

Chapter 23

"Waylon?" My head was in my hands as I was leaned forward. Looking up, Charlotte was walking towards me, slowly. She was wearing a basic t-shirt and leggings but it looked so sexy on her.

"What do you want?" If was in no mood for her shit if she came here to fight.

"I wanted to apologize."

I had to blink a few times. This was a trick... right? "Oh?"

"Yeah. I know you have been trying to help me and I keep pushing you away. It has been easier for me to not allow anyone to get to know me. As you could see, Nora turned her back on me pretty quickly. You found out who I was and locked me in a safe room."

"It was for your safety. So people thought you left and wouldn't look for you. Besides, you were in there touching yourself, thinking of me."

"THE POINT IS..." She said loudly as trying to not address that statement. "I think we both can say that we have no handled things... well. Maybe we can restart?"

"Restart? As in start over? You want to start over?" I asked to clarify.



"Yes. I do fully understand the cross hairs you are putting yourself in. I still don't fully understand why. You said it was because you feel a sense of duty because of the bond. If you remove the bond, that sense would be gone and you could wipe your hands clean. I don't understand why you don't want to do that."

Standing up, it took me three strides to make it in front of her. Grabbing her head in my hands, I planted a kiss to her lips. It was full of need, passion and hunger. Her gasp allowed my tongue to invade her mouth and get the dominance I wanted. Charlotte's body melted into mine as her hands slipped up my sides. Making me shudder under her touch. Sparks erupted all over me. Every place she touched, it sent shock waves of pleasure through me. After awhile, I broke free but kept my forehead to hers.

"I want this. I want you. I want you to be free so I can claim you. You were made for me by the Moon Goddess as my other half of my soul. No one else could come close to filling that part of me. It is my job to see you are free. It's also my privilege and my honor to have this as my duty to save you. The bond is special and I want you. I'm so sorry you over heard that. It's true the bond is the only reason I am still helping you but I also believe I was given you because I am the only person that can save you. All you have to do is allow me to help you. Allow me into your head. Can you do that? Can you put your faith in me? Trust that I will always have your best interest in mind?"

"I want so badly to believe you. My dreams have been about someone saving me from the impossible. Since I was 9 years old, I have built this life. I want you to break down my walls. I'm sorry I can't just give it up like that but I am hoping you can do it. My money is on you to be the one that saves me from Thomas and from myself. Please don't give up on me. You are the only person has tried or even cared."

"I'll never give up on you." My lips touched her again but this time, they tasted salty from her tears. It wasn't a full collapse of her wall but it was a crack and I'll take it. Pushing her up against a tree, I deepened the kiss. My dick was pushing so hard against my pants that I couldn't take it. I wanted her. I needed her but this was not the right time.

That didn't stop my hands from going up her shirt and cupping her tits. A perfect handful. Her breathing was heavy as she took her own shirt off. She was giving herself up to me. My mouth found her nipped and closed around it. Nails scrapped down my back as her's arched, pushing her more into me. Without a second thought, I pushed down her leggings, exposing her mound. My fingers slipped inside her wet core, making her scream out loud. With one leg wrapped around me, I had my finger in her tight pussy as I pumped in and out.

I watched her eyes roll back in her head as her moans got louder and louder. "Scream my name." I said through my teeth. Faster and faster I pumped into her. Adding another

finger. It was all I could do to pull my dick out and shoot my load on the tree as she had her own orgasm. Her nails dug into my shoulders and my mouth claimed hers again. Both us of kissing out our highs.

Removing my hand, I put it against the tree for balance as she straightened herself up. "When I fuck you, it will be cause we are finishing the mate bond but let me make myself clear. You are mine and only mine. This body is mine. This nipple is mine." I flicked it, causing her to whimper from the sensitivity. "This pussy is mine." My hand cupped her swollen mound as her eyes rolled back, ready for more. "Brick by brick I will tear down this wall and make you believe me when I tell you I am not going anywhere."

Her eyes opened and locked into mine. "I hope you do because I'm putting my trust in you." That little sentence meant more to me than anything else she could have said. She was giving up her heart to me to keep safe. "Please save me, Waylon."

Closing my eyes, I rested my forehead against hers. "I will do anything for you." We stayed in each others arms for a few minutes before I felt my pocket buzz again. "We need to go."

Charlotte fixed her clothing as I found a nearby stream to wash my hands off with. I am sure they will know what happened but I didn't need to make it more obvious. Grabbing her hand, we walked back to the cabin where Lilith

was waiting for me at the front door.

"There are guys are! I am on a time crunch." She was tapping her toe, looking rather annoyed.

