

Find Back To Me

Everlark

Von Toast

Kapitel 3: In their hands

Hi there :)

Here comes the third chapter! It was really easy to write since I had so much fun. I may like dark characters I guess.
I rated this chapter adult for language.

"You're punishing him over and over for things that are out of his control. Now, I'm not saying you shouldn't have a fully loaded weapon next to you round the clock. But I think it's time you flipped this little scenario in your head. If you'd been taken by the Capitol, and hijacked, and then tried to kill Peeta, is this the way he would be treating you?"

- Haymitch

Chapter 3: In their hands

KPOV

I was ready to drop my hand down to stab that boy's broad back, piercing his small and –still – pounding heart. I wanted to spill out all of his red, hot blood over the entire floor and also over my hands and whole body as a proof that I managed to fulfill my given task.

"Die." I said and plunged down my hand, looking forward to see the colorful juice oozing out of his corpus. But I didn't get the chance yet, as a strong fist suddenly grabbed my wrist and stopped me from slaughtering my prey, only few inches away from his skin.

"*What the hell is going on!*" a familiar voice yelled. I knew it from somewhere. Right, it belonged to that mentor from District 4 who had tried to kill me back in the arena. I would recognize him anytime.

I remembered him being teamed up with that blonde guy in my arms. I remembered how they left old Mags to die. The tanned one tossed her into the deadly fog and the blond one cheered him on while doing it. With them was also that scowling, incessantly screaming shorthaired slut from District 7 who had attacked me from behind on the last day.

I immediately knew that he also was one of my enemies. It was him who grasped my hands and stopped me from killing the blond wimp.

"Let go of me!" I hissed as I tried to free my wrist. His grip hardened instead and forced me to release my knife. It chattered to the floor and the boy's blue eyes darted to it, as they widened in surprise and shock. Before he even realized in what danger he was in, I kicked against his left knee, somehow knowing that this had been his weak spot. I was right. He cried out in pain as he fell backwards, crashing against his friend whose hand came off of me. I turned around and got hold of my knife. I threw myself over my target, that blond guy, our hips crashing against each other. I raised my weapon to do my job already, just to find it in the tanned guy's hand again.

"You both die!" I bawled in fury as I tried to overcome his strength, but he turned out to be far more powerful than me. He pulled me away from the boy lying on the ground. I spat on his face and cursed him many times, my voice sounded like thousands of birds shrieking at the same time as I tried to get rid of him. "DIE YOU SCUM!"

"Do it, Peeta!" he shouted then, and after some hesitant moments, I felt something hard cracking my head as my whole world went blurry and dark. That blond bastard, Peeta, knocked me out with a vase or something.

After this, I don't remember anything.

...

I don't know how long I had been unconscious, but when I woke up, I found myself lying in a white, dazzling room. I couldn't move as my wrists, thighs, ankles, torso and even my forehead were tied down to the bed. My clothes have been changed to nothing more than a white blanket with holes for my arms; least it felt like that since I was not sure if I even wore some pants.

I heard some people talking in my room but I couldn't reopen my eyes since it was so bright in that fucking room and the light hurt my eyes. So I just listened to their conversation, not giving away that I was already awake. They discussed something about a wristband they had taken off of me, but I can't remember what kind of purpose it had served.

"Bring it to Coin. It's addressed to her without a doubt." A male voice suggested. "She won't like it, though."

"Who would like it anyway?", a female voice answered in disgust. "How could they do something like this to an innocent girl?"

"Why are you still surprised by it? They send children into the arena, call it a festival and are happy, when they finish off each other. What they did now is just the continuation of their inhumanity. And they know that we *do* need her. We need *Katniss*."

My eyes shot open and even before I knew what I was doing, I hissed: "Don't call me like that!"

The man and the woman turned in surprise. I could tell that they were extremely shocked.

Both of them looked like some kind of doctors, but ... plain. The ones I knew were more colorful and wore a lot of accessory, even on their overalls. Oh yeah, and they wore ridiculous wigs, even the male ones. Makes them look like some sort of clowns, but it was normal to me. I was used to it. So when I saw their normal, artless faces, I knew I wasn't back home.

"You are awake!" the man noted and took a sharp breath. I rolled my eyes. As if I didn't get that by myself. "Why?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" I hissed back. Maybe they thought that they already had finished me off? "And where am I, by the way?"

I jogged on my manacles. "What a *lovely* way to awake from my beauty sleep, though" I spat ironically.

The female turned to her colleague. "She shouldn't be", she remarked. "The dosage must have been wrong."

"No" he answered. "But her body's drugged up to the eyeballs. I'm afraid to put her on further medication since we don't know what she's been given before."

