

Chapter 10

Charlotte POV

"I'm taking a shower." Waylon stated before going into the bathroom. I heard the lock click and was almost offended. Did he really think I was going to just in there and fuck him in the shower?

I did want to shower, myself but not with him. Sighing, I sat down on the couch. My heart was racing too much. I couldn't believe I was actually giving him a chance to help me. It went against everything I prided myself on.

After what felt like hours, I couldn't sit there anymore. Standing up, I started walking around, looking at the pictures on the wall. A younger version of him with who I assumed was his parents, standing on the beach. Another of just him holding a trophy. Then he was older with his arm around a couple guys. Next one was him standing by a girl with his arm around her shoulders.

"That's my sister, before you get too jealous." Waylons voice scared me as I jumped back.

"Damn, don't do that!" I snapped at him.

"Don't be so jumpy."

"Excuse me? I have been on the run and your telling me to

not be so jumpy?"

He tilted his head as if to say, touche. "You want to shower?"

"Yes, please." I said walking forward to get the clothes that I felt on the couch.

"Okay. Towels are hanging up. I'll pop some popcorn and get a movie going. Use whatever you want in there." Waylon walked away like has done this many times. It kinda stung at the thought.

Sighing, I locked the door as well and turned around before my legs stopped moving. This bathroom is larger than some of the huts I used. There was two vanities. Not double vanities but two separate vanities. Like a girl and a guys section. Black and white marble lined the floors. The vanities were a dark green color with white marble. The female side had lights around the mirror with minor stuff. Waylons side was pretty basic for a man. The shower was floor to ceiling marble. Same as the floor with a his and hers rain style shower head. There were jets on either side.

Damn, he could lock me in here and id be okay with it. The shower was easy enough to figure out. Not wanting to over use my time. I took a quick shower, using waylon's products and got out.

His clothes were baggy on me but it was what I had. Putting my bra on was a habit I could never not do. My credit card lived in there. I couldn't afford to lose it. When you spend

years on the run, you learn bad guys don't stop and wait for you to get dressed. Leaving my dirty clothes in the hamper, I did grab the shoes I was wearing.

The smell of buttery popcorn filled my nose as I walked back out to the living room. Waylon had put on some movie and was lounging on a couch. Setting my shoes down by the couch, I slipped under the blanket and grabbed the bowl of popcorn he had set on the coffee table for me.

"Have you seen this movie?" Waylon asked.

"No. I don't watch movies that often. Spending money on cable was a luxury I didn't have."

"I thought you said you were rich?" Waylon pushed. He looked at me with a little cocky grin.

"Yes. That money is for emergency placement needs. Train tickets, bus passage or airfare."

"What is the longest you stayed in one place?"

"Oh, few years in that condo. Can't go back there now."

"I guess not." Waylon pit some popcorn in his mouth. I did the same as I didn't want to talk about my life. I'm not embarrassed but I didn't want to be judged either. I was actually very proud of myself for my accomplishments.

The movie was not something I liked so I just kind of spaced off. Next thing I knew, my eyes were closed.

The birds chirping woke me up the next morning. Its been years since I had that good of a nights sleep. The silk sheets were so soft that caressed my skin.

Reality slapped me in the face as I shot up forward. I was in a bed but I fell asleep on the couch. Looking around, I saw a clock on the wall. It said 9:27am. Getting out of bed, I walked out to an empty livingroom.

Waylon wasn't around but there was a note on the coffee table with what looked like food. Grabbing it, it read:

'Charlotte, yes I carried you to my bed. You needed a good night's sleep. Breakfast is there for you. Might need to use the microwave to warm it. I'll be in my office most of the day. Make yourself comfortable. I left my personal phone for you to get ahold of me if needed. Text or call 'Alpha' if needed. I structed the staff my room is off limits so you shouldn't be disturbed.'

Waylon

Looking around, I was both happy and concerned. Panic sank in, making me want to jump off the balcony. Running towards the double doors, they flew open as I took deep breaths of the fresh air. Then I realized I couldn't be seen by anyone. I tripped over my own two feel as I fell back inside. Landing on my hand. White hot pain shot up my arm, making me cry out. Slowly, I got up and made it back to the couch.

After sitting there for a few minutes, I uncovered my food.

Breakfast burrito with hash browns. Smelled good but it did need heated up. Good thing I was left handed because if I was right handed, this would suck.

When the microwaved dinged, my stomach rumbled. Grabbing the food, I sat down on the couch. The phone vibrated as soon as the burrito touched my lips. I wish I had some salsa.

Opening the phone, I saw there was a message from Alpha.

"You awake, finally?"

Funny, "Yes, I am."

"How did you sleep?"

"Decent."

"Just decent?" I felt his humor. "Did you need company?"

"No, plenty warm thank you." I responded. I had a smile on my face as I took another bite.

He didn't respond right away so I set the phone down. I was able to finish my breakfast in peace.

The phone vibrated when I put the plate in the sink. Moving more quickly, I opened it without paying attention.

Jasmine: hey sexy. I'm going shopping, need anything?

My heart sank. It was like cold water splashed me in the face. He still had a girlfriend. He wasn't mine to lean on.

Getting up, I put his phone on his bed and then closed the door.

What do I do now? Stay and see if he can help me or run away again. I could run, assuming I make it past the guards, I would probably have him and the royals after me.

I felt defeated as I plopped down on the couch. I might as well stay here and see what my fate brings me. I could always run tomorrow.

