

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 12

Hovering just outside the cave was a small helicopter I had no idea who was inside it or how long it had been since the cable car crashed, but it didn't matter. We were saved and never again would I agree to climb any sort of mountain in the middle of the night.

A metal and fabric ladder clattered from the door down to us. Matt helped me onto the ladder and climbed up after me. There were two men inside. One in the pilot's seat, and the other helping me inside. He looked about our age and wore vintage sunglasses with his vintage helmet. His skin was a reddish bronze as if he spent a lot of time in the sun.

He grinned, "Welcome aboard, Miss Renda. We've got hot cocoa!"

I tried to smile, but I couldn't manage it as he wrapped a blanket around my shoulders and helped me into a seat. Matt climbed up after me, taking a moment to pat the man on his helmet.

"Hurry up and get us back."

The man gave him a mock salute before pulling up the ladder and closing the door. Matt walked across the small cockpit and pulled a pair of pants out of a compartment that seemed to fit him.

He walked towards me and settled into the seat beside me as he shrugged on a t-shirt. The helicopter tipped and moved away from the mountain. As Looming Height faded into the distance, I felt a bit more at peace.

We ascended over the snow-capped top and my heart lightened a little as the snow sparkled in the sunlight.

Fluorite was in a lush valley near flat land. The area around it was barely high enough to be called a mountain. Seeing snow-capped mountains and the sparkling sea at sunset were things Angelia and I planned to do since we were children.

Angelia, where are you?

The main pilot was quiet, but the co-pilot who greeted us introduced himself as Armand. As he continued to chat, I was grateful that he wasn't piloting.

"This is my pilot trainee, Jacob!" Armand said with a grin. "It's so nice not to have to pay attention..."

Though Armand said he had plenty of experience, his words didn't give me any comfort. He went on about Looming Height's myths and other things that I didn't want to hear about. I blocked out Armand's voice as we flew through the air.

When we finally landed, I thanked Jacob and Armand for saving us and followed Matt to the awaiting car. The drive from the landing place to Matt's home was short, and there was a doctor there waiting for us outside the house.

The man looked at Matt with a concerned gaze.

"I'm fine," Matt said, jerking his thumb at me. "Check her."

I shook my head, backing away, but Matt gave me a look that had me lowering my head and complying.

The doctor smiled at me kindly. "A minor check-up, nothing too in-depth."

It wasn't terrible, but it was a bit uncomfortable. I had never liked doctors even before being subjected to monthly, invasive examinations at Larry's, but this doctor was honest and the exam was over quickly.

When the exam was done, I heard Armand's voice booming from the kitchen, and Matt was gone.

"Miss Renda, any requests?" Armand asked, waving a frying pan. "The boss never has one."

I shook my head, sitting at the bar. Armand had changed into a neat pair of slacks and a button-up. It seemed like he was Matt's butler or something.

"You look curious," Armand said, pulling something out of a cabinet. "Ask whatever you want. I'm an open book."

"How... did you come to work for Mr. Wallber?"

He frowned and shook his head, "Right. Matt. He saved my life, so I'm repaying a debt of sorts."

I didn't listen to the rest of the story, too shocked by the idea and still processing everything that had happened. I had never imagined anyone tied to the Wallber name as someone who would save anyone's life, and Matt had saved us both.

Maybe Matt didn't know who I was and just cared about the whore he'd purchased not being damaged, but something told me that wasn't the case. His expression back in the cave wasn't the look of someone worried about their property being damaged.

What was I supposed to make of it? Had I been wrong about hating the Wallbers all this time?

"Where is Matt?"

“Probably asleep.” Armand said. “He shifted, right? Takes a lot out of him. He should be up and about by dinner.”

I nodded and slipped from my seat, “... think I’ll take a nap 100.”

“I’ll call when dinner’s ready! You should dress up. There will be guests!”

I hurried up to my room to turn over Armand’s words. What sort of guests? I’m not sure if I was in the mood to party after the day I’d had. Besides, I didn’t have any clothes. They were all in the trunk of Matt’s sport’s car back at the other cottage.

I sighed and went to the drawer where I’d placed my few belongings and froze at the sight of loungewear beside my few toiletries.

I checked the closet and found the entire wardrobe Matt had purchased earlier that day hung neatly by season and color.

Armand and whoever else worked for Matt had been busy and it was clear that I was expected to come to the party.

Fine. At least, I’ll get a sense of who was important in Matt’s life. Maybe I’d even get some valuable information. The rich tended to talk a lot over free drinks.

I took a bath and got out about an hour later when I heard voices from downstairs. I didn’t know if they were more staff or guests, but I guessed that the party was about to start. I slipped into a dress that seemed upscale enough, put on a bit of makeup, and descended the stairs.

About twenty people were milling around with flutes of champagne, glasses of wine, and tumblers of whiskey. I was glad I went with an upscale look as everyone seemed to be dressed like they had come from a runway.

Matt came down a few moments later dressed in pressed slacks, shiny oxfords, a dinner jacket, and a button-up shirt that was two buttons shy of closed. He seemed rested and relaxed as he glided into the party. I crossed the room to get something to eat and plan my next course of action.

I didn’t recognize any of these people. Were they important to the Warhammer pack? Would they let something slip that could help me? How would I even start a conversation with any of these people? I didn’t know anything about the latest fashions, stock market, or whatever else they were talking about.

My best option was to listen in and hope something of use would come out of their mouths.

I settled at a table in the corner of the large room. Three beautiful women sat nearby. They were made up for the evening and decked in sparkling jewels. I knew on sight that none of them were wearing Fluorite gems based on the clarity.

They were oblivious to my presence as they spoke loudly at first about the latest fashion trends or something. Then, their voices began to grow softer and I strained to listen knowing that a hushed conversation was always the best way to get information.

“... a real disappointment between the sheets.”

“Matt? No way.”

I almost choked on my food while listening to them. *Were they serious?* I glanced towards the rest of the room. There were only the four of us in the dining room. The living room was where everyone else had gone.

“He might have a great body, but... he’s barely bigger than lipstick.”

One of them giggled, “Who told you that?”

“That has to be a lie.”

“Maybe he stuffs his pants?”

Another peal of laughter broke out, and I was even more confused. I knew for a fact there was nothing lipstick-sized about him. Why were they even talking about this at Matt’s party?

“Have you slept with him?”

“No, but I heard he hadn’t slept with any of the women he’s been seen with.”

“You know he bought a hooker from that place? Larry’s?”

“I heard about it! But it’s just a cover-up. If he hasn’t slept with any of the other women, what makes anyone think he’d sleep with a whore?”

I cleared my throat, just loud enough to draw their attention.

They froze and turned around. It seemed that their wolves were too weak to hear me breathing just behind them, or they were human. Either way, their gossip was ridiculous and could ruin my plans if it kept on.

I expected them to shut up, but one of them eyed me.

“Aren’t you the whore he bought?”

I lifted an eyebrow at her, "Jealous?"

Another scoffed, "As if I ever. What would lipstick do for me?"

"Probably fix your chapped lips," I shrugged as she gasped, "I doubt you could handle anything bigger."

I examined my nails, "Trust me, that man's cock needs someone with... ample experience."

They flushed and gaped. Their eyes jumped up to above my head, and they paled. Then, Matt chuckled, "Now, darling. I thought we agreed to keep such things in the bedroom."