

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 86

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

Pain, anger and shame; those are the only feelings I can pinpoint from the whirlwind of emotions swirling inside me.

Logan- he must be so disgusted by what he saw. I just let him- I should have fought harder. I should never have let him-

Just the thought of what he did was enough to bring tears to my eyes. I thought I had everything under control but Hunter is worse than I thought.

I did everything possible to ignore the throbbing pain in my centre as well as the horrible bloody mixture lying between my thighs- he didn't even clean up after himself.

The cell door creaked open and my spine went ramrod straight. I saw a guard walk in with a tray of food and I relaxed slightly but the tension came back when I felt his eyes on me.

I tried to find him but he was hidden beneath the shadows.

The guard put the food in front of me but I refused to even glance it. There is no way I will be eating his junk after- just after. Instead I curled my legs towards my chest and buried my face in between my legs.

He took the chains off my legs after he left yesterday. My ankles are burnt and the skin around them is chaffed from my struggle- same with my hands but I don't think he is taking these off anytime soon.

"You still haven't learnt; have you?" he asked as he made his way into the light. I found myself flinching at his presence, "I didn't bring food down here for you to ignore it."

"Then don't bring it." I recoiled when I realized what I said.

“You’re scared of me,” he laughed at his own discovery, “If I knew it was that easy then I would have fvcked you on the first day.” I made sure to gather all the hate I could into my stare, “Eat before I make you.”

I hate that I’m listening to him but I don’t have a choice. I pulled the plate towards me and gagged. A piece of stale bread lay there with a piece of meat that was so bloody I sincerely doubt it was cooked at all.

“Eat,” he told me and I put a piece of the bread in my mouth.

It was so hard and had a weird taste but I forced myself to swallow it down but I left the bloody meat untouched.

“Eat it all.” He pronounced each word extra slowly. I still didn’t move and he grasped my ankle in a bruising grip; digging his nails into the chaffed skin, “Now.”

I mustered all my hatred into my eyes as I put a small piece into my mouth. Bile rushed to my throat but I forced it back and kept chewing. I was halfway done when everything clambered back out and I threw up all over his shoes.

“I seem to have a habit of throwing up on you.” I said with a small smile; my head feels very woozy and I don’t seem to have a filter anymore.

He glanced at me before kicking me so hard in the nose that I felt blood drizzle down my chin. I rushed to cup my nose but the blood kept on dripping.

He lifted my chin so I would stare at him and smirked when he saw my broken nose. He held my chin in one bruising hand and snapped my broken nose back into place so quickly that I didn’t see it coming.

The pain blinded me for a second. I screamed and threw up all over him again.

I heard him bark out an order but I didn’t have the patience to figure it out. Turns out I wouldn’t need to because one of the guards returned with a silver wh!p.

I was flat on my stomach, numb from the pain when I felt him grab my h!ps in one hand. I could only manage a weak no; my body was far too spent and I’m sure there was something in the bread because my mind is fuzzy.

He didn't listen to me and I blacked out when he entered with one stroke.

HUNTER'S P.O.V

I would love to say that when I fvck her it's for revenge against that puny excuse of an Alpha she calls her mate but it's mostly for me.

Her struggles and her tears make me hard and just like that I'm hard again.

"Alpha," I let out a warning growl to the person who called my name and my Beta walked into the light, "Logan is getting close to finding us; saw some of his scouts snooping close to the border."

"Then kill them; I don't have the time for things like this. You can handle it." I was enjoying watching Charlotte's sleeping form way too much.

"If we kill them without provocation then it's an act of war."

"You stupid child," I forced my feet out of the cell, "it was an act of war the moment he hoarded her in the castle."

"The council won't see it like that." He began in a wavering tone, "She is his mate after all."

"Then the council can go to hell for all I care," I shrugged then I stood directly in front of him, "And if you ever repeat the word 'mate' in front of me again I will have your head as an ornament for my work table."

"Is she worth it?"

"Hell no," I chuckled humorlessly, "It's not about whether she's worth it or not; it's about the fact that I want her and the only way someone else will have her is if they pry her from my cold, dead hands."

