



## Chapter 19

If I was suppose to be quiet, I wasn't. I knew I was screaming but the sheer terror I felt was like nothing else. I was being tossed around, left, right, up and down. In circles and every direction that I couldn't gather my own thoughts. My hands searched frantically for the yellow handle. I knew it was on the right side of me but that meant bending my left shoulder which was my hurt shoulder. My finger tips could reach it but my hand couldn't grasp it.

Using my right arm, I pushed my left arm up and over my shoulder to pull the rope. The sharp pain told me I tore something. It instantly went limp and I couldn't move it. Maybe dislocated it? As my shoot opened, the whiplash was something I was going to be feeling for awhile. Looking up, the plane I was just on was flying high and away from me.

Looking down, the forest below me was quickly approaching. The speed was a little fast but I didn't know if I had breaks or not so it was all I could do to sit and wait for the trees to hit me.

The wait wasn't long as the leaves slapped me in the face. Twigs and branches scrapped away at my body, giving me all new bruises. I wasn't sure how much more my body could take but as I hit the ground with a thud, I think I was going to be finding out the hard way.

Groaning, I had to lay there for a few minutes to catch my breath. My wolf was there but very weak. With the little amount of food, abuse and general living conditions, she would might be able to handle one person but not more than that.

"GUYS! OVER HERE!" I heard some yell out. It was all I could do to roll over and try to unbuckle myself.

"Whoa! Stop moving!" A male voice said. "I am Ezra. Code word?"

"Bl-blackthorn." I barely got out. My head was spinning, I felt some blood running down my face and just general numbness.

"She is in shock. She needs a doctor quickly!" He shouted.

"Did she give you the code word?" Another guy asked

"Yeah, it's her." Ezra said. I didn't have it in me to glare at him.

"She looks bad." Finally the strapped came off and I was lifted up.

"We need to move. Now!" My head rolled to his shoulder before passing out.

Waylon POV

Axel went to get Charlotte ready to jump. I needed to distract the pilots for a few minutes while she falls. Timing

had to be perfect. If the pilots saw her, our cover could be broke. Thankfully, Jasmine was going off like she normally did so it seemed normal back here.

I had one minute before it was jump time so I went up to the cock pit. "Hey guys, how are we looking?" I have done this before when I needed to get away from Jasmine in the past so it didn't seem unnatural.

"Looking good. The sun is right in our eyes so that is nice." The pilot laughed. That actually helped out in our favor.

"I brought you guys some drin-" I purposely dropped them on the door. "FUCK!" I yelled. They both turned around and saw the mess. Turning on the auto pilot, they came to help me clean it up. "I'm sorry! I slipped on that damn step."

"I have done that so many times. I keep a towel here now for that reason." The co-pilot said. I saw the light for the rear door open. Their attention was still on the spilled drink.

Get her out. Get her out. I kept repeating that to myself before they finished cleaning it up. The light went off right as the pilot stood up. "All finished."

"Let me get you another one." I said as I went back, grabbed another drink and brought it up to them.

"Again, my apologizes!"

"No worries, Alpha Waylon. We appreciate your gratitude."

"That was mighty clumsy of you." Jasmine said as I went to

sit back down. My nerves were still high as I kept watching my phone. Axel had come back up and sat down. "And you, why are you taking so long in the bathroom?"

"I told you already. Would you like to watch me take a shit next time?" Axel loathed her and would do anything to get Charlotte's name cleared.

"Just shut the fuck up, Jasmine. I can't take your voice anymore." Getting up, I moved to the other end of the plane. Looking out the window, I could see her parachute at the tops of the trees. Much too fast, it disappeared. My leg was twitching as I kept waiting for one of the guys to text me and tell me they had her.

These were guys that I met when I was on my rebellious stage growing up. I saved their lives from a bookie and in return, we have all been great friends. Well, they are my friends in low places. However, they are on my payroll so anything I need done that I can't get my hands dirty, they are who I call. Axel gets a bit jealous as he loves to live life on the fast lane but I still need my Beta.

Buuuzzzz. Finally, my fingers almost dropped my phone as I opened the text from Leo.

Leo: We have her, she is in bad shape.

He sent a picture of Charlotte. She must not have slowed the parachute down before she hit the trees. Cuts and scraps covered every inch of her. Ezra was carrying her and

they were suppose to burn the parachute. No evidence left behind. My phone started ringing, it was the palace clerk.

"Hello?" I answered dully.

"Alpha Waylon. I'm afraid I have some bad news. Hailey Mertens has escaped and is presumed armed and dangerous. We are letting you know in case she comes after you for turning her in."

"Holy shit! What do you mean she has escaped? What kind of guards does the palace employ? I have serious concerns about the reliability of our officers."

"Alpha Waylon, I can assure you, we are doing everything we can to find her and bring her back."

