized, was because of the long hard veins that ran along his length.

I worked him up and down, adding my other hand because I couldn't cover the girth with just one hand.

"Yes, just like that." Logan said, the words coming out on a ragged exhale, his eyes drifting closed. "Good girl."

The praise sent a rush of heat to my center and I whimpered, grinding down on the bed slowly.

His eyes flared open when he felt the tip of my tongue touching his dick and he leaned hips backward and away from my mouth.

"I want it in my mouth." I protested and a muscle popped in his jaw, telling me how tightly he was keeping himself in control.

“Later.” He told me, pushing me back on the bed and settling between my thighs. “Now, I want to fvck you.”

My heart stopped, and then started back up with a vengeance, the words turning me on more than I thought words ever could.

But also, I was a little bit hesitant.

“Can I?” He asked grey eyes intense and earnest; so incredibly patient with me.

Shoving my fear aside, I said, “Just take it a bit slow.”

His eyes narrowed at that, but before he could say anything, I kissed him, lifting my hips to rub against his dick. He groaned, immediately lining himself up at my entrance. But before he shoved in, he pulled away, holding my gaze then he entered me slowly.

My lips parted at the sheer size of him when the head finally entered. But then he brought his hand between us just above where we were joined and started playing with my clit. The slight pain ebbed, turning into a slight feeling of fullness and then slowly, very slowly, he pushed in and he was finally in me; completely, so deep.

I moaned when he flicked my clit and then he dove in, swallowing my sounds in a kiss as he started to move.

It wasn't wild. It was slow, deep and so good my eyes rolled back in my head.

He changed the angle, picking one of my legs and hooking it over his hip and with his second hand, he lifted my ass up off the bed.

He was so deep this way, touching parts of my insides that I didn't know existed. He rolled his hips and hit a certain spot that had me gasping, my head rolling to the side and my mouth falling open.

He did it again and again and again, never not watching me as he moved. The intensity of our lovemaking and his skillfulness had me hurtling towards the edge again.

Three Orgasms in one night?

“Look at me.” He said, and I did. He stared into my eyes as he hit that spot inside me and that finally pushed me over the edge, my eyes squeezing shut.

He groaned as my walls spasmed around him and a minute later, he followed, groaning my name as he climaxed.

He kissed me before rolling off me, his hands at his side and his eyes on the ceiling. His forehead was sweaty from exertion, his hair sticking to it messily.

It was so sexy.

When we had both finally caught our breaths, he turned to me, “Are you good?”

I nodded, a smile on my face. I was pretty staring at him with my heart in my eyes, but I didn’t care.

He pulled me into him, placing my head on his chest as he stared up at the ceiling, running his hand softly through my hair. I could almost purr.

I listened to the steady beat of his hand, so thrown. Who knew sex could be like this?

As if he had somehow read my mind, Logan asked, “Before when you asked me to go slow, you looked a little pensive.”

I decided to tell him the truth. “Jake- Hunter was a bit... rough.” It’s still weird knowing that all those things happened with Hunter and not Jake. “He would have sex with me even when I didn’t want to.”

He tensed, his eyes darkening with anger. “That’s not sex, Charlotte. That’s rape.”

I knew that he was going to be pissed. That was why I didn’t want to tell him. I didn’t want to ruin such a perfect night.

“I don’t want to talk about him, Logan. Please.”

Eventually, he relaxed and he went back to stroking my hair. I placed my hand on his chest, content to just lie there with him.

“Was I too rough?” He asked me after a while and I shook my head.

“Are you sore?”

“A bit.” I answered honestly, “But I expected that since it’s been a while.”

I felt his nod even though I didn’t look up at him. He pulled the sheets over us and I let the sound of his heartbeat pull me into sleep.

Just before I drifted into sleep, I heard him say something, but the words were too low for me to piece them together.

Sated and as happy as I could ever be, I slept.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 73

There was a warmth cocooning me when I stirred from my sleep and I couldn’t help but nuzzle closer to it when I heard a hoarse groan.

I breathed in Logan’s woodsy scent while his hand ran across the length of my arm before settling on my hip.

