

Obedience Training

Riley POV

Despite my injuries, I managed to sleep, albeit interrupted and restlessly. The splash of cold water woke me, my body jolting upright as I heard my brother Damien laugh in amusement. I glared at him, my body shivering violently, wracked with cold, grateful that for the most part, my body had healed. He had chosen a cruel way to waken me and the ways his lips curled into a twisted smile, told me had enjoyed it.

"Time to wake up useless mutt" he snarled.

I stood up awkwardly, eyeing him warily and then sidled past him to get ready.

His eyes gleamed "Hurry up, the pack wants breakfast" he said with a smirk.

We had omegas for that, I wanted to protest, but the words stuck in my mouth as usual. I couldn't speak. What was the use of protesting or trying to argue with my hands? It would just result in more punishment and pain. Instead, I merely strode past him, feeling the sharp rap as he whacked me on the back of the head as I walked past, making my way towards the small bathroom to get ready.

"Move it, I'm hungry" he grumbled "otherwise I'll come in and drag your sorry ass out of the shower" he threatened.

I was quick. I dressed, in the small cell and rushed upstairs, where the kitchen was. The other omegas in the kitchen smirked to themselves as I began to get food cooking. Luckily I was not expected to do everything and the other omegas started plating food up and taking it to the tables. My father was not a patient man when it came to his food. By the time I had nished cooking for what felt like the entire pack, my stomach was growling loudly. I was starving. It had been a long time since I had eaten my last meal. The other omegas took a plate and began to sit in the kitchen. I proceeded to do the same, only to be halted by the sound of my brother's disgusted voice.

"What are you doing?"

I looked towards the doorway bemused. I motioned towards the plate, indicating that I was about to eat.

He scoffed "Have you seen your weight lately? You're turning into a bit of a fat pig" he growled.

Lies. There wasn't an ounce of fat on me. I was lean, undernourished if anything. I met his eyes, almost holding the food protectively in my grasp. I knew instinctively what he was about to do and my stomach revolted. He grabbed the plate from my hands and walked into the dining room. I reluctantly followed.

My father raised a brow as he saw me walk in. The dining room went silent as the pack watched with anticipation, wondering how the Alpha was about to deal with this unwelcome intrusion.

"Damien, what's this?" my father asked evenly as he strode up to him, holding the plate.

"Riley's food," he said, putting the plate down "Considering she's an unwanted, I feel she should have to ask permission before she eats, even if she has to sign it" he said with a nonchalant shrug "or at the very least she should eat differently to everyone else who is more important than she is."

I inched, meeting my father's eyes. I already endured humiliation on a daily basis. Surely he wasn't about to inict more on me? I could see pack members smiling at each other with glee. My hands began to shake slightly. I was so hungry, that my mouth was salivating from the smell of the bacon alone.

My father rubbed his chin, a thoughtful expression on his face. My spirits began to sink. I knew that look. I couldn't fathom how things could get any worse for me, but it appeared they were about to. I pleaded with my eyes, wanting him just once to grant me a break. But Damien was looking at my father with such a malicious grin and such an expectant look on his face, that I knew I was doomed.

"What do you suggest Damien?" my father asked, causing the dining room to hush.

My brother shot a triumphant look at me.

"Well she's an unwanted, so she's not even an omega which is the lowest ranking in the pack," my brother said with a solemn expression as though seriously considering my father's question.

"I agree," my father said inclining his head, a calculating look in his eyes "even the lowliest of the omegas is worth more than what Riley is" he added.

That hurt. The fact that pack members were nodding and also silently agreeing also made it dicult to keep my composure. It didn't seem worth all this fuss just to eat. I tightened my lips and tried to turn, only to be stopped as Damien grabbed my arm in a haste. "We haven't nished talking to you yet Riley" he scolded me as I stiffened.

But I was through listening. Who cared about eating? I stared at him but he gripped me tighter and I bowed my head, knowing that to struggle against him was futile.

"It's against the law to starve a pack member," my father said shrewdly, "we can make you miss meals Riley, but we can't allow a pack member to starve to death, unwanted or not" he added.

I tried to sign that I was not hungry while still staring down at the oor.

My brother snorted and let go of my hand, recognizing I didn't dare move from my position. "Father I have the perfect solution. Please, give me a moment to get something I require from my room."

My father inclined his head, a look of curiosity on his face. "By all means, please Damien."

I waited, while Damien jogged out of the dining room, a look of satisfaction on his face. I didn't like the smile that had appeared as he vanished or the expression that had been on his face. He was up to something. Something that was going to humiliate or degrade me in some way. I could feel my stomach churning. Now I just wanted to vomit and the thought of eating made me nauseas.

I didn't see what Damien had in his hand as he came rushing back with a wide grin on his face. I did see my father's eyes light up. I did see the twinkle in his eyes and the amusement on his face as he saw what it was that Damien carried into the room. Damien stood behind me and I saw my father give him a nod.

"It seems strangely tting," he said, "please do the honors, Damien."

Something t itself around my neck. It was thick, course and I struggled as it enclosed, Damien buckling it behind me. I glanced down, feeling tears in my eyes.

A collar. A dog collar. Damien was holding something else in his hand. I jumped as an eclectic shock burst through the collar and zapped me. Damien burst into laughter, as did the rest of the table while a lone tear trailed down my cheek.

"Now she looks like the pathetic mutt she is. It's perfect. An obedience collar for a stupid dog" Damien's voice said as he looked towards our father.

I tried to take it off and my father's voice rang out. "You will leave that collar on" he demanded, using his Alpha tone.

I was betrayed. My hands slowly lowered to the sides as I stared accusingly at my father and then at my smug brother.

"Damien, you may use the shocker when she is disobedient, but don't overuse it" my father warned "think of it as training your sister to learn to be better behaved. Like a puppy," he said with a chuckle.

The dining table laughed out loud. Tears shimmered in my eyes. My father glanced at the plate and gave a malicious grin. Oh no. No, no, no. My stomach churned. I had never felt so degraded. I couldn't take the collar off. Not now that the Alpha tone had been used. Another Alpha would have to counteract it to allow me to. I wanted to run out of the room, but Damien still stood behind me, blocking off any chance of escape. I felt his breath in my ear as he leaned down slightly to speak to me "I'm going to have fun shocking you over and over you little b***h. I'm turning you into my personal slave and I'm going to make your life so much more miserable than it already is."

I wanted to hit him. I wanted to hit all of them. They looked so smug. They were enjoying my humiliation and degradation. I watched wide-eyed as my father picked up the plate of food with a steady hand and examined it. Then with a vicious grin, he placed it down on the oor, right next to his foot, and looked deliberately at me. "Eat from the oor like the dog you are" he ordered.

I hesitated and then shook my head refusing. I still had some pride. But then I felt Damien's hands shove me between the shoulder blades, sending me sprawling forward/ I landed in front of the plate. A shock went through me. Damien was pressing the button. I inched. My father waited. Another zap. It stung. I suspected that the voltage was higher than what would be used on an ordinary dog, judging by how painful it was. I was struggling to remain seated.

This time it was an extra long zap. My body convulsed and I collapsed. My face was right next to the plate. I heard Damien's chuckle and saw my father as he put his foot right on the back of my head, shoving it closer.

"Eat" he growled as the dining room continued to watch, giggles and murmurs sounding behind me.

I was their entertainment. Their punching bag. The next zap caused me to see stars. With no choice and desperate to be able to leave the room as well as stop being shocked with electricity, I closed my eyes in shame and then opened my mouth, slowly eating the food off the plate on the oor. I had reached another all time low.