

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 3

Three years later...

Nine hundred and one.

I grit my teeth and swallowed the bile threatening to rise as I stared at the headboard, focusing on counting the grains in the fake wood.

A spike of pain hit my hip as the john grunted and the sound of slapping skin grew erratic. Nausea surged and tumbled in me but I kept my eyes trained on the wood pattern and counted another four distinct lines.

Three years ago, I was Glenda, the eldest daughter of Alpha Adam of the Fluorite pack.

Since then, I learned that my pack had been destroyed and the land that used to belong to the Fluorite pack now belonged to the Warhammer pack, led by the Wallber family.

They claimed that a plague had taken out the entire pack and there were no survivors. They were liars and it was clear that they had orchestrated attack.

What I don't understand is why. We had money, but we weren't that powerful. Ben Wallber, the alpha of the Warhammer pack, could have easily brokered a deal between our packs to the benefit of us all.

Thanks to him, my name is Cherry, and I am a prostitute. My main goal is to get close enough to the Wallber family to learn the truth of what happened three years ago.

"Fuck!" He cried with a final thrust. He was still then pulled out. I was relieved at the sudden, vague emptiness and slipped across the bed towards the bathroom.

I shifted out of his reach quickly.

"Where are you—"

"I have to pee," I said, avoiding that wet, flabby mouth that aimed for mine. I hurried into the bathroom, closing the door, locking it, and turning on both spigots. I bowed over the sink with a sickening heave of my stomach. Fever rushed over me and the world spun a little. The scent of cheap, industrial cleaner fluttered into my senses as I tried to focus on my goals.

Find out who in the Wallber family was responsible for the Fluorite massacre. Find my little sister, Angelia, and make everyone involved with it pay.

"Wallber. Angelia. Revenge."

The thoughts settled me the way they usually did, bitter, furious, and hopeful as I rested my head against the cold, silver mirror, trying to catch my breath.

It had been nine hundred and one days of this. I dared not meet my gaze in the mirror as I tried to pull myself together and stop shaking.

The sooner I got rid of him, the sooner I could start forgetting this night like all the others.

Nausea died down as I flushed the toilet for effect. I washed in cold water; the blistering cold eased the fever and made me focus as I chanted in my head to keep steady.

I took my time drying off just to make sure I had a handle on myself before I opened the door and walked out.

This john was splayed across the bed like an overstuffed king, leering at me as his minuscule cock stirred. I was grateful that it was negligible. It made it so much easier to ignore his satisfaction and count.

“Cherry, you hot little thing,” he grinned. “Why not extend our time a little, hm? I’ll tip double.”

I crossed the room to pick up my clothes and put my bra on as quickly as I could manage, but not too quickly. I had to seem aloof, not desperate to escape. I was slipping my shirt on when the bed creaked with his weight. His arms wrapped around my waist and I went still as he pulled me back against the softness of his belly, sliding his hands over my hips and squeezing my ass.

My stomach lurched.

“I know it’s just an act,” he whispered in my ear. “I know you enjoy it. How about triple?”

His human stench wasn’t any worse than a werewolf, but it irritate me on an instinctual level. I could tear his head off without a fuss even in my weakened state. I wanted to ask if that was part of the thrill for him.

I wanted to tell him that no amount of money would make me willingly even be in his presence, but what would he care? He would just complain and buy someone else. How would it serve me other than undo all my hard work?

One complaint from a customer was like a death sentence at Larry’s.

My fury simmered in my chest as I forced my voice into a cold, monotone murmur.

“You’d have to speak with the manager about extensions.”

He groaned, nudging me with his belly, t

hough he was probably aiming to nudge me with his cock as he took a deep breath against the nape of my neck.

“All business, eh?” He released me. I stepped away from him. “I’ll be sure to start making my reservations in advance.”

I pulled my jeans on, slipped into my shoes, and left the room, closing the door behind me. I took a steady breath, looking at the faux silk wall across the hall.

I was one step closer.

I hurried down the hallway and down the stairs that led to the ground floor of Larry’s Hustler’s, the most expensive and exclusive brothel in Warhammer where drinks poured like rivers and whatever your heart desired was for sale. The wealthy dredges of werewolf and human society congregated here like flies on garbage.

It had been nine hundred and one days of Larry’s tacky interior design and faux luxury, but it was coming to an end.

The day I had been working for was tomorrow. At first, I wasn’t sure how or why our pack hadn’t

I tried, reaching out with my mind and hoping for a response. My wolf stirred, pulling on the remains of our pack bond.

I felt nothing on the other side, but I expected that. It had been more than a year, seven hundred and sixty-seven days to be exact, since the last time we managed to communicate through our link. As my wolf weakened, I lost the ability to even get a sense of her well-being. Now, I could barely tell if she was alive.

I clenched my fists in fury. My jaw tensed as I stared down the stairs, thinking of my little sister in the clutches of that sick bastard who treated young girls like sex dolls. Was she still alive? Had she lost her mind at the hands of his depravity? Had any of my prayers been enough?

Given half a chance I would rip his throat out.

The thought of it gave me nightmares. I prayed nearly every night that Angelia was still alive. She and I were all each other had now.

I looked around the ground floor, thinking back to the last two years I had worked through the darkest of the underground to get here. Every day was burned in my memory, but it was worth it to make it to Warhammer and be close to the Wallber family.

My stomach clenched in fear and anticipation at the thought. The Seven Days of Heaven auction, as the clients called it, only happened once a year. The club auctioned off the chance to spend seven days with one of the ten most popular prostitutes away from the club: no rules, no restrictions, and no oversight.

For werewolf prostitutes like me, it meant hell. For a human, it could mean death.

I was sold to Larry's from a small brothel in the Midnight pack's territory. While it was true that I could pay for my freedom, the price was astronomical and the system was built to make sure Larry's never parted with a prostitute without getting the best deal.

No matter how much I earned, I only earned three percent at most before tips. In my early days, I'd done the math about how much I was worth. Even if I slept with twenty men every day for a year, I wouldn't be able to pay for my freedom.

Money aside, I could escape, but neither of those paths would reunite me with Angelia or get me what I wanted.

The Wallber family only came down from their lofty mansions for two things: war and pleasure.

To get a chance at my revenge, I had to set aside my dignity and go from Glenda to Cherry, the Cold Beauty from Midnight. The club and Trista raked in money hand over fist with every move I made up the ladder, and I grew a little closer to the top echelons of society.

Tomorrow, the Wallber family's soon-to-be alpha and their most prominent playboy, Matt Wallber, would be at the club looking to buy Seven Days of Heaven with one of Larry's girls.

Getting him to pick me was the first step to ruining him and his pack. I had been researching him since I found out about Warhammer, and come up with the plan.

All I had to do was see it through.

"Cherry," the auction manager called, carrying his pad and pen. "Your opening bid? I think you should start at twenty grand."

Twenty thousand dollars was twice times the standard. The Wallber ego only ever wanted what no one else could have.

"Make it fifty."