

Prisoner

Jade

You know how when the main character in a novel passes out and wakes up in a hospital, the rst scent to meet their nose is the scent of bleach and antiseptic that is a little bitter with the undertones of articial fragrances? That's the scent I expect to smell when waking up, but instead, I am met with the foul stench of blood and sweat. Not a very good rst impression, if you ask me.

"Do you remember? We are prisoners," Athena lls in. It's the rst time she has spoken to me since we got rejected.

I shoot up and sit upright.

"Wow, you're up. I began to fear that maybe you were already dead," a girl's voice meets my ears, almost startling me.

I look in her direction, and she is seated on the bed opposite the one I was sleeping on.

"I don't understand..." My voice trails.

"Oh, they brought you here when you passed out. And the Beta is so horrible, he asked the pack doctors to check on you from here," she says, standing up and skipping to my side. "I am Tiffany, by the way, and this is our dorm. You can think of it like boarding school. Two prisoners share a room."

I take a look around. The room is plain and simple with white walls. It has two beds and a simple wall drop and join bathroom. To tell the truth, I am quite surprised. I expected the worst of the worst, and the stench was the rst sign.

"I don't get it... This prison is different from what I expected," I huff, blowing out some air.

Tiff pouts and shakes her head. "You're so cute. Don't be deceived; very soon, you will understand why it smells of blood here. You're just lucky your crime wasn't too grave, unlike the ones that kill pack members. There are worse places and conditions, including the famous challenges. They're worse for them. Just count yourself lucky you ended up here."

"I am Jade, by the way," I say, sticking out my hand which she shakes rmly.

She is denitely taller than me, and she has more muscle than I could ever have, even if I decided to work out for a lifetime.

"Wow, so you're the famous troublemaker. Why did you beat up the Luna?" she asks, her eyes wide with wonder. She almost looks amazed.

I shrug. "She said the wrong thing, and my wolf was pissed," I reply with a small smile playing on my lips.

I'm happy I dislocated her jaw. I bet Anderson won't ever enjoy any head she gives him from now on. I should have just cracked her neck.

I can't lie, I'm a bit cranky today.

"I don't get why you have to blame me though," Athena whines, and I almost chuckle. She is the calm one; she would rather analyze before acting, while I don't have that patience.

"Wow, you're even more amazing in person. I'm so envious," she purrs, and I nally chuckle.

She is adorable. I'll give her that. She reminds me of Ella.

"How did you even know about that?" I ask.

She scoffs, rolling her eyes. "The guards talk a lot around here. So everyone knows about you. It's your rst day here, and you're already famous."

Yep, famous for the absolute wrong thing.

"I would love to have a word with the Alpha. Will that be possible?"

Her face drops. "Nope, that isn't possible. The only person you can ever talk to here is the Beta. And you won't be seeing him till dinner time. He has to tell us what we'll be doing tomorrow," she shivers, and fear crosses her eyes.

I'm almost worried, but I stay strong. I will make it out of here. What I need is a small meeting with the Alpha.

Tiffany brushes her long, straight blond hair away from her face.

She stands up and skips back to her bed. I notice the small drawers that have some change of clothes, more like uniforms, gray pants, and shirts.

"You better change soon. We have to go for dinner," she says, almost like she is commanding me. There is a deadly hint to her tone, and I follow her actions.

I change out of the clothes I'm wearing and into the ugly uniform.

I tidy my hair up in two cornrows and tie up the ends so that it doesn't distract my face.

"You really have beautiful hair. I wish I had wild, curly hair like yours," Tiff's comment makes me scoff.

"Trust me, it's hard to maintain. And what really brought you here? How long have you been here?" It's an occupational habit of mine to shoot questions abruptly.

Her face lights up. "I've been here for three years now. What brought me here is that I just got angry. I hated the pack I was born into, and my plan was to poison everyone in the pack, but only a few died. I was in the other cells but got a pardon and made my way here after I won one of the challenges," she explains cheerfully, and I'm more worried about having her as my cellmate than the challenges. She is a psycho disguised with a sweet face. I have to keep in mind not to trust anything she hands me.