He opened his mouth to speak but closed it and nodded. He's learning quickly. He has only been my Beta for a month; the last one- well he met an unfortunate end.

"Have someone clean up her back; I can't risk her getting an infection before our mating ceremony," he frowned but nodded, "And get in touch with her; I need her to break that stupid mating bond between them."

"She said that Charlotte has to want to break it."

I gripped his throat tightly, “She is your Luna and you will treat her with that respect in front of me.” I growled, “You can call her a slvt or a wh0re when I’m not there but when I am; you will call her by the appropriate t!tle. Am I understood?”

He nodded and clawed at his throat which I reluctantly released.

He gulped air down greedily and I scoffed at how pathetic he sounded and looked.

“And yes; she did say that Charlotte needs to be willing,” I began, “But tell her that we’re running out of time and I want that bond broken within the week or there will be hell to pay.”

“She doesn’t do well with threats.”

“I don’t care what she does or doesn’t do well to,” I warned him, “When I give you an order you carry it out. Damn anyone else and their feelings. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir; perfectly understood.”

“Now get out of my face,” he rushed out of the cell without a second thought and I locked the cell door behind me.

I cast one last look at Charlotte and smiled.

‘She will soon be yours,’ I’ve quickly grown accustomed to hearing this voice in my head and I couldn’t help my smile.

Yes she will. The quicker the bond is broken; the quicker I can make it a reality.

Soon my dear Charlotte; it will happen soon.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 87

LOGAN’S P.O.V

Anger

Pain

Disappointment

Murder

These feelings have been my constant companions for a while. I can barely remember what it feels like when I didn't have these emotions filling up my every thought.

Once in a while I find myself feeling serene and that's when I burn out and fall asleep. Then, I have a little peace when I dream about Charlotte and I.

When I wake up, the emotions come back in full force. I haven't slept in almost 36 hours. Fatigue is a lot better than realizing that she isn't in my arms and succumbing to the crippling disappointment.

Every night by 8 p.m I get a new video from Hunter. Some are already pre recorded and some are live. On some days, he sends me two videos but no day has gone by without me receiving at least one.

It has been exactly 14 days since I received the first one and I can't seem to stop myself from watching them. Jake and Greg don't know about them obviously, I told them Hunter hadn't contacted me but the truth is; I don't want them to see how incapable I am.

What kind of man lets his mate get kidnapped from right under his nose and still can't find her almost three weeks later? Every second I watch those videos despair claws at my throat and helplessness fills me up.

I still haven't stepped foot in the house, I promised myself I wouldn't go in unless Charlotte is with me.

The door to my office creaked open and I didn't need to look up to know it was Greg. He is the only one who doesn't treat me like a ticking time bomb. He situated himself on the chair opposite me but I didn't lift my head from the map I was scouring.

"I actually liked that vase," he began gesturing to the vase I broke in a fit of rage, "I think Charlie did too. She'll be pissed to see that you broke it."

"What do you want Greg?" I finally lifted my head, "You come in here every day and talk to me about her. Have you not considered that I already feel bad enough without you reminding me that she isn't here."

“I’m not trying to remind you that she isn’t here; I’m trying to give you a little motivation.”

“I have enough motivation from those videos. I have watched them over and over again just to feel a fraction of what she is going through.”

“Perhaps motivation was the wrong word. I don’t want you to lose yourself while trying to get her back. She wouldn’t want that either.”

“She can tell me that herself after I get her back.”

“Can I see the map?” he asked and I shrugged, “I haven’t been there in over ten years but I’m sure a lot of things haven’t changed.”

I took a step back. It isn’t a bad idea to have a fresh set of eyes look over it. I’ve been looking at it for almost three weeks and I haven’t gotten any closer to finding her.

“I know she isn’t in his pack, that would be stupid but she has to be close enough that he can go to see her and go back to the pack all within a few hours.” I said, “I’ve narrowed it down to three areas; the swamp, the human town not too far and the woods.”

“I’ve had people scouring those areas for almost a week but there’s nothing there.” I could feel my frustration building up and I clamped down hard on it, I can’t afford to lose it right now, “I’m running out of options.”

