

## Chapter 8

“Can you do it?”

Knock! Knock!

“Come in.” I said looking at Axel.

“It will be tough but I can try.” Axel looked unsure.

Paul walked in. “You needed to see me, Alpha.”

Standing up, I walked over to him. “You know Charlotte is my mate.” It was a statement, not a question.

Panic flashed briefly. He already feels loyalty to her. “Alpha?”

“I command you to forget she is my mate.” I watch the shock run through him until the command took affect. His eyes glazed over and then went back to normal. “Thank you, that is all.”

He was confused but didnt push. Since I made him forget, in his mind, I asked him to come to my office and then asked him to leave.

As soon as he shut the door, Axel was on my ass. “Seriously, dude?”

Sitting back in my chair, I saw Charlotte had went to the couch and laid in the fetal position. They way her body shook, I knew she was crying. I could still feel her resentment, anger and how scared she was.

“I have to know the truth.”

Axel stood up and rubbed the back of his neck. “Alright. I’ll see if I can get my hands on copies of the murder of the king and queen.”

I needed to send Ms. Schmidt a copy of the building. Thankfully, I had a digital one of the original blueprint before we made adjustments. After attaching it to an email, I wrote:

To whom it may concern,

I have attached a copy of the blueprints to my Conference Center that I plan on building on my packs outer territory. Again, this is not intended to be a government used center but I can’t deny I would turn them down if they required it. As you can see, we have not added the needed requirments to be considered a government building. Because of this, no inspection is needed.

Thank you for you feedback on this matter,

Alpha Waylon Jenkins

After adding my electronic signature, I hit send. Hopefully this will deter them from wanting to do an inspection and keep the royals out of here so I have time to investigate.

I couldn't help myself, I turned the volume back on. She finally cried herself to sleep. Muttering to herself. "I didnt do it. I'm innoc ent. Didnt do it. Why doesn't anyone believe me?"

The sadness I felt from her was overwhelming. My heart believed her but the royals dont care about my heart. My head needed proof. Axel would get me the files but my father had some of his own. This was obviously massive news and he actually worked that court. He used to be a member of the jury that decided on these crimes. The royals wanted a large variety of Alphas to make things more fair.

Going through his old files, I finally found it. Marked, 'murders of the king and queen.' That surprised me. I don't remember hearing that the king was murdered. I believed he killed himself after her death.

Charlotte did say they made her dad's death look like suicide. Sitting in my chair, I opened the file. There were pictures of the queen, laying on the floor on her right side. Her head had been bashed in but it was the

small claw marks on her arm the got my attention. Where they were positioned was where I would think a young girl would be trying to keep hold. They were deep and the skin was rolled at the bottom where she would have dug her nails into. Then when she got pulled back, the skin would have piled up under her claws.

The next pictures where of the girls. Dad must have put these these in here. Their body where never found. If her story was true, why didn't their parents ask questions? I would be raising hell if it was my daughter. According to Charlotte, they died so where are they buried?

What I wanted to know waa how she managed to live. At 9 years old she managed to feed, cloth and stay away from the guards. Wht would she not fight this?

King Thomas had issued a statement at that time. Dad had that as well.

To our faithful kingdom,

It's with a heavy heart that I inform you of the murder of Queen Joann and the death of King Andrew by suicide.

On the night of July 24th, Princess Hailey suffered a mental breakdown, causing her to kill her mother

before running away. Stricked by grief at the death of his mate and the status of his daughter, King Andrew took his own life.

Temporarily, I will be taking over the office while a full investigation is held and a massive manhunt is done to find Princess Hailey.

Princess Hailey is said to be extremely dangerous and if seen, report to the authorities. Do not approach.

Thank you,

Lord Thomas Mertens.

Damn. They painted her out to be a cold blooded killer. Looking back up at the moniter, she was sleeping very restless. Actually, I believe she was having a nightmare. Her head was shaking back and forth with a pained look. My heart broke for her. As much as I wanted to go comfort her, I needed to not get attached. I needed to remain neutral as I investigated her past.

It should take Axel too long to get me the files. From what my dad gathered, and his notes on the files, he didn't believe she did it. Doesn't really give a hint who he believed did it but it gave me hope.

Next, I'm going to have to deal with Jasmine. I told

her I needed space but the truth is, I was done with her. Even if I don't end up with Charlotte, I could never go back to her. I just need to tell her that Charlotte was gone. I plan on keeping Charlotte out of the public's eye until the situation resolves. It would be more convenient to keep her in my room though... I'd had to convince her to stay and not run. To trust me even though I gave her no reason to.

