

## Chapter 12

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" Jessica asked.

"You can't fight the royals. That would mean you take them to court. That they fiancé." I reminded them.

"We can't not look into this." Jessica pushed. I could tell she felt strongly about this.


"Look, you gave me what I needed. Closure that I didn't do this, that it was set up, but you can't possibly think you could win against the royals." Dropping the papers, I put some distance between myself and them. The three of them looked at me... Almost defeated. They knew they couldn't win.

"Don't you want to be free of this? To not hide anymore? Not look over your shoulder every second?" Jessica had tears in her eyes. She had no idea.

"Not at the expense of this pack." Shaking my head violently. I can't get attached. I needed to stay strong and closed off. Taking a deep breath, I continued. "Thank you for this, Axel but I do not want to move forward. I want to just reject each other and move in to the next city. No one dies and I still get to breath fresh air." My heart broke saying it.

Waylon's anger was evident as his eyes narrowed. I knew he wanted to say something but instead he stormed out of his room, slamming the door closed behind him.

"You don't mean that..." Jessica whispered.

"I refuse to bring anyone down with me. You saw how Nora reacted. That is how the whole werewolf world views me. Waylon can't have that as a mate and this pack can't have that as a Luna. I've been on my own for most of my life. I've accepted it." 

"You will regret turning Waylon away." Jessica promised as she got up and left too. Only Axel stood before me and I couldn't read his expression.

"Thank you for this." I said as I grabbed the papers and put them back in the folder. I even added the blueprint I made.

Axel took the folder from me. "Everyone needs someone in their corner. No one is stronger than Waylon."

"And condemn him to death with me for standing beside me? What kind of mate would I be? I am sacrificing myself so he will live. So this pack will survive. It is my only option." Why could they not see that?

"Well, good luck with that." Axel said before slipping out. He locked the door behind him.

I was exhausted. Mentally, physically and emotionally. Truthfully, I was done running and I wanted nothing more

than to be saved. That just in the cards for me.

Walking to the balcony, the view was amazing. Too bad I was not going to be here much longer.

Waylon POV

"What do we do?" Axel walked into my office just as I was pouring myself a whiskey.

"Suggestions?" I was all ears.

"Why can't we fight this?"

"You mean take it to court? Go to the King and be like, I think you killed your brother and his wife. Not to mention the three other little girls."

"Exactly. We will have to file it directly. Don't bring it up to the King until charges are pressed."

"Maybe we should speak with an officer first. We have a few we could trust." I said. That would give us a chance to see what else we need to do. More information to gather.

"I'll call Patrick Lockwood." Axel stood up and pulled out his phone. Sitting in my chair, I tuned his conversation out as my mind wondered. Patrick was an old family friend that has worked for the palace since he was 18. As an investigator, he has worked thousands of cases in his years of service. Mostly he takes care of tax fraud or petty crimes but surely he would have some insight for us.

"Earth to Waylon!"

"What?" Axel pulled me from my mind. I hadn't realized I sipped my drink gone.

"He will get on a plane tonight and be here this evening."

"That was fast." I was a little surprised.

"He said he had free time." Axel shrugged. I didn't have it in me to question. "I have to go and do some training."

I nodded at him as he walked out of my office. Working through supper and into the night. It wasn't until the chock said 11:38pm that I decided to call it a night.

Shutting my computer down, I got up and headed to my room. The thought of Charlotte in my room caused my dick to stir. I wanted so bad to fuck her but that couldn't happen not until her name is cleared. I had to keep reminding myself of that. Not until she is cleared.

As quietly as I could, my hand wrapped around the door knob and turned. My finger prints were immediately read and I was able to enter. The room was dark and the balcony door was wide open, allowing the cool night air into my room.

Panic ran through me as my eyes frantically looked for Charlotte. Did she leave? The bed was untouched, the balcony was empty and the couch just had a blankets around it.

"Waylon!" I heard her soft cries from my desk. Instantly, I took the three large steps before I saw her. She was asleep, at my desk. Her face was on top of what looked like more drawings. She must have kept herself busy by drawing. Instead of faces, she drew her mother's murder. The haunting look in her eyes as captured perfectly. The look of a mother who's child was in danger. Her arm was even out stretched with blood dripping from the claw marks. Vastly different than the police records. The next three were of the little girls. Each girl was easily recognizable but not. The damage to their face was clear. Throats were ripped out, laying, closed eyed in a pool of their own blood.