“What about these cliffs a few miles after the pack?” Greg asked and I looked at where he was pointing.

“Those cliffs are practically death sentences,” I told him, “And I did have people scout the area, they didn’t find anyone there.”

“Did you check murder valley?”

“What’s that?”

“It’s not too far from the cliffs actually; it’s where Hunter used to get rid of people quietly. They would go for a little trip towards the cliffs but they would never get there.”

“It’s not on the map.”

“Of course it’s not on the map,” Greg muttered almost to himself, “I don’t know why I didn’t think about it earlier.”

He grabbed a red marker and highlighted the area for me.

“I think that’s our best bet for where he’s keeping Charlotte,” he said, “It’s close enough to his pack that he can slip in and out but it’s also far enough that no one would dare wander. Last I remembered, he had a cabin there.”

“How do you know all this?” I asked, “And why didn’t you say any of it since?”

“Where do you think he tried to get rid of me?” Greg’s smile was humorless, “He said we were going on a father-son hunting trip and took me to the cabin. There, he had ordered someone to get rid of me.”

“And as for why I didn’t say anything; it’s because I didn’t remember. You’d be surprised at how many things the brain blocks out to avoid pain.”

I cleared my throat, “I’ll send people to scout the area.”

“Don’t,” he cut in, “He probably has eyes on you at every moment and if he thinks you’re getting close to finding her then he might take her away.”

“So do you suggest I leave her there?”

“I know someone,” he gritted the words out, “She helped me get out and her husband has ties to Hunter. She’ll help me find out.”

“If her husband has ties to him then what makes you think she would be willing to help us.”

“She was the one who got Charlotte out in the first place.” He said, “Her name is Aubrey and she was the daughter of the Dark Fangs Alpha; she got married to the Alpha of Strix.”

“Fine,” I forced myself to say, “How soon can she find out?”

“She’ll get you an answer by tomorrow evening.” That’s two videos away. He stood to his feet and made his way to the door but paused with his hand on the knob. “We’ll get her back.”

“I know; thank you.”

“You need to sleep Logan; you’re not a machine.”

“She needs me.”

“You can’t save her if you can barely stand,” he said, “You smell like a sewer and you look like you haven’t had a decent meal in two days.”

He’s almost right- it’s three days.

“When I find her I’ll sleep.”

“When you find her you’re going to run head first into a rescue.” I kept my face blank, “At least eat something.”

“Fine; I’ll get something later.”

“I already got something; it should be here in ten minutes.”

“Thank you.”

He tipped his head lightly and walked out.

The meal arrived in exactly ten minutes and I was able to get half of it down.

Anger

Pain

Disappointment

Murder

And now a new feeling was bubbling in my chest; one so fragile but stronger than all the others.

HOPE and drowsiness- why am I drowsy?

Just before everything went black it hit me- Greg fucking drugged me.

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 88

LOGAN’S P.O.V

I was out for a day- a whole day. I will strangle Greg slowly and surely when I see him.

The door to my office opened. Speak of the devil- he waltzed right in with Jake at his heels looking completely at ease as if he didn't just drug me twenty four hours ago.

"You drugged me," I said simply and he shrugged, "Why? I could have spent the last hours searching for her and I could have found something."

"Don't blame me; it was his idea." He jerked his thumb at Jake, "But I completely supported it so I guess I am at fault."

"This isn't a joke," I slammed my fist against my desk and I heard a crack, "What if I missed something important in the last twenty four hours that could have been crucial in finding her?"

"I'm sorry," he said softly, "I should not have drugged you, I realize that."

I ran my hand through my hair in frustration, "Why are you here?"

"Aubrey got back to me five minutes ago," he took a seat, "Hunter has been sighted going towards murder valley every day for the past three weeks. No one accompanies him except a few choice guards and his new Beta."

"What happened to the old one?" it was Jake who asked

"They had a falling out and Hunter took his head as a prize." He turned back to me, "Aubrey tells me that she is 90 percent sure that Charlotte is there. She has her sources and although she won't tell me who they are- I trust her."

