

## Utter Degradation

Jordan POV

Urgh. I got up in the morning lled with trepidation. A cold shower didn't improve my mood and I threw on sweatpants and an overwing top. I wasn't looking forward to today. In fact, I dreaded it. There was going to be nothing I could do to escape the hell I was no doubt about to experience. I made my way into the kitchen and made breakfast, my father coming in and gulping his down as Sarah wandered in, looking the picture of perfection. Her leggings clung to her long legs and small butt, showing off her trim body, her crop sports bra showed her taut and tight abdomen. Her long brown hair was pulled in a sleek ponytail and she looked like she was stepping out of a tness magazine. I looked dowdy in comparison, something that I should be well used to by now.

"Good morning" trilled Sarah, giving me a grin as she sat down and began to eat.

Her eyes were gleaming with amusement. I had hoped she would change her mind about attending the training but there was no way she would miss the chance to make fun of me.

"Hurry up and eat Jordan" snapped my father, drinking his coffee "I'm not going to be late for training because of you."

I barely managed to swallow down my banana and yogurt. I couldn't bring myself to stomach anything else. My heart was racing. My hands shook as I put the dishes in the sink. Sarah stood up and stretched, looking at me impatiently as Father went to get his coat.

"Oh I can't wait to see you humiliate yourself again" she hissed "Everyone will see what an embarrassment to the pack you are."

I bowed my head and remained silent. Every time I've been forced to train it's been a complete nightmare. Not only was I a weakling, but I was slow as well. My father stood at the door, a ferocious look on his face.

"Sarah, Jordan" he growled, "let's go."

Sarah ipped her hair over her shoulder and ounced towards the door, a skip in her step. I followed more slowly, wishing the ground would open up and swallow me. Maybe if I prayed hard enough it would happen. My father grunted as I joined them outside and we began the walk to the training grounds. With each step, I felt my legs become wooden. I felt sick to my stomach. Bile rose in my throat and I hastily swallowed it down. The last thing I needed was to vomit in front of Father and Sarah.

My father's steps were impatient, his eyes narrowed at me as he continued to glance over his shoulder, to make sure I was still following. I wished I could run away, but that would just infuriate him. Breathe, Jordan, breathe, I told myself, as I grew closer to the training grounds, maybe there won't be too many pack members there or maybe you'll actually show Father that you are capable of ghting and defending yourself. It could happen, right? I just needed to believe in myself a little more.

We reached the training grounds and my heart sank. It was crowded with pack members, more specially Sarah's friends, and even Grant was there. Just great. Sarah joined her girlfriends and began to chat with them, pointing me out to them. I could feel their stares from here. My father strode to the front of the large group and cleared his throat.

"We're going to start by partnering up" he declared "Those without wolves partner with each other and those with wolves do the same. I want this to be an even playing eld" he instructed.

The group nodded and began to partner up. Sarah approached Grant, smiling sweetly at him.

"Grant will you partner up with me" she cooed "I could use a good workout," she said pointedly.

He gave a grin and winked at her. "Always happy to oblige," he said with a bow, making her giggle "I'm sure I can give you a good workout," he said meaningfully.

What in the hell was that about? I didn't have time to wonder. Father strode up to me, a girl my own age called Raven beside him. She looked glum. I didn't blame her for not wanting to be partnered with me. Nobody liked it. But she could hardly refuse a Gamma's instructions.

"Raven you're with Jordan," he said, both of us looking at each other.

The girl looked away from me, a bored expression on her face. I knew she was one of Sarah's younger friends and I felt myself become worried. She didn't have a wolf, so there was every chance I could overpower her.

"Right, I want you to attack each other. No wolves to begin with" Father added, glancing at those with wolves "The losers will remain with me for more training" he added.

Of course, way to make it fair I fumed. Raven looked at me challengingly. My father raised his hand "Begin" he roared.

All around me came the sounds of ghting as partners launched towards their opponents. I barely had time to blink before Raven was on me, punching me in the midsection. I doubled over and then tried to block the next punch, successfully grabbing her hand and twisting it. She kicked behind her and got me in the knee. f\*\*k, that hurt. I let go of her arm and tackled her. She kicked her legs up and pushed me off of her. I was breathing heavily now. Her eyes were gleaming with contempt as she swept her leg underneath me, causing me to land on my backside hard. She punched me in the mouth and I felt my lip split, before kicking me in the stomach as I wheezed. God this was humiliating. My father's jaw was tight as he stared at me.