I forced my eyes open and the moment I did it hit me like a ton of bricks. I took in his features and tried to tell myself I was wrong.

His eyes were closed in a blissful sleep and I was half lying on his chest so one of his hands rested against my back while the other lay on my hip. His chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm indicating that he was still asleep and his hair stood up in a crazed manner from where I had tugged on it.

Mate,

That bond between us surged to life and I squirmed in disbelief. He already has a mate; he told me so and I know he wouldn’t lie about that and as far as I know, you can’t have two mates. So what is going on?

“I can hear your heart racing,” Logan’s sleep ridden voice cut in and I peered up at him, “You are going to give yourself a heart attack,”

“I am not,” I answered and he peeled his eyes open to stare at me and I gave him a small smile.

“Then go back to sleep,” he whispered as he pulled me impossibly closer and my very naked thigh brushed across his very hard member which made him inhale sharply, “Sleep Charlotte,”

He didn't give me the chance to respond, he moved his hand that was resting on my hip to trace small circles on my thigh and the other hand that I was lying on ran through my curls in a comforting manner.

"That feels really good," I managed out with a small yawn.

"I know baby," I felt the ghost of a kiss on my forehead.

When I woke up he was out of bed and I sat up slowly because of the slight ache between my thighs.

I was about to slide out of bed when the bedroom door creaked open and Logan walked in. He was wearing only briefs and I couldn't stop my mouth from watering at the sight of his bare chest.

"Take a picture; it'll last longer," he teased as he walked over to me, "Good morning,"

"Good morning," I managed to get out as he placed a soft kiss on my lips, "When did you get up?"

"Half an hour ago; give or take a few minutes," he made his way to the bathroom and I heard him turn the tap on, "What about you?"

"I just woke up,"

He came back into the room and held out his hand to me which I gladly took and he picked me up bridal style and lowered me into the tub of hot water and I winced at the contact.

I smiled when I noticed the bubbles swimming around in the tub.

"When did you get bubble bath?"

"About a week back," he shrugged, "You told me you liked them so I got it; I just never got around to giving it to you."

Tears pooled in my eyes at his words.

"You got it because of me?" I couldn't help but ask and he let out a sigh.

"I would do anything for you," he said softly, "I need you to remember that."

“Okay,” I sniffled but then I paused when I saw him pick up the body wash, “What are you doing?”

“I’m giving you a bath,”

“I can do it myself,” I reached for the sponge but he held it out of my reach.

“It’s called after care,” he added softly, “Just let me take care of you.”

I let out a small sigh and a nod and allowed him wash my entire body. He took his time not only washing but also massaging my skin and his hands lingered on my breasts and the inside of my thighs and I was a quivering mess by the time he was done.

He wasn’t unaffected either; I could see the way his eyes had darkened considerably but he never strayed from his task.

When he was done lathering me up, he unplugged the bath then lifted me in his arms and took me over to the shower.

“You’re going to get your whole body wet,” I complained

“I’ll just take a shower after.”

“Why don’t you shower with me,” surprise crossed his features at my words, “I mean we’re just saving time and water; it’s good for the environment.”

I had barely finished my sentence when he slammed his lips to mine in a fierce kiss. By the time he pulled away I was dizzy and out of breath.

“I’ll take that as a yes then,” I joked and he shook his head at me before deftly pulling off his briefs and I had to stop myself from staring at him down there.

He moved to grab his wash cloth but I stopped him, “Can I?”

He looked taken aback but nodded anyways and I grabbed it along with his body wash and made quick work of washing his torso.

With every move of my hand I felt his muscles tense up beneath me and he took in a sharp breath when I fell to my knees to wash his thighs.

“What are you doing?” he growled out,

"I'm washing you," I answered coyly, "Get your mind out of the gutter."

I washed his legs but decided to forgo the wash cloth in favor of my hand on his member and he pulled me to my feet and into another hard k!ss.

We spent about an hour in the shower and it is safe to say that very little of that time was spent actually showering.

He dried me off and pulled one of his plain tees over my head and I couldn't help but take a discreet sniff of it.

