

Chapter 9

Ding! The sound made me jump. Where did that come from? Suddenly, a metal door next to me opened up, revealing a large plate of eggs, sausage and fresh toast. The door was so tiny that no human could fit in it. Sticking my head in it, it was just a metal box so I couldn't even see up the shaft.

My stomach rumbled at the sight of food. Eating who keep my stamina up and help my hand. I made the mistake of grabbing the plate with my hurt hand.

"Oooooowwww!!" I yelled as I dropped the plate. The food went everywhere as I held my hand against my chest.

I felt more anger at myself but cussing out Waylon helped too. Now I am picking scrambled eggs off the floor and my breakfast is ruined. Putting it back in the metal box, I just walked back to my chair. Surely, Waylon would have felt my pain?

15 fuck hours later, still no fucking Waylon. I was going insane in this room. I didn't have my phone, no computer, or no pen or pencils. I've been toying around with an idea but I hadn't had the courage to do it. It was late enough in the night that surely everyone was in bed. I had taken two naps today so I was wide awake. Taking a deep breath, I can do this.

I debated if I wanted to clean the cheese off the camera but

eventually, I decided not to. I wanted him to feel not see.

Taking a deep breath, I got comfortable on my bed and slipped my hand down my pants.

Waylon POV

"Alpha, we secured the boarder. All rogues have been eliminated." I was still in my office 10pm. It was going to be another late night. Rogues attacked earlier this evening. I knew my warriors were restless but damn, they blew through them. Its been so long since anyone attacked us. I developed that reputation so we would be left alone.

"Good. All the bodies are being disposed of?" I had a wave of pleasure shoot through me.

"Yes, Alpha. Anything else?" I felt Charlotte's pleasure but no pain. She had pain when I kisses Jasmine. I must mean....

"No, you are dismissed." I said as I pulled up the moniter. I only was able to look this morning before training. She was still sleeping but I managed to get her food deliverwd without anyone knowing.

The door shut right as I saw the screen. It was partially covered up. Locking my office, I turned the volume on.

Moaning, "Oh Waylon!" I couldn't see her body but I could make out her leg. Whatever she put on the camera was thinner on this part. She waa fingering herself. She was moaning my name, thinking of me as she pleased herself.

My hands gripped my desk for support. Waves of pleasure that shot through me was enough to cloud my mind. My dick was hard and I knew getting myself off was no going to do the trick. I wanted to be inside of her.

The realization of what she was doing was maddening. She was enticing me to open the door so she could escape. Two could play this game.

I stood up so fast, my chair hit the wall behind me and fell over. Unlocking my office was the easy part. Walking silently to the panic room was another. Thankfully it was late enough, most people would be in bed. I knew the secret passage. She would have no idea.

To a normal person, the other end of the passage was just a library. Behind the bookshelf was a tunnel that went to the other side of the t.v.

I felt the pressure built up in her as I quickened my pace. Moving as quickly but silently as I could, the door stood only 5 feet in front of me. Thankfully, it opened silently as I slipped in and then shut it behind me.

Charlotte was laying on her bed with her legs open wide. Her hand was down her pants and the other was cupping her breast. Moving silently, I sat in the chair across the room by the door. Hopefully, she will think I opened the door and was too focused on her fingers than me.

My dick was painfully pushing against my jeans and I knew I

wouldn't be able to hold off much longer.

"Waylon... FUCK me!" She moaned. Her eyes were closed as she pumped harder and faster. The smell of her arousal was thick in the air. Pieces of wood splintered off as I gripped the chair, keeping myself from laying on top of her.

Finally, her climax it and so did mine. FUCK. That is the first time I have ever shot my load without even touching my dick. The stickiness seeped into my boxers. Damn, she was fucking beautiful, breathing heavily as she came down.

"Finished already?" I asked.

"Aaaahhhh" she screamed as she ripped her hand out of her shorts and looked at me with horror in her eyes.

Standing up, I couldn't help myself as I slowly walked up towards her. She didnt move a muscle as I grabbed her hand. Smelling it, I stuck it in my mouth and sucked her jucies off of them. She tastes so sickeningly sweet that my body started humming again.

"Ready for round two?" I teased her. I was only half joking.

"How long have you been here?" Her breathing was still heavy but she ripped her hand away from mine.

"Long enough. I would have stayed in my office but I see you used cheese to cover my camera."

"This was a private moment that you imposed on!" She faked being mad.

"Try again." Walking back to the chair, I sat down. Space between us was the safest thing.

"I want out! I am not a fucking prisoner."

"I could have called the guards already."

She called my bluff. "I would have been put in your cell if that was your intention. You would have rejected me the moment you knew who I was."

"I still might. I will admit that I am curious."

"Curious how?" She eyed me as she sat up straight and fixed her clothes.

"If you are telling the truth. I decided to investigate it myself."

Her jaw dropped to the floor. She was feeling grateful and worried. "You can't! If you try to help me and get caught you will be punished too."

"Let me worry about that. I want to find things out for myself before I decide what to do."

"So your plan is to keep me locked up here until you decide my fate?" Now she was angry.

"I would move you to a bedroom but I don't trust you to not run away."

"So sneaking in here to see me is ideal?"

"No. However you didn't deny you wouldn't try so what other options do I have. I am honestly going to try to help if you are innocent. I just need to look at it all first. I'm asking you to trust me to figure it out. I haven't called the guards and I have no plan to."

