

Read Novel In Between the Alpha's

In Between the Alpha's Chapter 96

Logan looked over me in alarm. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm fine. We were just talking."

"I felt your hurt through the bond." He took slow steps towards me, "Are you okay?"

I nodded, "I was just telling her about the doctor's visit." Tears pooled in my eyes, "And now I'm crying; I didn't want to cry."

I buried my face in his shirt and he wrapped his arms around me, "Do you want to go home?"

"I just wanted to have a normal day." I muttered

"You're allowed to have an off day after what we just heard." He had a possessive hand at the back of my head and the other rubbed circles down my back, "Do you want me to take you home?"

"I don't want to go home yet."

"Do you want me to stay here with you?" I thought about it for a second before nodding, "Okay."

He kissed my head before taking off his jacket and leaving him in jeans and a plain shirt. He draped the jacket over one of the chairs then sat against the wall and pulled me into his side.

Diana watched us in silence and a few of the babies had stopped their babbling to look at us. They must think I'm crazy at this point.

"Cha-wie," it was Amelia who said that and a smile grew on my face. She crawled onto my lap and placed her tiny head on my stomach, "Cha-wie."

I ran my fingers through her hair and Logan kissed my temple, "One baby or two, it doesn't matter." He whispered, "You would be a great mum."

"He's right," Diana chipped in, "You're already so great with Amelia; you'll be an awesome mum to your own kid."

"What kind of awesome mum lets her kid die?" the words slipped out from me before I could stop them and Logan's hand on my back froze.

"What are you talking about?" Diana asked at the same time Logan growled, "It is not your fault."

"At the appointment we found out that I'm roughly six or seven weeks pregnant."

"It's Logan's," she deduced and I nodded.

"Right, but then we also found out that I was supposed to be having twins but one of them- um- one of- yeah." I couldn't bring myself to utter the words, "It's way too early to determine the gender but they would have been fraternal because there were two sacs."

"Charlie, it's not your fault. You didn't cause this."

"They were my children; I should have kept them safe instead of mouthing off to him all the time. He wouldn't have hurt me and I wouldn't have hurt-."

"Fvck this," Logan growled, "We're going home."

"I don't want to go home," I told him, "I don't want to go and think about how everything would have looked if we had them both. I don't want to face it just yet."

Understanding flashed through his features and even though his jaw was still clenched tightly, he nodded.

"It just wished it played out differently." I mumbled, "When she told me how far along I was, I was so happy. It felt like everything was right again and he couldn't hurt me anymore but then she just dropped the bombshell and I don't even know how to feel."

"On one hand I am ecstatic that the baby isn't his but on the other hand I am so upset because I lost one of them and I don't know which is supposed to be more dominant and I know it's partly my fault no matter what anyone says. I

could have pacified him or played by his rules but I kept pissing him off and he kept pumping me with wolf's bane and now-."

"Do you really think," Logan began, "That if you had played by his rules and done everything he wanted then he wouldn't have hurt you. Even if you were the perfect docile pet, he would have asked for something you couldn't give and then what?"

I bit back a bitter laugh, "You do have a point, but I could have done something."

Logan let out an exasperated breath but didn't say anything else. I turned my attention back to Amelia who was trying to stick her head under my shirt.

Someone cleared their throats behind us and I turned to see Jake. He gave me an acknowledging nod before turning to Logan.

"We have a minor issue that needs your assistance."

Logan's body tensed up but he kept his voice level as he responded, "What's the problem?"

"Aubrey and her mate are here and they want to see Charlotte," he said but from his expression I knew there was more.

"That's not all, is it?"

"Not exactly," he admitted, "The witch wants to see you too. She says it is important."

"The witch first," I said immediately.

"You can't exactly ignore another Alpha, especially one who was very involved in getting you back home." Jake said.

"I'm not ignoring them, they'll just have to wait for a few minutes. I just want to hear what she has to say." I gently pried Amelia off my body, "No offense, but she's more important to me."