He turned to look at me. His eyes were dark and blue, and they reminded me of something; or someone unpleasant.

"You wouldn't tell us, would you Katniss?"

"*Don't* call me like that!" I snapped. "I *amnot* your stinking mutt anymore!"

"What?"

The doctors eyes met.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked. "And how should we call you if not Katniss?"

"I am Katarina, get it you scum!" I pressed through my teeth. And they angered me even more when I saw their eyebrows raise in skepticism.

"Okay, Kat...arina" the woman played along. I knew that she kept using the name '*Katniss*' in her head, still.

"Would you mind telling us about the mutt-thing?"

"No" I spat. "You know it yourselves."

"Well, we don't, dear." She answered patiently.

"You do! And don't '*dear*' me!" I hiss. She raised my anger even more and now I wanted to strangle her just so badly that I would happily imagine how my fingers would enclose her tiny, little neck.

The male one took a chair and sat down beside me.

"Okay. It's okay Katarina. How about we introduce ourselves first? My name's Marcow Sundower and I will be spending my time with you from now on."

I rolled my eyes again. Oh great. Couldn't he just disappear and die in some deep, soggy hole?

"And this is Miss Rockwell" he pointed to the female. I couldn't recall his name already. I didn't care at all. "So why don't you help us out here? I would like to know why you don't like *that name.. Katniss*."

My heart jumped and I felt the heat of anger rise even more than before.

"Mutt-thing!" I answered and he finally knew that he would have to change the subject.

"Good. I respect that." He said. "Then tell us please, why you tried to kill your friend, Peeta Mellark."

That blondie.

This was a rather easy question.

"He is *not* my friend!" I shrieked. "If I don't kill him, he will kill me! I hate him! I hate him so much! He deserves death! He deserves it, like the tanned playboy back then!"

"You are talking about Finnick Odair?" he asked calmly.

The name sounded somewhat familiar to me. Yeah, it was him.

"I don't care! He should die too! He's in cahoots with that blondie! They killed old, defenseless Mags, tossed her into the fog while laughing! I heard her cry out for me but I couldn't help!"

"Katniss, this never happened like that!" the woman chipped in.

"I AM NOT YOUR FUCKIN' KATNISS!" I yelled and the woman jumped away from me. She thought that I would grab her, but unfortunately, I couldn't move even a finger right now. I swore that I would kill her next, right after that blonde Peeta and Finnick with the green eyes. And then I smirked. Just the thought about how I would get my revenge made me feel somewhat relieved. Satisfied even.

But it would be a lot of work to get freed of those shackles and belts. But sooner or later I would figure something out for sure.

After I calmed down a little – I just had to think about how I would kill them, one by

one – I decided to start a conversation again.

"So, where the fuck am I here?" I asked. "And what happened to my arm?"

It felt kind of itchy and numb at the same time but I wasn't able to lift my head to check it out.

"Nothing." He said.

"Liar." I answered.

"Your arm was sliced open. You still had some tracker implanted. Finnick could not take the risk and bring you here with it."

"Oh, how kind he is!" I remarked coolly. Both of the doctors knew that I thought something like *'I kill you, freaking asshole'*. They were doctors or psychiatrists after all.

"And what are going to do with me now? What is your purpose in kidnapping me?" I shrugged.

"Kidnapping you? That's funny" he said. "We haven't. You were sent to us."

"Sent?" I frowned. "Why would my friends want to send me?"

He balanced a red ribbon on his index finger and showed it to me. "Beautiful necklace right? They sent you to us as a present, girl. Tied up in your ripped mockingjay dress, poor Cinna had designed for you. That's just the kind of things your *friends* do."

"You are completely insane. Are you trying to make fun out of me? President Snow wouldn't ever do this to me!" I argued and I could see the surprise flicker in their eyes. "I saved his granddaughter! I changed places with her and joined the games! He wouldn't forget that!"

Both of them annoyed me even more when they shook their heads in pity.

"Oh my god!" I got out. "You are all so fucked up and crazy!" I let them know. "And I am tired of listening to you all now! I want to sleep a while so don't you dare to wake me up! I can't stand seeing your stupid, ugly faces anymore!"

"Well, same here" the male doc answered fierce. At least he was honest. He could become my favorite.

What is this! I hope now you get the picture what went wrong here :D I am sure you knew already when you read Haymich's quote in the beginning.

Actually, I like this chapter. No, I love it. I love that Kat...niss is such an asshole, and I really love to write her dark, capitol side. Next chapter, I promise, there will be more of Peeta and Katniss, so stay tuned!

Thank you for reading!