"Don't I smell horrible? Maybe I should..." I start to say.

"Don't bother yourself. No one will even notice. You can just shower afterward," she says.

Right, it already stinks of blood and sweat here anyway.

We nally step out of the room, and she is the rst to walk out. The place is busy as everyone gathers at the main dining hall. There are so many men and women mixed together. This is something I never expected.

"But don't prisoners try to run away?" I ask.

Tiff laughs heartily, placing her right hand on her stomach.

"I didn't know you had such great jokes in you," she says.

"But I was being serious."

"Oh, have you seen a hound before, Jade?"

I've heard of the creature but have never actually seen one. Huge, wild black creatures with a single eye on their forehead. That's what I've heard.

"I have heard that if someone tries to escape, they send hounds after them, and no one makes it out alive," she adds, fear once more crossing her eyes.

"Have you seen it?" I ask her.

"I don't think anyone has seen it and survived to tell the tale."

Makes sense. They're called Black Hounds for a reason.

When it's time to collect food, I can feel most eyes on me, and it does prove that I'm famous here. A few whisper and snicker while I pretend to mind my own business.

"If it isn't the troublemaker! So you even beat up the Luna. Let's see if you can do the same with me, b***h," the man spits, and it falls on the food I collected, instantly killing my appetite.

I sigh. I really don't want to go through this. It's barely been hours since I got here, and I'm already in trouble. Makes me wonder what story Anderson told everyone.

I decide to ignore him, but he pushes me from behind. I go falling, but I steady my feet before I hit the ground. However, that doesn't spare the plate I was holding. All the food drops on the dirty oor.

I groan, turn to look at him, and duck immediately after he punches the air. If that had hit me, I'm sure I would have lost a tooth.

I turn and punch his jaw as hard as possible. I hear a c***k before he spits blood with a tooth and his eyes roll back before he drops cold on the ground.

The whole room is quiet before everyone cheers.

I can hear a few saying, "Don't mess with the troublemaker."

"Quiet, everyone!" a voice carries power, grabbing my attention.

My eyes are met with a pair of grass-green eyes. They really do have handsome men here. I can easily tell what rank the man is given my rank back home. There is no denying that he is sexy.

"You've barely been here for an hour, and you're already causing trouble. Living up to your name, I see," he chuckles, making me narrow my eyes.

"He started it," I murmur.

He only hums. "I doubt that."

He stands tall in front of me, with his hands folded over his chest. The ripple of his muscles on full display for my shameless eyes. If the Beta is this hot... What about the Alpha? Are these men really forbidden?

"I'd like to request an audience with your Alpha. He needs to hear me out," I say.

He scoffs, "The alpha has no involvement with any of the prisoners brought here, let alone a troublemaker like you."

"I don't think you should be his spokesperson."

He glares at me and his eyes start to gloss over as I'm sure his mind connects with the alpha.

"He has said exactly what I told you - he has no business with prisoners."

He walks away and I groan even louder. The Beta is the only way to reach the alpha. I can't sneak out of here, especially not with those creatures lurking around. I won't even make it to the alpha.

I take my seat and Tiff is kind enough to share her food.

"And there won't be any activities until further notice," the Beta announces before he disappears.

The room suddenly becomes cheerful and the mood feels different. Everyone is excited, including me. It means we are safe for now.

Dinner is over and we are back in our tiny room. Another ght breaks out and I want to pull my hair out.

"You are so courageous. None of us have ever attempted to speak to the Beta," she says with disbelief written on her face.

"I just needed to try anything to talk to the alpha."

She shrugs and remains quiet. We are both lost in thought and all I can think about is what will happen next.

The remaining days follow the same routine, with occasional ghts here and there. That is, until something different happens today.

There is a knock at the door and Tiff rushes to open it. It's the Beta, whose name I recently learned is Jackson.

He steps into our tiny, plain room.

"I don't know what kind of luck you have, but you nally have what you requested. You will be meeting the future queen in a few hours, as well as the alpha of the pack."

Finally, it's time to bust my ass out of here.