The little kernel of hope bloomed in my chest but a part of me still felt skeptical. It feels too easy- like a dream.

"Her pack is near Hunter's; she's willing to convince her husband to fight on your side if need be," Greg continued, "But only on one condition."

"What is it?"

"She wants to talk to you first."

CHARLOTTE'S P.O.V

I don't know how long I've been here. Days have blended together and I can't even tell day from night. It was easier before the window was sealed up but ever since the day I woke up and saw it sealed shut everything has blended together.

At first I tried to count the hours but then I would wake up and not know how many hours have passed. It drove me up the wall so I gave up.

Now that I think about it- I'm almost always asleep. I think he drugs the food but I can't refuse it or he'll just shove it down my throat anyways.

A few hours ago (I think) Hunter took off the silver manacles. He said it was because I've been exceptionally well behaved, I think it's because I haven't spoken a word since he barricaded the window.

He likes the quiet me- he thinks I'm warming up to the idea of being his bride. I'm just doing it so he doesn't- so he doesn't.

The door creaked open but I didn't rise from my spot on the floor. He's usually nicer if he thinks he woke me up.

He ran a hand down the length of my arm and I forced back a shiver as I pulled my body into a seating position.

"Come now pet," he smiled, "Today is going to be a good day for us; we have a guest."

I looked down at what I was wearing, the same tattered black top complete with vomit and blood stains and ripped at the back from where he whips me.

"We don't have time to change," he told me, "You can change after our visit. She can't wait long."

I followed him quietly and winced when we walked out from the basement. I haven't seen light in so long that the light from the windows made black dots dance around my vision.

He led me to the same room I visited my parents in but this time it was void of all furniture. There was a person standing in the centre of the room with her back turned to me. as if sensing our presence she turned to face me and I held back a gasp.

She looks so much like Adamaris, they could pass as twins. She has the same dark, inky hair curled up to her waist but while Adamaris has eyes that remind you of a pretty purple flower, her eyes are bottomless swirls of darkness.

A long cape of deep purple hung over her shoulders and she shrugged it off revealing a tight black corset like top and skin tight trousers. Her lips were painted in a deep purple and they curled up in a smile.

“I see you’ve met one of ours.” She said, her voice was inky like the night and effortlessly smooth but there was a hard edge to it, “She’s in your mind, blocking you from me. I wonder who it is.”

She turned to Hunter, “You just had to pick the most difficult one, didn’t you?”

“I did what you asked; no silver chains for 12 hours. Now do as I asked.”

“That didn’t sound like a request; I’ll oblige when I hear one.”

“Don’t disrespect me,” he began but she cut him off.

“I am not her,” she warned, death lurked under the surface of her dark eyes. “I will gut you like a pig without lifting a finger or even making a stain on my pretty top. Now if you want my help then I want to hear a request.”

“You need me just as much as I need you.”

“No you pathetic fool; I want you not need. There’s a difference between the two words and I suggest you learn it.”

He grit his teeth and I was surprised by the next words that came out of his mouth, “Please,” he said, “Please help me.”

“That’s more like it.” She smiled widely before turning to me, “What’s her name? The one you met; the one like me.”

“I don’t know.”

“The sway she has over your mind can’t be achieved by just any witch bond.” She said, “She had to have entrusted you with her name. I’m a witch too darling, you can’t lie to me.”

I kept my mouth shut and Hunter who was already fuming from being forced to say please to someone pulled my hair back sharply.

“She asked you a question.” I whimpered and he backhanded me, “Useless b!tch- open your mouth before I kill you.”

“If you kill her then there’s nothing I can do. Even my magic has limits- especially when it comes to necromancy.”

“Just break the goddamn bond.” He stormed out of the room leaving both of us.

“Men are such temperamental creatures,” she drew a circle of chalk around where I lay then sat smack dab in the centre with me, “Let’s talk- woman to woman. I won’t hurt you like he does.”

“But you’ll hurt me nonetheless.”

“You are smart,” she smiled, “He has a talisman of mine that I need and if I don’t help him then I can’t get it back. So I need you to tell me your name so I can get in your head and renounce your bond so I can break it. Let’s make this quick. I don’t want to be in here longer than I need to.”