Jake turned to Logan who just shrugged, "She's the one they want to see, it's her choice."

"So what do I say to Aubrey?"

“Stall her,” Logan shrugged as he held out a hand to pull me to my feet, “Where’s the witch?”

“Your office; she said she wanted somewhere sound proof.”

Worry washed over my bonus and Logan gave my hand a little squeeze. He didn’t speak as he led me to his office and I appreciated how the silence gave me enough time to sort out my thoughts.

“I don’t have a lot of time,” Adamaris said as a way of greeting.

“Hello to you too,” Logan deadpanned.

She gave him a saccharine smile, “I’ve spelled your house but it took me a while considering someone already did.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked

“Someone had wards around your house to allow them spy on you.”

“Do you know who did it?” she shook her head

“I’m assuming it’s the same witch who tried to mess with your head.” She held out her hand and a little charm bracelet lay inside, “I need you to put this on.”

“What does it do?”

“It’s for protection. I have to be away for a week and anything could happen. I’m not going to take chances.”

I slipped the bracelet around my wrist and winced at the cold band. “It’s freezing.”

“That means it is working.” She turned to Logan, “Never take it off.”

“I won’t.”

She turned to Logan, “Make sure she doesn’t take it off. All you need is one second exposed and you could get hurt.”

“I’ll make sure she keeps it on.” He said and she gave him a smile.

"I'll see you in a week," she turned to Logan, "Keep a close eye on her. If you don't then, don't let them touch her. A lot can be done with one touch."

"I can look after my mate."

"I know you can but just keep an extra eye on her," she inhaled before continuing, "I don't think Hunter was the biggest problem that you had."

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"She scares you," Logan said but Adamaris kept her face neutral, "Why?"

She swallowed deeply, "I'll see you in a week." Without another word she left the office and I turned to Logan.

"What do you think she's so scared of?"

"I don't know," he admitted, "But don't worry about it. Let's go see our other guests."

I followed him to the meeting room where Aubrey and her mate were waiting. As soon as he opened the door my eyes found Aubrey.

She looks exactly the same as when I last saw her in those woods. Her chestnut colored hair fell in waves across her back and her coffee eyes were warm. She was dressed in casual jeans and a beautiful floral top paired with a jeans jacket.

"You look just like you did the last time I saw you." She nodded in my direction, "Only less terrified."

"You look the same way too," I said, "Only cleaner."

Her lips pulled up in a smile, "We didn't have much time to converse the last time. I hope Greg treated you well."

"He was good to me."

"He better have been or I'll go kick his a.ss," she gestured to the man next to her, "This is my mate Evan. We already met Logan albeit not under very good circumstances."

I took a second to study the man standing next to her. He has a naturally scary aura and he leaned against the table with his arms crossed. He wore similar jeans to Aubrey but a plain black shirt. His jacket was slung over the table and I got a full sight of the tattoos that crawled over his entire left arm and disappeared up his sleeve.

He gave me a nod of acknowledgment and I did the same, "It's nice to meet you."

"Why are you here?" it was Logan who asked.

"That's no way to thank us for getting your mate back is it?" Evan's voice was like gravel. "I expected a warmer welcome."

"For that you will always have my gratitude. But I don't appreciate unannounced visits and you don't do them either."

"I wish I could say that you were wrong but that would be a lie." Evan said, "There's a problem."

Aubrey cast a wary glance at Evan and he nodded. She pulled up her left sleeve and I saw a purple mark on her arm. It wasn't a bruise; it looked almost like a branding.

"I got this the day after you rescued her," she pulled her sleeve down; "I don't know how I got it. I just remember waking up feeling a searing pain in my arm and when I raised my sleeve this was there. No one else was home with me. All that was there was a note on my bedside table that said it was karma for helping you too soon."

"What do you mean by too soon?" I asked

"I was hoping you would know that." She said, "None of the healers know what caused it and it isn't healing."

