

# Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 1

I used to be a normal werewolf with a family.

My mother and father were the luna and alpha of the Fluorite pack. They were sweet and loving. I couldn't have asked for better parents. My younger sister, Angelia, and I were happy together and as close as two sisters could be.

The Fluorite pack was the size of a small city, but we were wealthy because of the precious stones we mined and the flowers that grew in abundance that we supplied to jewelry, cosmetic, and medical companies from other packs.

Because the pack was so small, we spent a lot of time helping around the pack. We didn't have amusement parks or anything, so Angelia and I were young we collected gems in the rivers and spent our days playing tag in the meadows. Our parents would watch us from the back of our house until it was time or lunch. After dinner, we'd cuddle up around the fire and they would tell us stories about the great alphas and the way our current society came to be.

I could never have guessed that I would barely get sixteen years of that happiness.

Angelia and I had been in the garden, planning a prank for our parents' 20th-anniversary party that night. Something about a terrible poem our Dad had written when he was eighteen. It was supposed to be sweet and funny. Everyone was supposed to laugh and tease Dad. Dad was supposed to scowl a bit at our mischief, but Mom would have only fallen deeper in love and demanded to keep the terrible poem for posterity.

We had been giggling when the gunshots started. Werewolves I didn't recognize stormed the garden, capturing us before we could run. Blood and gunpowder filled the air as I tried to use my mind link to warn our parents and struggled against the men who were dragging us towards the courtyard.

I found it had been too late and watched our parents' bodies swing from the courtyard fountain in bleak horror. Their wedding bands glinted in the sunlight and they seemed to still be reaching for each other until their last breath.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't do anything but pull Angelia closer to me and hope that our deaths would be painless.

But death didn't come. It was so much worse.

"Gag and blind them," one of the attackers said.

Someone screamed. I remember trying to get away, to drag Angelia with me, but we were surrounded. A bag was shoved over my head. Angelia was ripped from my arms and they hauled me away.

I couldn't see anything. My breath was running away from me in panic as they forced us into the back of a van.

"Keep your mouths closed or you'll wish you were dead."

I shuddered at the voice even as I tried to reach out for Angelia. She didn't respond, either out of shock or because she was unconscious. The van bumped and shuddered as it drove away from our home.

My eyes burned with tears as I smothered my sobbing. Dead. Our parents were dead. Our cousins. I had no idea who was still alive.

When the van stopped, I heard the doors open and someone dragged me out and onto my feet.

"Move it."

I flinched at his tone and walked where he shoved me. The air turned damp and musty like a dungeon and when they ripped the bag off my heels, I realized we were in a dungeon. I crossed the space to wrap my arms around Angelia as if I could protect her.

Angelia was shaking with fear and I could hear her teeth chattering though I was too afraid to open my eyes.

"Glenda," she sniffled. "Glenda, where are we? Mom and D-Dad..."

I hushed her, trying to keep the memories at bay. We had to get out of here somehow.

"The boss told us to bring him the best three!"

My heart lurched in fear as someone laughed. It was a leering, gut-turning sound that made me cling to Angelia tighter.

"That'll be hard! They're all so pretty... How are we supposed to choose?"

I heard someone squeak in fear and looked up as one of them grabbed Armilla by her jaw and stared down into her face. Armilla had always been pretty and she shook like a leaf as the man stared at her.

"He likes the petite ones," another one said. "She's a good choice."

"You," another of them said, coming towards Angelia and me. He leered and smirked at us. "Both of you. Get up."

I shook my head, shuddering, "Please..."

Please don't—"

He grabbed me by my arm and dragged me up to my feet. He grabbed Angelia with his other hand and proceeded to drag us towards the door. The others jeered and laughed.

"Have a good time, ladies!"

Someone wailed in terror as I continued to please, trying to fight the man's grip. Panic took over as I saw the fear in Armilla's face. Angelia had gone all but silent as she was pulled along like a ragdoll. Her eyes seemed glazed over.

My heart raced.

"P-Please. I can give you gems! Jewelry! What about lunar flowers? We have them all. If you'd just take us back—"

"How are you going to bargain with something that's not yours anymore?" He scoffed, "Move it. The boss doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Tears streamed down my face. We were brought out of the dungeon into another section that had been turned into a room. There were no windows and the scent of sweat and tears filled the air.

The man who brought us there shoved us inside and closed the door behind us as a fat, whale of a man turned towards us. I could tell by his stature and his scent that he was either human or his wolf was weak.

He chuckled and licked his lips as he approached. He stopped at me first, grabbing my chin and leaning close to take a deep breath of my scent. He chuckled as I recoiled and shuddered in disgust.

Armilla squeaked and trembled, holding herself perfectly still as he drew a fleshy hand over her face.

Then, he stopped at Angelia, tracing a hand over her cheek.

He chuckled and stepped back, "I love the obedient ones... Welcome girls, to my dungeon. You will call me, Dan."

He walked back to his chair where a glass of whiskey waited. He picked it up and took a long drink, rubbing at his crotch through his robe. Armilla retched beside me, just loud enough to hear as he pulled his cock out and began to stroke it.

I looked at the two guards on either side of the room for help, sympathy, or something, but they only gave me a leer in return.

They were there to see the show.

“Take off your clothes,” he said, licking his lips.

This sick fuck was at least as old as Dad had been. Angelia was barely fourteen, and Armilla was thirteen. Was there nothing I could do?

No. There was. I was the eldest. I had to protect them somehow.

I stepped in front of them, clenching my jaw and setting aside my pride as I undressed. The room was heated, but I was freezing in my skin. Disgust and anger made my skin crawl.

“I... I can serve you on my own.”

He chuckled, “So eager. I’ll have you... last.”

I soon realized that hell wasn’t a place of endless fires but hopelessness and Dan.

After that, I forgot what the sunlight was like. The days melted together in the darkness of the dungeon. Someone was always crying. A guard was always telling someone to shut up. I was always in pain, yet I tried not to lose hope. I watched the guards hoping to get some sense of where we were and come up with a plan.

Some of the girls began to disappear. It seemed that each time we were brought back from Dan’s room another girl was gone and never returned.

The fourth time they came to take Armilla, Angelia, and me to Dan, I waited until we were halfway down the hall before throwing my weight into one of them and trying to scramble for his gun.

I got a hold of it, but I was backhanded to the ground before I could take a shot.

“Glenda!” Angelia cried, panic and fear filled her face. Another guard hauled her and Armilla down the hall towards Dan’s room as I was taken in the opposite direction.

He dragged me into another dungeon and fastened shackles around my wrists before shoving me to the ground and closing the door. The lock slid into place and I grit my teeth, feeling the bruise start to heal as I tried to reach out to Angelia.

I felt her fear and her pain. Then, her mind was gone as if she had fallen unconscious again. I pulled at my shackles, trying to break them, but they were made by the Fireash pack using a blend of steel and diamonds mined in our lands.

They were near unbreakable, so I slumped against the wall and tried to conserve my strength for my next escape attempt, hoping that Angelia and the others would be okay.