"You left me here all day!" I noticed her wincing every time she moved her right hand. She tried to hide it and I barely felt anything. With how busy my day was, I doubt I would have noticed.

"What's wrong with her hand?" I asked as my eyes narrowed.

"Not your concern." She said through gritted teeth. When she moved it to cradle it, I got a glimpse. It was black and purple with swelling.

"You broke it." I started. When she was pounding on the door she must have snapped the bone. Damn. Now she needs medical attention. How am I going to get her to the hospital without anyone seeing her?

"I'm fine. I've been hurt worse and it's just a fracture." That struck me wrong.

"You been hurt worst?"

"I lived on the streets at 9 years old. One is not perfect at it and lessons are learned the hard way." Vague but I understood what she meant.

"Don't you want to fight for your birth right?"

"No, I don't want the throne. They turned their backs on me like I was trash. Didn't even try to hold a trial. I was just guilty. I just want to live my life and be happy."

"I doubt we could hide your identity forever. Clearing your name is the only way to make sure you are truly happy."

"It's worked for how many years?" She challenged.

"But you lived with humans. Not in a pack." I pointed out.

"Listen, I'm not a charity case. You gain nothing from helping me. Unless you want my money? Shit, I didn't need the royals to be rich."

"I'll gain a mate." I said simply. "Some people do hold the mate bond to be a special gift from the Moon Goddess."

"Are you some people?"

"Yes." I stood up. "Listen, I'm not going to play this game with you. You have two options. You can either help me clear your name or you can stay in hiding forever. I'm not going to beg or keep you locked in here. As much as I enjoyed this show, I am not going to waste my time on someone who doesn't want a mate or to be happy." I was honestly slightly hurt by her words. I get it though.

"You will let me go?" The hope in her eyes was painful to see.

"Sure. You can leave me."

"Just like that?" She was skeptical.

"Give me to the end of the week."

"Fine but I want out of here and into a normal room!"

I smiled at her request. She didnt specify what room. "Sure. We need to be quiet. I commanded the people who met you to forget you and convinced them your office called you back."

The shock and surprise she felt was amusing. "You did?"

"I'm not in thr habit of throwing defensless woman to the wolves." I loved using that phrase. The irony was never lost.

"Cute." She rolled her eyes but was smiling.

"I have never been called cute before. Sexy... Yes. Handsome... Most days. Even large. But never cute."

"I was being sarcastic but I wasn't talking about your face." She frowned as she walked up towards the door.

I took a step towards her and put my lips against her ear. "Is that why you were moaning my name a few minutes ago?"

Her eyes narrowed at me. "Had to do something to get your attention."

"There would have been a million ways you could have done that but you chose the sexual way." I put my finger against her lips signallying for her to be quiet. Unlocking the door, I peeped my head out, looking and listening for anyone.

There were some teenagers in the rec room but as long as they stay there, we will be okay. Slowly, I opened the door the rest of the way. Charlotte slipped out and I closed it. With a small click, it shut. Charlotte had her back against the wall, trying to be invisible.

Motioning for her to follow me, we headed down the hall and to the foyer. Charlotte had grabbed my arm as we silently ran. The feeling was anything I could imagine. I felt like I was 16 again, sneaking a girl into my bedroom.

Charlotte paused, looking at the front door. Walking up to her, "I can't help you if you run." My voice was so low that only she could hear it. I could see the indecisiveness in her eyes.

"I've only ever had myself." Her confessions shocked me. Anger filled me as I held myself back from touching her. One small slip and if be fucking her in the foyer.

"Learn to trust me." I felt bad saying it. I knew I would have to turn her in if she was guilty but I was holding out hope.

"I'll try..." She said after a minute. The sounds of kids coming near forced me to grab her arm and pill her against me as we slipped inside a broom closet.

The room was so tiny that our bodies were smashed against eachother. Imagines of her touching yourself flooded my mind. Her hands were shaking as they were holding my shirt for support, since I tossed us in here.

My hand couldn't help it as it rose on its own. Sliding around her neck, wrapped some hair around it and pulled her head back. A soft moan escaped her lips as mine hovered over here.

The foot steps came and went, snapping me back. Releasing her hair, I was able to open the door and step out. Putting some space between us was helpful.


"Come on." I said a little too harsh as I grabbed her hand. She yelled in pain as I grabbed her broken hand. I could tell she was fighting back tears but I was too mad at myself. She kept up as we made it to my room. I doubt she even noticed until we were inside and I shut the door. Using my psalm, I locked it tight.

"Is this.... I'm not... But where...." Charlotte stuttering as she looked around was comical.

"Its the only other safest room beside the panic room and my office. You wanted a bedroom, you got a bedroom." Walking past her, I took everything out of my pockets and set it on the dresser. My room was massive, like a tiny house. A small kitchen with just a microwave, walk in closet and a huge bathroom/sauna. The living room area was what we walked into with 2 couches and two recliners. The actual bedroom was behind its own door.

"This is..."

"Trouble speaking?" I teased. Grabbing a pair of shorts, I

 +5 BONUS

wanted to get out of this boxers and cleaned up.

"Make yourself at home." Taking out another pair of shorts that were too small for me and a t-shirt, I tossed them to Charlotte. "I'm taking a shower." Going into the bathroom, I locked it. My shower needed to be cold.



Mrs. Smith  Author

" Thank you all for reading! "

 4

 Comments

 Vote (813) 