“I would rather die than do that.”

“It’s funny you should say that actually,” she laughed, “The other option has a very high probability of you dying. You might just get your wish after all.”

In Between the Alpha’s Chapter 89

“If you kill me then you won’t be able to find your talisman.” I said and the corner of her lips lifted.

“I don’t need him to find the talisman,” she busied herself with scattering a few herbs, “I can just creep into his mind and get it- I already know his name. But I do need him to give it to me.”

“If I die he won’t give it to you.”

“Actually he will,” she smirked, “You see, we did a blood oath where as long as I do everything in my power to break your bond then I can take the talisman. If you die or not it doesn’t matter; I did my end of the bargain so I get the talisman.”

I gaped at how nonchalant she looked about the whole thing, "You're crazy."

She gasped in mock hurt, "I just like to have a little fun sometimes."

"Does breaking a mating bond sound like fun to you?"

"Yes it does actually," she looked at me as if I was stupid, "It will be such an epic love story- well it'll be a tragic story for you and your mate but that isn't really my problem now, is it?"

"You're horrible."

"So I've been told," she shrugged, "I normally wouldn't warn you but I like your spunk so I'm going to tell you to hold on."

"Why?"

"I need to break her hold on your mind. She's going to fight me of course but I'm going to win." She chuckled, "it's been a long time since I struggled with a witch from my coven."

"What coven is that?" I asked quickly

"You're stalling," of course she would catch on to me, "I'm from a coven that deals with potions and spells- now hold on because this will hurt." She grasped my hands in a tight grip and muttered a few words.

It felt like someone was trying to pry open my skull with their bare hands and I let out a scream.

It was like a massive tug of war was taking place inside my skull. Someone is trying to push in and another person is trying to push out.

"Stop!" I screamed and she let go of my hands with a gasp. I lay flat on my back with my pulsing head cradled in my hands. "How can you get in my head? You don't even know my name."

"I had Hunter slip something into your food for the past two days. It's a mixture of my blood and some herbs so I can get into your head a little without knowing your name." she waited for two heartbeats before speaking, "I think that's enough rest time, brace up."

At least this time I had a little bit of a brace before she plunged back into my head. I screamed until my voice grew hoarse and tears dripped freely from my eyes.

“Almost there,” I heard her grit before she gasped and let go.

“Almost there,” I heard her grit before she gasped and let go.

Blood was leaking out of her nose and she quickly wiped it away. “I was not expecting that.”

“Are you done?”

“Not quite,” she smiled, “There’s been a little hiccup in my plans that I didn’t account for. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Tell you what,”

“You don’t even know.” Her eyes never left me as she mixed up a potion and handed it to me.

“I’m not taking that.” I spat

“If you want to live, you will.” She warned, “I know why your witch was hell bent on protecting you. I broke in for just a silver of a second and it was enough for me to see.”

“Stop talking in riddles and say what you want.”

“You’re pregnant.” Two words and my entire body clammed up, “Unfortunately my coven has a thing against harming babies. If I hurt your baby in any way then my magic will eat me out from the inside.”

“You’ve been through a lot and I didn’t help by prying into your mind. If you baby dies then I’m toast. That is why I need you to drink this; I don’t want to die.”

“How do I know you’re not lying?”

“You don’t,” she shrugged, “But I have nothing to gain by lying to you and I would never lie about a threat to my life.”

I gulped down the bitter potion. “So you’re going to let me go.”

“Of course not,” she scoffed, “I’ll just tell Hunter about your little predicament. He takes care of it and then I can do my work and get my talisman.”

“But you just said-“

“I said if I hurt your baby,” she reminded me, “If he does it then it doesn’t affect me in any way.”

“Please don’t do this,” I found myself begging, “You’re a woman too, you should understand.”

“Don’t try to appeal to my better nature; I don’t have one.” She opened her mouth to say more but froze, “Looks like we have to cut this visit short. I’ll be seeing you again soon.”

She started packing up her stuff.

“What’s going on?”

