

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 6

The drive went surprisingly quickly, though I shouldn't have been surprised. Mat was practically a prince of the Warhammer's city. If he went over the speed limit, who would stop him? He probably got away with all sorts of things, up to and including mundane murders. He and his pack had gotten away with a massacre. What were a few innocent pedestrians?

The lights of the city faded into the distance as we went over several hills on the only path that led into the mountains. My heart raced as he guided the car around the sharp, winding curves. There were sudden dips and changes in direction like being on a roller coaster

It had been years since I had been on one, but I remember enjoying them a lot.

Just ahead there was another sharp turn yet he didn't seem to be slowing down.

"Scared?" he asked, his voice challenging and oddly teasing.

"No," I smiled

If he thought plummeting from a mountain was scary, he would break if I ever did tell him the hell that I had survived. Maybe I would save that before stabbing him to death or however I ended up killing him. After everything, fear was foreign to me as it had n

o place on the road to revenge. It made me hesitate. It made me stay content with where I was and never take a chance.

I had killed my ability to truly fear ages ago. I wouldn't allow it to resurrect itself when I have gotten so much closer to my revenge.

He hummed as he turned, barely disturbing my relaxed posture in the buttery leather seats of the passenger seat.

The curve only appeared sharper than the others. It was far gentler than I had expected. If I had to guess, this was a path he drove often. I didn't see any houses or power lines, so I doubted that he lived in these mountains.

Where was he taking me?

Finally, he slowed the car to a stop and got out. He rounded the car and opened the door for me as I struggled to open the door on my own. He helped me out gently as the wind blew past us, whipping my gown and hair into the air. In the distance, I could see the faint twinkling of the city's lights in the pitch black of the night.

The stars flickered weakly in the sky and there was no moon in the sky, yet it was the most beautiful night I had seen in a very long time.

“Are you cold?”

I almost rolled my eyes. What a ridiculous question, and his acting was making me sick. Did he think I would let me guard down because he was treating me like a lover? I learned quickly that no John gave a damn about my well-being. This man had just paid a nextorbitant amount of money for me. There was no way that he wouldn't be acting accordingly.

I swallowed my annoyance and irritation, allowing him to lead me by my hand.

“No,” I said politely. “Thank you.”

It was a lie, of course. It was freezing and the gown, while dazzling, wasn't meant for anything but looking pretty. Still, shivering a bit was better than allowing him to keep up his charade.

There was no house nearby, so he clearly brought us here for the game. Other cars pulled up and others got out nearby, greeting each other as Matt leaned towards me. The heat of his body was welcome in the cold night.

What the hell was going on out here?

“A couple forms a team. The woman stays stationary and the man would get in the car and drive towards them.

The one with the shortest distance between the car and the woman was the winner.

It was a simple game I had heard of while researching his interests.

I looked down the mountain path, “Mr. Wallber, do you know how to use brakes?”

.

He smiled, “of course.”

His smile did something to his face I wasn't prepared for. There was a devilishly charming look in his eyes that made him more alluring and more dangerous. I smiled back at him hoping my skepticism wasn't showing through.

Was he planning to kill me here and calling it an accident? What would Larry charge him that he couldn't pay? I was just one prostitute. What difference did it make? The only way I could achieve my goals was by getting as far into Matt's life as I could. If I

died on this mountain, it wouldn't matter. But if I lived. If I just held on the way I had all this time, I would be that much closer to my goals.

Someone shouted, "Who's first?"

I glanced at Matt, but he was leaning against the car, simply watching. It looked like he didn't want to be first. Someone else stepped up. The two seemed to have a lot of energy. The woman walked to the other side of the hill as the man climbed into his car. The car turned around a corner and vanished.

Soon, I heard the car returning. The tires screeched as the car skidded forward, barely stopping.

The referee came over and measured the distance.

"Twenty-six feet and three inches!"

The man got out of the car with a cry, "Fuck, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to brake in time."

"I believed in you!"

I wasn't sure if she was high or in love, but they sounded ridiculous. Whoever these couples were, they were insane to come up with such a game. They moved away from the spot and another couple got ready. As the competition continued, the air grew colder. My feet felt like ice and a glance at my phone said that it was just a few hours into the next day. The sun wouldn't be rising for a while yet.

My teeth started to chatter though I tried to keep from shivering. Warmth enveloped me suddenly. His scent enveloped me and though it sent warmth through me, my stomach roiled and my skin crawled.

I didn't want to ever smell like him. I could almost smell my parents' blood on the jacket. I was going to give it back when he pushed off the car.

"It's time."

I walked to the other side of the hill where the other women had stood while Matt pulled his car away. The cold wind pushed my hair around and forced me to cling to his jacket or let my teeth clatter. The wind was so strong that I had to squint. I couldn't see Matt's car, I could only hear the roll of tires on the ground.

My heart was oddly calm as the headlights came around the corner and flooded the path in front of me. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. My father and mother's swinging bodies came to mind. The scent of burning flowers and Angelia's soft cries in

mind came next. For a moment, I felt the greedy, grasping hands of my past johns slipping over my skin.

I heard the brakes screeching and screaming. Someone gasped, but I didn't move, breathing in the cold wind and letting the path I had taken wash through my mind, cementing me in place.

Being hit by his car was nothing compared to what I experienced. Nothing would stop me from obtaining my goal. I heard the gravel crunching and the rush of the wind past me, but I did not move as I opened my eyes.

The car was less than a meter in front of me and everyone around seemed shocked. Matt got out of the car as I felt the cold growing colder down my face. I reached up to wipe my face and found my hand wet with tears.

When was the last time I had cried? Had it been in Dan's dungeon or when our parents were murdered? Maybe it had been in the Midnight pack's brothel.

Matt marched towards me, his eyes hard and bewildered as he grew closer. If I hadn't gotten his attention before, I had it now. I would use it to get out of Larry's, then I would focus on finding Angelia.

My plan was coming together.

"Out!" The referee called in the distance.

I was confused as I looked at the short distance between me and the car.

Matt stopped in front of me and leaned down, "What was that?"

"What?" I asked a bit dazed. "I didn't move-"

"Exactly! You didn't move. Are you hoping I'll hit you?"

I frowned looking at him strangely, "I wasn't worried about it."

His eyes widened in shock as my smile widened.

"I still win this wager, don't I?"

His eyes softened a bit and he nodded slowly. "Yes..."

"And you agree to do me a favor?"

"Anything."

The solemn tone of his voice made it seem like a very different promise, but I pushed that thought away.

“Get me out of Larry’s,” she glanced up at me. “However is fine. Your mistress or whatever...”