

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 11

Did he just apologize to me? The thought was uncomfortable and confusing. He was a Wallber. They *were* arrogant, high-handed, selfish, ruthless, and evil. There was no way he had actually apologized to me, and if he did there had to be something behind it.

I met his gaze and tried to figure out what he was thinking, but there was nothing in his eyes but concern and remorse

“It’s...” I shook my head, focusing on the problem. It wasn’t okay. This was all his fault, and it was probably just an act anyway. “Will someone come to our rescue? The operator should have noticed something was wrong with the cable car, right?”

“It wasn’t an accident. He’s probably long gone by now.” He stood with a shake of his head. “I’ve told a pack affiliate where *we are*, but it will take some time for them to get here.”

“How long?”

He eyed me and crouched in front of me to zip up my jacket, “You’ll freeze out here if your wolf is too weak.”

He met my gaze as if to confirm his suspicion. I nodded. There was no use hiding it from him now that I’d already told him I couldn’t shift

“If you stay in the sun, you’ll be okay for an hour or so. I’m going to find shelter and come back.”

He was going to leave me stranded on the side of a mountain alone where no one would be able to find me? If he fell, I’d freeze to death before anyone came, and if I didn’t freeze to death before they arrived, I would have no way to contact them. Terror filled me, but I couldn’t protest.

He was right. Matt could make quick work of finding somewhere else for us to stay while we waited, and he could contact people in his pack to come to help us. I couldn’t even shift to keep myself warm. I would just get in the way if I demanded that he take me with him.

I was helpless and relying on this man that I planned to betray. Was this any better than being at Larry’s? Sure, there were no Johns, and Matt didn’t seem to even want to sleep with me, but this was a lot more dangerous.

What choice did I have though? So far my plan was working out just fine. I was living in Matt’s house! I hadn’t dreamed that I would get to this point so easily. I still needed to find Angelia. My revenge would only come if I stay close to Matt.

I bit my lip and looked up at him, "Don't take too long."

He smirked and nodded, sliding onto the shallow ledge next to the ledge, bare-assed and clinging to the side of the mountain as if he had done this a hundred times. Maybe climbing random mountains in the nude did something for him, or this was just another extreme sport he liked. He reached a small ledge and shifted before jumping up and out of sight.

The silence of the mountain and forest surrounded me.

It was unnerving after being used to the noise of Larry's. Even the low hum of the ceiling fan in the guest room of Matt's house had brought some comfort. Dan's place had never been so quiet unless I was unconscious.

I was shaking, panicking. How long would it take for him to find somewhere safe for us? Would he really come back? I curled up in the small pool of sunlight, clutching my phone and watching the minutes go by. It was torture to wait, but I tried to keep calm. Everything I had survived until now would be pointless if I died here.

I focused on that as much as possible. I had to survive. Matt would come back.

Maybe I could count the cracks in the rock to pass the time. Counting always calmed me.

The sun grew a bit warmer as I waited, but not enough to keep the chill at bay. Within a few minutes, I was shaking and my fingers were turning blue. I was so cold my feet were getting numb and I could barely feel my legs. I ran out of cracks soon and the ability to concentrate on anything but the cold.

Would he ever come back?

It made me think of when I was a kid and I had gotten lost in the forest chasing something. It had to have been a butterfly or a rabbit. I couldn't remember it clearly, I hadn't been older than three years old and my caretakers had barely taken their eyes off me for a few seconds before I was lost.

The forest in the valley where Fluorite had been wasn't very dense and it had been the middle of the summer, but I had been terrified. Afraid that I would never see my parents again. That I'd be carried away by some monster. It had been my father who had found me then and carried me home.

"Renda!" I looked up as Matt landed in his wolf form and transformed into his human form to walk along the ledge from the other outcropping of rock.

For a moment, I was a little girl again sitting and crying on a fallen tree, and so glad that someone had found me.

My eyes were burning again. The tears came next.

"I'm sorry it took so long." He winced and kneeled, pulling me into his arms, "Quick, can you hold on to my neck?"

I nodded shakily, slipping my arms around his neck. The shock of the warmth of his body made me cling to him tighter. The shock of yet another apology drifted over me. He transformed again and leaped in the opposite direction from where he came, up to an outcropping of rock below us. He leaped again and again until he landed on a much larger ledge and walked towards a sprawling patch of foliage. The air was a bit warmer down here, closer to the earth...

The cave entrance was just big enough for us to enter. Once inside, it grew much larger to about half the size of the guest bedroom. The light from the entrance was the only light inside, barely lifting the darkness enough to see the glimmer of Matt's fur. It was a bit warmer than being on the bare outcropping and much safer.

At least in the dark, I didn't have to look down at the height I could fall, and Matt's presence was soothing if only because I wasn't alone. His scent was making me relax.

I slid from Matt's back and shivered as I felt the air shift with his shift back into human form and his movement. He drew closer, wrapping an arm around me, warm and welcome. I leaned into him, letting his scent wrap around me.

Matt patted me on the head, "Were you scared?"

I tried to hold back the tears, but I sniffled, and they came flooding down my face. My mind raced. I had nearly died so many times before, but my desire for revenge and my anger had forced me to survive.

Today was the first time that anger didn't help me. I had to rely on the man I planned to ruin to survive. I was relieved he came back and glad too, but I also felt a bit guilty. How could I be relieved knowing what this man's pack had done to me?

Slowly, my whirling thoughts turned away from my moral dilemma to the fact that we were still in danger. The cave would keep me from freezing to death, but when would help arrive? A few hours? A few days?

Matt's hands closed over mine as he pulled me closer, "Get some rest for now. It won't be long."

How long was that? How did he know that? Could he hear someone coming? I wished I could. With my nose tucked into his shoulder, his scent drew me into sleep. All I could do was hope that he wasn't lying.

It felt like hours later that Matt was shaking me. The loud sound of what could have been gunfire filled the air. I froze in terror, memories assaulted me. I shuddered focused on the feel of *Matt* beside me.

I wasn't there. It was just a memory. I could almost smell the blood and gunpowder. A scream began to press against my teeth.

Matt shook me gently and I looked up at him. His expression was oddly kind in the dimness. His eyes gazed at him tenderly as he tucked a stray lock of hair behind my ear.

"Did you hear me?"

I blinked and shook my head.

"They're here. *We* can go home now."

I struggled to my feet, my limbs feeling a bit weak, and nodded. I didn't want to stay in this cave another minute if I could help it.