

Chapter 13

My eyes studied hers as I tried to figure out what I was going to do. The need to protect Charlotte was there. My time was running out as I could hear the foot steps penetrate my pack house. Anger filled me as I realized I was backed into a corner.

"She's here?" Patrick said completely shocked.

"ALPHA WAYLON!" The voice of the head of criminal deparement yelled. Ethan Watson. A complete dick in every way. Only cared about his image and finally bring in the elusive princess would be the arrest of his career.

My office door flew open as I straightened up. I was fucking livid. "Ethan. You and I both know that you do not have the jurisdiction to come barging into my house and into my office!"

"When I get word that you are harboring thr missing princess that is charged with thr desth of her parents, I can. Patrick, what are you doing here?" Ethan turned to look at him.

"Assisting with a different matter that is none of your concern." I said threw gritted teeth.

"Are you Jasime? The young lady that called this in?" Ethan turned and look at her. She was massaging her neck, where the red marks were forming.

She looked at me for a second, her eyes asking what my choice was. Returning her gaze, I pushed all my anger out through them. She read my answer loud and clear. The hurt that was in her eyes didn't stop her.

"Yes. I am the chosen mate to Alpha Waylon."

WHAT?

"Congratulations!" Ethan said, pulling out his phone, he sent a few messages. "I have officially informed the place of this status change. Now, you reported you have the princess here?"

"Yes, my mate has been keeping a close eye on her in his room."

My jaw clinched. Not giving anything away, I was silently fuming. She had successfully formally changed her status without even my approval and turned Charlotte in.

"Good. Smart thinking. She is extremely dangerous. Been on the run for years. We have reason to believe she has been mentally unstable since the death of her parents."

This couldn't be happening! Axel was just as shocked as I am.

"I'll show you the way."

"Thank you." Ethan opened the door and walked out. Jasmine right on his tail. As we made our way, Ethan pulled out a dart gun. "Don't worry, this won't kill her. Just put her

to sleep. Who knows what kind of crazy she has."

"Here we are. I for one believe you should just put someone that proven dangerous down." Jasmine has a sickening sweet voice.

"Unfortunately, her uncle, the King wants a full trial. Otherwise, I would."

Ethan held up his fingers, 3...2...1 throwing open my door. The guards swarmed in looking around for Charolette. My eyes went to the bathroom as she unknownly stepped out of. She was freshly shower with curled hair and a light layer of make up. Her beauty caused me a moment of distraction.

"Hands up!"

"Don't move!"

Charlottes eyes widden as she realized what was happening. Looking around, my eyes met with hers. Betrayal, heartbreak, anger and fear filled her eyes. She glanced over at the balcony but Ethan quickly guarded that.

"Come willingly or I will shoot." Ethan yelled.

Jasmine was smiling as she walked up and clung to my arm. I watched her mouth, "I win." Before running her hands down my bare chest. A second later, a gun went off. The dart hit charolette in the chest. The impact sent her flying back, until she fit the wall, leaving a large dent.

"She didn't move!" I yelled as I pushed Jasmine off of me,

taking a few steps forward before she grabbed my arm and held me back.

"Maybe I just wanted to finally shoot her." The guards laughed as he walked up to her. "She is really something beautiful."

It made my stomach turn as he knelt down and touched her face. "She still deserves respect. What would the King say if he knew you touched her inappropriately."

'Probably wouldn't care after his reputation. Come on boys, let's get out of this hell hole."

Grabbing her, he flipped charolette over his shoulders. She lifeless body, dangled as he walked out of my room and out of the pack house.

I was forced to watch him toss her into the back and slam the door. "We will be in touch."

Ethan got in the passenger seat as the SUV started rolling.

"They will be back. A full enquiry will be held. Interviews and questioning will be done." Patrick muttered.

"This is just the beginning."

Grabbing Jasmine by the arm, half dragging her to my office, followed by Patrick and Axel. I didnt even feel bad as I tossed her into the wall. "WHAT THE FUCK!"

"You belong to me!" Her body was fueled off of rage and

hurt.

"No I dont! When will you get that through your head? I don't fucking want you. You disgust me!"

"You dont have a choice. Either you go along with it or I will turn you in. I will tell everyone that you knew who she was and you were keeping her in your room for your own personal satisfaction."

"Blackmail? You are going to try to blackmail your Alpha!" My voice bounced off the walls by her stupid antics.

"Either play nice and take me as your Luna, or you ca be sitting in a cell next to her. No title, just a pathetic rapist. It will be called rape too because who will believe she willingly stayed in your room otherwise? No one would want to be a willingly sex object. I will sit on the stand and tell them all the demented things you forced me to do."

"Not if you are dead." I had taken a few steps back from her as she ranted on.