"I've never seen anything like that before." Logan told her.

"Well you must have pissed off someone powerful who isn't Hunter; because now I'm at the front line of an attack that I would have very much liked to stay out of." She chuckled humorlessly, "So if there is anything you think can help then I will appreciate if you told me about it."

My mind instantly drifted to Adamaris but she isn't available for the next week.

"I'm sorry we caused you this much trouble." I said softly, "But I don't know how we can help. If we figure out anything then we'll let you know."

She bit her lip for a second, "My son is having nightmares." Evan shot her a dark look but she ignored him, "He wakes up at the same time every day crying but he can never remember what the nightmares are about. There has to be something that you think can help."

"I didn't know you had a son." Logan said

"The same way no one knows that you took over from your father," she quipped, "I want to keep my son safe the same way you want to keep your pack safe." She turned to me, "You of all people should understand."

"What do you mean?"

"If you don't want people to know that you're pregnant then you should probably work on hiding that scent of yours." She said, "I can tell you what I used while I was pregnant."

Logan pinched the bridge of his nose in annoyance. "I don't know what's going on with you or your son and if I did I would help."

"Have you tried contacting a witch?" I asked

"There aren't exactly witches out there looking to help us." She said, "We were able to find a witch but she's not an expert in spells so she can't help us."

"I promise that if we find something we will tell you." I told her.

I hate that she is in this position because of me but there is nothing I can do.

"That's not enough," Evan finally spoke, "You're going to find out what's wrong with them or news may just slip that your mate is pregnant. You seem to have a lot of powerful enemies who would love to get that kind of news on their hands along with maybe a helping hand to get into your pack unannounced."

"Is that a threat?" Logan's voice had gone deathly cold.

"It's incentive," Evan responded, "We are in this mess because Aubrey wanted to help the both of you and I'd be damned if I let my mate and child suffer because of your enemies. We'll check up with you in a week."

"Give us two." I cut in, "Two weeks and we'll try to figure something out."

Evan pushed off the table and took a few steps closer. I had to force myself to not take a step back. He stopped about five feet away because of the warning growl that Logan let out.

"Tell me something Charlotte," he began, "I have woken up to my kid screaming for the past 3 days. Do you think I want to do it for an extra fourteen more?"

"I know it's not an ideal situation but-,"

"There are no buts here." He turned to Logan, "Wait until you have your kid and tell me if you will listen to their screams every single night for two fvcking weeks." He exhaled deeply, "10 days; that's all I'm giving you before I come back."

"It wasn't supposed to get to this," Aubrey said, "I'm still the same person who saved you from Hunter twice and I understand the meaning of collateral damage. But I won't let my kid be collateral damage."

She gave me a sad smile, "If it's not too much to ask; I'd like to see Greg before we leave."

"You threaten not my life but my unborn child's and you are still asking for demands." Logan said slowly

"No hard feelings Logan; we aren't the enemy here." She spoke, "I'm just looking out for my own."

"Greg will be here," he said finally, "But after that I suggest you leave."

He put a firm hand around my back and led me out into the hall. I could feel the annoyance rolling off him in waves but he didn't say a word until we got into my office.

He locked the door behind us and sat on my chair. He pulled me into his lap and buried his face in my neck as he took long drags of air.

“We probably should have spoken to them first,” I said in an attempt to diffuse the tension and he chuckled, “What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know.” He admitted, “But I have to think of something and I have to do it fast- Evan does not make idle threats.”

“He would really let the news slip.”

“He wouldn’t want to,” he said, “Evan has always been one of the few Alphas who believes in peace and minding your own business. But for his child I think he would.”

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“Let me get this straight.” Jake sat on our couch. “Aubrey is getting attacked because of you two.”

We spent the last ten minutes explaining what is happening to them without mentioning their son of course.

“Why would someone attack her for helping you two?” Diana asked, “Hunter is- unavailable for the time being. So who could this be?”

