Coldness.

Elena's POV.

I flooded my knees to my chest, weary and tired as the cold floor of the cell blew at me.

I shivered pathetically, my teeth gritted noisily against each other.

For an intended future Luna, now ending up as a prisoner, my story is really pathetic.

My once pretty gown was now soiled in dirt and blood from the incident, not that it mattered anymore to me, I was certain that the mating ceremony would no longer be happening, not after everything that happened last night.

Right now, I was more concerned about Killian, what was his take on the situation? Does he believe that I was innocent? He has to believe me.

But then every hope of that being possible was brutally shattered as I thought back to last night, he couldn't hold my gaze despite how loudly I repeatedly screamed his name, neither did he utter a single word while I was dragged away.

He stood still, his palms hurled into a tight fist.

I never slept a wink through the night, I stayed up hoping that he'd show up and at least talk to me, he could yell at me, but he never came.

Could he have believed that I was guilty of the act? Was it that easy for him to believe? Did he not trust me after all? Despite all that we shared?

I was exactly shocked seeing how the rest of the pack members easily believed the story and immediately campaigned for a brutal punishment against me, they hated me that much.

No one stopped for a moment to think about the possibility of a weak omega like me being responsible for the death of a bunch of full-bodied werewolves, how is that even possible? No one thought of that.

I suddenly thought of Aria.

She had been the first on the scene, screaming to the hearing of everyone who cared to listen how capable I was of the offense, bearing witness to her encounter with me and how much of a terrible person I was.

Of course, they all believed her, and together, they campaigned for my penalty.

Different thoughts ran through my head, but one dominated, the fear of Killian taking sides with the rest of the pack members and casting me away.

I held strongly onto my faith, hoping fervently that my worst fear wouldn't hit me hard in the face.

Suddenly, rustling noises from the cell door interrupted my chain of thought.

I looked up and there he was, the man I've waited for all night.

Killian.

Relief washed over me as I released the breath I never knew I was withholding.

I made to rush into his arms but the rigid look in his eyes notified me not to take another step, I stopped dead in my track, my eyes searching his for any sign of sympathy but there was none, anger and terror were all that was laced in his gaze.

This isn't Killian, my mate whose gaze on me spoke passion and affection; the man standing before me seemed a lot like a different person.

Cold shivers of fear washed over me, my breath wavered in panic and my knees were beginning to wobble.

This can't be happening.

"I'm only going to ask one time," his voice came out as cold as I've never heard before.

"Why did you do it?"

I stared at him, remarkably shocked by his words.

My worst fears have finally found it's way to reality.

Killian really believed that I was responsible for the deaths.

Not even a single word left my mouth, it felt like my mouth was glued to my teeth unable to open up and defend myself.

"You know, never in my wildest imagination would I have believed that you would be so heartless to do something like this to your fellow pack members,"

He fixed his intent glare on me, breathing heavily in anger.

"Killian please..." I reached out to hold his hands, maybe he could still be sensitive to my touch, that way I could calm him down a little, but he moved farther away from me.

That broke the last string of hope in me, I could tell now that things had gone way out of my fixing capacity, the situation was rather going downhill too fast.

His gaze now held nothing but disgust for me.

"You can't even defend yourself," he rasped.

"Who did this with you? I'm certain you couldn't have possibly done it alone," he continued to question me, his piercing gaze hovered all over me.

"I didn't do it, Killian," my voice came out surprisingly low, I could barely hear myself, the sudden realization of the horrible situation hovering over me totally left me speechless and in crumbles.

"There's absolutely no need to deny this, not when all fingers are pointing at you, the best you can do for yourself is to reveal your allies so you don't suffer this alone," he cut in sternly.

There's really no way out of this for me, Killian totally believed the stories he heard, Aria must have also contributed by feeding him a great deal of lies; it's an opportunity for her to push me away and secure a place for herself in his heart anyway.

"Killian please, you have to believe me, I would never do a thing like this, why would I want to hurt anyone?" I cried hoping to convince him.

His gaze seems only to harden at my explanation.

"This was supposed to be a special night Elena, how more horribly could you have chosen to shatter my heart?"

"Killian please..." I mumbled, a stream of tears rolling down my cheeks.

But at this point, not even my pleas nor my tears seemed to have any effect on him, his cold glare on me never wavered.

"The least I wanted to do was to get the truth from you and maybe your punishment will be less, but you seem not to want that," he blurted.

"Killian..."

"You will have to face the council, Elena," he spat with a tone of finality, turning around and walked away, the cell door was locked again, leaving me to rot away in the darkness.