

Chapter 5. Caught and Jailed

POV: Tamara Davis

Tamara woke up with a tremendous headache — her temples throbbed in pain, and she kept her eyes shut tightly. Flashes of what had happened to her immediately woke her senses up. She got up in an instant with wide eyes and her vision spun for her sudden move, so she instantly shut her eyes to collect herself and opened it again. She was welcomed with a stinky smell of dead rodents. Her stomach churned and she almost gagged — she covered her nose as she looked around.

She was now sitting on the cold ~~an~~ floor — thank God she didn't see any rodents around making it tolerable for her or else she would really freak out, but it still stank.

She was like in a prison cell with brick walls — well, it was more like a box with a locked rustic metal bars enclosing the cage where she was jailed.

Jailed?!

She blinked her eyes and unbelievably stared at the metal bars.

She remembered her parents, then, Benson, who became a wolf! Chills went down her spine as she remembered that and how she was almost attacked by a huge bad wolf and was saved by an auburn furred one.

Tamara held her throbbing temple. Then, she tended to an unfamiliar man, who had just left without her knowing and...

Her eyes widened in a mix of anxiety and fear when she remembered an extremely huge black wolf that appeared in front of her, and everything went black. Her heart hammered in terror as the hair at the back of her neck stood.

She once again looked around her, making sure that she was the only one there. She wouldn't know what to do if a massive wolf suddenly jumped at her.

She shivered at that thought.

Good thing, she was the only one there.

But wasn't it odd that she was there?

Where is she?

What happened to her?

Who sent her there?

Was it the large black wolf?

Tamara suddenly panicked and took a swift glimpse towards her whole body and heaved a deep sigh — at least she was okay — she was alive and kicking.

She stood up with the entire length of her body trembling, and she gradually walked towards the metal bars, looking at possible people she could talk to — to at least ask for help.

She bit her lower lip to stem her shaking nerves.

The rays of the sun from the high windows, almost touching the ceiling, made her see the unlit torches along the pathway.

Her eyes glittered with hope as she looked at the guard, who was standing like a statue near the main door.

"Hey! Where am I? Can you get me out? I don't know why I'm here!" She pleaded as she tried to speak coherently.

Her hands shook the metal bars as if she could break through it to at least get the guard's attention.

However, she didn't get any reaction at all — not even a quick glance in her place. He was just standing like a cemented sculpture and was deaf to her pleas.

"Hey!" Her voice cracked for her unshed pathetic tears.

Tamara swallowed the lump in her throat as she tried to yell again — this time a little bit louder. "Don't you hear me? I said—"

But she was clearly cut off by loud and enraged howls, coming from the numerous prison cells that echoed in the entire room.

She was stunned at where she was standing. She couldn't see what it was, but she had a tiny little clue of what they could be. Her heart beat hitched and her eyes widened as chills crept at the hair on the back of her neck, making her shiver in so much fear.

A loud and maddening snarl from the guard, who were just standing afront, made the enraging howl into weakened and frightened whimpers until it ended with a raucous silence — again.

She couldn't move by what she just saw and heard. It was making her maddeningly crazy. She couldn't comprehend what the heck had happened.

A low chuckle brought her senses back, and she snapped her eyes to where it came from — a man was comfortably sitting on the floor, leaning his head at the back of his hand while his elbows were resting on his thigh. He was in the other prison, facing her and smugly looking at her. Her blood boiled in just a mere sight of him — like he was mocking her or something — and she hated it.

"Don't waste your time shouting, pup," he conceitedly smirked at her.

Tamara creased her forehead as she looked at him like she was shooting daggers at him. She didn't know him; besides, he was also in prison — he might be a ruinous loathsome pestilent person.

Unlike her, she knew she didn't do anything bad — well, except for leaving the auburn-furred wolf in the woods and even Benson. Well, they weren't dead yet, right? Tamara shook her head lightly, trying to erase the depraved thoughts in her mind.

"Why are you here, pup?" The man asked her with a hint of contemptuousness in his voice.

She was kind of irritated with his haughtiness and for calling her a pup — she was not a puppy, for goodness' sake! She wanted to roll her eyes upwards, and she did!

Tamara pretended not to hear anything. She'd rather stay quiet than talk to ~~this~~ man.

Well, just being hypercritical — the man was wearing a huge torn murky dark blue shirt and ripped muddy black loose jeans — he looked more like a bum beggar.

His long jet-black hair fell messily that reached his nape. He had thick brows that matched his dark gray eyes and tan skin. He wasn't muscular — just a toned one.

"Are you deaf, pup? Well, I heard you a while ago, maybe the cat got out your tongue, huh?"

