

Chapter 107 Interrogating Eve

Jane

When Ethan and I arrive at the police headquarters, every eye in the room turns towards us, watching our every move. It's nothing new. If I thought that the media frenzy had been bad when I was a murder suspect, it was nothing to the chaos now. We can't set a single foot outside our house without every pack member we encounter staring or wishing us their condolences, and I haven't been able to look at a television or listen to the radio since this all began, because every word is a reminder of our tragedy.

Thankful Ethan reminded me of our constant audience when I tried to race out of the penthouse without any clothes on – so eager was I to get here. In the end I didn't put much effort into it, throwing on the first clothes I saw. To think I was once considered fashionable seems almost surreal now, like something from another life.

When we get to the commander's office, he's there waiting, a grim expression on his face. "Where did you find her?" Ethan asks without any preamble.

"She was trying to leave the territory. Our guards caught her at one of the road blocks." The older man explained.

"And there was no sign of the pups?" I press, even though I already know the answer.

"I'm sorry." The commander shares, sounding entirely sincere. "I don't think she's been around them for a couple of days – there isn't any scent of them left on her."

"What does that mean?" I squeak as Ethan's arm tightens around me. "Did... did she say what she did with them?"

"I waited for you to interrogate her." The commander answers, "I thought you might pick up on details we wouldn't, things that could help lead us to the children or at least get her to talk."

"Thank you." Ethan nodded, "Where is she now?"

"This way." The commander instructs, leading us down a long hallway lined with unidentified doors. He stops at the fourth door and pushes inside, revealing a darkened observation room with a large window lining wall. It's exactly like the interrogation scenes I've seen in shows and movies, with a huddle of investigators watching through the window as an interviewer sits across from Eve on the other side.

The crowd moves aside when we enter, and Ethan and I move to stand in front of the glass. I can feel Ethan's rage boiling over at the mere sight of the she wolf, and his hands are so tense on my body it's almost painful. Still, I don't object, he needs to hold onto something right now to stop from crashing through the glass and attacking her, and I appreciate his strength.

Neither Eve, nor the interrogator say a word, not until the commander knocks on the glass, seeming to give the man a signal to proceed with the interview. He doesn't move an inch, but his voice travels to us through a speaker on the wall, "Where are the pups?"

"I don't know." Eve sneers, crossing her arms over her chest. "I didn't have anything to do with this."

"We have you on video Ms Mechant. We know you took them – and your lover has told us everything, all your plans, all your crimes. He sang like a bird."

A flash of horror and disbelief crosses her face. "You're lying. He would never turn on me."

"I'm not." The interviewer insisted. "If you didn't think he was going to turn you in, why did you move the pups?"

"I didn't move them, they—" She started, cutting herself off mid sentence when she realized she was falling for his trick.

"They what?" The man pressed. "They escaped?"

My heart leaps in my chest, if they escaped then why aren't they home by now? Why did their scent just disappear outside of some alleyway? If Eve didn't put them into a vehicle to cut us off their trail, who did?"

It takes a moment for Eve to admit it, but after a strained pause she bursts out. "Yes, all right! They got out of the basement and ran before I could stop them."

"That makes sense." Ethan muses, "That's got to be why those trash bins were toppled, why her blood was on the street. They threw them in her path to slow her down."

"But if she doesn't have them, who does?" I fret, clutching him for support.

Inside the interrogation room, the office is already asking Eve this very question. "Where's the last place you saw them?"

"I don't know." She replied snippily, "I don't exactly frequent that neighborhood, we were on some dirty street somewhere and they knocked me down. I tried to follow them, but I was hurt and by the time I caught up to their scent, they were gone."

"Do you think she's telling the truth?" I ask, leaning into my mate.

"We can hook her up to a polygraph," The commander offers. "But they aren't without their flaws."

"Do it." Ethan orders. "I don't trust her as far as I can throw her."

Half an hour later the commander returns with a printed report covered in squiggled lines, one which makes no sense to me, but when he tells us indicates she passed the polygraph.

My doubt eases slightly, but none of this is comforting. "Then where are they?" I demand. "What happened to them?"

The commander sighs, and exchanges a meaningful look with Ethan. "What? What is that, what aren't you telling me?" I question.

"I think we have to consider the possibility that someone else found them and took them." He explains. "We've had everyone in the pack hunting for them for days, we've put our best scent hounds on it, the fact that we haven't been able to find a single clue... well, I suspect it's because they're no longer in the city. They may not even be in the territory anymore."

"I... you knew about this?" I ask Ethan, feeling a fresh bolt of terror.

"The commander mentioned the possibility to me the other night." He confesses. "But we didn't have enough information... I didn't want to tell you until it was for sure."

"So what? They were kidnapped – again?" I choke. "By who? Why wouldn't they be in the territory anymore."

The commander rubs the back of his neck, looking like he doesn't want to say more, so Ethan bites the bullet and grimaces. "Baby, there have been some reports of human traffickers in that part of town... if they were taken, they're probably being taken somewhere to be sold."

The only time in my entire life that I've fainted, it was because I was pregnant. But I know that's not the case now. Now I know it's simply because this news is too horrible to bear, and my brain can't handle processing it. The last thing I see before the world goes black, is Ethan's strong arms reaching out to catch me.

When I wake, I'm in Ethan's lap in the Commander's office, and the steady rumble of his voice rumbles against my ear. I keep my eyes closed, wanting to listen to what they're saying when they think I can't hear them.

"I want a list of every ship, train and plane that has left the city since they were taken." Ethan is ordering, "put out a rumor that we're willing to pay for information, anything anyone might have seen, with no repercussions."

"Do you have any ideas about where they might be taken?" The commander asks. "Where would they feel safe to sell the pups?"

"Nowhere on the continent." Ethan theorizes, "every other Alpha in the region is an ally and can be counted on to expand our search to their lands, I've already put out a call to request their help."

"In that case we'll focus our efforts on the ports and overseas flights." The commander agrees. "Still, your reputation has spread far. Do you have any enemies? Anyone who might be eager to harm you?"

I thought I knew the answer to this question, I was sure I would have heard about something like this if it existed. I've kept such a close eye on Paisley over the years that I was certain the answer was no. But Ethan surprises me. "King Aimon would leap at the chance." Ethan admits, "I'm not sure your common traffickers would know about his grudge, but it's no secret he wants to be the most powerful Alpha in the realm. He plans to rule the world from the Southern Isles, but he's never had an army big enough to succeed."

"The Southern Isles?" I repeat, sitting up in his lap. "But that's where Eric is from."

Ethan roles his eyes and gives me a squeeze. "I swear you're as bad as the kids." He sighs, kissing my temple, "how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine." I insist. "Now explain."

"King Aimon is Eric's father." Ethan announces, "That's why I was so angry when I found out. But now I definitely think we owe your friend a visit."