

Chapter 14

Charolette POV

I can't believe how stupid I was. To think I was even starting to trust him! My mate was nothing but a back stabbing, low life weasel! The imagine of Jasmine back in Waylons arms was too much. It was one thing when I thought he didnt want me and we were going to go our separate ways but then he manipulated me. He got me to take my wall down just to betray me.

Looking around, my reward for thinking my mate could actually care about me was slapping me in the face. A twin size cot with worn out white see-through sheets. A single pillow with an equally thin pillowcase. A metal toilet sat against the wall with a sink beside it. My new room measured 4x6 feet and only a tiny window to stare out of.

The wrought iron door kept me from my desires. Freedom. As my head hit the pillow, flashbacks of my captured kept replaying. Seeing the Royal guards storm Waylons bedroom and Jasmine with her evil, vindictive smile plastered on her face was enough to make my blood boil. I should have just ran.

I don't know how much time has pasted. The bruise on my chest was turning yellow. That fucking dart hurt like a bitch. I hadn't showered, hadn't brushed my teeth or even used

toilet paper that a cockroach had crawled on. Living in the woods was better than this.

The sound of high heels clicking on the concrete was slowly getting louder and louder. I wanted to care but I couldn't find it in me. Instead, I just laid there and stared at the water stained ceilings.

"Good afternoon, Charlotte." A female voice came from the other side of my door.

Picking my head up, I saw a drop dead gorgeous woman. Her perfectly curled hair cascaded down her all black business suit. A silk white shirt was tucked into her pencil skirt. Red bottoms finished her look. Jewelry was kept simple and a black leather brief case rested in her perfectly manicured hand.

"Can I help you?" I said sarcastically.

"I think the questions is what I can do for you."

"Oh?" My interest officially peaked, I sat up and gave her a look.

"Lilith St. Clair. Attorney"

"You want to take my case?" Something smelled fishy.

"I do. I like a challenge."

"You will sign your professional death certificate if you take this case." I laughed as I laid back down.

"Or completely make it, giving me huge publicity."

"Any press is good press?"

She cracked a half smile, "something like that."

"I have no reason to say no. I have money to pay you. Not sure why you want to commit professional suicide but it's your reputation."

"We can discuss money later. I would like to meet with you privately." Lilith stated as she looked at her watch. "Guard!"

"Ma'am?"

"Please take my client to a room we can talk privately."

He nodded as he unlocked my cell. Pulling out his handcuffs, he grabbed my wrist and painfully cuffed me from behind.

"I don't believe that excessive force is needed." Lilith had a disapproving look to her eyes.

The guard shrugged as he pushed me forward. "It's okay. He's still pissy it took someone calling in my whereabouts for them to even find me."

I knew I pissed him off and would pay for that later but he couldn't do anything in front of my lawyer. His grip tightened around my arm. I was going to have fingerprint bruises.

We came to a room that was at the end of the cells. No

windows, just a table with folding chairs. There was a big metal hook screwed into the table. Pushing me down in a chair, the guard yanked my arms forward. Unlocking one cuff, he put it around the hook and cuffed me to the table before walking out of the room.

"Is that really needed?" Lilith asked

"I am accused of killing my parents, the king and queen and have been on the run since I was 9. Their egos are hurt." I shrugged.

"Can't you command them to be released?" She asked as she sat down too.

"Is my attorney asking me to break out of jail?"

"Ha, no."

"They are giving me shots of wolfsbane so my aura is not as strong. Plus, there are tranquilizer guns stationed around."

Lilith frowned. "I would say you get an arraignment but you will be denied bail and be considered a flight risk. So, no reason for you to be there. I will still argue for you. They want to crucify you for this. We have an up-hill battle ahead of us."

"Which is why I was happy on the run."

"I have a team working on uncovering the truth, whatever that might be. My goal is to prolong the hearing as long as possible so we can do a secret investigation."

"So, you believe me?" I didn't believe she believed me. How did she even know what I believed?

"I believe there is information that doesn't add up and needs more investigating. Whatever the truth is, I'll... We will find it."

"How were you even put on this?"

"I watch the news." She said dismissively. "Tell me in your words what happened that night."

My lips burned for the third time today. Waylon hadn't done more than kiss and not more than for a few seconds but damn if it didn't hurt. Lilith raised an eye brow as she watched me flinch from the sudden pain.

"I was playing hid and seek with my friends when my uncle..."

"The current king?" She interrupted

"The current king came in. He killed the girls and tossed my mom against the wall. I was clinging to her for help when he grabbed me and pulled me off of her. I was 9 and was no match for him. I didn't realize my claws were extended and I nicked an artery."

"How do you know that?"

"When blood squirts out in pulsating pumps, you know." I said half annoyed.

"Where did this happen?" She was writing notes.

