


**Mistake - 33**

I paced from my cot to as far as the chain would let me go, then back again. With no windows, I had no way of telling how long I'd been down there, but any time was too long for me. The sound of the door opening sent me hurrying back to the cot. I pressed myself into the corner as the heavy footsteps came down the wooden stairs. Mike's mom stepped out of the way when she reached the bottom, allowing room for Doctor Samson to come off the stairs.

"Here she is, doctor," Mike's mom said as if having someone chained in the basement was normal. Maybe for her, it was. 

The doc, at least, had the good sense to appear horrified by my situation. He walked over to me; his expression somber. "What seems to be the problem?"

"Besides the obvious?" I said, moving my leg so the chain would rattle.

"Her arm," Mike's mom said, giving me a flat glare.

Oh sorry, did my pointing out that I was a prisoner bother her?

"Ah, I see," the doctor replied, and sat down on the cot next to me. "Is it possible we could do this upstairs, Helena? The light here is terrible."

"No, I'm afraid not. She stays down here. The alpha's orders."

He sighed and nodded. "As he orders," he said with resignation. "If you will allow me, Brook?" When I nodded, he took my arm in his hands. Pain raced through my arm and I gasped. "Oh dear, I think it's broken."

"Yeah, I think so," I replied through gritted teeth.

He turned back to Mike's mom. "Is there no way we can do this

somewhere else? I can barley see and it's not hygienic."


"You know we can't," she told him with a slow shake of her head. She stood so straight, with her hands clasped together in front of her, she looked like she was posing for some retro advertisement selling a cleaning product or something that would make a woman a better housewife. It was creepy.

Doctor Samson sighed. "Fine," he said, but this time his voice came out bitter. "Give me a moment, Brook. I will need to get some things out of my car."

"Sure thing, Doc," I said, feeling a little better since he was against this. When he headed back upstairs, Mike's mom followed him and she followed him back down again for a few minutes. I wondered if the alpha had told her to do that. To be honest, I am surprised they even called him in.

"I'm sorry this will not be pleasant," the doctor said when he sat back down on the cot.

"It's okay. Just do what you have to," I told him, then cried out when he pulled on my arm to set the bone back in its place. Tears sprung in my eyes and I buried my face in my knees, waiting for the pain to pass. The entire time, the doctor whispered apologies. Afterward, he put a cast on my arm.

"I believe everything is in the right place. If you have the chance to go to an actual hospital, I suggest having them check it out," he said, getting up. "Good luck, Brook." 

"Thanks," I replied and tried not to let the panic grip me as I watched him leave, Mike's mom following him upstairs. I didn't move from where I sat, keeping my cheek pressed against my knees.

A while later, someone turned off the light, enveloping me in darkness, and I let out a startled shriek. I tried to look around, but everything was pitch black. Suddenly my imagination decided to be a dick and visions of rats and spiders coming for me danced in my head. I strained to hear anything that might be rodent-like in sound. I jumped with another yell when a piece of my hair brushed my arm. Despite being dark, I slammed my eyes shut and tried to calm down.

"Stupid jerks," I complained and tried to convince myself no rats or spiders were coming for me.

At some point, I fell asleep and then woken up when the light came on again. It was as if someone had thrown a glass of water on me. I jolted awake, sending a small shock of pain through my broken arm. The sound of the door had me scrambling back to my corner. Mike's mom came down the stairs with a tray of food.

"Good morning," she said as she reached the bottom of the stairs. "I have your breakfast." She walked over and set the tray just at the limit of where the chain would let me reach.

Was she insane? I licked my lips, unable to deny I was hungry. Scooting off the bed, I realized I had to try. "Please let me go," I told her. "This is insane. You've chained me in your basement. That's real Norman Bates crap right there. Please, I know the Blue Crescent alpha would let you stay with him. I bet he would even take in Mike. You guys could be free of the alpha. Please."

Her expression went from shock to one of disappointment. "Well, the nerve, young lady. How dare you speak of the alpha in such a manner? This family needs nothing from my so-called brother. Loyalty is something you humans don't understand. Best shut your mouth," she snapped.

"So to you, loyalty is letting a psychopath beat the crap out of you? Yeah, no thanks," I shot back. She narrowed her eyes at me and, with a harrumph, marched upstairs. Seriously? What the heck was in her kool-aid? A moment later, the door opened again. Just from the way he stomped down the stairs, I knew Mike was pissed. I scrambled back into my corner, knowing there was nowhere to run, but I couldn't help press my back into the concrete.

The punch hit me in the thigh hard, causing me to grunt. "What the fuck did you say to my Mom?" He demanded, grabbing my arm and pulling me off the cot so he could kick me in my side. "Don't you ever disrespect her like that again, go it, Missy?" Another kick, hitting me on my knee this time. "You upset her again and I am gonna break your face, got it?" He slammed his fist into my gut, then stormed back up the stairs.

I laid curled in a fetal position, waiting for the pain to subside. These people were insane. How could Mike's mom justify all this? How could she let her mate or husband or whatever beat her and her kids? Why didn't she not stop all this and, if not save herself, then save Mike and Beth? Yet, there she was, acting like everything was okay and awesome. She refused to see anything beyond that.

As much as I wanted to have the strength to toss 'breakfast' against the wall, I was starving. I got up and grabbed the tray. Alpha Ryan was going to kill me, but I would not help him by starving myself. Once finished, I tossed the tray of dishes at the stairs, satisfied when the dishes shattered into several pieces.

I sat back on the cot, giving the padlock a hearty tug, knowing I wouldn't ever break it, but the action made me feel like I was doing something. With a sigh, I leaned against the wall, staring up at the ceiling.

Time seemed to inch by and the only way I had to tell the time was by

when they would turn off the basement light and turn it back on. If they turned it off during the night, I had been here almost a week by now. The only person I ever saw after the doctor's visit was Mike's mom, and after our last conversation, she refused to speak to me at all.

The light had been on for a while when I heard the door open again. Fear filled me when it wasn't Mike's Mom that plodded down the stairs, but Mike himself. I scrambled into the corner when I saw him. Why was he here? Breathing in quick panicked breaths, I watched him walk over to me. To my surprise and dread, he unlocked the cuff around my ankle and pulled me to my feet. "Showtime, Missy," he said, grabbing my wrist and leading me upstairs. As soon as I was in the kitchen, I had to shield my eyes, the light too bright.

"There's our little hostage," Mike's dad said, and with a violent jerk of my good arm, he pulled me out of Mike's grasp. Mike glared at him, but said nothing as he followed us outside. The alpha practically dragged me behind him, refusing to slow down when I tripped and lost my footing. He shoved me into the back of the red van. He and Mike got into the back with me. With a slap to the side of the van, Mike's dad barked, "Let's go."

My heart pounded in my chest, dread filling my stomach with lead. The alpha looked like it was Christmas, while Mike had that expressionless look on his face. I closed my eyes and prayed. I hoped Ryder's dad hadn't fallen for the alpha's plan.