She turned to me and paused to think about something, “On second thought,” she poured a pink powder over my head, “I need you to forget this.”

The last thing I remember seeing before everything turned black was her disappearing in a puff of purple smoke and the flash of a golden chain around her neck with a weird insignia of a wonky circle.

LOGAN’S P.O.V

Aubrey and her mate allowed us passage to murder valley through their pack. It was quicker and Hunter would never see us coming.

Greg was right, Hunter had eyes on all my men that were snooping around his territory and I know that if we do this without Aubrey’s help then we will fail.

“Remember the plan,” I told the handful of men I brought with me, “We need to get Charlotte out first; everything else can be handled as an afterthought. Kill anyone who stands in your way except Hunter- he’s mine.”

“How many men are in there?” Jake asked.

“Aubrey says there are about fifteen.” I said, it should be a fair fight seeing as I took twenty of my best men.

“We’ll get her out.” Jake assured me and I nodded.

“Move out everyone.”

Half of the men went with Jake through the back while I went with the other half through the front door.

It was surprisingly empty; no one was lingering in the hallway. My men and I went down the stairs to the basement and I cringed as the scent of piss and blood hit my nose. This has to be where he is keeping her.

I pushed open a basement door and before the first guy could react I snapped his neck. The sound echoed through the quiet dungeon and the men attacked.

I went through the motions without thinking. There was only one thing on my mind and it is her. When I got to the cell my chest burned because it was empty.

“Check upstairs,” I told the men and they knew better than to argue with me, “She has to be here.”

I waited until the last person had left before turning back to the cell. I could smell her blood all over it. And her fear- it was pungent, almost graspable.

She was here- so close, and I lost her.

“It’s funny isn’t it?” I froze at the voice, “How close you are and yet so far from her.”

I heard his footsteps get closer and I grabbed one of the guns from the table and shot Hunter in the leg. He let out a groan and crumbled to his knees.

“Where is she?” I asked but he laughed in my face. I shot him again in the shoulder, “Where the fvck is my mate?”

“She’s not here.” He spat.

‘I found her,’ Jake’s voice echoed in my head, ‘We’re on our way outside.’

Relief poured through my shoulders and I slowly made my way over to him. “You’re a sh!t liar and you will suffer for everything you did to her.”

I delivered a swift punch to his temple and he fell like a log. I mind linked a few men to get him- right now I need to see my mate.

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 90

JAKE'S P.O.V

Logan is a possessive bastard, I always knew that but this is a whole other level of possessive that I have ever seen.

I found Charlotte slumped on the floor in the middle of a ring of chalk. As soon as I saw her I had to let Logan know and I picked her up slowly- but no matter how careful I was, I was still handling the wounds on her back.

She must have been knocked out or drugged because she didn't even flinch.

As soon as Logan saw us he took her from my arms and that was it. I have never seen his emotions so visibly on display. There was pain, anger, disbelief, relief and love shining through his eyes as he held her.

Everyone had the common sense to give them a car to themselves and I was the designated driver.

But that wasn't where the real problem began, the real problem began when we got on the plane. I had asked our pack doctor to go with us but Logan wouldn't release his grip on Charlotte long enough for her to be checked.

He went into the bedroom at the back of the plane and I followed behind him.

"She needs to get looked over." I whispered to him, "You can stay with her but you need to put her down."

"I feel like she will disappear again if I let her go." I was shocked by his admission. Logan is always so cool and level headed in front of everyone- as his friend, I have seen some very vulnerable sides of him but this- this is something else.

"She's going to be right next to you." I assured him, "She just needs to be looked over so her wounds don't get infected."

When the word 'wounds' left my mouth his entire expression grew dark, "I will kill him slowly."

“And I will stand beside you and watch.”

He exhaled deeply and nodded then softly lay her on the bed, “Get the doctor before I change my mind.”

I muttered a quick thank you to the moon goddess for that little victory.