Well, I don't think you wouldn't have the chance to get out of here so perhaps we can just have a little chit-chat. What do you think? Hey, pup—"

"Will you please stop calling me 'pup'! I am not a puppy." Tamara ~~an~~ally said infuriatingly, stressing every single word she had just said.

The man just raised his both hands, as if surrendering to her — well, sort of — because he was still wearing his smug look anyway.

Tamara was about to unleash another murderous litany when the main door creaked wide open. Her eyes broadened as she saw a pint of hope ~~tor~~ally free from this place.

Two men wearing black shirts and black denim jeans entered the jail room. Their faces were stoic and blank while walking along the pathway holding an intimidating dark aura.

One of them was taller than the other. They almost looked the same, though — equally muscular and tanned. Their eyes were both dark amber and they had pitch black hair.

The guard watching the main door followed them behind like they were one of the bosses there. Tamara swallowed hard as she thought that maybe they could help her out. They stopped in front of the prison cell of the arrogant man who vainly called her 'pup.'

The conceited man crossed his arms and just gave them a plain bored look — gone were his proud looks a while ago, making her blink in confusion.

"So, you're here again." The taller man commented as his lips curled upwards sardonically. His eyes were viciously looking at him.

"It depends, perhaps you want to think I was just a pigment of your imagination, then — go on." The man inside the cell plainly answered, making the tall man clenched his jaw in annoyance.

Tamara just watched them with her lips slightly ajar — her eyes gaze moved from one to the other, with her brows furrowed and completely confused.

"Just get him out of here, Dillion." The other man said, crossing his arms in front of his broad chest.

The man named Dillion motioned the guard, who immediately obliged and unlocked the cell for the conceited man to get out.

The arrogant man just made a face and shrugged, then boringly stood up. He shook off his pants as if it wasn't already lousy as it were, and proudly walked through the aisle while one of his eyebrows raised, then stopped in front of the two men and smirked.

The two men just clenched their jaws and turned around — they didn't want to get provoked by the crazy man as they started to walk away.

Before the man in prison followed the two, he gave her a side glance and winked at her before he languidly turned around and started walking.

She watched him walk with mouth ajar, swallowing hard before ~~st~~ally found her voice.

"Wait—" she called them with a hint of panic in her tone.

She let out an inaudible gasp the moment her eyes found theirs. She slightly nibbled her bottom lip to contain herself from trembling under their intense gaze.

"I... I... Uhhh..." She couldn't find the right words to say — her mind was in haywire and the way they looked at her wasn't helping her either.

The two authoritative men just gave her a boring look while the arrogant man gave her an amused one. Tamara heaved a deep sigh before ~~gl~~ighting their intense stares.

She clenched her hands, trying to stop her hammering heart beat inside her chest.

"I shouldn't be here. I don't know why I'm here. Can you please get me out, too? I need to get out from here." She begged like her life depended on it — her eyes started to water again.

Their forehead creased just by watching her with unshed tears — no amount of pity in their faces and as if she was just a lowly person who begged for her useless life.

Her heart was clenching achingly at their minuscule stares.

"I don't know what you are saying, pup, but tomorrow is judgment day. Besides, you will not be here if you didn't commit a grave sin. All of the prisoners will be executed tomorrow, so brace yourself." The taller man called Dillion answered plainly, as if it was a common thing for them to say, and not about her precious life being taken away.

The conceited man just shook his head as if he was just disappointed at her.

Her mouth went agape as her ears suddenly became deaf from all those words she had heard. She absentmindedly looked at the men who were now walking away from her as if nothing had happened.

They simply left her there — alone and miserable, without a tiny hint of doubt that she might be innocent as if they were all just right in accusing her or enlightening her of her supposed-to-be sin.

Whatever the heck was that!

She could even hear her own heartbeat speedily echoing in her ears as she slammed the metal bars with her bare hands.

"No," she shakingly whispered.

"No! No! No!" This time making it louder as it filled the entire room, ignoring the stinging pain in her both hands and arms as she smacked the jail bars hard and continuously.

"No! Please! No!" She miserably cried.

She was deniably desperate and scared.

She was losing hope as she felt weakened while slapping the metal bars in front of her. Her fresh tears streamed down her face endlessly.

Tamara embraced her frail body using her bare forearms, slowly losing her faith as she collapsed gradually on the concrete ~~col~~or.

Would she not see her parents again? Would she ~~nd~~justice for them? Would she not ~~ful~~ her promise to them? Would she be facing her miserable demise?

Her bloodshot eyes — which were visibly deprived of sleep and complete rest — were full of tears that raced down her cheeks. Her hard pants and heartbroken ~~sh~~ed the prison cell as she covered her mouth with her cold and sweaty palm.

She feebly curled her body into a small ball as she sat and leaned on the brick walls from behind. Tamara lost sight of every light in her eyes as she closed her lids.