"Death threats? I am much too smart for that. I have a document that will be released upon my death, explaining everything that is going to be recieved by Ethan. Even if you kill me, you will go down with me."

Jasmine stood up and walked to the door. "I'll be moving my stuff into our room. I'll put something sexy on for you." And then closed the door.

All three of us stared at the closed door. What the actual fuck just happened? In 30 minutes, I have lost Charolette, placed under investigation by the palace and blackmailed by my ex.

"I think I understand now...." Patrick said slowly. I still don't understand why you want to help her."

Axel looked at me and shrugged. "She is my mate." I said looking at Patrick. "Obviously, no one knows."

Patrick let out a whistle. "And you slept on the couch?"

"Fuck off." Fuck it being early, walking over to the bar, I got myself a drink.

"We need a plan. How are we going to help her." Axel became the voice of reason.

"We need more proof. Get your lawyer down to the palace. I wouldn't have him tell her who is paying for it."

Patrick rubbed the back of his neck as he sat down. "We need to go back to the crime scene and look for the blood."

"How do we do that?" Axel asked.

"Can you get us access?" I asked.

"Ha, no. There is no way the king is going to allow me to have access to his bedroom." Patrick said.

"What? He sleeps in the same room that he killed

everyone?" I didnt think I could get more shocked but I was.

"He can make sure no one else can access it, I assume."

"Shit." I said as i downed the rest of my drink. "Okay, we need a team."

"Are you seriously thinking about breaking into the palace and into his room?" Axel asked. His eyes were wide.

"What if she was your mate?" I pleaded, looking at him in the eyes.

It took him a second but he finally came around. "She will have my balls if I dont help." My sister has that affect.

"We need a couple tech savvy people. A couple smooth talkers. In case a distraction is needed." I said looking at Patrick.

"There is a ball. In two days, actually. It is their annual fall festival. You need to drop some money but get an invite." Patrick was looking at his phone.

"You need to keep this image up. We are going to have to take Jasmine to sell it." Axel frowned.

That means we have to bring Justina. "Might as well fill in Justina. She will be helpful." I sighed.

"I was hoping we could leave her out of it."

"Tell me how that works for you." I rolled my eyes but I got it.

"Call the lawyer. Give me those papers and get on their website and make a deposit." Patrick commanded.

I did as I was told. There was only one person I trusted with this. I hate that I was calling her. I vowed to never speak to her again but she was the best lawyer that would get their hands dirty. I already dug a grave with Jasmine, wait till Charollette finds out about Nikki.

"This is a call I never expected." She voice was just as seductive as I remembered. However, it didn't have the same effect on me.

"I need to retain your professional services."

"The mighty Waylon needs MY help?"

"Save it. I'll email you details. I need you at the palace yesterday." I gave a brief overview on my email and then hit send. "I'll fill you in more later tonight. I'll call around 10pm. Do not tell her I am paying for this." Clicking the button to turn my laptop on.

I heard her inhale. "You can't be serious?"

"Very. I'm give you all the evidence you need."

I felt the excitement and hesitancy. This was a make or break you kind of case.. Huge publicity and payout if she wins.

"I need to look over this, talk to you tonight." Back to

business and she hung up.

Nodding at the boys, telling them, she was in. Now that my computer was up, I pulled up the palaces page. Across the top, read, BREAKING NEWS. MENTALLY UNSTABLE PRINCESS HAS BEEN CAUGHT.

Grabbing the remote, I flipped to the royals station.

".... Tip that came. The Royal guard responded immediately and was able to take the princess in for questioning and ultimately, to be charged with the murder of her parents. The initial report is that she put up quite the fight, injuring a few guards. Proving more how unstable she has become. They consider her armed and dangerous." The female reporter said.

"Any information in the tip?" A male voice asked the reporter.

"We have been directly contacted by the person. Currently, they wish to remain anonymous but they did say the princess showed up, impersonated an architect. Using their skills, was able to find her real identity and immediately called it in. The report said they were scared for their safety."

"There isn't footage yet of her arrival but we will keep you updated as details emerge."

Click!

"I'm going to fucking kill her." I said dangerously calm.

"Keep your head in the game. Think long term." Axel said.

"Going to rip her heart out." I continued.

"Get Alex, Daniel, Matthew and Ty." Axel ignored me. "Those four will be perfect for this. They are all pretty boys with street smarts. Not afraid to get dirty."

"Do we have blueprints of the palace?" I asked.

"Easy enough to get." Axel was in the phone.

"Get to my office, now." I mind-link the four boys. They were 18 or 19 but I felt confident they could pull this off.

"Yes, Alpha." They answered in unison.

"What's the plan?" I asked Patrick.




Mrs. Smith  Author

"*Thank you all for reading! I posted now since I will be busy tonight!*"

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