“I think it might be the witch who was with him.” I offered.

“That’s plausible but we don’t know she is.” Diana reminded me, “How do we fight an enemy that we don’t even know.”

“I don’t know but I hate this.” I murmured, “Whoever it is has the advantage of surprise on their hands.”

“And your witch doesn’t know who it is?” she asked and I shook my head.

“She also said she won’t be available for the next week so until then we’re on our own.”

“We’ll figure it out.” Jake said with a smile that didn’t reach his eyes, “We just need to sleep over it.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Diana agreed, “I’ll see you tomorrow I guess.”

Logan walked them out while I made a cup of coffee for myself.

"This is the part where I tell you that coffee is bad for you." Logan spoke up from behind me.

"Its decaf," I told him, "And I think I deserve a cheat day after the day we just had."

"Fair enough," he agreed, "Can I have one too?"

I poured him a cup and handed it to him. We clinked our glasses before taking a sip.

"What is it?" he asked and I turned to him with a confused look, "You have that look you get when you want to say something that you know I won't like."

"I do not have a look like that."

"Yes you do," he said, "You start to glance at me out of the corner of your eyes and you have this super innocent look on your face."

I couldn't help the laugh that bubbled out of me and he stared at me with a small smile on his face.

"What is it?" he asked again.

I debated my response for a second before sighing, "I want to see Hunter." I peered at him from under my lashes and I saw that his mug had frozen half way to his mouth.

"I'm sorry you're going to have to repeat that."

"I want to see Hunter."

He gently placed his mug on the counter before turning to face me, "No."

"You didn't even think about it."

"I don't need to." He said simply, "The only reason he's still alive is because I promised to make his death as slow and painful as possible and not so you can see him."

"He might have answers." I tried to reason

"I don't care."

"This gives déjà vu you know," I began, "I asked to see Jake once and you refused only to realize that we couldn't go forward unless I saw him."

"This is different."

"I don't really think so."

"Jake didn't r.ape you and send me videos. Jake didn't kidnap you and t0rture you for days." I opened my mouth to speak but he cut me off, "Then you weren't officially my mate and then you weren't carrying our child."

"I'm not asking for him to come close enough to hurt me but he might have answers."

"We'll find another way to get answers."

"The last time we had this kind of conversation I didn't speak to you for days." I know it's a low blow but I'm willing to try it.

"I'll take the silent treatment as long as it means you're safe. I can't do that again."

I put my coffee down and slowly made my way over to him. He kept his eyes locked on me and I took a good look at my mate.

"This isn't just about me seeing him is it?" he sighed but didn't respond, "I'm fine and I'm right here."

"You haven't spoken about what he did." Logan said suddenly, "You haven't said in detail what he did to you."

"I don't need to; you saw it."

"You haven't expressed how you feel about that yet."

"What's there to say? It's happened and I can't change it."

"That's my problem," he exclaimed, "You act like it's happened and you don't have a right to be upset when in actuality you should."

"We're digressing from the topic."

"No we're not; you're acting like it never happened."

“What do you want me to do?” I all but yelled, “You have no idea what it felt like being there. I remember every single thing that happened and I don’t want to. I lived through that and I just want to forget and be with my mate but you won’t even let me do that.”

“Charlotte, I’m sorry.”

“You may have watched it but I lived it,” I said softly, “And if I want to pretend like it never happened then I should be able to do so without you making me feel like sh!t about it.”

He places his warm hands around my waist and pulled me into him so there was less than a hair’s breadth between us. “That was never my intention Charlotte.”

“I just want you to forget with me.” I murmured and he exhaled deeply.

He lifted me so I sat on the counter and he stood between my thighs, “I’m sorry.”

I couldn’t help but thread my hand through his hair. It feels so good to have his soft strands beneath my fingertips.

“It’s funny how we digressed so much,” I decided to change the subject, “We started off talking about coffee and now we’re talking about trauma.”

