

Let the Games Begin

Blair POV

Agony. Pain. It all blended as I fought to keep myself alive, clinging to the very threads of consciousness over the next few days. I stayed dimly aware, as the guards forced stale bread and dirty water down my throat, the only sustenance I was provided as I struggled to keep on breathing and my heart rate began to return to its normal rhythm. This was the longest I had ever suffered an attack, no doubt due to Brynn's merciless attack. I felt my strength, what little I possessed, come back as I sat upright, glaring at the guards who remained at their table, their heads lowered, ignoring my existence. They were lucky I hadn't died. I could feel my back pinching, the blood that had trickled from the wounds dry and sticking to my esh. I winced. That was going to be a nightmare to clean off. I shuddered at the thought.

My body was still half-naked. I prayed that I didn't get an infection, trying to touch the wounds and hissing as the merest touch sent pain reverberating through my body. Without a wolf, I would heal, but it would be slow, and the pain would be noticeable until then. I raised my head as the cell door opened and a guard stepped in, a look of disgust on his face. Without ceremony he bent down and grabbed me under the arms, yanking me harshly to my feet. I gave a small cry, and he began to drag me out towards the back, where the showers were housed. The other guard merely watched a look of amusement on his face. I offered no resistance, my body drained. The guard stopped. I looked at him blankly. He rolled his eyes.

"Take the rest of your clothes off" he grunted.

I stiy bent down and pulled my pants and panties off, kicking them away. The guard grabbed a bar of soap and handed it to me, gesturing towards the shower which had a button you pushed to start it. "Wash yourself," he said gruy "the Luna wants you to serve dinner to her and her guests tonight in the formal dining room."

I pushed the button, bracing myself for the cold water that came streaming out of the showerhead above me. I stiffened my body freezing, pain sweeping over me as the water cascaded down my body, peeling off the dried blood and causing more pain. I fought back my screams and I began to slowly scrub myself all over, aware of my body odor which was pungent and strong, lathering my hair up and cleaning it, until my whole body was squeaky clean. I shivered violently under the water, biting my lip, grateful to see that very little blood had mixed in with the water. My wounds at least, were healing and it felt good to feel clean again.

The guard shoved a towel at me. I took it, pressed the button to stop the water, and wrapped it around myself. My teeth chattered together. I clutched the towel. It had been humiliating showering in front of the guards, but the alternative, them showering and cleaning me, would have been much worse. I had tried my best to detach myself from the reality and focus on the task at hand, pretending they weren't even there, in order to get through what had to be done. I hissed as the towel touched my back, which was still tender. The guard shoved me back towards the cell. My legs buckled slightly and I glared at him.

"Wait a minute" the blonde guard called out, sounding slightly irritated "you forgot to give her clothes" he added.

"Oh, right" the guard muttered, not sounding apologetic about that at all "shame" he added under his breath and I cringed. The blonde guard threw clothes towards me and I caught it, looking at him puzzled. I would never wear something like this in a million years. I had never been required to wear something so demeaning before. Surely this was a joke of some kind? Maybe the guards were pulling a prank on me?

"Very funny" I scoffed, narrowing my eyes "But there is no way I am wearing that," I said with disdain.

The blonde guard smiled, leaning back in his chair, his arms folded behind his head, a look of glee on his face. "I hate to tell you this baby cakes," he said with a smirk "but you don't have a choice. According to Luna Bianca," he said, shaking his head, a small smile at the corner of his lips "this is your new uniform; She wants everybody to know that your just the maid or servant of the packhouse."

"Everybody already knows that," I said angrily "I don't need some dumb clothes to emphasize it!"

He raised an eyebrow, while the other guard chuckled "Hey, I'm just the messenger. Take it up with Luna Bianca when you see her, that is if you dare" he said lightly "But in the meantime, you haven't got a choice. I'm not giving you any other clothes, so it's put that on, or stay naked."

My eyes widened. The other guard chuckled. "I have no objections if she wants to stay naked" he drawled "She has a body that just begs to be stared at," he said with a sickening grin, his eyes deliberately looking up and down my form.

I felt bile rising in my throat. Sick perverted bastard. I hadn't forgotten his earlier threat. I stomped into the cell and tore my towel off, hearing a low growl from the guard. I began to put the clothes on, feeling frustrated. This was a new low for the Luna. Or another way of exerting her power and control over me. A punishment for daring to call out her precious daughter Brynn. I slid the panties on and then put the bra on, sliding the white pantyhose on my legs. The guard watched my every move, his eyes narrowed, his breathing heavy. The blonde guard looked away. At least he had some sense of decency. I put the dress on over my head, wriggling into it. I felt uncomfortable. The fabric pulled tightly across my breasts and didn't leave much room to breathe. The dress owed down to my knees but left very little to the imagination and the bra and panties were lacy, seductive ones.

I struggled with the ribbon that was meant to be tied at the back. The guard stepped inside and tied it without a word, his hand lingering on the small of my back. He stepped back out and shut the door. The blonde guard stood up and wandered over with a pair of low heels in his hand. I took them with a shaking hand. What was the Luna thinking? This type of uniform would only bring me the wrong type of attention. Is that what she wanted? Or was this simply a way to humiliate me? Surely she couldn't make me wear this permanently? I sat on the mattress, the dress bunching up slightly. The guard chuckled, his gaze darting to my breasts. "The French maid costume really suits you," he said with approval as I inched "Maybe all the omegas should wear it" he added with a thoughtful expression on his face. I rolled my eyes.

"It's disgusting" I snarled "and objecties women. I think it's degrading and highly offensive."

"Then feel free to inform Luna Bianca of that," the blonde guard said, eyeing me with a grin "I'm sure she'll take an omega's feelings into account."

The other guard guffawed. I slammed the heels down on the ground in fury. I glared at the offensive garment. Part of me was tempted to tear it into rags. But that would only further enrage the Luna. No, I had to be smart about this. A wicked grin came onto my face. If the Luna wanted to play this game, then by all means, I'd play. She just might not like the end result. I hummed lightly under my breath. I would be released soon, to help with dinner, I thought, a small smile on my face, and then it would be gloves on and let the games begin. Victory would be mine, and the Luna would learn that I wasn't so easily cowed. I grinned to myself. Oh, this was going to be hilarious. I couldn't wait and the best thing was, she had set herself up for this. I giggled and the guards looked at me incredulously as I gave them an innocent look. Sometimes, you have to think outside the box in order to teach your enemy not to mess with you, even if it's not the most subtle way to go about it. I was about to show everyone that I wasn't going to take this lying down and I wasn't going to bow down to a Luna I had no respect for.