

## Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 13

One of them squeaked. Another babbled some sort of excuse and slipped from the table towards the *living room*. Then, I was alone with Matt and embarrassed. I would never live this down. I should have kept my mouth shut. He was going to tease *me*, for sure, or get mad

My best bet was to pretend like there was nothing out of the ordinary. After all, it was in my best interest to make sure that my position as his whore or mistress or whatever Matt was telling people seemed as real as possible.

I tried to calm down, so I didn't turn around to look at him.

He walked around me and sat across the table, staring at me. I didn't meet his eyes, too embarrassed and bracing *myself* for the teasing

"...why did you say that?"

Act cool. I had to act cool. This could be a chance to learn more about Matt. His weaknesses and desires. It would be easier, in the long run, to use those things against him to learn everything I needed to know.

"Spur of the moment."

He scoffed, "Try again with a better lie, hm?"

I finished my food and excused myself from the table. He didn't stop me to my surprise. I made my way up the stairs as quickly as I could, avoiding the other guests. As I closed the door behind me with a little sigh of relief, I couldn't believe what I had heard.

What the hell was going on?

What was Matt thinking? Doing? What was I doing? Nothing I was learning was making any sense.

How could everything in the news be a lie? A disguise? For what? This party wasn't even real! What was the point of all this?

The man who saved my life and the man who played death games were the same person, but he wasn't the lustful, willful, power drunk monster I had imagined. 1

I couldn't even guess a reason for him to be involved with the Fluorite massacre. Matt was only a few years older than me, so at the time, he would have been eighteen. It's possible that he doesn't know anything, but he is the only son of the alpha who benefitted from it. He had to know something!

My head began to ache. If he knew nothing and the Wallbers weren't involved in any of it, then the last three years were a complete waste of time.

I couldn't accept that all that pain and suffering was for nothing. I'd lose what little sanity I had left.

I sunk onto the bed to think, turning over the party and everyone I had seen in my mind, but nothing stuck out. I couldn't have been in my room for longer than an hour before Armand sent me a text asking where I was and if I needed anything.

His overly nice disposition only made my headache worse.

Miss Renda, you like sweets, right?

*Won't* you come down and have dessert?

The next few pictures were of cake, pies, and other desserts. When a bowl of ice cream drizzled in chocolate popped up, I sighed.

Armand was persistent and there was nothing better than ice cream when I was down. I couldn't remember the last time I had ice cream

Fine. I'm coming

He replied with a cheering emoji as I left my room and returned downstairs. When I got to the bottom floor, I went into the living room. The bartender was flirting with a group of women. A group of men stood around to the right of the living room. I hoped to get my ice cream and escape before Matt or anyone else noticed me.

Then, I saw Jay's eldest son. Jay was my father's beta. I knew for a fact that Jay had been in the city when the attack happened, and his son had been there too. What was he doing here?

If he escaped, was he looking for revenge too? It would make sense that he got into Matt's fake inner circle if he survived. If I remembered, they had family in another pack they could have gone to hide with.

I wanted to ask, but I closed it before a sound escaped me. There was something wrong with this picture. He didn't look watchful. He looked comfortable as if he was here all the time. It could have been an act but Jay's son wasn't the smartest growing up.

What if Jay had helped the Warhammer pack and his son was here as a guest because of that?

The thought turned my stomach, but the thought wouldn't leave me.

My pack had been wealthy but not large. We were known for our flowers, our mines, and the beauty of the surrounding land. Dad was a good businessman and leader. He took care to make sure we lived and worked in peace. Our *forces* were just strong enough to defend us when need be or at least give us time to escape if something serious happened.

Thinking back, there was no way a party of werewolves large enough to kill the entire pack would have gone unnoticed by the patrols. Not even if they were migrant bandits!

Someone inside the pack would have had to help them avoid the patrol paths and Jay was the only person who would have been able to get that information other than Dad.

But how could that be possible?

Jay, or Uncle Jay as Angelia and I called him, was always very kind to us. When we were little, he would hide chocolates in his coats so Angelia and I could find them. He spoiled us. I had always thought of him as family. He was so good to us....

But he also knew every weakness in our pack's defenses. There was no one else who could have led them around all of the patrols and right into our house.

Jay was a traitor.

My mind was racing. I couldn't approach Jay's son without more information. Ice cream wasn't worth being exposed and the realization made me lose my appetite. I turned to leave as fast as I could.

"Miss Renda?" Armand called out to me. "Would you like some candy?"

My stomach lurched as I rushed up the stairs, covering my mouth and trying to push through the rush of memories closing in on me. My head pounded, but if I could just find something to count, I could get through it. The dungeon was musky. The air was cool, swirling around me. Armilla let out heaving sobs. Then screams. She went quiet as the bed creaked with every thrust of his flabby body.

I held Angelia close, covering her ears and holding her against me, pleading for one of the guards to do something, but they watched on and said nothing as Dan thrust into Armilla across the room.

I tried to leave again, pulling Angelia with me. The guards laughed, blocking the path out of the room.

"My candy's the best," Dan growled, leaning over Armilla and licking her tears away. I could almost feel his weight on my chest, watching him. "Don't you like candy?"

I searched for something to focus on. One bed. One lamp. Two pillows.

The guard tore Angelia away from me and dragged her across the room. Another held me in place as I cried and begged. Angelia screamed, thrashing and trapped beneath Dan. Armilla had gone quiet in the far corner of the room.

“Stop! Leave her alone! Please leave her alone!”

He laughed, thrusting into her with sharp grunts, “I know good little girls love candy.”

Blood stained the sheets. He shoved Angelia off the bed when she stopped screaming and simply lay still.

“Your tum, little girl... Brave, eager gir... Come get some candy.”

One, two, three, four studs in the bed frame. I couldn't breathe. I can't breathe.

Pain tore through me. His weight crushed me beneath him. He thrust harder and harder, shaking the bed with his weight. I kept screaming. Fighting, but he wouldn't budge. His guards held me down, laughing at me. Enjoying the show.

Wet, squelching, pain throbbed between my legs.

“Stop!”

“Stop!” I said, gripping my head. “Stop. Stop! Stop!”

I curled up beside the bed, focusing on the grains in the carpet.

One... Two... Three... Four... Five...

I got lost in picking out the individual strands, and the memories faded. I could still feel my hands shaking. I felt nauseous and dizzy. Over-heated and frozen as if my body didn't know what it was thinking. I laid down on the carpet, forcing myself to take deep breaths as I noticed the grain of the dresser's wood and began to count the strands.

“One.. Two Three.”

“Are you okay, Renda?”

I gasped, looking up at the face leaning into the door. Matt was the last person I expected to see. Had he knocked or just walked in?

He couldn't see me like this.

“Get out,” I said “Get out!”