

Chapter 6

Waylon pov

"What the fuck do you think you are doing?" I yelled at Jasmine.

"I was advertising our building! Getting a head start!" Jasmine defended herself.

"It's not our building. It's mine. And it was never a government building. Who gave you permission to contact the news? Who do you think you are to do whatever you please? You are on probation. You do not to get make decisions, now get out of my sight!"

Jasmine came running out of Waylons office crying. I managed to stay hidden until she was gone. However, Waylons door was still open.

"You got the report? Good, email it to me, now!" He sounded pissed.

Taking a deep breath, I knocked on the open door to get his attention. He looked up, his eyes were still full of rage. "Here is what you asked for. You can write whatever you want differently on the sides. I will call the contractors tomorrow and have it started. I will be packing my bag and leaving first thing in the

morning.”

I turned to leave. “Stop.” Waylon said firmly. “You are not permitted to leave.” His phone dinged. Grabbing it, he opened his email. His expression changed as he pushed some buttons. The printer started printing.

“And why not?” I asked, nervously.

“If you leave, the bond will have never been broken. That means every time I touch another woman, you will feel it. Do you really want to spend your life in pain?”

Damn this man. “Is that how you want to treat your mate? Is that what I mean to you?”

“Mean to me? Woman, I don’t even know your real name! How am I supposed to accept you into my home, into my bed and into my heart? You have lied to me since day one!” His fist slammed down on his desk. “A normal person would have been killed by now. Don’t dare threaten to leave.”

I felt horrible. “I never wanted to be accepted. I’ve accepted my reality. That means I will be alone for the rest of my life. I live out of a suitcase. If it doesn’t fit, I don’t buy it. I don’t own anything personal except this ring!” Waylon’s eyes went down to my mother’s ring. He stared at it for too long and I started to feel

uncomfortable. Walking around, he took my hand and examined the ring. It was a tigers eye stone with a gold band. There were tiny flecks of gold in the tigers eye. I knew it was an extremely rare piece.

The printer dinged as whatever he was working on was finished. Dropping my hand, he walked over to the printer and looked at the four photos in front of him. After a second, he laid them on his desk, facing me. There were four young girls looking at me. I knew them all. I was one of them. He was getting closer to finding out my secret. All three of those girls were dead, all because of me. I closed my eyes and flash backs of that night ran across my vision. The screams, the blood and those green eyes. I'll never forget and I'll never forgive myself.

"These four girls have been dead or reported dead. They were all the age of 9. The age you started living on your own. Which one are you?"

"Can't you leave the past alone? Why do you want to know so bad? Can't I just design your building and leave?" Fresh tears filled my eyes as I sat down on the couch. Waylon came and sat down next to me. His hand cupped my face.

"Let me help."

"Help with what? I've been dead for years now. They aren't looking."

"Actually, they are." Waylon stood up and grabbed the fifth and final paper from the printer. He handed it to me. There was a list of possible runaway girls that are presumed dead. There was even a reward for a body and higher reward if found alive. My name was on it. "This was updated three days ago."

Blood ran from my face. I wasn't as free as I thought. Closing my eyes, the tears fell silently. "I can't bring danger here. They are too powerful."

"Please, just tell me which one you are. I will find out eventually. I have a pretty good idea who it is anyway. You can change your hair color and have color contacts but you can't change the shape of your jaw or your eyes."

"My truth isn't the truth that was made public. Their story was a lie." I said as I stared at my name. It stuck out like a sore thumb.

"Tell me your truth."

"Give me your word you will hear me? That you will listen and understand."

"I swear."

His hands wrapped around mine. "My name is...was -"

The office door flew open. "Alpha! Attack on the east boarder! Twentiyish rogues!" The guard didnt even stay as he ran out of the office.

The growl that left Waylon was scary but fucking sexy. He shot up and ran out of his office and to the battle. I ran to my room and locked the door. Was this Nova's past or mine?

I wouldnt put it past Alpha James to set this up but I wouldnt put it past my unlce to know things since the news aired things. Flash backs kept invading my vision. The paw that pierced my ankle. The teeth that sank into my friends neck as her blood squirted across my face. My mother's face, scared and bloody telling me to run. It was a massacre and not from rogues. It was an inside job.

My bedroom door flew open. A scream escaped my lips as Nova's face came into view. "Charlotte! Relax! Breath, I'm here. You are safe." She held me as I inhaled and exhaled. "It was just rogues. Not anyone from our past." "He's narrowed down who I am to four people. He's going to find out and I'll be killed."

