

Solitary Confinement

Blair POV

I had barely stepped foot inside the pack house when I heard the Alpha's voice summoning me to the study. I gave an inward sigh. I didn't even have to guess the reason. No doubt Brynn had beaten me to the house and gone directly to her parents to have a sulk about what I had done to her. I dropped my bag, leaving it by the door, and strode up to the third oor, heading to the study. I knew it well. I had been in there multiple times for varying reasons. I stayed outside the door and knocked, rolling my eyes. This was going to be interesting. I wonder what lies she fed to her father this time. Or if she put on the waterworks? She was a damn good actress; I'd give her that. Too bad her own parents couldn't see through her bullshit.

"Enter" snapped Alpha Johnathon.

I opened the door and strode in, shutting the door carefully behind me, and then greeted the Alpha respectfully "Alpha Johnathon" bowing my head.

Even I wasn't that dumb that I didn't respect the leader of the pack. He could tear me to shreds if he wanted to and nobody would stop him. I deliberately ignored Brynn who was seated on a chair looking smug. Alpha Johnathon narrowed his eyes at me.

Here we go, I thought bracing myself. The inquisition was about to begin. He cleared his throat. "Is it true that you called Brynn names and humiliated her in front of everyone at school?" he asked.

I glanced at Brynn who immediately put on a grave expression, while I struggled to maintain my composure.

"Well I wouldn't say everyone," I said delicately "It was after school ended" I added as the Alpha began to glower at me "And I had no intentions of humiliating your daughter Alpha Johnathon" I added calmly.

Which was the truth, until she chose to provoke me.

Brynn straightened up as he cast her a look. "She's lying" she denied "She deliberately singled me out and called me names, knowing I couldn't do anything back to her."

He narrowed his eyes at me "Is it true that you called her a slut?" he asked, frowning.

Well, I couldn't exactly deny that. If I wracked my brains, I was pretty sure I had called her that and worse. In my defense, she did sleep around, but I didn't think pointing that out to Alpha Johnathon was going to help my case. Not to mention no father wants to hear that about his child. I'm pretty sure the poor bastard thought she was still a virgin. Wasn't he in for a shock when he discovered the truth? Don't get me wrong, I'm all for women and expressing their sexuality, but I don't think that one needs to boast and gossip about their performance in bed afterwards.

I inclined my head. "Yes, Alpha Johnathon, I did call her that" I admitted nonchalantly.

Honestly, he was going to believe her over me anyway, so there was no point refuting it. He looked a little taken aback, as though he had expected me to argue or deny it. "She told me to rot in hell" Brynn snapped "and other things too" she wailed dramatically.

The Alpha put up a hand. "Enough Brynn" he snarled "I'm giving Blair a chance to explain herself."

I looked him directly in the eyes "She threw a coke at me, and I got angry."

I was blase about it.

He looked stunned. "Lies" Brynn shouted, "now she's just making stuff up."

"Believe what you will," I said heavily, "we all know you're going to anyway" I added snidely.

"Blair Williams, you will show the proper respect" he hissed "Or so help me..."

I bit my lip. He looked frustrated. Brynn shot to her feet. "You can't honestly think I would do something like that! You know she's a troublemaker father. She hates me. She makes it known to everyone. Ask her, ask her if she does. I bet you she doesn't refute it."

"Do you hate Brynn?" he asked gravely, xing his eyes on me and waiting impatiently for the answer.

"Is there a reason I shouldn't?" I asked with puzzlement.

Brynn crowed "See, I told you."

The Alpha slammed his hands down on the desk. "Enough Brynn" he roared, and his daughter went pale and fell silent. I tried not to smirk. He regarded me, his eyes dark and challenging. "Blair, you have been given multiple opportunities to become a respectable member of this pack. You have been fed, clothed, provided for. Given employment and a salary. You are even given leniency towards training, due to your ahem" he paused as I stiffened "medical condition. Most packs are not as tolerant towards weak members such as yourself and would have made you an outcast or killed you for being unable to defend or protect the pack. Yet at every turn you defy us and disrespect all that is given to you" he said frostily.

I listened silently. This was a lecture I knew all too well. I was supposed to be grateful for the shoddy second-hand clothes they doled out to me, the scraps I was fed that were barely enough to feed a child, and the role of omega that exhausted me and caused me to work from sunup to sundown. As for the salary? It went towards the food and clothes I was provided. The irony. As for being alive? That should be a right, not a privilege.

"Your disrespect and outright disdain for your pack will not be tolerated" he snarled, while I stood there mutely "I think a few days in the dungeon will be enough to remind you of just how lucky you are in comparison to other less lucky members of other, much more heartless packs who were not given the same opportunities as you. I expect an apology to be given to Brynn when you are let out" he added with a scowl.

Yeah, right, over my dead body, I thought silently. The b***h would be rolling in her grave before I would say sorry to her. He raised an eyebrow. Brynn giggled and he shot her a look full of daggers, causing her to stop.

I saw his eyes glaze over and knew he was mind-linking some warriors to come and fetch me. "Brynn, you can leave now" he instructed her as she gave a small whine of disappointment "You've seen her punished, now go and do something more important with your time."

She scowled but stood up and submitted, baring her neck to her father before leaving the room, casting me a dark look over her shoulder as I gave her a tight smile. She left the door open, and two warriors came to the doorway. Alpha Johnathon gestured towards me.

"Take her to the dungeons," he said gruy, his eyes dark and moody "You know the drill."

One of them walked forward and grasped my arm, so tight that I could feel a bruise forming already. I refused to give them the satisfaction of knowing how much he was hurting me, offering no resistance as they began to drag me out of the room, yanking at my arm, so hard that they almost dislocated my shoulder. The alpha watched, making no move to stop them or correct their behavior and the other one began to shove me as we made our way downstairs, toward the basement.

"Stupid mutt" the one behind me uttered, pushing me hard so that I stumbled and almost face-planted.

I straightened back up and felt another push, grabbing onto the balustrade just in time as I began to descend into the basement, which contained the dungeon. I began to go down quickly, in order to prevent them from pushing me down the stairs. Once I reached the base of the stairs, the rst warrior grabbed me by the arm and stomped me over to the nearest cell, opening the door and shoving me inside hard, causing me to fall onto the thin, threadbare mattress inside.

He shut the door and then spat, the saliva narrowly missing me as I grimaced.

"Pathetic, weakling" he snapped, eyeing me with disgust as the other guard laughed out loud "Should just kill you and leave you in here" he threatened.

I looked at him stonily. He glared some more and then turned his back and stormed off, leaving the other guard to watch me. I remained on the mattress and closed my eyes. They thought with punishments they could break me. They thought that my spirit would be lost. They thought I would lose myself and that I would become the puppet they wanted to create. But they were wrong. No matter what they did to me, no matter how hard they tried to brainwash me, I would always remain Blair Williams, an orphan and proud individual who would never, in a million years, accept Dark Rising as her home.