

## Chapter 4 - Sophia's Revenge

Sophia POV

I went up the four flights of stairs to the Alpha's floor. I walked down to one room past the Alpha's office. This is the room that he had set up just for my punishment. It used to be the beta's office, but he said that since he always did his work in the Alpha's office, it would serve a better purpose for punishments.

I walked in and stood in the center of the room, waiting for him to come in. If I stood anywhere else, I knew I would get it even worse. If I could slow my breathing and try to relax as much as I can with what is coming, sometimes I could tolerate it and not pass out.

The door quickly swung open and in walked Alpha Wayne and his son Blaine. Great, this asshole, I thought to myself. This room will give me nightmares for the rest of my life. The dark gray walls, the white carpet that is stained with my blood. I am pretty sure that it is only my blood that is in here. I have never heard anyone else getting sent up here, let alone anybody getting punished.

"Slave, you made a mess at my breakfast table this morning. Will you ever learn how to be a good little slave? I don't tolerate lazy and useless slaves. As your punishment and, hopefully, next time you make more of a mess because I take pleasure in your punishments, you will get five lashes. Since I am feeling nice today, I will let you choose what you want your lashes with, but just know that I will not be handing out your punishment, but Blaine will. Enjoy, son!" He said and then walked out of the room.

"This is something I have been waiting so long to do," Blaine said.

I slowly looked up at him, and you could see how his eyes were lit up like a Christmas tree with excitement.

I couldn't deny that a part of me thought he was attractive. He stood about six feet tall and had dark brown hair that was always styled with

the latest hairstyles. Currently, he had a longer cut that looked like he had run his hands through it until it stayed pushed out of his face. He had some scary eyes, however. They were blue, but they were so blue I swear you could see through them. I didn't trust them.

“Hurry, or I will give you extra lashes.”

I went over to the table that had all of their torture devices laid out. I knew what would hurt the worst and what would only leave welts. I knew if I chose the whip, it would only leave welts and bruises, but I also knew that if I chose that, he would pick something different. But me being me, I couldn't bring myself to grab anything else, so I picked up the whip and walked back over to Blaine, and handed it to him.

“Is this what you want? Do you really think this will teach you a lesson? I don't think it will, but we will use it, but I am going to be putting a little spin on it. You see, I have been waiting a long time to give you a punishment. I want you to strip down to your underwear and make sure you take your bra off.”

I looked up at him like he had grown three heads. I have received a lot of punishments, and my body is covered in scars since the Alpha likes to use silver and silver, causing us great pain and doesn't heal right, leaving horrific scars. The Alpha has never made me strip to my underwear. Yes, he made me remove my shirt, but he always let me leave my bra on. I took my shirt off but refused to remove any other clothing.

As I stood there trembling in fear of what was to come, he came even closer. He got right next to my ear and whispered to me, “Take it off, or I will enjoy it even more when you force me to do it for you.”

He took a step back to watch me finish striping. I reached down and pulled my too-big leggings down and stepped out of them. I reached up to undo my bra, which was pretty much scraps of fabric at that point. After unclasping it, I let it fall to the ground as well. Now I stood in front of Blaine with just my underwear on. All my scars were on display, and I really think he gets off on them.

“This scar here that goes all the way across your back. Did it hurt? Did it make you scream? God, I wish I could have watched my dad give you this.”

I refused to answer him. He finally walked off and back to the torture table. As he was walking back there, he said, “I don’t think this whip will provide the right punishment, and you won’t learn a lesson, but we will use it.”

I released a breath I didn’t realize I was holding. He dropped the end of the whip into some liquid I had never seen before. He then picked up a whipping cane and walked back over to me. He was standing directly behind me. He took the end of the cane and started running it down different scars on my back. I was visibly starting to shake, as I had a really bad feeling about this. I felt slight relief as he pulled the cane away, but it was short-lived as he quickly brought it back down across my ass and worked his way down, leaving red welts down to the back of my thighs.

I sucked in a breath and held it while the strikes rained down. He paused, but moved closer behind me. He leaned down and ran his hands up and down the welts on my backside. He was taking way too much pleasure in this. Way more than his father. Alpha Wayne took pleasure in seeing me in pain, and Blaine did too, but he also liked my fear, which was radiating off me right now.

“Sophia, god, these marks on your body have me turned on. My dick is getting painfully hard. Look at what you do to me.”

I didn’t want to look down. I didn’t care what I did to him because all he did to me was cause me pain. I soon learned I wouldn’t have a choice but to look at it. At some point, he had removed the pants he was wearing and was now naked, stroking himself.

I was staring at him because I had never seen a naked man before. I didn’t want to call him a man because he was far from that. Suddenly, I had a searing pain in my nipples. When I wasn’t looking, he brought the cane down across my nipples. They had turned so hard and were pointing out and were on fire.

He then grabbed me by my arm, leading to the back of the room where the couch was. This wasn't good. I had to stop this. I tried to get out of his grasp, but it was too tight. I could feel his fingers leaving bruises. He threw me down on the couch, and before I could blink, he was lying over me. I tried to kick him in the balls, but that was useless as he blocked it.

"You little bitch, you will regret that. You are nothing but that pack whore and I will treat you as such. You will be my whore to fuck when I want, and right now, that is exactly what I am going to do." He said, breathing hard.

I tried to break free with everything I had. It was useless because he was stronger and had his body weight on me and my hands pinned above my head. I was freely crying now, knowing what was coming, and I couldn't stop it.

"Your nipples are so hard and red," he said as he leaned down, putting one in his mouth and sucking and biting hard. I started whimpering in pain. They hurt so badly from the cane earlier.

"You know, the more you cry and fight me, the more it turns me on."

With those words, I tried to stop my crying and held still.

"Please, Blaine, don't do this. You could be killed for rape." I was reaching for anything to make him stop.

"Who is going to find out? You're my whore, who I will do what I want with, and nobody will know because everyone thinks you're dead."

Why would they think I was dead? That has me truly questioning things, but it didn't last long because he grabbed me by my hair and yanked me up to my feet, and shredded my underwear. He then shoved me face-first onto the couch. He came up behind me and lifted my ass in the air and sank his claws into my lower back. The excruciating pain was short-lived as he took the only thing I had left.

He shoved himself all the way into me forcefully. I could feel the blood trickling out of me as I was crying uncontrollably now.

“You like that, don’t you whore? Just wait until next time when Spenc and I both claim you at the same time.”

It was over as fast as it started. I had blood and semen dripping down my legs and Blaine gave me a look that said this would happen again. He grabbed me by the arm again and led me to the center of the room for my punishment.

“If you speak about this to anyone, I will kill you.”

At this point, I didn’t care what he did to me. I wanted the world to swallow me whole. I wanted to disappear. I wanted to die. I had nothing anymore. Any hopes of a mate loving me are gone because of this disgusting monster and what he just took from me. He came up behind me and the first blow quickly came down on my back. I screamed out, not even caring anymore. This was a whole new pain I had never felt before. I was waiting for the second blow to come, but then I felt him down next to my ear.

“Hurts, doesn’t it? Thats wolfsbane. Hurts like a bitch but doesn’t scar as badly but causes immense pain. I prefer it over silver. The silver leaves too many scars, but with wolfsbane the scars are slow, and I can leave way more. I was planning on killing you once my father handed down the title, but I may just keep you for my plaything.”