

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 2

I couldn't tell how long I was there, only that water was provided through a small slot in the door every so often. They didn't give me food. My stomach ached. I grew shaky and desperate.

Eventually, they hauled me out of my solitary cell and put me back with the others.

Angelia was leaning against the wall, curled up and silently staring into nothing. She was skinnier. Armilla was curled into a ball, weeping to herself with a slowly healing bruise around her neck.

Had they been treated worse because of me?

The thought infuriated me. I turned to glare at the guards.

"Cowards!" I yelled, rushing at them and slamming into them.

"Crazy bitch!"

The guard struck me across the face. I fell and got back up, furious and desperate. I spat in his face.

He sneered at me before slamming his fist into my stomach. Pain exploded through me as I flew back, hitting the wall, and fell unconscious.

I woke up, slumped against the wall in the dungeon just where they'd left me, but weaker. Hungrier. I had no idea how long it had been since I'd eaten, but I couldn't take much longer if I meant to survive.

Angelia had gotten skinnier, yet the little scrap of clothing she'd been allowed was stained with blood between her legs. She didn't seem hurt. Horror washed over me as I realized that Angelia had started her period. My stomach turned as a guard approached her. The others jeered.

"She's a real woman now!"

"Leave her alone!" I said, lunging at him. Another caught me and shoved me back as Angelia was hauled away. She didn't speak. She didn't fight, and she didn't answer me when I called for her.

They didn't take anyone else, and they didn't give me food. Everyone else was given a few pieces of bread and meat, but no one ate or spoke.

"Ungrateful bitches," one of the guards cursed, grabbing one of the girls. "Eat!"

He shoved the meat into her mouth. She gagged and threw up in his face. The guards laughed at him before he threw her to the ground and kicked her away from him. She didn't even yelp as she rolled across the ground.

She didn't move and he sneered down at her, "Another one?"

He grabbed her by her hair and dragged her out, and I never saw her again.

Angelia? Please answer me.

She didn't answer and I began to fear that she had been kicked or slapped too hard and had been dragged off to her death.

They'd brought meager rations three times before Angelia returned. Her clothing was more ragged, hanging off her. Her eyes were dull and tear streaks marked her face.

Blood and white fluid streamed down her legs and the guards hooted and jeered as they dumped her across the room.

Angelia? Angelia, please answer me.

She didn't stir and she didn't answer.

My jaw trembled and I closed my fist tight.

He was going to pay for this.

I would kill him if it was the last thing I did. He'd never hurt her like this again.

I promise he'll pay for this. I promise.

Sometime later, one of the guards looked down at me.

"Boss says you've got a chance to apologize and earn a meal."

I looked up at him, meeting his gaze and I said nothing. I wasn't going to humor him by making him think I was agreeing or grateful.

He grabbed me and hauled me away. My legs were so weak. My stomach cramped with hunger, but I didn't resist.

Dan was seated in his chair like he always was, naked and disgusting.

"You ready to apologize to your Uncle Dan?"

This sorry fucker was going to regret what he'd done to Angelia. I walked across the room and kneeled. He flushed looking down at me.

"See, boys. A little starvation turns even the wildest ones docile."

I shifted his robe aside and pushed down the disgust as the guards laughed nearby. His cock was soft, hiding in his pubic hair. While he enjoyed forcing himself on us, he didn't have much of a cock to use.

But it didn't matter. I grabbed it firmly, squeezing and stroking until he started moaning, tilting his head back with a sigh.

"That's a good girl."

It grew hard in my hand and a bit bigger, but not by much.

"Get on with it," he said, his voice trembling. "Show me how sorry you are. Show me how grateful you are for me saving your life."

I swallowed nausea and focused. I thought of Angelia being dumped in a corner of the dungeon and how Armilla didn't even sob anymore, just curled up and closed her eyes. I thought of our parents' bodies swinging in the breeze.

I opened my mouth and lowered my head until his cock filled my mouth.

He shuddered and moaned above as my lips met his hip.

Then, I bit down straight through the flesh.

He howled in agony, shoving my head away, and shrieked as I didn't relax my jaw, taking his cock with me. A guard grabbed me and dragged me back as I chewed the hard, bloody flesh to pieces and spat it out.

Dan writhed around, screeching for a doctor. His body jerked and wiggled as blood dripped down to the floor. I spat out the blood and rolled away, dodging the guard that lunged at me.

The door burst open and more guards stormed in. One of them struck me across the face before hauling me up. I struggled, hoping to get free and do a bit more damage, but what little strength I had saved up was gone.

They took me back to the solitary cell and shackled me up against the wall.

Another werewolf came in, one I didn't recognize. His eyes were hard.

"Defiant still," he said as he stepped inside. "We'll see how long that lasts..."

The other guards left before another guard brought in a basin of hot coals and a black chest. They closed the door behind them. Leaving me alone with this werewolf.

“Obeying that flabby bastard,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady as I spat more blood from my mouth. “Help him rape children. You’re as sick as he is!”

He chuckled, picking up a metal rod and shoving it into the bed of coals.

“I could give a fuck what he’s done. As far as I’m concerned female wolves aren’t good for much but breeding and cooking,” he pulled it out, eyeing the glowing red end. “I’m just here to make you obedient.”

He pressed the end of the hot rod against my skin. I tried not to scream, but the pain was too much. Then, he swung it. His face flushed and his breath heavy as I cried out in agony.

I realized with a chilling disgust that he was enjoying this. I strained against my bonds, but the shackles didn’t even creak. He returned to the basin of hot coals to reheat the rod. His cock strained against the front of his pants as I slumped in my bonds.

He left the rod in the coals and went to the black chest.

“You... sick... fuck,” I panted. “I’ll kill you...”

He laughed, pulling out a wooden rod and licking his lips.

“Why don’t you try not to die first?”

He crossed the room with a feral leer and wrapped his hand around my throat.

“Be sure to scream real loud so the others know better, hm?”

I shuddered as I felt the rod sliding up my leg and froze.

“Stop! Stop!” I thrashed as he chuckled and shoved it hard into me, ripping through me. I screamed as pain consumed me and the scent of my blood pulled into unconsciousness.

Yet, I didn’t die. I didn’t wake for a long time though I felt like I had been tossed around and dragged. My head hurt as if I have been dragged by my hair. Every part of me ached so much I couldn’t move. As I woke up, I prayed to the moon that it was over.

The cot was cold and uncomfortable and there was a shackle around my wrist.

I wasn’t dead, but I wasn’t free either. Where was I now?

A man leaned over me, "Hm, awake, are you? You're a werewolf, right?"

"Where... am I?" I asked.

Angelia? Can you hear me?

"A brothel. And you'd better be worth it, or I'll have to make my money back on the black market." He eyed me. "It's not like anyone will miss you, Cherry."

"How did I get here?"

"What does that matter?"

I glared at him, "I'd rather kill myself."

He shrugged, "We have thigh warmers for the necrophiliacs."

His response shocked me and told me that I was in a very different world now. I was no one. A faceless, nameless prostitute that could disappear without a trace.

Death would have been a comfort, but I remembered what I told that man, and the faces of every guard were burned into my mind. I had to get Angelia out, but I had to get myself out first.

"How do I get out of here?" I asked and he laughed.

He smirked, "Make me enough money."