I did not want to deal with this. "Jasmine. Come to my office."

"Yes, Waylon!" The excitement in her voice was annoying. However, in the past I have called her to my office for sex. I was surprised with how quickly she got here.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Three quick knocks was just her style.

"Come in." To my surprise, she was wearing a robe. Must have caught her before she was taking a shower.

"Took you long enough! It has never taken you so long to come to me and apologize."

And it clicked. Fuck, this will be bad. "No, you don't understand."

"I went shopping!" She sang as she opened her robe.

She was wearing a white lacy lingerie. It was completely see through, body suit with an open back to a thong. She started walking towards me but I didn't feel anything for her. Yeah she looked fucking good but my dick didn't twitch like it did.

I got up before she saw the monitor. "Jasmine, stop." I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her back on the other side of my desk.

"Oh, you want the couch?" She walked over to it and bent over, giving me full view of her ass and pussy.

She liked this role play.

"Jasmine. I said stop! Put this back on. You are embarrassing yourself." I picked up her robe and tossed it at her head.

"What? I don't understand. This is just the kind of lingerie that you like. Look, I forgive you for what you said earlier. I-"

"Holy fuck woman! Don't you ever shut up and listen? I said stop. I called you in here to tell you that we are done. Finished. After the stunt you pulled and past issues of you over stepping, I have decided that you are not fit to stand by my side. I don't love you, not sure I ever did."

Tears filled her eyes. "Is it because of Charlotte?"

"What? No! Charlotte has left after completing her duties as my architect. I am finishing the project and her office called her back. This is about you and your behavior."

"Please, give me another chance. I-I'll do better!"  
She was full on crying.

"No. You are being reassigned jobs to the school. There, you will be their new receptionist."

"But Waylon..."

"That's Alpha Waylon and I highly suggest you never forget that. You know the punishment for disrespect. This is your final warning."

"So its like that, huh?"

I walked back to my seat and sat down. "Yes, you are dismissed."

She walked to the door. After walking half out, she put her head back in, "this isnt over." Then shut the door more firmly than I would have liked but I didnt want to pull her back in to punish her. In one week, my whole life is upside down.

"Alpha, would you like me to bring up supper?"



Veronica, the head of kitchen mind-linked me.

“Yes, please.” She was practically my babysitter and was training a young girl to take over for her. She wanted to retire and travel.

“Be up in 5. “

Charlotte POV

My head was pounding. At some point I cried myself to sleep. Waylon was going to turn me into the Royal guard and I would most likely be executed. My hand was throbbing. Cradling it against my chest, I remember the exact moment I did it. Right after that bastard kissed me, making my head go fuzzy. Then ran like a coward, locking me in. It was the very first punch I did.

Peeking through my eyelashes, I saw the black and blue bruising. Awesome. Sitting up, I actually looked around at the room I was in. No windows, canned food on a shelf with different supplies. The more I looked, the more I realized I was in a panic room or a safe room.

Hmm, it was an eerie thought. If that was the case, Waylon might be keeping me here as his own personal prisoner. His own sex slave.

Goosebumps erupted over my body at the thought. My body betrayed me, it wanted Waylons touch. My head did not. He has his girlfriend. Thankfully, he hasnt touched her since the one kiss but the wait for thr next pain was making me anxious. I expected it last night but it never came.

There was a t.v. remote sitting on the small table under the t.v. Might as well watch tv until I either get taken into custody or Waylon decides to show his stupid face. On my way back, I noticed a small red light out of the corner of my eye. It was in the corner of the room, by the ceiling.



My jaw dropped realizing he has been watching me. The clock showed it was 7am so he might still be in bed or out training. Looking around, I grabbed the can of cheese.

Scooting the chair to the corner of the room, I positioned it right under the camera. Climbing in top, I was just barely tall enough to place cheese on the camera. Once I was satisfied that it was fully covered, I got down and returned the chair. Satisfaction filled me as I felt a slight annoyance run through me. He saw that. Now he would have to come clean it off. I would be ready.

★ +15 BONUS

Looking around, started opening different storage tubs that were down there. Thr first three black tubs where clothes and different blankets. The next one was more food items and even a little burner to cook some of this. Finally, I found different tools. Mostly screw drivers, wrenches, extension cord but at the bottom was the biggest cresent moon wrench I have ever scene.


That will work. Grabbing it, I ran over to the door and got ready. Surely, he would be down here soon. My body was bouncing with anticipation. Each time my hand squeezed the wrench, I would get a sharp pain running down my arm.

 Mrs. Smith  Author

" Thank you for reading! "

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