

Chapter 43

No Way I am A Killer

“Come with us.” the man who seemed like he was the leader says.

I start backing away. I was confused and on edge. What the hell was this about? I try to think back at what might have warranted the council to come after me but nothing pops up.

It can't be about Miranda and Michele. It was usual for wolves to lose their tempers and fight each other. So, what the hell was going on?

‘Blue,’ I call her. “What’s happening? Why are they here?”

I desperately hoped that she had answers. That she could calm me down and tell me that there was a misunderstanding. That everything was going to be okay.

‘I don’t know,’ she says. Her fear palpable.

Was it because I attacked Miranda while she was pregnant? Yeah that was probably it. I have never done anything wrong in my life. I have always followed the rules and regulations.

“Don’t make this hard,” another man says.

I turn to look at Sebastian but his face is hard and his jaw set. I wasn't going to get any help from him.

That more than anything disappointed me.

"I am not going anywhere till you tell me what you're arresting me for." I declare.

Sebastian snorts. "As if you don't already know."

I look at him again. It fucking hurts to see the look of disgust on his face. To see that he isn't helping me out. I was his mate for heaven's sake.

He turns to the enforcers. "Take her out of my fucking house."

They don't waste time in obeying him. They grab me and they don't do it gently at all.

"Get your fucking hands off me!" I scream, thrashing.

I was not going to let them take me. Especially not in front of my daughter.

"Hey! leave her alone!" Jax enters the living room and rushes to where I was being held.

He hits the enforcers yelling at them to let me go. They try pushing him away but Jax is persistent. At least I have a supporter. Albeit a small one.

I twist my head and look at Krystal. She is still on the couch. She is staring at the carpet, crying silently.

I renew my struggle. The need to go and comfort her strong.

“Jax! Get away from that woman!” Sebastian booms. Making both Jax and I stiffen.

The guy kissed me just last week. So, what happened? How was it that I was Red last time we talked and now I am ‘that woman?’

“But dad...” he begins but his father cuts him off.

“Go to your room right now! And take Krystal with you.” he orders.

Jax reluctantly listens and stops his attack. By now we had attracted a commotion.

Monica, James and some of the warriors were at the threshold of the kitchen door.

Hunter was behind Sebastian. Just like his alpha and the enforcers, he was also looking at me in hate.

A small voice interrupts my musings.

“I am sorry mama, I had to do it. I had to. They are going to help you.” Krystal says, bawling her eyes out.

I was confused by what she meant by that. What did she have to do? And what will they help me with?

Before I could ask her Jax takes her hand and leads her upstairs. Monica follows them up.

“Could someone please explain to me what is happening? You just can’t come into my house and grab me.”

“This isn’t your fucking house. Get that through your head!” Sebastian says angrily.

“Now take her away.” he growls at the enforcers.

I start struggling again. I didn’t want to leave. Not without an explanation. Things weren’t adding up, and no one was offering any kind of explanation.

“You better cooperate or we will treat you like the criminal you are. Woman or not.” one of them snarls at me.

“I am not going anywhere with you.” I snarl right back at him.

I don’t see his arm move. Nor do I expect the hit. He lands one in my gut making me bend over. The other one catches me on the cheek. I hear a bone crack. Either he broke my nose or my jaw either way the pain is excruciating.

They begin to drag me out of the house. I don't put up a fight because I was still reeling from the hit. My vision had gone dark and my head was swimming.

They unceremoniously dump me in what I assume was a van. Then they cuff my hand and I hiss at the silver that was burning my skin.

The pain in my head becomes too much and I pass out.

When I wake-up I am hanging from the ceiling. My hands and legs are bound in silver chains. It takes a while for my vision to focus.

I then realized that I was in a cell. Somewhere I never thought that I would end up in.

It was dirty and it stunk. I could hear some people screaming and it drove my fear up. The sound of someone clearing their voice brings my eyes to the door of the cell.

An old man stood there. His face was expressionless. His wise eyes, looking at me knowingly.

"There has been a misunderstanding. I was sent here by mistakes." I tell him.

He continues studying me, acting like he hadn't heard a word I just said. I search the area for Sebastian but I don't find him.

I still can't believe that he left me. That he let those men take me. That he watched as they hit me and did nothing about it.

I thought we were making progress. Did I interpret his actions towards me wrongly? Or did I just jump into conclusion, reading into things that weren't even there?

“If you are not going to release me, at least tell me why I am here.” I tell him.

I just didn't understand. Why would they arrest me? Why were they treating me like a villain? Like I was the scum of the earth.

I try to call on Blue. Trying to get some comfort from her. She doesn't answer though.

That worried me a lot. Silver was poisonous to wolves and it prevents us from shifting, but I should be able to talk to Blue. The fact that she was unresponsive was worrisome.

The man still doesn't say anything. Instead, he takes a notebook from his pocket and starts to scribble things down. What the hell was he writing?

I turn my head again and look at the cell. There isn't much in it. Just a table filled with what I assumed was torture objects. Were they going to torture me? There were also no windows.

My panic begins to escalate. And I start shaking.

“Will someone fucking explain why the hell I am here?” I shout, more out of fear than anger.

“You’re here because we finally caught you. And you’re going to pay for what you have fucking done.”

Sebastian says angrily popping up from thin air.

His eyes were blazing and his fists were clenched. I’ve seen Sebastian angry but his anger has never been directed at me. It was raw and potent. A blazing fire directed at me.

“What are you talking about?” I ask him in confusion.

He comes at me at lightning speed and grabs my jaw in a painful grip.

“Did you really think we would never find out the truth?” he asks. His claws digging into my flesh.

“I swear I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I whimper but he still doesn’t let go.

In fact his claws dig in further.

“Stop pretending.” He growls. “I already know you’re the fucking killer. The one I have been searching for.”

I stare at him with wide eyes, before bursting into laughter.

“That is very funny,” I mumbled through the pain in my jaw.

I look at him but he is not laughing. He is dead serious.

The man behind him speaks for the first time. “This is no laughing matter, Miss Smith. We have evidence against you. A source close to you also confirmed this disturbing truth. We will question you and after that you will be tried and sentenced. With the number of people you’ve killed, your sentence is likely to be execution.”

I stare at them in shock. My eyes keep shifting from Sebastian to the old man.

They have to be lying. Maybe this is some kind of sick joke. No, someone set me up. Yes, that's it.

Someone set me up and I have to prove my innocence.

There is just no way that I was the killer. I think I would have remembered killing multiple people.

I just have to convince Sebastian that this entire thing was absurd. I had to show them that I was not the killer.

There is no way I could be, right?