Standing up, I started looking around his livingroom. Not snooping but familiarizing myself with what it meant to have a room.

My eyes landed on the paper in the printer and the pencil that was on his desk. Grabbing it and a book, I sat on the couch and covered my legs up. Waylon's face was the first thing in my mind.

I started with his eyes. Full of dominance but still caring. They are fierce but loyal. His face took a shape of its own as I shaded away.

I lost track of how long I had been working when I knock sounded in the door. Dropping the pen and pencil, I ran to the bedroom and closes the door. My breathing was heavy with anticipation.

The door opened and I held my breath.

"Charlotte?" A soft voice I've never heard before said my

name. "Charlotte, it's Jessica. Waylon's sister. He asked me to come check on you and bring you lunch."

My hand shook as I opened the bedroom door. Sticking my head put, I looked at her. She waa an older version to the picture on the wall. Long light brown hair, slim body and hazel eyes.

"I won't hurt you. I also brought you clothes. I was hoping we could talk and eat together?"

"Thank you." I said as she walked up to me and handed me a bag of clothes.

"We can do some shopping for you. That way you have whatever you need." Jessica handed me the bag was went back to the food. "You can change and I'll get the food ready."

"Okay." Shutting the door I locked it before I set the bag down. There was yoga pants with a crop top in it with underwear with tags and a shorts bra. Since my panties and bra were basically rags, I gladly accepted them. Either she was my size or or guessed perfectly.

Taking a deep breath, I walked out to the livingroom.

Jessica smiled at me and pointed to my food. Accepting the invitation, I sat down and took my plate. Chicken ceaser salad was one of my favorites.

We took a few bites in silence before I finally spoke. "Thank

you for bringing me food.”

“Of course. I was happy to do it once I learned you were his mate. I cannot stand Jasmine.” She made a face that said, bitch all over it.

“Oh? He told you I was his mate?” It surprised me.

“Yes. Waylon and I are pretty close. Plus, your situation is... unique. He wanted you to have someone you could talk to that wasn't him. Like a friend. I understand you are mad at Nora right now. Waylon has filled me in.”

My face fell as she probably thinks I am a murderer too. “I see.”

“Honestly, he has other motives for telling me. I am doing my residency at the local hospital. I'm the only doctor he tested to tell me who you were and have me look at your hand.” Her eyes went straight to my hand rested lifelessly on my leg.

“Well, at least your honest.”

“I'm also not against you. I believe you didn't kill your mom. I am going to help Waylon prove it.”

“What? Why?” I was so shocked I dropped my fork.

“The Moon Goddess didn't give my brother a princess of a mate just for her to be a murderer. He cherishes the mate bond... Heavily. He is working hard already trying to clear your name.”

I wasn't sure what to say. Thank you? Please dont? Why? I just sat there and ate my food. Everytime Jessica moved, my eyes flickered to her. Until Waylon called me jumpy, I didnt realize what is exactly what I am.

"Im sorry. I am grateful and thankful for everything. I just..." I couldn't find the words.

"I know you don't know me but you can tell me. I am licensed to keep secrets." Jessica warmly.

Snickering, "I just feel like a prisoner. Out there, at least I was free. Free to walk where I wanted. Apply for a job. Pick a restaurant. Here, here I am locked in a room. With strangers I am putting my fate into. Out there, I am in control. Here, I am a prisoner."

Jessica's face stayed passive but I could only imagine what she was thinking. "Do you want your name cleared?"

"That's a stupid question. Of course I want to not have to live in fear. How are we going to prove I am innocent? It is my word verse my uncle who is the king."

"Have some faith. Waylon has a lawyer's background."

"What?" I was shocked.

"Yeah. Mom wanted us to have degrees. Outside of the pack. I became a doctor and Waylon became a lawyer. Both of our professions does directly affect the pack but of for some horrible reason thr pack goes under, we will have

skills to keep going.”

“Smart lady. I put myself through school while I was on the run. Living in a car.” The memories of freezing my ass off was still permanently scared into my brain. Multiple times I shifted onto my wolf to stay alive.

“You were so brave.” Jessica said.

“I don't need your pity. I just did what I needed to do to survive. My goal in life is to be happy.”

“Are you happy?”

“I was until Waylon saw my designs and hired me. Everything went to shit after that.” I laughed.

Jessica smiled at me. “But now you aren't.”

“There is nothing to be happy about. I am a prisoner in my mate's bedroom, who has a girlfriend.”

“I thought he broke up with her?”

“Does she know because her text I accidentally read on his phone said otherwise.”

Jessica looked pissed as she stood up. “Where is his phone?”

“It was an accident! I didn't mean to read it!” I pointed at his bed. She stomped her way into his room, grabbed his phone and started shifting through the messages.

Her eyes glazed over and I knew she was mind-linking someone. Shit, I caused drama.

"Anyways. Can I look at your hand?" Jessica came back in the livingroom still looking pissed.

"Sure." I shrugged. With steady, gentle hands, she took my hand and looked at it. Pushing against it, she looked at me when I winced.

"Yeah, you broke it."

"I figured. Ive had worse."

Jessica hesitated before standing up. "I'm going to go get you a brace to wear for 6ish weeks. Depending on the healing, I may x-ray it but we can start here. Your safety is most important."

"Thank you, Jessica."

"Listen, I'm not mad at you. I'm mad at my stupid brother."

"Well, land one for me too." I said as she walked out the door.

"Will do!" She said and she closed the door.