I waited until Charlotte was safely hooked up to all the machines in the hospital before telling Diana and Greg that we were back. I want Logan to get all the time he needs with her and it's also pretty late- 7 p.m to be exact

Half an hour later, Diana rushed into the hospital wearing a silk robe over a pair of sweatpants and a camisole. Greg walked in after her also in sweatpants and a plain tee. I can see his black hair peeking out at his roots and I know he will dye the hair all white once he notices it.

“She's really here,” Diana said and I nodded. She let out a relieved sigh as tears welled up in her eyes, “How does she look?”

“She's really here,” Diana said and I nodded. She let out a relieved sigh as tears welled up in her eyes, “How does she look?”

“She lost a lot of weight and her back is completely torn up.”

Tears started streaming down her face and she turned so she could cry into Greg's chest. I saw his expressionless mask crack for a split second as he pulled her closer to him.

“Logan is with her, right?” Greg asked and I nodded

“He's not going to let her out of his sight.”

“Can we see her?” Diana asked lifting her face for a brief second, “Or should we just give them some time?”

I've been thinking about it too so I glanced over at Greg who just shrugged.

“Maybe we should go in.” I said finally.

I led them over to her room and Diana took a sharp breath when she saw Charlotte lying on the bed.

She was lying on her stomach because of the intensive damage done to her back. I'm glad they didn't see it before it was bandaged up. There was a lot of wolf's bane in her system as well so she is hooked up to an IV. Honestly, she has seen better days.

Logan barely even glanced up when we walked in. He held Charlotte's hand in his and stroked her hair with his fingertips.

"You can come closer if you like," that was all the confirmation Diana needed from Logan before she ran over to Charlotte's other side.

"What happened to her?" I sometimes forget that Diana didn't watch those videos with us. They're burned into my memory, "How could someone be so cruel?"

She lifted her hand to touch Charlotte but when she saw Logan stiffen she quickly pulled her hand back into her lap.

"When will she wake up?" she asked instead.

"We don't know," I responded because I knew Logan wouldn't, "The doctors don't know what was used to knock her or what quantity out so we can't be sure when she is going to wake up."

"Does that mean that there is-,"

"Don't," Logan warned in a detached voice, "Don't finish that sentence."

Greg gestured for Diana to come to him and she did after a moment of hesitation, "Charlotte is exactly where she should be right now." He said, "Let's go home."

She looked like she wanted to protest but Greg gave her a look so she sighed.

"Are you going home?" I asked Logan but he shook his head.

"I'm not leaving here without her."

I knew it was useless to protest so I nodded and left the hospital. If I stay, I would only be a nuisance to Logan and right now- he needs his sanity and peace of mind.

LOGAN'S P.O.V

Seeing her like that in Jake's arms broke something in me. Charlotte has always been fragile and needing of protection but seeing her look almost lifeless with the bruise on her cheek and feeling the bumps and ridges of her scars under my arms- it took every ounce of self control I possessed to not fl!p out and kill Hunter right there.

I didn't want to let go of her. It felt like a dream- it still feels like a dream. I fear that if I blink too long or let go of her then she will disappear in a puff of smoke and I won't be able to get her back.

I'm careful not to touch her back because the doctors don't know the full extent of her injuries yet. They plan to take a blood sample from her tomorrow morning so they can run some tests, they couldn't do that with all the wolf's bane in her system.

My eyes unwillingly fl!ckered to her wrists that were bandaged. Spending so long in those silver chains had burnt the skin there. I suppressed a violent shiver as I ran my fingers softly over the wraps.

"I will hurt him for what he did to you," I promised her, "For every single thing you endured I promise that he will suffer a thousand fold."

"Just wake up, please; I can't do this without you."

She lay unresponsive under my palm- her skin didn't heat up. It still felt the same way- cold and lifeless.

I pressed a soft k!ss to her forehead and leaned back against the uncomfortable arm chair- this will be a long night.

I must have dozed off because a loud beeping sound j.erked me from my sleep. My eyes immediately sought out Charlotte who was lying on the bed breathing heavily.

"I'm right here baby," I told her softly, "Just wake up and look at me."

The beeping grew louder before all of a sudden- it stabled.

I kept a wary eye on her and reached out to stroke her skin softly, "Charlotte,"

On hearing her name, her eyes flew open.