"Waylon, help me!" Charlottes soft cries tore at my heart. I wanted to help her but I didn't know how. Releasing a breath I didn't realize I was holding, I walked over to the bed and pulled the sheets down. Going back to Charlotte, moving slowly and softly pulled her into my harms. Her head buried itself in my chest as my scent calmed her. Her fingers griped my shirt like a life line. If I didn't know any better, I would think she was genuinely scared.

Laying her down, I had to pry her fingers off me. Replacing it with my pillow, she curled into a ball in the middle of the bed. After pulling the sheets around her, I went to the closet. Getting undressed, I put on a pair of shorts, shut the balcony and laid down on the couch. No way was I getting in that bed.

It wasn't wasn't until the sun hit my eyes, did I wake up. A massive kink was in my neck. Something vibrated next to me. Without opening my eyes, my hand searched the floor until I found the annoying vibration. Without even looking, I pressed accept.

"Yeah?"

"Sleeping still?"

"What the fuck do you want?" Axel was an annoying morning person.

"Patrick is in your office." Shit. I forgot he was coming after I got busy at work. He never came to my office when he got into town.

"Fuck. I'm coming." I groaned as I tossed my phone down. I didn't hit end but Axel would have so I wasn't worried.

It took me a few tries to sit up, once I finally did, I felt eyes on me. Charlotte was sitting up, looking like deer in head lights. I was grumpy. Ignoring her, I got up, got dressed and grabbed all of her drawings.

"Hey! Those are mine!" Only when she realized what I was doing did she climb out of bed. Running up to me, she tried to take them out of my hands. Thankfully, her short stature allowed me to hold them up, out of her reach.

"Okay." I didn't care to argue with her. Her fist tried to punch me but she must have forgot her hand was still broke. Pain

shot up my arm, that wasn't my pain.

Turning around quickly, my hand slipped around her neck, grabbing a fist full of hair. I didn't stop there as I pulled her around and used my body to pin her against the wall.

"Listen here, princess. I'm in no mood for your shit. I have work to do and you promised to be a good girl and stay here. Don't make this hard." Our lips were inches apart. Watching her eyes follow my lips, I locked them slowly. She swallowed deeply at that. "Feel free to lay in my bed and touch yourself more as you scream my name."

That snapped her back to reality as I stepped away from her and headed towards the door.

"Not everyone is an emotionally vacant as you are! Fuck you!" Pure anger filled her as I walked out and locked the door behind me. The look in her eyes told me she won't forgive any time soon.

"Sorry, I'm late." I said as I walked into my office. Patrick and Axel were looking at the report on the coffee table. Dropping Charlottes sketches on the table, I walked over to get some water.

"Where did these come from?" Axel asked.

"Good to see you." Patrick said mindlessly. He had picked up the sketch of the queen and studied it.

"Where did this come from?" He was comparing the police

photo with the hand drawn one.

"Not important." I grumbled as I sat down.

"Someone wake up on the wrong side of the bed?" Patrick glanced at my bare chest.

"Yeah...?" Axel smirked at me knowingly.

"No, fell asleep on the couch. I have a massive kink in my neck. Slept like shit." This water wasn't doing it.

"Well, all you have is enough to make them pause. Not enough to make them move forward with anything. If this is even real." Patrick sighed as he sat the papers down.

"Then what do we need?" I barked.

"I'm doing this as a favor. Go get laid or something." Patrick glared at me. He didn't know how right he was.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to relax my muscles and emotions. "What do you think...?"

"Why are you even looking into this? This case is like 20 years old!"

Axel and I glanced at each other. We couldn't tell him. If he knew, he would have to bring her in. "Going through my dad's old folders and it caught my eye." Not a complete lie.

"Alpha, we have an issue." A guard from the front gate mind-linked me.



"What?"

"The Royal Guard is here. Demanding to be let in." Shear panic ran through me. Axel saw my expression and instantly stood up.

"Let them in." I told the guard.

"Axel, the Royal Guard is here!" I said to him.

"Why?" Patrick looked confused as Axel scrambled to put the papers away.

"Fuck!!"

A knock sounded at my door. Surely that wasn't them already. It took me two strides to get to the door and open it.

Jasime.

"We have visitors!" She sang. Grabbing her arm, yanking her inside. In one motion she was slammed against the wall and the door closed.

"What did you do?" I commanded.

Her eyes were full of defiance. "I heard you. I was in the hallway when she told you her real name. A simple G\*\*\*\*e search and guess what I found." She had a sly smile on her face, like she won.

"Waylon, there are here." Axel was looking out the window.

"Take me back and I'll tell them I was lying!" Jasmine spat

+5 BONUS


as she slipped her hands around my neck. "Make me your Luna or I will turn her in."

 Mrs. Smith  Author

"*Thank you all for reading!*"

 2

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