

## Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 4

The door swung closed, finally leaving me alone in my dressing room after listening to Trista's explanation of the auction procedures for the last time. I knew it by heart long before I was eligible for the auction.

With a few minutes to spare, I opened my phone and searched for Matt Wallber again. His article on his pack's website appeared first with his portrait. Handsome features with cold dark eyes and the slightest hint of a cynical condescension on his lips.

There wasn't much in the current news about him that I hadn't read already. He took over Warhammer's finance, real estate, and information enterprises and led the pack to the level of wealth they now enjoyed. Despite all that he's contributed to the pack, he was not his father's favorite to be the next alpha of the pack. His father and his peers were too concerned about the opinions of the public, and Matt had no problems being splashed across tabloid pages in compromising positions.

His last interview detailed an orgy he had in a private jet before going skydiving.

His name might as well have meant excess and despite his business genius, he didn't give anyone the sense of being capable of providing stability to the back.

There was nothing new on him in the news, so I closed my phone and checked my reflection again. I smirked. It had been a good decision to splurge a little on the make-up produced from Fluorite flowers. It was far more expensive than it had been when the Fluorite pack existed, but the quality had not changed. I was glad that not everything about my pack had been destroyed, though it was currently in the hands of my enemies.

It smoothed every imperfection like an airbrush and was twice as light. My eyes sparkled in the low light as I reapplied my dark cherry red lipstick. The color made my pale skin seem luminous and this particular shade was special to the luxury Fluorite-based make-up company that anyone of quality and wealth would recognize. It was a subtle calling card as was my choice of gown with its classic neckline. I would stand out in the lineup like a marble statue of a goddess among cheap idols.

I'd be tempting. Hopefully, I will be tempting enough to hook Matt.

Over the past three years, I learned that men of power wanted something everyone wanted and couldn't afford. They wanted the unobtainable.

It was better to be sensual to capture the johns with the bigger pockets. Being a whore was sleazy enough for them.

My hands were shaking. I had planned so much for this moment,

I couldn't afford to mess up. I couldn't afford to be nervous.

I couldn't afford for him not to take the bait

A knock sounded on my door.

Larry's auction stage was more of a peepshow room than a stage. The stage where the women who would be auctioned was surrounded by walls of glass that allowed the VIP bidders to watch the performances from within the VIP rooms and cast their bids using the room's keypad. Everyone else cast their bids from the seats on the first floor. The bidding happened in several rounds, much like a beauty pageant, but instead of speeches about world peace, our gowns went from elegant evening gowns to near-nudity.

Before I was ready to go out on stage, I went to the bathroom to calm myself. My heart was racing filled with excitement for the start of my revenge plot.

In one of the rooms, Matt Wallber was waiting to buy Seven Days of Heaven with me. Using him, I would find Angelia and get her to a safe space, then I would exact my revenge.

"Showtime, ladies!"

I rolled my shoulder and walked to the back of the line. There were ten of us. Each of us dressed in a sparkling evening gown, ready to introduce ourselves to the crowd. I barely listened to the women ahead of me.

Then, it was my turn. I took a deep breath and lifted my head as the woman ahead of me stepped aside. The stage light was so bright my eyes burned, but I kept my eyes open, scanning the VIP room windows for the man in question.

There, sitting in the front row of the VIP room just to the right of the stage, was Matt Wallber, surrounded by various women. His collar was undone and he wore what looked to be a deconstructed tuxedo. His hair was raked and a bit windswept as if he had been runn

ing his hand through it.

He was far more attractive in person than his photos made him seem with a magnetism that made it hard to look away.

I felt star-struck as our gazes met. I walked to the microphone. The woman to his left, tugged on his shirt, trying to get his attention, but he continued to stare at me. His eyes flickered across my form like a hot brand and I remained still.

The joy of having captured his attention soared. Was it my opening bid start or the dark cherry red of my lips? Perhaps it was the choice to wear such a dark gown. His nostrils

flared and he sat forward just a little, staring at me as if he had known me for a long time, or that he had been waiting for me, looking for me.

Had he been looking for me? My heart started to race with fear.

When I was in Dan's captivity, he often got blindingly drunk and raved about being our savior, citing that as the reason why we should be grateful and obedient to his every whim.

They told me to kill everyone! He cried once and laughed as he grabbed one of my younger pack members by her face, leering at her as he licked her cheek. But how could I have killed anything as sweet as you?

I knew now that he was speaking of the Wallber pack. If what Dan said was true, and Matt realized that I was a remnant of the Fluorite pack, then he would likely kill me.

Had he always known?

No, that couldn't be possible. He would have had me killed already.

Had he found Angelia?

I swallowed the surge of fear and forced my heart to calm down. I didn't know where Angelia was. Even if he was in contact with Dan, I couldn't be sure of anything until I was out of Larry's and able to move somewhat freely.

The only way to find out anything, the only path forward, was to lure Matt into buying me. I ran through my introduction at the back of my hand and focused on channeling every sultry inkling in my body into my introduction.

"Our darling, Cherry, the Cold Beauty of Midnight, won't you say a few words?"

I took the microphone and blinked slowly, casting my gaze around in a sensual, slow drag before speaking. Already, men were being affected, leaning forward in their seats a bit in anticipation as they took in the figure I made on the stage.

I waited a little longer until they seemed about ready to fall over.

"Hello, sinners," I said, casting my voice sultry and low as I swept my gaze across those I assumed were the bidders, ending as I met Matt's face for just a moment.

His eyes twitched as I smiled and turned my gaze to another man, pretending to ignore Matt. The man was older and licked his lips. Flushed red and blowing a kiss at me. I didn't recognize and turned my gaze on someone else before he could fall any deeper into the trick.

"I don't promise you heaven," I turned my gaze again, tilting it just enough to bare my throat as my gaze swept to a werewolf in one of the booths. He licked his lips and his eyes narrowed on my throat. I felt Matt's gaze on my throat, burning and "Nothing I plan to do with you will ever be considered holy as I'm sure you don't plan to take me to church."

A laugh and hoot went through the room. I could hear the people seated outside the VIP rooms on the main floor cheer as well.

"But, I promise we'll give Lucifer a good show."

I winked at a random man who seemed about ready to combust from desire before handing the microphone back to the announcer. I glanced at Matt and as expected, he looked furious and covetous. He was so used to being the center of attention that it had burned him a bit to be seemingly ignored while I gave my speech.

My lips lifted in a sultry smile as I met his gaze. His eyes widened as if he gasped. I dragged my gaze over his frame and sucked my bottom lip between my teeth just enough to be noticeable as if I were trying to hide it before walking to join the line as the cheering died down.

"We'll open the bidding now!"

A few breaths passed before the screen lit up.

Round 1 Bidding Open.

I watched my headshot shoot ahead of the other nine and over the blue line that signified my requested starting bid.

Someone had bid on me in the first round well over my opening bid.

My heart leaped.

Had he taken the bait so soon?