The growls and howling died down. They must have killed all of the rogues. "Maybe he can help, like he

did me.”

“He can’t. By law, he cant do anything.”

“But, your his mate... That would mean...”

“Nova?” Axel came running to my room, looking her Nova.

“I’m here.” Her tone was uneasy as she let me go.

Her mind was racing. “Get the Alpha. Charlotte has some explaining to do.” She looked at me like I betrayed her. “I trusted you.”

“Its not like that!” I pleaded.

“What’s going on?” Waylon made it here in record time.

“She is a killer!” Nova’s eyes were thick with anger and betrayal.

“NO! I am many things but I have NEVER killed anyone!” My own anger was rising. Standing up, I felt my eyes shift. The three of them gasped.

“Your...”

“That’s right! My birth name is Hailey Mertans and I am the daughter of King Andrew and Queen Joann.”

“You murdered your family....” Nova said breathlessly.

"Let's move to my office. It will be more private there." Waylon said. I followed him out of the room. Axel was behind me and so was Nova. She wasn't my friend at the moment. As soon as we got in the office, Waylon closed the door and locked it. Hitting the panic button, it went into complete lockdown mode. "No one leaves until the truth is completely out there."

My eyes came back to their normal shade. More tears silently fell as I told them my truth. "That was me." I pointed to a little blonde hair beauty. "I was 9 when it happened. I don't remember everything as to why. I was so young that you never pay attention to adult conversations." I fell into the chair. Everyone else was standing. My eyes spaced off as I talked. I started to relive it. "It started out as a normal day. My friend, Cassie, Molly and Eva were there." I pointed at each girl. "We were having a sleep over. The movie got over when we decided to spy on the adults. We thought we were secret agents like the movie." I had to look away from their faces. "We snuck into my dad and mom's bedroom. They weren't there so we hid in their closet. Maybe 30 minutes passed and we were about to abort our mission when the screams started. The bedroom door flew open and my mother was tossed inside. She was naked and bleeding from her head.

We tried to stay quiet but he heard us. There was a back door to the closet so when he grabbed Cassie, we ran out the back. My mom's eyes were wide as she spotted me. Molly tried to get me to run but my legs couldn't move. He got her next. I watch him bite down on her neck as the blood squirted across my face. My hands latched on to my mom. I needed my mom. He was partially transformed so when he went to grab me, his claws dug in. He hit bone and pulled me off my mom. I didn't realize my own claws were out so when he pulled me, I cut her artery. She bled out because of me. Before she died, she lunged at him and got me free. She told me to run so I did."

The room was silent after I stopped talking. "Who?" Waylon had to catch before speaking.

"My uncle, dad's brother. Uncle Tommy or as you know him, King Thomas. He framed me saying I killed my mother out of mental instability. Tommy killed my dad to make it look like suicide so when they found my claw marks cutting my mother's artery, I became a murder."

"You have managed to out run the entire Royal guards?" Axel asked.

I shrugged. "I know their training and I've stayed out

of the public eye. That was until today.” I was afraid to look at anyone in the eyes. Especially Nova. Waylon was angry and had too much sympathy for me that it was hard to swallow.

“Axel, I need to tell you. Charlotte is my mate.” Waylon dropped that bombshell on him. His jaw dropped in shock. He looked between Waylon and myself.

“See why I didn’t tell you? You can’t help me! You legally have to turn me in. If you don’t, they will come for you. Jasmine already told the world where I am. You have no choice but to turn your mate in to the Royal guard so I can be charged with the murder of my mother, a queen. They will kill me.” I emphasised the last part.

“Alpha, you can’t-” Nova started but Axel hushed her.

“This is serious.”

“Just let go run away. Reject me and let me go. I will be out of your hair in ten minutes. Please, I rather spend my life alone and running than to be taken back to my parents killer just to be tortured and killed. PLEASE!” I was full on begging at this point.

Waylon walked around his desk and sat down. He was deep in thought. His emotions were all over the place.

"You will be placed on house arrest until I can figure out what to do."

My heart sank. "Do you believe me?"

"I believe you told me your truth." So no, he didn't believe me. Not completely though. My head dropped as my current situation sank in.

"I'm so sorry." Nova was crying.

"Just leave." I said to her. I felt betrayed. She was supposed to have my back. Instead she backed me into a corner and I was pinned down.

Waylon opened the lockdown. "I command you both to not tell a soul what you heard tonight." They both bared their necks in submission before leaving. After they left, Waylon shut the door and locked it again. "What are you going to do?" I asked, nervously.



Mrs. Smith

Author

" Thank you all for reading! "

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