"Like you did when she was nine years old? Fuck! You couldn't bring her in then, what makes you think you can find her now?" I was honestly surprised it took them this long to call me. Axel and Jasmine heard me yell and came over. Axel was impassive and Jasmine looked down right pissed.

"I understand your concern. We can place guards at your pack if you like.."

"No, I think you guys need all your warriors to find her. I will protect my own. I will not forget about this and we will be in touch." I slammed my phone down. It felt good to yell at someone, even though it was all a lie.

"She escaped?" Jasmine yelled.

"I guess so."

"Did they have any leads?" Axel asked.

"None she told me."

"How could they fucking lose her? She was in their jail in the middle of the fucking palace! This had to be an inside job!" Jasmine stomped off as she continued to vent to herself. Axel nodded as he sat down across from me. Handing him my phone, I let him see Leo's messages. His face hardened as he saw the picture. Closing his eyes, he handed me back my phone and rested his head back.

There wasn't anything we could do right now. We needed to get home and lay low. At least a week before one of us could go see Charlotte. Most likely it would be Axel as it is harder for me to get away but I might just fucking do it. I needed to see her and make sure she is healing and being treated right. Mentally, I know my boys will treat her right but I needed to see it for myself. Call it jealousy or whatever but I needed to be the one to do it.

Charlotte POV

"Wakey wakey princess." my body shook a little as their voices became louder and louder.

"Where am I?" I asked, I tried to sit up but it hurt like a mother fucker.

"Easy. You are at the safe house. Well, really it is our house

but it is a safe house.”

My eyes started adjusting as I was able to sit up just a little. My arm was in a sling, there was multiple bandages on me but it was my splitting headache that did it for me. “Who are you all?”

“I am Arlo.” He was what women would call tall dark and handsome. The perfect balance between woodys and biker dude. He gave off a bad boy vibe with his greased stained shirt and carefree way he sat on the chair.

“I am Ezra and this is Leo.” Leo was obviously the oldest with his salt and pepper hair. He was still sexy in a way but his whole vibe was a little much. He didn’t wear a shirt under his denim jacket and just gave off a weird feeling. Ezra seemed to be the nicest. He looked like he was of Native American decent with this long black hair. He even had some tribal tattoos on his face, neck and what little bit of his arms I could see. He made me feel the most comfortable.

“Thank you for your help.” I said looking at them all.

“Of course. Happy to do it.” The tone of Leo’s voice was thick with displeasure as he walked out of the room.

“Don’t mind him, he is always grumpy. The doctor looked at you and decided you needed your shoulder surgically repaired. You were already passed out so he just did it. It was dislocated and you torn your muscle from the bone.

Other than that, you have many scrapes that needed stitches and apparently as massive concussion." Ezra filled in for me.

"Is that all?" I said sarcastically.

Arlo smirked at me. "I would hope you had this kind of attitude. It's not every day Waylon asked us in helping an alleged murderer."

"One of my many talents." I wanted a shower, food and... I wasn't really sure what I wanted but I wanted it.

"Can I shower?"

"Of course. I bought you some clothes. I hope they fit, I had to guess your size." Ezra said, shyly.

"I appreciate the effort and I'm sure it will work just fine." My hopes weren't high but anything to get out of the blood stained torn shirt I was wearing.

"Shower is in there. Food will be done in about an hour." Arlo said as he stood up and pushed the chair back against the wall. He was sitting in it backwards so it scraped loudly that it hurt my ears.

Ezra saw me flinch. "Dude! Concussion!" He pointed at me.

"It's fine." I said quickly as I didn't want to hear them fight. Arlo grabbed Ezra by the shoulders and pushed him out.

It took me a minute to stand up but I was able to slowly



make my way to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I looked like shit. They had tried to clean some of the blood off but it looked worse than if they left it alone. Taking off the sling, I started removing my bandages. Some were really stuck to me and other peeled off nicely. It was all healing really good, thanks to my wolf. She was a little stronger since we had some time to heal. The cuts even looked to be days old. It made me question how long I was out of it.

The yellow pill bottle had my name on it and the label read Vicodin. There was towels on the toilet so after I turned the shower on, I finished getting undressed. My movements were slow but I was getting there.

The water burned as I stepped into it. My muscles welcomed the hot water. All the dried blood coated the shower floor in a brown reddish color. Everything protested as I welcomed the feeling again. The feeling of being human.

Stepping out, popping a pain med, I went out to see what clothes he got me. I was actually pleasantly surprised to see t-shirts, a few sports bra and sweats. The bra was the right size but the sweats and tshirt was a size big. However, I rather have a size larger than a size smaller.

The bag also had a hair brush, toothbrush, toothpaste and deodorant. I used it all before heading down to the kitchen.