"I concede" I whispered, and she laughed, spitting on the oor beside me as I cringed.

"Pathetic mutt" Raven snarled "This was way too easy" she taunted.

I hated myself. Why was I so weak? My father was a gamma and I was useless. I struggled not to cry as I got myself off the ground and dusted myself. My side was hurting and I knew that it was bruised at the very least. I didn't have the nerve to check while my father glowered at me.

"Stop" thundered my father and the sounds of ghting and chaos around me ceased immediately.

He held up a hand "Loser's over here" he barked.

Sarah, myself, and a few others reluctantly came to stand in front of him, huddled in a group.

"Sarah you can hardly be expected to win against an Alpha," my father said gruy "You don't need to be here."

She smirked and went back to Grant, grabbing hold of his arm and whispering into his ear. I saw his eyes light up and then they began to walk off together as my father began to address the rest of us, the winners quickly dispersing.

"Right, I want twenty laps around the grounds" snarled my father "Whoever is last, will be spending an hour with me doing push-ups and exercising until I see t to let them leave."

There was an inhale from everyone. Nobody wanted to be the last person. I felt my knees shaking. Twenty laps around the grounds were pure torture. My father eyed all of us, his eyes resting on me. I inched from the contempt in his eyes.

"Your time starts now" he growled.

We all took off. I tried to keep at the same pace, a light jog as sprinkles rained down on me. My chest was tight, and my breathing was shallow. My feet pounded along the ground. I could see everyone passing me by and tears pricked the corners of my eyes. I forced myself to run faster, panting heavily. My chest was burning. By the time I reached the tenth lap, I thought I was a goner. Everyone who passed me snickered, smiles on their faces. They knew that I was going to be the loser in this. I kept my legs moving even as I felt despondent. By the time the last lap was over, the whole group was waiting on me. My father had a scowl on his face.

"Nice of you to join us," he said frostily "As you can see everyone here made it back ages ago. You will remain here with me, the rest of you may go," he said, and everyone instantly began to head out. My father looked at me with disgust on his face.

"I am ashamed to have a daughter like you" he hissed "I hate having to even acknowledge that you are my esh and blood."

I stared down at the ground. His words stung. He towered over me. "Twenty push-ups" he barked and I got on the grass and proceeded to do them as he put his foot on my back and pushed on it.

I grunted. My arms shook with the strain on my muscles. Sweat poured down my forehead. I collapsed on the ground when I was nally done. My father let out a sadistic laugh.

"You don't think that's it do you?" he taunted me as I rolled over and looked up at him with a bright red face "Get up" he snapped.

I got up, feeling faint. "Star jumps" he directed me "three minutes."

I started to jump up and down, my breasts jiggling with every movement. My father stared at his watch the entire time, ignoring my wheezing and my desperate inhale as I tried to get as much oxygen into my lungs as possible. It felt like a lifetime when he nally told me to stop.

"Sit ups" he snarled.

I wanted to weep. He was so angry and there was such revulsion on his face. I lay down on the ground, feeling the dampness of the grass beneath me, and began to do sit-ups.

"I want a hundred" my father snapped.

I winced. I kept my eyes focused straight ahead and began to do my sit-ups. I wondered if he was out to prove a point to me or if he was so embarrassed that he was taking all of his anger and frustration out on me.

I barely made it to fty before I felt my stomach cramping in pain. "I can't do any more" I pleaded my voice shaky.

"Fifty more or you'll stay here all night. The choice is up to you. I don't have anything better to do" he threatened. I gulped. He meant every word. I shivered with the cold as I continued to do my sit-ups, crying silently, tears trailing down my cheeks.

"Get used to it. From now on you're attending training every other day" my father said with his eyes narrowed "and if you think this is harsh, it's nothing compared to what I could do. You're going to learn to be an asset to this pack, or so help me, I'll ask the Alpha and Luna to make you a servant in their pack house. Now move" he thundered. I gritted my teeth and kept going. Part of me considered that being a servant was more preferable to this, but I would be committing suicide if I dared to voice it. It was going to be a long day, I thought miserably, as my father shot out another instruction. Too bad the ground hadn't swallowed me up.