

## Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 15

Now that I was out of Larry's, my options to try and find Angelia had grown a little, but only if I gained more independence and got more information. To do that, I needed Matt to trust me enough to let me go out on my own and let his guard down around me

I went to sleep as the sounds of the party faded downstairs trying to come up with ways to get closer to Matt

In the morning, I woke up a bit hungry and grinned as an idea came to mind. They said the way to a man's heart is through his stomach and through his cock. Since Matt didn't seem to be interested in fucking me, maybe I could manage to get into his good graces through food

I was never the greatest cook and I hadn't picked up a pan in years, but the internet had all sorts of tutorials. It couldn't be that hard. I just had to pick something simple enough. Mom was a terrible cook, but Dad always appreciated her efforts

I grabbed my phone and texted Armand

Do you know what Matt likes to eat?

The list that came was long enough to fill four text messages. They came so fast I wondered if he had just copied and pasted it from somewhere

Why? He asked after the texts stopped coming in.

I worried my lip. I couldn't tell him that I'm trying to get in Matt's good graces, so I went with something simple.

Matt saved my life... I just want to thank him by doing something nice.

I winced at the message. Was it too nice? Was it too obvious?

Armand replied quickly, Go with a nice steak dinner. I'll send you the recipe. I'll leave dinner to you, but text me if you need help. You can't have too much help when it comes to a love match!

I sputtered and shook my head at the winking emoji and the message. A love match? Was he insane? I laughed at him as I replied.

It's not a love match. He's just my boss.

Sure. He sent a winking emoji, For now. Think of how lovely you'll look on the front page of a magazine together!

I laughed. I could just picture it. Whore and Warhammer Heir: Love, Lust, and Rebellion

I grinned as another headline came to mind, imagining him sitting behind the official desk of the Warhammer pack's alpha and her seated on the desk with little more than her underwear on.

Werewolves in Trouble-Warhammer's Luna A Whore

Soon, I was doubled over in laughter imagining the news coverage. It made my eyes burn with tears. As promised, Armand sent a set of recipes and a wish for good luck.

I left my room and went to the kitchen to get something to snack on and to start preparations since it was already so late in the day.

Armand had done most of the work for me, setting out the pans and pots I would need along with a timer for the asparagus. I set the timer for the steaks while cutting the potatoes and found my hands were clumsier than I remember and a bit amused.

When I was younger, I had thought of doing things like this for my mate, or least my husband the way Mom did. I wondered what they would think of me cooking for a Wallber like this.

When the food was mostly done, I went upstairs to wash up and change. It was ridiculous for Armand to think of this as a romantic affair, but making Matt think something along the same lines would help make things easy.

I went with a burgundy halter dress that was cut to make wearing a bra impossible. As I looked at myself in the mirror and put on makeup, I couldn't think of anything other than the fact that I looked exactly what I was now.

A whore aiming to seduce her patron. All the beauty I had inherited from my mother seemed different. I would have never imagined years ago that I'd be doing something like this.

I turned from the mirror and headed back down stairs to pull the potatoes out of the oven as the front door opened and I heard rustling from the foyer.

I left the kitchen to greet him. He looked startled as I smiled at him.

"Welcome home."

His gaze was warm and oddly tender as he looked at me, "You're beautiful."

I gave him a little smile that I knew showed that I was pleased and tried not to roll my eyes. How many times had I heard that?

"I made dinner..." I worried my lip, casting my gaze low. "L. wanted to apologize for yesterday and thank you for saving my life, obviously."

I nodded towards the kitchen, "Don't hold the taste against me."

He smiled, shrugging out of his jacket and following me, "I've been told that no beautiful woman cooks well"

I smiled a little mischievously, "Well... it could be poisoned."

He laughed and settled at the bar, watching me serve dinner. There was nothing sexual in his gaze, but the quiet felt too domestic for me.

"I couldn't find your wine, so we'll have to make do with water or juice."

He pulled his plate closer, "I'll show you where I keep it later."

I made my own plate and came to sit beside him, "Do other women know where it is?"

He paused before taking a bite and met my gaze, "... are you jealous?"

I let out a little laugh, "If I am, will you answer?"

"No," he said, "No other woman knows."

I chuckled, "How about other men? Besides Armand."

He laughed, "No one... Not even Armand."

I laughed, "Fine. Tell me about all those people you invited. Your friends? How'd all those people come to be your friends?"

Matt shrugged, "Armand invited most of them. Drinking buddies."

"Armand?" I asked, a bit concerned. Was Armand involved with the fall of my pack then? How did he meet these people? "They seemed like elites? I didn't realize Armand was so important."

Matt shrugged, "Yeah, mostly. He's... worked for me for a long time, but I'm not sure where he met all of them."

I ate quietly and tried to figure out a way to get more information. Was he telling the truth or was he evading my question?

"You've gone quiet," Matt smirked as he cut into his steak. "I think you're more interested in them than me."

I was, but I laughed and teased him, "Are you jealous?"

Matt licked his lips, "And... if I was?"

I gave him a fake heated look, "No need to be."

I looked him up and down, "It's not like any of them compare."

Matt grinned at me and finished his meal, "I'm impressed. It was good."

"Amand gave me the recipes."

He laughed and got up, "That makes sense. Come on."

I set my silverware down and followed him through the house. I expected Matt to have a fully stocked bar in his house, but I wasn't prepared to enter a room that looked more like some kind of shrine to alcohol. There was only one couch in the room.

He rounded the bar, "Sit down, Renda."

I did as he asked and watched him curiously.

"What do you like to drink?"

"Surprise me."

He smirked and pulled out various bottles. I didn't recognize most of them, but I recognized the shot glasses and chuckled.

Matt was a bartender? Now, that was a surprise.

The bartender at Larry's was an average-looking guy. No one who came to Larry's was looking for a man, so it hardly mattered what he looked like, just that he could make drinks and make customers happy with a few tricks.

Matt didn't act like a bartender performing for tips. His tricks seemed natural as if he was performing for no one but himself. He mixed and tossed shots of alcohol through the air several feet away from the other shaker.

I clapped, "That was awesome."

Matt didn't seem to be listening to me as he finished the drink. He founded the bar and set a pale, pink cocktail in front of me.

"What is it?"

“Try it.”

I picked it up and took a seat. It was sweet with just a bit of sour at the end and a little fruity,

“It’s good... what is it?”

“I haven’t named it yet,” he smiled.

“A bit odd that the son of the Warhammer pack has learned to be a bartender.”

He shrugged, “I sort of worked at a pub when I was in college in England.”

“Sort of?” I asked, taking another big drink. “What does that mean?”

“Don’t drink it too fast,” Matt said and shrugged. “I’d show up and get them to teach me when I felt like it.”

“Were you ever in class?”

He winked at me, “Rarely. Still got a 4.8 GPA.”

The words irritated me. I didn’t get a chance to go to college... I didn’t even finish high school because of the Wallber attack on my pack. I took another drink.

“I think I’ve come up with a name,” he said after a moment as I licked my lips and started to feel a bit warm. “First kiss.”

“Want a taste?” I asked, feeling a little hazy.

“What?”

I took a handful of his shirt to pull him into a kiss. He gasped, allowing me to lick into his mouth.

“Renda-” “Take me to bed,” I whispered in his ear.