

Chapter 11

Waylon POV

Axel somehow managed to get his hands on the files. "There it is. The entire file." Slapping the thick folder on my desk.

"Damn." I said as I opened it. At the same time, my office door flew open. Jessica stormed in before I could say anything.

"The fuck is wrong with you?" Her eyes looked murderous as she tossed me my phone. I was completely bewildered as I looked at it.

"What? Something wrong with my phone? Is that why she isn't responding?"

"You are so stupid Waylon Jenkins! Look at your messages!"

Glancing at Axel, he shrugged as I opened my phone. The first thing to show was messages from Jasmine.

"Hey sexy, I'm going shopping, need anything?"

"Can't wait for our usual Friday date night!"

"I decided to forgive you. The love we share is too great to let something that silly get in the way."

I got five more all along those lines. Each one left on read. I

saw red and by the time I got to the end, I threw my phone against the wall, shattering it.

"Fucking damnit! How much did she see?"

"I didn't ask but fuck Waylon! You told me you broke up with her!" Jessica was pissed and honestly I didnt blame her.

"I did! I told her we were done and her actions caused it!"

"Okay, okay! Let's settle down. You can handle Jasmine another time. This takes priority." Axel said.

Jessica looked down and read the title on the file. "You got the papers?"

"I did."

"We need to do this will her. You cannot do this behind her back." Jessica rounded on me again.

"Why not?" I challenged. I felt like I was five years old when I argue with her.

"You made her your pensioner. Her words, not mine. She might have been running her entire life but she was free. Free to do what she wanted and here she jumps at every sound. She is worried the guards will show up any minute and you betrayed her. You have not given her one reason to trust you."

Her words cut deep. She was right and I was treating her life a prisoner. "I was trying to keep her safe! If the pack found

out who she is, she would be in the worst danger then she has ever been in. It would take one person to let that email go. One!" I said holding up my broken phone. "I cant mate with someone if she is a murderer! As much as I want her, I cant make a murderer a luna!"

"All I am saying is you have to include her. She might be helpful." Jessica was adamant and there was no arguing with her. Whenever she finds her mate, he better be ready.

"Fine. Lets go." I said putting the file back together.

Charlotte POV

I had resumed working on my sketches. I had finished Waylon's face and moved on to Jessica's. I was so focused on it that I didnt hear the door open.

"You drew this?" Waylon asked.

"Shit!" I yelled as the pencil went flying. Jumping up, I about fell over. Thankfully, Waylon caught me.

Sparks erupted all over my skin causing my brain to scatter. "Oh...um..sorry." I said as I pulled myself away from him. My shirt didnt cover my flat stomach so I felt exposed.

"Here is that brace." Jessica walked up and gently velcroed the brace together. "She broke it. Give it a few weeks but I'll monitor it."

"Thank you." It already felt better. Moving my fingers wasnt as painful.

"These are amazing" Axel said as he looked at the picture of Waylon.

"I have a minor in art. Goes with the architect degree." I shrugged as I sat down on the couch.

"I'm going to be straight with you. We have the file of your parent's deaths." Jessica said very bluntly.

My eyes went to her and then found the folder Waylon was holding. Blinking a few times, I was sorting out my emotions. Everything that was used against me was in there and today my mate, his beta and his sister were going to see it all. "Thank you for the honesty."

Waylon sat beside me on the couch. Laying the folder down, he turned and looked at me. "You dont have to look at this if you dont want to." He placed his hand on mine. I instantly felt some relaxing feelings. It made me want to lay up against him. Almost.

"I'm fine." Putting my legs down, I pulled the file in front of me. I tried to look strong and unmoved as my hands shook opening the file. Holding my breath, I opened the file.

The first thing on top was a picture of my mother. I felt Waylons anger but it wasn't directed at me. I wasn't paying attention but I swear he glared at Axel. Picking the picture up, I just stared at it.

"Charlotte, you don't have to do this." Jessica tried to take

the photo from me.

"What? No!" I said as I frowned at her. "I've dreamed of getting my hands on this folder. Besides, this isn't right."

"What do you mean?" Waylon asked me.

I looked into his eyes. "This isn't right. This is staged. She didn't die like this. When she lunged at him. She got me free but he threw her at me as I was running. She hit the door. I heard her neck snap. He came after me so she would have bled out by the door. See how there isn't any blood pooling. After I nicked her artery, she was squirting blood. She would have bled out in seconds. Even if she landed here, there is no blood on the floor." I pointed out the floor and how it was clean.

"She's right." Axel said as he came around the couch.

Grabbing a piece of paper, I outlined what the room layout was. Like a blueprint. "Us girls were hiding here." I placed my pencil where the closet was. He came in here and got Cassie. we escaped here but Eva was caught here and Molly here." I labeled Xs where they died. Mom came in and held me here but he got my leg. My claws made these marks as he pulled me away. I have my own scars." I showed then the fading scars where my mother's claws dug in. Not near like I did. "She lunged at him, freeing me. Blood was everywhere."

Frantically, I pulled out all the photos. Most of the blood had been cleaned up. "This is all staged and wrong."

★ +5 BONUS

"Damn. Just looking at her wounds there should be a lot more blood than this." Axel said. He picked up a picture and examined it.

My heart grew some hope that he might believe me.

"The report shows on July 25th, th-" Jessica started reading.

"No, it happened the evening of July 24th." I said confidently.

"How do you know?" Waylon asked.

"My birthday is July 30th. I remember." The pity in their eyes was annoying. I didn't want or need their pity.

"I dont need your pity. Ive lived with this since I was 9. My memory is in tact. I remember it all. I pushed it into my brain."



Mrs. Smith Author

"
Thank you all for reading!
"

👍 4

💬 Comments

💖 Vote (813)

6/6