

Chapter 16

"He asked what pack I was from and general details you can find on the internet! Don't worry, I didn't tarnish your pretty face. I just informed him that our pack was growing and expecting great things this next year. He was taking basic notes to do a full report on the supporters of the king."

Jasmine took a napkin and started trying to clean her dress.

"Here is a new drink." Axel placed a glass of something red in front of her. My lack of caring was pretty high. I just hoped this drug would kick in sooner than later.

"I can't fucking believe you! You did that on purpose!" Her face was flushed with anger.

"It was an accident but please, keep making a scene." Axel looked around and there was indeed people glancing our way.

Jasmine dropped her napkin as she realized how loud she was being. When she went to grab it, she lost her balance and almost fell over. Thankfully, I was quick to grab her arm and help her stand up. "What the hell, Jasmine?" I asked, faking stupid.

"I don't know. I just got really dizzy all of the sudden."

"Is everything okay, over here?" A server came over and looked between Jasmine and myself.

Jasmine had the decency to look ashamed. "Yes, a drink got spilled on me and I slipped when I tried to clean it up. My apologies."

"Do you require more napkins?" He asked.

"No, thank you. I think I might just call it a night." Jasmine tried to give him a smile but I could tell the drug was kicking in. Standing up, I walked behind her.

"Excuse us. I think it is best we take her upstairs." Picking her up bridal style, her head fell against my chest. My balls internally sucked back up into me as my intestines recoiled.

"Yes, sir." He bowed and walked away as Axel and I made our way to the bedroom. A few people laughed as they acknowledged a passed out Jasmine. I was happy to let them believe she was drunk. Maybe that would help me cause when they found out she was not my luna.

"We have ten minutes." Axel said in the mind-link as he walked quicker to the bedroom. We needed to deposit her and get dressed in different clothing. The plan was to meet Patrick and slip into an unused bedroom before going to King Thomas's bedroom. His inside help had give Patrick access to the room across the hall but we couldn't be seen. King Thomas has forbid anyone from sleeping or even entering those rooms. If we get spotted, all hell will come loose.

Dressing in all black, we placed our ski masks in our

pockets. Axel had a blueprint of the layout of the palace so using the servers hallways and staircases would help keep us hidden. More than once, we had to dash into a broom closet or a bathroom to avoid running into anyone.

My heart was racing with excitement and concern. It would be extremely hard for me to talk my way out of this, if we got caught. Next to impossible, actually. Flashbacks of our childhood danced in my mind as Axel and I used to do this as kids. We would sneak into the kitchen and get more cake or brownies. Anything our mothers said we couldn't have. Although, we did get caught. More often than not, we didn't.

Finally, we got to the room that was our meeting point. It was under construction. At this time of night, no one should be working. Slipping in, the smell of paint and plaster filled our noses, but no wolves. We were three minutes later but Patrick wasn't here yet. Initially, I wasn't worried but once it hit ten minutes, I got concerned. Fifteen minutes goes by and still no Patrick.

"Should we call it?" Axel asked in my mind.

"We can't abandon this now!" I was being stubborn but he was right. Maybe this was a sign.

"Waylon, we need to regroup-" The door opened and Patrick slipped in.

"Sorry, there was a maid filling her cart and then talking on the phone. I couldn't get passed her.

“Are we still going to be able to do this?” I whispered urgently as I checked the time.

“Yes, just need to not fuck off.” Patrick looked back out of the room and signaled us to follow him. We all three put on our ski masks as we darted from room to room until we finally made it to the room across from King Thomas’s.

I almost tripped over the equipment that was in there. “The fuck?”

“Shhh! This is a black light. Axel, take this around and shine it on the floors. Waylon, take this camera and take detailed pictures of each drop of blood that shows up under that light. I will be creating my own map of the blood patterns to see what it looks like. I am looking for the direction patterns and quantity of blood.

Patrick handed me a camera that was incredible techy looking. I had barely touched a button and something flipped over and made a weird noise. Patrick rolled his eyes at me but kept going. Handing Axel this massive purple lightbulb with a portable battery. Finally, I picked up a few pieces of paper that looked like a crime scene. There was a rectangle that said bed, one for couch and so forth. It jogged my memories of what Charlotte had drawn. Another paper he had was blank and the third was what I assumed was how the pictures from the police report showed it.

After giving us a questionable look, we nodded and he



barely opened the door. Moving to the door, we waited until Patrick had typed in the code and opened the door before we dashed across the hall and into the King's bedroom.

All the lights were out, windows curtains were open and even the windows were open a crack. The room was chilly, making me shiver from head to toe. It wasn't only the cool air, there was like a presence in here. It almost felt haunted. The hairs on my neck stood up as Patrick signaled us to start in the closet. Axel turned on the black light and instantly fluorescent spots illuminated the hardwood floor. It took me by surprise. It was fucking massive.

I felt a nudge in my shoulder. Looking over, Axel was nodding for me to take the pictures and Patrick was scribbling away. Holding the camera up to my eye, I started snapping away. Trying to get on from straight down, then all angles and finally I tried to get it all in one picture. Backing was was tricky but I think I managed to get it.

When I was done, Axel started to move away but I caught some splatter against the wall. Grabbing his arm, I forced the light to shine higher up. Slow, I loved it up higher and higher until we covered the whole wall to the ceiling. This room... this room saw a massacre. Blood literally covered every wall. You could see the smear marks where some tried to clean it up.

My stomach rolled as I tried to keep myself from vomiting but also the horror of what Charlotte had to endure as a

child. I had just snapped the last picture when Axel pointed at a new stop. It was in the back of the closet where the exit was from Charlotte's description. Two sets of little kid footprints, in blood were smeared as it looked like they tried to run. One hand print of a little kid but another massive handprint was only a few inches away. It led to another massive blood spot with blood splatter.

He didn't just kill the girls. He mauled them. There was so much blood that I doubt he even allowed a single drop back into their bodies. My finger was getting tired from snapping so many pictures but I kept going. It was all I could do to not allow the sorrow to sweep me away. My jaw was clenched tight and each time Axel grabbed me to snap another picture, I just wanted to punch someone.

Finally, we made it out to the livingroom. We followed the single little footprints. It looked like they had stopped and stood still as both feet there side by side. The next footprint was to the right before a handprint and another massive blood pool. There was a couch hiding part of the blood so Axel and Patrick moved the couch to the side to get a full view. In the blood spot was two squares that were equal in size. Like where a dresser would be. Like what Charlotte said.

Quickly, my finger snapped away. More eager to prove her innocence. That blood spot was documented in every way until Axel got to the worst part. There was a clear view of fingernails etched into the hardwood floors. King Thomas

never even buffed out the fingernail marks that Charlotte made as she tried to get away from him. She said she dug her fingers into her mother's arm and by the looks of these markings on the floor, she did just that. There was a blood smear that would resemble someone being drug across the floor before it went out the door and was gone. Carpet lined the hallways so I could only assume that got replaced.

Patrick's phone beeped, causing all of us to freeze. Pulling it out, he read it right as we heard the door knob shake.

 Mrs. Smith  Author

"*Thank you all for reading!*"

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