The corner of his lips lifted in a soft smile, “I guess we’re a chaotic duo.”

I snorted at his words, “I’m the chaotic one; you’re so prim and proper and always put together.”

“Not true,” he chuckled to himself, “I can be chaotic too.”

“Yeah right; you never even have clothes lying around.”

“Why would I have clothes lying around in my room when there’s a closet specifically for them.” he said, “besides I think you’re messy enough for the both of us.”

I hit his shoulder, “That’s mean.”

He chuckled and I let out a bark of laughter with a snort that made him laugh too. When I had calmed down from my wheezing he was staring at me with an indecipherable look on his face.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” I asked, “Is there something on my face?” I reached up to wipe my face but he held my hand, effectively stopping me.

“I don’t know what I love more,” he began, “Your soft smiles or your loud laughs.”

“Someone is being extra sweet to me today,” I teased, “Is this to make me feel better for denying me?”

“I missed you Charlotte,” his voice was barely over a whisper, “So fvcking much. And I’m not going to relive those moments by letting you see him. You may be ready to let it go but I’m not; not now.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that so I just nodded. He gave me a smile that didn’t reach his eyes and pressed a lingering k!ss to my forehead.

“Why don’t you k!ss me?” I couldn’t help but blurt out and he gave me a blank look, “Since I- got back; you haven’t tried to touch or even k!ss me. At first I thought it was because you were disgusted by-.”

He didn’t let me finish, he cupped my cheeks and k!ssed me softly. He poured his every emotion into the k!ss-: his frustration, anger, love and fear and I teared up from the intensity.

He didn’t push me or anything; he just k!ssed me softly for a very long time. By the time he pulled away I had tears falling down my cheeks.

“I love you,” he reminded me, “And I will never be disgusted by you. You’re my little survivor and I’m so proud of you.”

“I’m not little.”

“Out of everything I said; that is what you heard.”

I chuckled softly, “I love you too Logan; I don’t think I would be able to handle all this without you here with me.”

"I'll always be with you." I smiled and he took a step back to help me down from the counter. "What do you think about calling it a night early? I'm beat."

"I think you're a mind reader."

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I woke up with a gasp; the last bits of my dream leaving as the sleep cleared from my eyes.

Logan rushed over to my side from where he was sitting at the desk and he pulled me into his arms. I buried my face into his neck and breathed in his warm and familiar scent.

"What's wrong?" he asked and when I didn't respond he lifted my chin so I was staring at him, "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I think so." I worked on calming my racing heart, "I don't know."

"Was it a nightmare?"

"I- I don't know." I tried to dig deep to remember why I woke up the way I did, "Maybe it's just one of those things where you j.erk yourself awake. I don't know but I'm fine."

I gave him a smile but he didn't look so convinced so I decided to change the subject.

"Why are you up so early?" I asked then glanced at the clock, "It's 4: 15."

"I just found myself awake at 4 and realized I had some work to do."

"A little company never hurt anyone right?"

He gave me a smile and held out his hand to me.

"Where are we going?" I asked

I was confused when Logan said we were leaving by 5:30 but I thought there was an emergency. When I saw him drive past the pack house I realized Logan has other plans. I just need to get him to tell me what they are.

"We are going to train."

“Train,” I repeated and he nodded, “I’m not dressed for training.”

“There are clothes in the back.”

“You have this entire thing planned, don’t you?”

“Well yes, I don’t want to give you an opportunity to run.”

“I wouldn’t have run.” I huffed then added under my breath, “I would have feigned sick.”

“I heard that.”

I smothered my smile when I realized we had gotten to the training facility.

It’s a massive two floored building with grey painted walls. There are no buildings around it except for two smaller houses. What surprised me most was that I couldn’t hear any noise coming from inside.

“Why is it so quiet?” I asked

Logan walked over to my side with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder, “It’s soundproof.”

“You soundproofed the entire building.”

“I had to or else no one would walk in.” he held out his hand to me, “Let’s go.”

