

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 5

The rules of the auction stated that as soon as a guest bid ten times the standard opening bid price, the woman was taken off stage and no longer had to perform.

It was nearly unheard of to be removed from the stage during the first round, but the announcer told the crowd that I had reached the threshold. I offered a charming smile to the crowd, not focusing on anyone in particular before leaving the stage with one last look at Matt who sat back in his seat, seemingly relaxed.

I could take that as a sign that he was responsible for the high opening bid, but I couldn't be sure that he would stay ahead with me off stage and marked essentially forbidden.

When I got backstage, the crowd was roaring signaling the start of the striptease. While I was grateful, I didn't have to participate, I was a bit nervous about the opening bid.

I walked into the lounge where Trista was waiting to greet me. Trista managed me and five other women, but she only cared about how much money we made her.

"Very well done, Cherry," Trista simpered. "You've set a record. It will look good in the future auctions and set a trend..."

She pursed her lips, "Though I suppose you had a bit of an advantage being the last in the line-up. I thought we agreed that you would follow my guidance."

I lifted a shoulder in a half shrug as she glared.

"If your pussy wasn't so expensive, I'd cut your face for your attitude."

It wasn't the first time she'd threatened me, and I was tired of her act. I walked past her without worrying about her. Trista was human, but she was the greediest one in the establishment so no one cared about her species.

She was my trafficker. Damaged goods didn't make any money, and I couldn't get the information and opportunities I needed without her.

"Stay," Trista said, her voice sharp. "There may be a higher bid."

If a bidding war started behind the scenes, I might be forced back onto the stage until the end. I didn't bother to sit down or listen. Trista didn't speak to me any longer and we listened to the uproar outside.

No one bid higher than the first bid. Heavy- and high-handedness was the mark of a Wallber, but I couldn't get excited just yet. Not until I knew for sure.

Finally, the rest of the women came backstage, each of them was topless wearing only thongs. With everyone gathered, Trista began to tell us where our assignments were.

“Cherry, VIP Box three,” her gaze cut to me. “Be polite.”

I didn't acknowledge her as I left the room and turned down the corridor that led to the VIP boxes. They weren't to keep women who went through several auctions from knowing for sure where their buyers were, but I had a good feeling that box three was to the right of the stage.

I reached the door and straightened my spine before knocking.

“Come in.”

I opened the door and let the joy wash over me, keeping my expression cool as I saw Matt on the other side of the room. There was pleasant and calming scent drifting through the air unlike anything I had ever smelled before, but my sense of smell wasn't strong enough to figure out what it was. It eased some of my tension and made me almost want to trust this man.

Matt Wallber sat on the couch across the room alone. The women who had been there before were gone, leaving us alone. The curtains had been pulled over the glass, giving us privacy.

That odd pull was stronger this close to him. His dark eyes settled on me as I closed the door behind me. That handsome face hid a demon's heart.

I couldn't wait to see it crying out in fear or agony when I exacted my revenge on him and the rest of his damned pack.

I smiled coyly, “Mr. Wallber, a pleasure to serve you.”

His gaze swept over me again, studying me in the silence. I let him look, not caring and not fidgeting though his gaze felt like a hot caress over my skin. The tumbler in his hand was empty, so I crossed the room to where the decanter sat and brought it to him.

“May I refill your glass?”

He lifted the glass as I poured him a double of whiskey and closed the decanter.

“Cherry,” he said suddenly. His voice was different than I expected, a deep rumbling sound from his chest and too heated for a murderer. “What is your real name?”

My heart leaped as I set the decanter down and schooled my expression into coy confusion. He didn't recognize m

e or he would have known my name. He just wanted to know more about Cherry the way all of my past johns had.

“You don’t like Cherry? Why don’t you pick a new name for me?” I smiled. “It will be our secret.”

He reached for me with his other hand and stroked my back. I felt his fingers grazing the long lines where Dan’s whips had broken my skin. They tingled and itched a bit under his warm touch.

I met his gaze, wondering what he was thinking. His touch didn’t feel sexual. It didn’t even feel curious.

“How did you get these?”

His voice was soft. I swear I heard something like pain in his tone. His eyes were gentle and full of sympathy. His hands didn’t towards my waist, but drifted up my neck towards my cheek, barely brushing against it.

The gentleness infuriated me.

Fury boiled up and washed over me. I let it pass through me but didn’t let it grow. He wasn’t goading me. He was just unknowingly reminding me why I was doing this.

Dan would tie us up and whip us for hours, jerking off to our pained cries. The sick bastard. And this monster had hired him to kill us all.

He would regret it but only if I kept calm now.

I let out a coy giggle, “Just... gifts from some of our guests. Are you interested? I’ve been told I sound—”

He shook his head sharply, yet his thumb stroked over the marks and his hand tightened on his glass. I slid a bit closer.

“If there is something you would like, you only need to say so...”

He looked at me and for the first time, I realized that I had only been seeing shadows in his eyes. They weren’t dark as I thought, but a rich blue-green behind his dark lashes.

His eyes darted towards his back for a moment, “What else?”

I felt the memories bubbling up, but I let them wash through me. Keeping my heart calm as I did a quick catalog. Between Dan and the brothels, I couldn’t think of something I hadn’t experienced.

"That would take a very long time," I chuckled. "Maybe it would be easier to say that there probably isn't a thing I haven't experienced."

Pain flashed through his eyes, followed quickly by anger. I almost laughed. What did he expect of a prostitute? Purity? Innocence? Did he think that inexperienced virgins were auctioned at Larry's?

I wish I could tell him how many men have used me since his pack had mind destroyed. The truth of the hell of the past three years pushed at my teeth, but I kept my lips closed.

It wasn't time to tell him who I was.

I would only do that when he was curled up on the ground in agony, begging for death.

He said nothing as he took another drink as if to calm himself.

"The news says you like extreme sports..."

He nodded. Waiting for me to continue.

"How about a bet?"

His eyebrow lifted, seemingly intrigued.

"I'd like to help you win a dangerous game."

"A game?"

"A race, perhaps? I might have a talent for avoiding death. Any sort of challenge will do." He tilted his head with a curious expression. "In exchange, I want the promise of a favor."

"What sort of favor?"

I smiled and leaned in close, "It wouldn't be a favor for the future if I knew what it will be now, would it?"

He narrowed his eyes, "What makes you think I need your help?"

"Doesn't everyone need a little help sometimes?" I asked, innocently. "Even if it's just someone to take your frustrations out on?"

He sipped from his tumbler, considering me.

"Any competition?"

I nodded, smiling at him, "Consider it a way to bring us closer... A week could be a bit like a lifetime if you let it. Eternity in an hour and all that..."

His eyes widened, "William Blake."

He chuckled a little smile on his lips as he finished his drink.

"You are right. Shall we?"

"And our deal?"

Matt stood and pulled me to my feet, "You have intrigued me enough, sweet poet. We have a deal."

I ignored the little flutter of my heart at the term of endearment and walked with him, feeling triumphant.

We passed Trista on the way out who gave a simpering smile and wished us good night.

Matt led me to where the valet had pulled his gleaming sports car to the front of the building and helped me inside.

He slipped into the driver's seat, then he was guiding the car through the midnight-dark city towards the hills. He hadn't told me what challenge he had chosen, but he had agreed, so I had already won.