"You look hot in my clothes," he noted and I couldn't help the flush of red that creeped up my cheeks, "You can pick a movie; I'll be right back,"

"Okay," I trailed off confused but I did as he asked.

I had just settled on a fantasy series when Logan walked back in with a tray in his hands and my stomach grumbled as if reminding me it hadn't been fed.

"I could've helped," I started but he cut me off with a look.

"I am going to take care of you today," he said, "And you are going to let me."

"But-,"

"No buts," he cut me off, "Just take one day off worrying about everyone and let someone else worry about you."

"What time is it?" I asked and he shrugged.

"A few minutes after ten,"

"We slept in," I noted and he nodded and sat next to me and I noticed the contents of the tray, "You really don't have to though," I began but he shot me a hard look.

"If you say that one more time I will take you over my knee,"

I opened my mouth to protest but when I saw the look in his eye I shut it immediately and nodded.

"Good," he placed the tray in his lap, "Eat."

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 74

We spent the entire day lazying around and making love on every surface in the house. It kind of s.ucked when the next day came around and I had to go to the pack house.

Logan already warned me that everyone would be able to smell him on me and vice-versa but I couldn't bring myself to worry.

No sooner than we arrived at the pack house, Diana came out to meet us.

"Hey you two," she said with a wiggle of her brows, "We missed you around here yesterday."

"Don't even think about it," Logan warned and she let out a loud sigh.

"Whatever," she mumbled before turning to me, "Have you seen your new office?"

"New office?" I asked in confusion and Logan gr0aned.

"Honestly I don't know why I bother to tell you anything," he said to Diana then turned to me, "I'll explain on the way."

I turned to Diana in confusion and she gave me a thumb up before rushing off.

"You're always helping me with the paperwork and I thought it would be good if you had an office where you could do it," he explained.

"I don't mind doing it with you," I admitted

"I don't either but if you're sitting opposite me all day looking and smelling as good as you do right now then we are probably not going to get any work done," he whispered and my breath hitched.

"I-," I coughed slightly, "I guess an office isn't the worst idea."

He led me to the office and my breath caught in my throat. It was an exact replica of his; simple, plain and just the right amount of warmth and professional.

"It's beautiful," I said softly and he pulled me in for a long and passionate k!ss.

"I'm glad you like it," he said with a dimpled smile, "When you're not doing anything you can still go check up on the kids; I know how much you love them."

"Thank you Logan," he gave me a shorter k!ss and left the office.

I let out a content sigh and started with the files on the table.

It was around 1 in the afternoon when my door creaked open and Diana rushed in.

"I see you finally tapped that," she said while wiggling her brows.

"Oh my goddess," I rolled my eyes, "You are absolutely embarrassing."

"Don't give me that look; tell me everything."

"There's nothing to tell," I shrugged, "We just had s3x,"

"Come on; give me some details," she urged, "Was it good? How many times? And is he big?"

"Oh no," I buried my face in my hands, "I am not having this conversation with you."

"Fine, I'll let it drop," she said and I let out a relieved sigh, "I'm happy that you're finally doing what you want to. I was so excited when I realized you guys had done it; I rushed to tell Greg."

"So that's where you ran off to after spilling the details of my office,"

"What?" she looked confused for a second before nodding, "Yeah; right of course."

"Are you okay?" I asked and she nodded.

"Of course; why wouldn't I be?" she brushed off my concern, "Besides we are talking about you."

"Do you think Jake knows?"

"Yes and believe me when I say he is happier than all of us combined," she smiled, "So, is there anything you can tell me?"

I shook my head and I saw her face fall slightly before the same thought that has been plaguing me since yesterday rushed back to me.

"I do have a question though," I said slowly and her eyes snapped to mine, "It might sound stupid but just remember that I wasn't really taught much about us,"

"No problem; shoot,"

"Can a person have two mates?" she looked taken aback by my question.

"Well no; unless their first mate is dead," from everything I've picked up Logan's mate is not dead, "Or they are rejected."

"So if your mate dies or rejects you then you can get another one; right?"

"Yes; if you accept the rejection," she turned to me, "Why all the questions about mates?"