The inside was even more impressive than the outside. The reception was tiled all over and there was a middle aged man sitting behind the table. He immediately greeted Logan and I.

There were two doors and Logan told me that one led to where the warriors trained. He led me through the other door and there was a massive cemented gym with everything you could think of.

“This is amazing.” I blurted out

“This is for pack members to use. Our gym is upstairs.”

“Of course you would have a private gym.”

“Would you prefer to train in front of everyone?”

“Lead the way.”

He led me up the stairs and to a smaller version of the gym downstairs. He handed me some clothes and showed me where the changing rooms were.

I quickly changed into the outfit he picked for me. It was a pair of black spandex shorts and a matching black sports bra with a navy blue tank top to wear over it.

When I stepped out Logan was in fighting shorts but shirtless and he was standing in the middle of a boxing ring that I stared at apprehensively. He gestured for me to come in and I did it slowly.

“I’ll go at your pace,” he told me, “I promise.”

“Okay,” I whispered, “I’m ready.”

“Make a fist.” I made my best fist and he chuckled, “You’ll end up doing more damage to yourself than the other person if you throw a fist like this.”

He took my hand and corrected the fist while explaining that my thumb should never be tucked under or I’ll break it.

“Now punch me,” he instructed and my eyes widened, “You won’t hurt me; just do it as hard as possible.”

I reared my hand back to hit him but before I could touch him he held my arm in a firm grip.

“Don’t throw your entire weight back.” He said then he stood behind me and showed me the perfect way to throw a punch. He put his hands on my hips, “The movement should come from here not from your entire body.”

He took a step back and I found myself missing his body heat.

“Now hit me again.” I made sure I took all his corrections and hit him as hard as possible. “That was good; again.”

I don’t know how long or how many times he made me punch him but I was already flushed with sweat.

“We’re just getting started baby,” he teased

“You s.uck.”

“Who s.ucks?” we turned and saw Jake walking towards us, “You look like sh!t Charlie.”

“Thank you Jake, you sure know how to charm the women.”

He gave me a full teethed smile, “I need to talk to the both of you; there’s a minor problem.” Logan gestured for Jake to come into the ring but he shook his head, “Not here.”

“Take a shower Charlotte; I’ll pack up.” I didn’t bother refusing, I just did as he asked.

I took the fastest shower I’ve ever taken and put on a pair of sweatpants and a loose graphic tee. When I got out Logan had already packed everything up.

“The northern border,” Jake said with a grim smile.

Logan stopped the car a short walk away from the border and we walked the rest of the way.

“What’s going on Jake?” Logan asked and his Beta swallowed.

“There was an issue at the border. I don’t know how to explain it.”

I shivered against the cold and Logan’s eyes found mine. He didn’t say a word, just took off his hoodie and pulled it over my head. It stopped mid thigh and it smelt like him so that’s a bonus.

We followed Jake to the patrol border where a few of the soldiers were camped around in a circle. They stood up immediately they saw us and left the clearing.

They were camped around a tree that had something branded into it. It was a weird insignia and it looks like a weird overlapping circle.

“That’s a weird way to draw a circle.” I muttered under my breath.

“It’s not a circle.” Logan said as he took a step closer, “It’s a snake eating itself.”

“It looks like it’s drawn in blood.” I said

"It is," Jake confirmed.

"But it doesn't smell like blood." I rebutted, "And if it was blood shouldn't it be dripping down."

"It should," Logan agreed, "Where were the guards when this happened?"

"That's the problem; they don't remember anything. They said one minute it wasn't there and the next it was there; almost as if it appeared like magic."

I reached out to touch it but Jake grabbed my hand in a tight grip.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he told me, "We didn't think it was blood either until Sven touched it. The moment it came in contact with his hand it started to smell like blood until-." He trailed off with a weird look at Logan.

"Where is Sven?" Logan asked and Jake shot me a wary look, "She stays; take us to him."