"The master bedroom." She nodded in response.

"Okay. The annual ball is tonight. Your assignment is tomorrow. I'll be in touch then. Do you need anything until then?"

"A shower and clothes." I sighed as I looked at myself.

"I'll see that you get that." Lilith frowned.

"Thanks." I muttered.

Lilith stood up and collected her stuff. Going to the door, she opened it and turned to look at me. "Hang in there."

"Do I have a choice?" I said rolling my eyes.

"No, you don't." She left and the guard came back in. After unlocking my cuff, he grabbed my arm forcefully, yanked me up and cuffed me hard enough that my shoulder about popped out of its socket. He practically dragged me back to my cell before he tossed me inside. Thankfully, I had decent balance and didn't fall over. That seemed to piss him off. Grabbing my hair, he shoved me against the wall before uncuffing me.

As soon as the cuffs were off, his hand pulled back on my hair and slammed my head against the concrete wall. With a sickening crunch, my legs gave out. As I tried to bend my arm back around, a sharp sting erupted in my stomach. Knocking the wind put of me before two more blows. My vision was blurry, blood trickled down my face as I laid

there, panting.

"Stupid bitch." He muttered before picking my head up again and slammed it in the floor. My world went black.

Waylon POV

"Are you ready yet?" Jasmine's annoying voice pierced my ears making me internally groan. I had to keep appearances up since she opened her big ass mouth. However, she might come useful as our plan starts to play out.

"I might just kill her myself." Axel mind-linked me. I was smiling at his comment when Jasmine came around the corner. She thought my smile was for her.

"Looking good!" She tried to slip her arms around me but I was able to move quickly around her.

"I'm ready." As I came into the livingroom, Axel was standing there, looking at his watch.

"Good. We will be right on time if we head down now." Axel said as he eyed Jasmine. "You need to keep your mouth shut tonight." He told her.

"Excuse me? I am your Luna an-"

"No, your not. Until he marks you, you are the annoying side piece hanging off his arm." The venom in his voice made it clear how he felt if his words were too subtle.

"Are you going to let him speak to me that way?" Jasmine

rounded on me.

"I command you to not speak out being Luna, mating or anything along those lines tonight." I let my aura filter around her. She shivered as the command took affect.

The anger in her eyes was clear. "Just remember what I have on you. We are at the palace after all."

All I wanted to do was backhand her but I kept my mouth shut. We had a plan and it needed to be executed perfectly for us to help Charlotte.

Jasmine thought she got the last word in as she passed Axel. He was holding open the door. As I passed, he help up a small vial for me to see. Nodding to him, he slipped it in hos suit jacket before Jasmine saw it.

I allowed Jasmine to slip her arm in mine as we walked down to the ball. Usually, I avoid these. More than anything, I wished it was Charlotte on my arm. I feared she would feel burying on her arm.

"Lilith is seeing her now. We will have to find her later and speak with her." Axel said in the mind-link.

"Okay. Hopefully she remembers the plan."

"Patrick is in his room, getting ready." Axel continued.

"Does he expect any issues?" I asked. My nerves were starting to bubble in my stomach.

"No. He is friendly with the staff already. Plus, he has contacts."

"I wish we could have brought warriors." I would have felt more comfortable with more people on this but we also couldn't chance that.


"Me too."

Soft instrumental music was playing in the lobby as we got to the entrance where the ball is being held. There were two guards in suits checking names and giving out name tags.

"Alpha Waylon, Beta Axel and guest." Axel told them. Jasmine made it clear how she felt about that but she kept her mouth shut. If anything, she knew how to work a room. Appearances have always mattered to her so I wasn't worried about that part.

"Here are your name tags. Bar is on the left. You are on table 24. Food will be served at 7pm." The guard bowed and gestured for us proceed into the party. It was decorated in black and gold. The black spandex table clothed had specs of gold in them that really made the gold vase center pieces to pop. Black and cream flower arrangements in the vases had gold rhinestones that finished off their elegant and minimalistic look.

Axel and I bee-lined towards the bar. This evening was going to require multiple drinks. Being this close to Charlotte again was making my body antsy. I was feeling the

 +5 BONUS

pull that was coaxing me in a different direction.

For the second time, my shoulder had a sharp pain shoot through it. It wasn't my pain. It was Charlotte's. Axel handed me a drink that I didn't realize he even ordered and we made our way to our table.

Something wasn't right. I was sure of it. My internal need to find Charlotte and save her was strong. The fact that I was able to sit in my seat with Jasmine hanging off me was insane. A moment later, I felt pain erupt in my face. My lungs burned as three sharp pains felt like it broke my ribs and finally one last blow to my head. Except it wasn't mine, it was Charlotte's pain.





Mrs. Smith  Author

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Thank you all for reading!
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