"I know it sounds really crazy and farfetched but I think Logan is my mate,"

I expected to see surprise or something close to it flash across her face but there was nothing; that was when it dawned on me.

"You knew," those two words broke the tension.

"I am so sorry," she began

"How long did you know?"

"I pieced it together while you were still with Jake," she admitted, "We wanted to tell you-,"

"We," I cut in and she swallowed, "Who is we?"

"Greg, Samantha, Jake and I." she said then she added under her breath, "Most of the pack members too if I'm not mistaken."

"But then you all said he had a mate,"

"Which he does; you," she sighed, "We didn't exactly lie when we said she wouldn't mind you two being together."

“So you all knew and you left me in the dark,” I stated, “You all held this secret and allowed me look like a complete fool for the past few months.”

“I wanted to tell you,” I scoffed, “I really did- I actually tried to tell you but Logan put us all under an Alpha command; I physically couldn’t tell you.”

“So this was his plan all along,” I realized as I placed my head in my hands, “All this time I thought- I can’t believe it,”

“Charlie I am so sorry,” she said softly, “I swear that I did want to tell you but I just couldn’t do it.”

I let the fact that Logan is my mate sink in and that everyone knew for months and didn’t think to tell me.

“Charlie-,” she was cut off by the door opening and Jake poked his head in before freezing at Diana’s tear filled eyes.

“Should I go get Greg?” he began but I cut him off.

“When did you figure it out?” I asked and he looked caught off guard before he schooled his expression.

“The day I woke up,” he said in a simple tone, “I’m sure if I was conscious long enough I would have figured it out earlier.”

“Do you know when Greg figured it out?” I asked Diana and she nodded.

“He told me about it the day of your induction into the pack,” she said, “So I assume he found out while you were there.”

“We didn’t lie to you Charlie,” Jake cut in, “We didn’t tell you but you never asked and if you did then we couldn’t tell you because we were bound by a command.”

I let out a humorless laugh.

“I don’t know exactly how you feel and I’m not going to give you a reason as to why Logan issued that command; it is between you and him,” Jake gauged my reaction before continuing, “But I’m sorry that we couldn’t tell you and I’m sorry if we broke your trust. You just have to understand that we had no other choice.”

Without another word he left the office.

"He's right Charlie," Diana said softly, "We really are sorry."

"Greg isn't," I deadpanned and she let out a small laugh.

"You're right; he probably wouldn't be sorry," she sighed, "But I really am sorry."

"It's fine Diana; you had no choice."

"What's going to happen now?"

"I'm going to have a talk with Logan at the end of the day,"

"And," she pressed and I shrugged.

"Let's see how the conversation goes; then we'll figure out the ends,"

She nodded then pushed to her feet, "Charlie," she began and I turned to her, "Just try to hear him out before you crucify him."

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 75

I think Diana or Jake told Logan I had found out because he gave me my space the entire day. During lunch he had someone bring me something but he stayed in his office.

When I went to the daycare to spend some time with the babies I saw one of his men following me but not him.

Greg met me in the daycare and I made it known that I was ignoring him.

"If you're expecting an apology, then you're not going to get it," he deadpanned after about five minutes.

"Can you spend five minutes without being an a.ss?" I asked and he pretended to think about it for a second.

"No," he said finally and I gr0aned, "Listen kid, it was not our place to tell you and I'm not going to apologize for not telling you something that you should have figured out yourself or your mate should have told you."

"You could have given me a hint or something,"

"I think the fact that everyone was all but physically pushing you to be with each other should have been the number one sign," he said simply, "Add in the extra flair of over protectiveness and the fact that he was putting his pack at risk for you. It was like a glowing sign in front of your face and you didn't see it."

"You are not helping matters,"

"I am not here to help matters," he gave me a bored look, "I'm just saying what you're too stubborn to think and I'm telling you that Diana and Jake couldn't tell you because of the Alpha command and I didn't tell you because it was not my place."

"I hate you,"

"You think you hate me because you're upset that I didn't tell you and that's fine," he sighed, "But when you think about it with a calm head you will be grateful that nobody told you and that you figured it out yourself."