"Sorry, did patrick get the report to you yet?" I asked as we got up to the door and opened it. Arlo was making breakfast. It smelled amazing. His eyes went straight to our hands and smirked but didn't comment.

"I got a partial report. I can't believe you guys pulled it off. Actually, no. Don't tell me. What I don't know is okay. However, here it is."

"What report?" Charlotte asked as she looked at the paper Lilith was handing me. Holding it down so she could see it, I started to read. "How did you get this?" She asked, almost breathlessly.

"Does it sound accurate to your memory?" I asked, without prompting further. Even Arlo stopped cooking and looked at her for an answer.

Charlotte's hands started shaking a little. "Y-yes. It's almost perfect."

"It's not like you can submit this into evidence. What are you going to do?" I asked as Charlotte kept reading.

"I was thinking about making copies and sending everything to the judge. Let her know we are going to be pushing future into this matter."

"So, slight hiccup there." I started.

"What?" Lilith asked, in a oh crap tone.

"Thomas is sleeping with the judge."

Lilith closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Oh shit!" Arlo held up his hand to his mouth.

"What if you sent it to them and tell them if they do not take this seriously, then you will go to the press. You want your day in court and this is your defense. According to this, she is innocent." I pushed. Charlotte handed me back the report and sat down on a bar stool between us.

"I could. Tell them that it it was mailed to me. I doubt they would believe that but what else could I say?"

"What if you had it mailed to you AT the palace?" Charlotte asked.

We both looked at her. "What?" She asked.

"Mail it to yourself or actually have someone else mail it to you, under a fake name. Have it sent to you AT the palace so there is proof of a carrier dropping it off and it looks like it was literally mailed to you. Then you will personally be handed it BY them so they can't argue and say that it didn't fall on your lap. They can't say you had something to do with it because again, they literally handed it to you themselves."

That was fucking brilliant. "That's not a bad idea." Lilith

murmured as she was deep in thought.

"Drop it in a mail drop-off box that isn't surrounded by cameras. Be careful though that a coffee shop or something like that doesn't have cameras also." Charlotte kept going. We both looked at her. "What? You be on the run since you were nine years old and see what skills you pick up. However, apparently I don't have much." I think that annoyed her more than anything.

Lilith gave her a weird look but eventually decided she didn't need to know. "I'll wait till I get the rest of the report but this is your copy of it."

"There is more?" Charlotte said as she looked at the paper like it was her death certificate.

"Yeah, this isn't even half of what there was." I said. "Oh, I have something for you." Arlo handed me a vanilla envelope. Lilith took it and opened it. Pulling out Charlotte's drawings.

"Hey! Those are mine!" Charlotte sounded annoyed.

"You drew these?" Lilith asked.

"Yes."

"Are these the faces of those who died that night?" Lilith pushed.

"Yes, from my memory."

"You captured it perfectly. Can I use these? Get these submitted into evidence to help our claim?" Lilith sounded eager.

"I guess, sure." I think Charlotte wanted to hang on to them.

"You can have them back. After it is all said and done? She can have them back?" I asked for her.

"Of course." Lilith was surprised to even be asked that.

"I may not need them then if we win. Well, maybe I need to burn them as if a goodbye or my own funeral for finally getting the truth out. Their souls can finally rest." Absent mindlessly, I started rubbing her back, gently as I read the report again. I saw Lilith frown at this but I chose to ignore it.

"This is a step in the right direction." I was happy to see this.

"It is but I can't stay. I need to keep going so it isn't suspicious where I am at. They are looking everywhere for you. Don't you dare leave this place." Lilith sounded stern.

"I won't. Thank you." Charlotte said to Lilith.

"Of course. Just remember this when you are sitting on the throne and need to hire a few judge." Lilith only half teased.

"Oh, I won't." Charlotte promised.

Lilith turned and left without another word. It wasn't until her car was out of sight did Charlotte turn on me. "Where did you get this?"

“About that. The night of the ball, Axel, Patrick and I snuck into your old bedroom and with a blue light plus a camera, we searched. We followed the path as you said it started in the closet. Which, obviously Patrick agrees. Honestly just followed the blood patterns that were on the floor. It matches your story perfectly. Your memory is spot on and Patrick has the proof.”

“So that room is empty.” Charlotte said more to herself than anything.

“Actually, no. That is King Thomas’s bedroom.”

“No!” Charlotte’s eyes got wide.

“Ye-” I was stopped by the sound of a car approaching.



Mrs. Smith Author

“ Thank you all for reading!! ”



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