Jake led us further into the woods and a horrible smell assaulted my nose.

"What the hell is that smell?" I had a sleeve over my nose to staunch the smell and the bile threatening to rise up my throat.

Jake stopped and took a step aside. My eyes connected with 'Sven' and I couldn't stop the vomit that rushed out of my throat.

"Shit," I heard Logan curse as his hand landed on my lower back, "Take her back."

"I'm fine," I managed out even though I felt very dizzy. "What happened to him?"

"He touched it and was fine for a minute until he started smoking. Whatever that was flayed him from the inside out."

I forced my body into a standing position but refused to glance back at the body. Logan seemed to realize because he pulled me into him so my face was buried in his chest. I focused on the steady rise and fall of his chest and his scent instead of the horrid smell of the flayed corpse.

"How many guards know?" Logan's chest rumbled as he spoke.

“Just the five who were on duty with him,”

“Make sure it stays that way.”

Logan put his hands behind my thighs and picked me up so he was carrying me in a front piggy back.

“Get someone to move the body; he deserves a proper funeral.”

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He didn't wait for Jake to respond; he just started walking with me in his arms. I squirmed to be let down but he held me tighter.

“I can walk, Logan.” I whispered while trying not to let him smell my vomit breath.

“I know you can,” was his simple response, “I want to do this.”

He didn't let me down when we got into the car. In fact, he climbed into the back seat and left me straddling him. I tried to pull away but he didn't let me. Someone else got into the front seat and started the car.

While I kept my face buried in his shoulder, he rubbed small circles on my back.

“Where am I driving to, Alpha?” I heard an unfamiliar voice ask.

“My house, Stephen; and make it quick.”

Stephen gave a grunt of acknowledgment and started to drive.

“How do you feel?” he asked. I opened my mouth to respond but shut it almost immediately and shrugged. “I'm sorry.”

He kissed the top of my head and pulled me impossibly closer to him.

As soon as the car stopped in front of the house, I rushed out and into the bathroom to brush my teeth. I can still taste the vomit and smell the rotting corpse; the thought of which had me heaving in the toilet bowl.

Logan met me bent over the toilet and cursed. I heard bags hit the ground and his hand was gathering my hair out of my face while he rubbed a comforting hand behind my neck and upper back.

When I was done he handed me my toothbrush and I muttered an inaudible thank you.

"I should have never taken you there." He said after a few moments of silence.

I ran my eyes over his figure through the mirror but he avoided my gaze. I rinsed out the toothpaste and made my way over to him. His hands wound around my waist and he buried his face into my neck.

"I stink, Logan." I murmured and he muttered something unintelligent, "I'm fine, every pregnant woman throws up. It's part of the process."

"You should not have had to see that."

"I like to be kept in the loop of what's going on."

He pulled away and gave me a bland look, "Don't patronize me."

"Then don't make a big deal about it," I said simply, "I like that I'm being kept in the loop; I want to help." He had a look on his face and I pulled back, "Don't you dare."

"Do you blame me though?"

"You can't keep me out of the loop Logan." I warned, "I deserve to know what's going on."

"You're pregnant," he said in a low voice, "With our baby."

"I'm pregnant, not an invalid." I retorted, "I'm not asking to put on armor and fight."

"I wouldn't let you."

I ignored that and continued, "I'm asking for you to not hide things about this from me. I'm the one this witch wants."

"And that is exactly why I want to keep you as far away from it as possible."

"You can't do that." I said and he raised a brow, "You shouldn't do that." I corrected.

"I just want to keep you safe."

"Then let me help," I pleaded, "Let me see Hunter-,"

"No."

"You didn't even let me finish."

"I'm not going to," his tone held no room for discussion; "I'm not going to negotiate when it comes to your safety."

"You'll be there with me."

"It's still a no Charlotte, drop it." His tone had gone hard, "I won't let you see him and especially not after today."

