

Don't Die

Blair POV

The guard continued to watch me suspiciously as I lay there on the mattress, staring blankly up at the ceiling. I didn't show any signs of being uncomfortable, only that I was bored out of my mind, and I knew that was driving him crazy. The other guard was missing, I noticed, no doubt having gone to get himself some food or something. My stomach growled and I rubbed it absent-mindedly. No doubt I would be fed stale bread or something eventually, I consoled myself, but I didn't know when that might be. They might not want to have to leave me alive, but they weren't willing to risk Alpha Johnathon's wrath if he found me dead either. Cowards. I rolled over and sighed deeply.

The door to the dungeon opened with a loud creaking sound, making me stiffen. Assuming it was merely the guard coming back, I pricked my ears, intrigued when I heard not one, but two different sets of footsteps approaching. I sniffed. I might not have a wolf, but I still possessed sensitive hearing and a great sense of smell. I could still discern different scents from different pack members and I groaned out loud when I smelt Brynn's strong disgusting owery scent. What was she doing down here? Come to gloat no doubt, I thought with a scowl. If she thought she was going to get a rise out of me, she was going to be disappointed. I rolled over and sat up, looking through the bars. The guards and Brynn were all whispering amongst each other. I eyed them all suspiciously as they kept their voices down, so that not even my sensitive hearing could pick up any of their conversation.

The blonde guard charged towards the door and opened it as I stood there, wondering what the hell was going on. Before I could move or even try to resist him, he had tackled me to the oor, forcing my arms behind my back as I nally resisted. The other guard approached, pulling down the long chain that hung from the ceiling. I felt cuffs being placed on my hands and then they were roughly pulled upwards and hoisted onto the hook hanging from the chain in the ceiling. They smirked. I tightened my lips. So, this is how it was going to be I thought, biting my lip, Brynn was going to go beyond her abilities as the Alpha's daughter. The chain was pulled tight and my legs dangled high above the ground, my arms narrowly avoiding being pulled out of their sockets. I fought back a scream.

Brynn came waltzing into the cell, holding a large, leather whip in her hands. She had a smirk on her face. I glowered at her, refusing to show any signs of fear. I jerked towards her and she stepped back, out of reach.

"My father might not have seen t to punish you, but that doesn't mean I can't" she purred.

I spat at her. The spittle landed on her clothes, and she shrieked, frantically wiping it off, a look of disgust on her face.

"You're disgusting" she cried, as one of the guards stepped forward and slapped me across the face, sending my head ying backwards from the sheer force of it. I tasted blood trickling from my lip as I narrowed my eyes at them.

"You know this is illegal" I hissed, kicking out and hitting the blonde guard in the gonads with a great sense of satisfaction. He doubled over and gripped them tightly, a look of fury on his face.

"You b***h" he howled, and the other guard punched me directly in the stomach.

I winced, swinging wildly from the chain. Brynn glared at me. She looked towards the guard that was still standing and jerked her head towards me.

"Rip her shirt off" she demanded coldly.

I braced myself, and felt the sting of his claws as he used them to tear, not only my shirt but my bra as well, leaving my bare skin exposed to them. I stared at them both, daring them to continue. I wasn't going to cry or plead with them to stop. I wasn't going to beg them to cover me back up. It incensed Brynn. She let out an angry screech, brandishing the whip at me.

She strode around to the back of me. "God, I hate you" she snarled, the crack of the whip sounding, before I felt the most excruciating pain in my back, a hiss escaping through my clenched teeth as I struggled for air.

It felt like my back was on re. She hit me again, my back arching in pain, my teeth gritting as I endured it. My silence only infuriated her some more, the guards standing back, their eyes wide as they watched her take her anger out on me, each stroke breaking the skin and sending blood splatters to the oor.

Whack, whack, whack. She hit me in quick succession, each hit harder than the one before. I exhaled, ghting back the tears. I had been whipped before. But not by her. It was illegal for Brynn to be punishing anyone before she ocially became Alpha. My body shook with the effort of keeping the urge to scream in. My eyes pricked with tears that I valiantly tried not to spill.

Whack, whack. She wasn't holding back. The whip cracked loudly as she began to hit me, over and over, till it felt as though she had split me wide open, blood spurting out from the wounds. I could feel myself beginning to lose control, the agony so bad that I was struggling not to show my anguish. The room was beginning to feel like it was spinning around me and I felt disorientated, breathing shallowly.

"Scream damnit" she yelled, her voice echoing across the chamber "Scream and beg me to stop" she roared.

I clenched my teeth. She was panting heavily from her exertion now. The guards were beginning to look nervous. I could feel my heart racing and then it began to slow and I wheezed. I knew instinctively what was about to happen and could feel myself beginning to panic.

"Stop" the blonde guy spoke, sounding panicked now as he looked at me closer, blood trickling out of my lip "Brynn stop already" he growled "That's enough. Look at her" he ordered.

She took no notice, hitting me several more times. My chest began to feel tight and I struggled to breathe. The guard swore. My heart was racing, but now I could feel it beginning to slow as my vision blurred and my body began to go limp.

"f**k, can't you tell she's having an attack" he snapped, forcibly taking the whip off of Brynn as she struggled against him "If she dies, we all die" he snarled.

That got through to her. She stopped, her eyes widening in panic. I wheezed, the other guard quickly taking my cuffs off and lowering me to the oor.

"What do we do?" he whispered, "if we take her to the hospital wing, the Alpha will know what we've done."

Brynn laughed "Who cares if she dies," she said maliciously "Trust me, my father pretends to care, but in reality, it doesn't matter. Leave her here, if she lives, then nothing happens and if she dies, well then, the pack just loses a useless member," she said nonchalantly. The guards stared at her incredulously. I stared up at them, each breath feeling as though it was going to be my last.

I coughed, still trying to draw air into my lungs. The guards muttered to each other and then stood up. I could feel myself barely being able to hold onto consciousness. My chest was so tight it was a miracle I could breathe at all. My heart was giving up on me. I watched with bleary eyes as Brynn handed the whip to the blonde guard and kissed him on the cheek, before sauntering up the stairs as though nothing had happened. My hand clutched my chest. My eyes watered. Every breath was a struggle. The door to the cell shut with a nality that made me gasp. The guards turned their backs, hiding the whip as though they hadn't been involved. The room spun around me. I could feel my life beginning to slip away. Was I going to die down here?

Had Brynn nally achieved what she had wanted all along? I felt resentment ood through me. Even as I felt the intolerable pain that shot through my body, with every movement, I rolled over, trying to open my airway just a little more. I was so close to leaving this pack and every single miserable one of them behind. So close to nally being in charge of my own destiny. I rubbed my chest, encouraging my heart to keep beating. If I died now, the pack would be free of me, but I would never get to experience the life I was desperate to have. Breathe, damnit Blair, I thought to myself, weak as a kitten. Breathe and keep your heart beating. To die is only to let these bastards win. I would be damned if I allowed that to happen. Brynn was going to get her comeuppance and I was going to be the one to make that happen.

Breathe and live to get your revenge! Breathe!