

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 10

My heart leaped into my throat as the car seemed to catch on something and swing towards the mountain. My stomach swooped and my heart raced

We were falling. We were crashing, all because this idiot wanted to look at the damned sunrise on top of a stupid mountain!

Matt lunged across the car at me, grabbing me around my waist and turning towards the door.

“Hold on to me!”

I turned to watch the side of the mountain growing swiftly closer and wrapped my arms around his neck, barely swallowing a scream of terror as my heart thudded in my chest. What was the plan? Was there a plan? Was this all some twisted, *drawn*-out plan to make me let my guard down or make my death an accident? He pushed the door open, his eyes fixed on the side of the mountain

“What are you doing?” I asked, between panicked breaths as he tensed and leaned back into the carriage. Every *muscle* in his body seemed to be tensing to prepare for something.

Was he going to jump?

“Are you going to jump?”

“Don’t let go.”

“You’re not answering me!”

I closed my eyes and tightened my grip as I felt him rock back before launching us forward out of the open door. The scream that wanted to escape my chest beat against my teeth as I felt the air whistling past us and we flew through the air towards the mountain

I can’t believe he jumped. He’s crazy, and I was crazy to do this.

The skin on his neck grew rough, then furry and my eyes popped open in shock. He couldn’t be serious! I’d heard that most people had trouble shifting at will. I knew from experience that even if you could shift once, that didn’t mean you could do it consistently. *My father* told me it had taken him years to control his shift with ease.

Werewolves now just weren’t the same as werewolves a hundred years ago. Guns kind of made claws useless. Luxury clothes made it a waste to shift at any time. The need to

shift had lessened enough that it was almost becoming a lost, though highly revered, art.

In Fluorite, we learned to shift so we could be better prepared to survive if a mine collapsed and to hunt in the forest if he got lost.

From what I knew of other packs, people twice our age barely knew how to shift completely, let alone smoothly and under duress, yet here Matt Wallber was losing his handsome human features for soft silver fur and a wolf's muzzle far larger than a standard sized wolf, let alone a werewolf.

The calming scent grew stronger and warmer as I pressed myself to him.

I realized then, it wasn't just my imagination. It was coming from him.

Metal screeched and cracked in the darkness before fire lit up the night as the cable car crashed into the side of the mountain. The air shook as it slammed into the rock and bounced off into the darkness.

I braced myself as we hit the side of the rock, coming to a hard stop before starting to slide down. He growled, digging into the rock to stop our descent. I yelped each time his paws scraped and scrambled trying to find purchase on the jagged rock. We slipped and slid down the side as the wire cable whipped overhead and cracked against the side of the mountain.

Rock and dust fell from above and I pressed myself closer to his back hoping nothing would hit us. The rocks missed us just barely and I coughed as the dust fell around us.

The ground shook, shuffling his tenuous hold loose and sending us sliding down a strangely smooth patch of the mountain's face. He shifted abruptly and swung us out of the way of the falling cable line as it cut a sparking line down the side of the cliff before flying away.

Slowly, we skidded to a stop on the side of the mountain and the wreckage fell into the darkness below. My arms were locked around his neck as I hung from his back. I couldn't breathe. I could barely see by the light of the smoldering car below that was quickly dying.

Why the hell did he think this was a good idea? What hell was I going to do? I couldn't die yet. He couldn't die until I had all my answers and could take my revenge.

This son of a bitch had better get us out of this, or I would haunt him and his entire family well into the afterlife.

He grunted, trying to move. We slid a bit and I tensed, barely choosing to breathe. I hadn't been able to fully control my shift before my pack fell, and I hadn't tried to

transform since, trying to conserve my wolf's strength to communicate with Angelia. I almost regretted it now, but there was no guarantee that I would have had enough strength to attempt the shift anyway.

Matt climbed up through the dark, digging his claws into the rock before moving up, slowly and surely towards the figure of a small tree above us. It didn't look strong enough to hold our weight, but it was on a ledge just big enough for him to maybe stand on

Further up, there was a wider outcropping of rock and I had a feeling what his plan was,

When we reached the tree, he climbed up the trunk and I shut my eyes praying that he was strong enough to get up to the larger ledge. He rocked back and shot up just as the tree began to snap. I felt him land then leap again before we came to another stop

He growled, slowly pulling us up onto the larger ledge. He lay down and allowed me to slide off his back. For a few moments, we sat in silence as I regained my ability to breathe easily and my limbs stopped tingling from terror

His silver fur shrank and fizzled out, revealing dirt-smudged skin as he lay prone on the ground, panting from exertion. He was covered in sweat and dirt. The scrapes on his chest and arms were quickly healing, his sweat was carrying away the grime and trickles of blood

I was startled by his nudity. Usually, the sight of a naked man would make my stomach churn a bit, but I felt nothing. He was handsome, of course, but he was well-built and finely toned. I had imagined that Matt didn't bother with any sort of physical training like most werewolves these days.

The son of an evil man had no right to be so attractive, but I supposed that was just a part of my life.

I took off my jacket as he opened his eyes and offered it to him. I had no desire to continue seeing him naked, and it was the least I could do for him for saving my life, even if he was the reason we were in this situation.

"Thank you," I said

He sat up, but refused the jacket, "Keep it."

He turned to look out into the night.

"Well, it is not where I intended, but it's still a great view."

Perhaps where his father was evil, Matt was simply crazy

Dawn began to break through the sky. Gray-pink light cut through the early morning mists. Under some other circumstance, I may have thought it beautiful, but who could give a damn about the sunrise stranded on the side of the mountain and cold.

I pulled my phone out. The screen was cracked from all the jostling, but it had enough charge to tell me the time, the temperature, and that I had no service.

Matt seemed unbothered, leaning back on his hands and closing his eyes as the warm light of the sun spilled over him. He was beautiful and infuriating.

How could he look so damn at peace? I suppose he could get from here to safety in his wolf form easily, but I couldn't.

"I have no service, and I can't shift."

He turned his head, eyeing me, "Can't or won't?"

What kind of question was that?

"Can't."

He opened his mouth then closed it as if he decided against asking me something. Maybe he wanted to ask why I couldn't. I wondered what he expected me to say? I wondered what I would say. Now wasn't exactly the time to remember the horror of the last three years. It would just piss me off more that he asked, given his family's role in my misfortune.

Matt turned back to the scenery and my heart lurched,

"Are you going to leave me here?"

Matt growled. I'm not sure if it was meant to be at me or to himself, but when he looked back at me, his eyes were furious.

"Is that what you want?"

.

"No." I shook my head, trying to find a way to backtrack from angering him. "I just... I'm just trying to understand."

His brow furrowed and the anger seemed to vanish from his eyes. He seemed thoughtful before nodding.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have gotten upset with you." What?