I opened my mouth but let it fall closed and sighed in resignation, "Okay; I'll let it go for now." I planted a small smile on my face, "I stink. Do you want to take a shower first or should I?"

The tension still hadn't eased from his shoulders so I turned on the shower until it was blazing hot then I pulled him under. He cursed when the water hit his skin.

"Are you trying to roast your skin?" he asked as he turned the water towards cold.

"But now it's too cold," I pouted.

"Some of us aren't exactly into being burnt alive." He muttered and a laugh escaped me.

He looked down at me with admiration and kissed my lips softly once, twice. "Take a bath Charlotte; I'll wait outside for you."

I shoved the disappointment deep inside me and nodded. He looked at me with a frown, almost as if he would say something else but at the last minute he just walked out of the bathroom.

When I got out of the bathroom, Logan wasn't in the room. It was just after I had put on one of his shirts and a pair of my basketball shorts that he stepped in with a breakfast tray in his hands.

I moved to take it from him but he lifted it out of reach and nodded towards the bed, "Sit down."

"You spoil me," I said but obliged.

On the tray lay a plate with avocado sandwiches, a small saucer with banana and blueberry muffins and a banana and raspberry smoothie. A single lily lay on the tray and I picked it up first and gave it a not so discreet sniff.

"Did you do all this right now?" I asked and he nodded.

"The doctors said you have to eat healthy." He shrugged as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

"Thank you." I mumbled not knowing what else to say. I took a bite of the toast and almost moaned.

Halfway through that slice I saw one of my grey shirts lying on the floor. The way it lay reminded me of a fish and I suddenly had an urge to eat fish.

"What's wrong?" Logan's voice pulled me out of my thoughts, "You have this look on your face."

"I don't want to bother you."

"What's wrong Charlotte? I'm not going to ask again."

"I want sardines," I blurted out, "On my toast."

He chuckled softly and I kept my gaze on the bed sheet. "You don't have to be embarrassed baby." He picked up the plate of my toast, "Eat the muffins, I'll be back."

I opened my mouth to protest but he had already stepped out. I fumbled with my fingers for a second before biting into one of the muffins. Logan is one hell of a cook, I'll give him that.

I was eating the last of the muffins when he walked in. The smell of sardines assaulted my nose and my stomach grumbled. I had even forgotten that he went to get me something.

"That looks so good." I clapped my hands together and he gave me a weird look. I ignored him and took a bite out of it. "I swear I love you."

"I'm going to forgive this combination simply because you're pregnant."

"It's really good," I argued and I pushed a slice towards his face, "Try it."

"I think I'll pass; thank you." He gently pushed my hand back towards my face.

He stared at me with a small smile while I ate but I paid him no heed as I devoured the food in front of me. It was after I was done eating that I realized he spent the entire time staring at me.

"What?" I asked and he shrugged, "You're staring at me."

"You're beautiful."

"I'm eating like a pig; and I probably stink of sardines." I muttered as I placed a hand over my stomach.

Logan's eyes followed the movement and I realized that this is the first time I've acknowledged the baby growing in me like this. It feels- weird in a good way.

"Do you want to?" I gestured towards my stomach and he nodded.

I lifted my shirt and he reached out gingerly before laying his hand over my flat stomach. He inhaled sharply as his hands came in contact with my bare stomach and a million emotions flashed across his face at once: Fear, Anticipation, Love and Awe.

He opened his mouth to speak but closed it almost immediately.

"We should schedule a proper ultrasound." I broke the silence, "The last time we didn't really get to see our baby."

His breath came out in a shudder and he pressed his forehead to my stomach, "I'll handle it." He swallowed deeply, "I just-." He trailed off with a small chuckle, "Is it natural to be this gob smacked?"

“I think it’s kind of cute.” I smiled. He pressed a lingering kiss to my stomach and my breath hitched.

When he pulled away he had firm determination on his face, “I swear, I will keep the both of you safe. I won’t fail you again.”