

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 7

Matt's POV

She smelled so good. The joy I was feeling was just as I had been told as a child, breaking through years of coldness I had never imagined would go away. But, the joy was slipping through my fingers like sand. In its place, fury, like I had never known, began to boil in me

What was she saying?

Did she say mistress?

How could my mate be my mistress? How could she not feel our connection and understand? What did she think of me? How could she think so little of me? We've only just met!

I stifled a growl. I had to calm down. I didn't want to scare her or make her think I was angry with her.

It was their fault Larry's, whoever had touched her before me, and whoever was responsible for her every mark on her body and the timid fear she was showing me.

I would kill them all later. For now, I had to focus on her.

"... did you say mistress?" I asked her.

She frowned and her head bobbed as she looked down

Of course, she wasn't just a gift but a punishment too. To have her so close but so untouchable was going to drive me and my wolf insane. What would I have to do to heal her wolf enough that she could recognize me? Would she ever trust me?

Where were the people who had hurt her so much? Who had put those scars on her back? The thought of tearing them apart was making my wolf growl with bloodlust.

"I know I'm asking a lot. Being your exclusive whore would be fine too. I just want you to get me out of Larry's."

Lucas growled at the back of my mind, Mark her!

I flinched at the thundering need storming through me, heady and all-consuming. I had never felt such a strong pull from anyone. Lucas had never reacted to any woman so strongly. He made a habit of complaining about the women I kept around me at every opportunity, yet since I saw her, he's wanted nothing more than to mark her as ours, take her back to my home, and have sex until the burning beneath my skin was gone.

Given my stamina, that could be days and I had only just met the woman. Yes, we were mates, but we were several centuries past the time when wolves would simply force mating marks on their mates at first sight.

I wouldn't say we were civilized, given the existence of slavery within some packs and the questionable ways brothels filled their employment rosters.

The wind whipped around us, carrying her sweet vanilla scent through the air, making me almost dizzy with desire and pulling me from the thoughts I didn't like. She was mine, destined for me, but how long was I supposed to wait for her to recognize that? Wasn't there something I could do to help it along?

She pressed her lips together, and her tone was full of disappointment, "If you were going to renege on the deal, you shouldn't have made it, Mr. Wallber. I wonder how you managed to become so wealthy if you treat all your contracts like this."

"Cherry," I shook my head, softening my tone. "Of course, I'll take you. I have never reneged on a deal. I'm just... confused. Why are you only asking to be my mistress?"

She eyed me with a suspicious frown, "What do you mean?"

I cleared my throat, "Per the contract, you could ask for more. I'll have to teach you about taking full advantage of the deals you strike."

"More?" She scoffed and rolled her eyes, "Like what? Girlfriend? Mate?"

Lucas growled and my heart leaped in joy at the word coming from her lips.

Yes, Lucas hissed. Mate. Mark her, so she'll understand! The rules of this century are ridiculous! Instinct should always guide.

I huffed, unwilling to get into that argument with Lucas again.

She laughed, tossing her head back, "Maybe I should ask to be your luna when you become alpha?"

I frowned staring at her as Lucas grew quiet, just as shocked as I was. She said when. Everyone knew that I was not favored to

become the alpha of the Warhammer pack. What did she know that everyone else, including me, didn't know?

"You don't have to make fun of me. I know my place in the world."

A sharp pain went through my chest and terror settled in my gut Lucas howled in mourning,

Couldn't she sense our fate? The beginnings of the bond that had started to form the moment we lay eyes on each other?

Lucas, she can't seem to sense us

Yes, Lucas hissed. Despite his howl of grief, he seemed mostly unbothered, maddened with joy. I can't talk to her wolf, but she's our mate. We've been searching for her for years. It's only a matter of time!

I frowned at the thought. It was concerning that she couldn't sense Lucas, but I pulled my jacket around her a little tighter, buttoning it closed as she watched me with a wary expression.

Why was she so wary of me? I know that the bidders for the Seven Days of Heaven had a bad reputation given the lack of rules and what has happened to some of the women, but I wasn't like that.

"Cherry, after tonight, I will buy out your contract with Larry's. You will never be a prostitute again." I reached for her face, but she flinched away from me and I withdrew my hand, not wanting to offend her.

This was all probably a little overwhelming for her.

"Will you tell me your real name now?"

"You don't—"

"I don't want to choose a name to call you," I said with a smirk. "It won't be just seven days... I want your name."

Her jaw worked as she looked up at him, seemingly weighing her options. Surely, she knew that if she lied I would be able to hear it? I almost wanted her to lie so I could tease her about it.

She lowered her head and sighed as her shoulders slumped.

"...Renda."

"Renda?"

She clenched her jaw and nodded sharply. Her eyes were dark.

"As promised, you are now my mistress, Renda," I lowered my head and kissed her deeply.

She was tense, but she didn't push me away. A little rush of happiness went through me. I pulled back and opened the car doors. She slipped into the car and I drove us away without saying anything to the others. They weren't important and it wasn't as if we had anything of importance riding on this competition.

I took the same path back to Larry's and led her inside.

"Go and get your things." I told her, "I will meet you in the foyer when I'm done."

She eyed me for a moment before leaving.

I headed to the administrative offices to find her manager. Trista was a familiar woman and just as annoying as ever. The thought of her being over Renda irritated me further.

"I'm here to buy Cherry's contract."

Her eyes widened and she brought me to the back of the club and presented me with her ransom contract. I sneered at the name as I read the contract.

A prostitute under the contract would never get free of the contract on her own. I don't think many would pay for a prostitute's freedom, though I'm sure that every woman who got auctioned tried their best to cultivate as deep of a relationship with their patron during the seven days to at least get an exclusive contract.

I thought back to seeing Cherry on the stage and wondered if her entire act had been crafted to lure me in. Maybe she had felt something even though her wolf was suppressed

The thought made me happier.

"Where do I pay?" I asked Trista who offered me a card reader. I pressed my debit card to the device to avoid any holdup. She giggled and babbled as she packed up Renda's contract in a neat folder with a golden bow.

"I want her full record."

Trista shrugged, pulling out a small file from a set of drawers behind and giving it to me.

"We bought her from the Midnight pack. Before that, she was a Luftmensch slave."

I flipped through the sales and trade records with my stomach turning. Many of prostitutes had come into this life out of desperation, but it seemed that Renda had been forced into this life.

I'd find out who did this to my mate and who she was in due time.

Luftmensch was vaguely familiar. It was a small pack in the east. They didn't have much by way of capital and were completely dependent on Warhammer.

My fingers twitched as I remembered why the name was so familiar.

My father had mentioned them on more than one occasion as people he relies on for his dirty work. I shouldn't be surprised that they were the origin of my mate's misfortune with their shady existence.

Midnight was in the west. It wasn't a neighbor of Luftmensch. To my knowledge, neither of them had any economic ties either.

How had Renda been sold to a brothel in Midnight if she was a slave of Luftmensch? How had she become a slave of Luftmensch?

What had happened to her in these past three years? What about her life before then? She seemed rather healthy aside from the suppression of her wolf, so I didn't think she had been a slave her entire life.

Renda had a lot of secrets. I can't even be sure that Renda is her real name yet. She hesitated and her heartbeat tripped with a lie when she told me.

Still, I couldn't help but smile.

I had found her. With the payment of the contract, she was mine. I would have the rest of our lives to learn everything about her. I couldn't wait.