"You're wrong,"

"No I'm not and that's what's upsetting you the most," as always he hit the nail on the head, "If we had told you then you would have felt forced into the bond and not how you feel right now."

I refused to speak and he gave me a sad smile.

"I know you feel lied to but believe me we did it all for your good," he ruffled my hair slightly and left the daycare.

I wish he left with his words but they had already made their impact and I spent the rest of the day thinking over what he had said.

During the drive home I stayed quiet and Logan glanced at me occasionally through the corner of his eyes.

"Thank you," I mumbled as I got out of the car.

"Charlotte, wait," he said but I refused to wait.

He caught up with me just as I had pulled the door to the house open.

“What is it Logan?” I asked as I settled on the couch with my ankles crossed.

“Aren’t you going to try to talk it out?”

“Talk what out?” I asked with a challenging brow, “I don’t think we have anything to talk about.”

“Charlotte don’t be like this,”

“Be like what Logan?” I crossed my arms. “I don’t understand why you’re so scared to say the words.”

“I am not scared to call you my mate Charlotte,” I rolled my eyes, “I understand that you’re upset.”

“No you don’t,” I cut in, “You lied to me; all of you.”

“We didn’t-,”

“Lying by omission is still lying,” I deadpanned, “You knew all this time and you didn’t tell me; you let me look like a fool instead of just manning up and telling me.”

“At least hear me out,” he said softly, “You have had so many men in your life telling you what you are and I wanted you to want me for yourself and not because of a mating bond.”

“And if I didn’t?” I asked, “If I didn’t end up loving you, what would you have done?”

“I would have let you go,” I searched his eyes but they held nothing but sincerity.

“When did you figure it out?” I asked finally.

“The first day we met,” he admitted and I raised a brow.

“You mean the day you treated me like utter sh!t?”

“No; we met before that,” he chuckled softly, “We met during your engagement party; well I didn’t know it was yours at the time. You bumped into me and then your stepmother called you away.”

"You- how," I began but then awareness caught up to me, "You were the stranger in the dark," he nodded, "How did you and everyone else figure it out but I didn't."

"My guess is because your father didn't let you train your werewolf side. It's practically dormant and that made it impossible for you to know who I was."

We sat in silence for a while before I sighed, "I'm still upset with you," I looked up at him, "I understand why you did what you did but I still don't appreciate being lied to."

"What can I do to make it up to you?"

"At this point; just don't lie to me again."

"Done," he said almost immediately, "If we're doing that then I have to let you know that there needs to be a Luna ceremony."

"A what?"

"Unofficially, you're the Luna of this pack and there has to be a ceremony but there has to be a ceremony to let the rest of the pack know," he gauged my reaction before continuing, "You don't need to have it now, you can take your time but it has to be held at some point."

"How long were you going to stay without telling me this?"

"I actually planned to tell you today,"

"How would you have explained that without me knowing that we were mates?"

"I was going to tell you that as well but apparently Diana beat me to it," he shook his head, "I won't apologize for stopping them from telling you; I wanted to tell you myself. But I am sorry for lying to you."

"Thank you for apologizing," I said finally, "And we can have the ceremony as soon as possible. With Hunter on our backs I don't want to leave anything to chance."

He pursed his lips but nodded anyway, "Diana will help you with the planning. It's tradition for you to plan your ceremony."

I stood up to leave but he stopped me.

"There is one more thing you should know," he said, "My parents will be there."

"Your parents?" I asked in confusion and he nodded, "How come I haven't seen them till now?"

"They moved to Europe shortly after I took over as Alpha," he said, "They wanted to come back when I told them about you, but-,"

"But they would have let slip that we were mates,"

"Exactly," he sighed, "But they will be here for the ceremony."

"Do I need to be scared?"

"No, they'll love you," he smiled, "They already do."

"You've put a lot of thought into this," I said finally, "I'll make something work; but you are not off the hook yet."

"What can I do to make you forgive me?"

"I expect a lot of groveling," I said with a challenging tone.

I pushed to my feet and made my way to the room but before I left I caught a glimpse of Logan's expression.

It was a simple expression but one that meant he would do everything to pass that challenge I just laid in front of him.