

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 8

Glenda's POV

When I walked to the foyer with my bag, Matt was standing there waiting to escort me out of the building.

He eyed the small canvas bag in my hands and his eyes narrowed, "Is that all?"

What did he think? That I owned a full wardrobe? I'm a whore. Clothes were made to make me sell then *come off* and Larry's charged extra for closet space. This bag held everything I had managed to keep with me over the past three years. Between several brothels, it wasn't much, but it was all mine.

"Yes."

Matt nodded stiffly, "Let's go."

Trista looked a bit furious as I passed her, but I paid her no mind, allowing Matt to escort me back to his car.

When the door came down, closing me inside the car, I relaxed with a little sigh.

I would never see Larry's again.

Matt climbed into the car beside me, cranked up the engine, and guided the car away from the building. Some song was playing from the radio as he turned on the seat warmers. The warmth eased the tension in my back and watched the city go by.

Where was he taking me? Would he put his mistress in another house or in a room in his? Perhaps, he would put me up in some penthouse never to see him again.

That wouldn't do.

Matt was barely older than I was. His father, Ben, was who I needed access to and I couldn't do that from a separate residence.

Ben knew what had happened to my pack. He was the most likely person behind the attacks.

"Mr. Wallber," I began carefully. "As I asked to be your only mistress..."

He let out a soft laugh and I held my tongue for what he would say. Maybe that hadn't been the right approach.

"You must read the news about my long line of girlfriends."

I had, but I didn't care about his girlfriends. Let them continue to serve his sexual desires, so long as I got an opportunity to learn the truth

He chuckled again to himself, "Never mind, you'll find out."

Find out what? His tone was a bit mocking. It would make sense for him to mock my want of any form of exclusivity, but why not just tell me what he meant? I was just a whore whom he happened to owe a favor.

We drove in silence a little longer until I could see the lights of a house in the distance. It wasn't a manor, by any means, but it wasn't a normal family-sized house either. He pulled into the circle driveway and got out.

"Welcome home," he said gesturing to the facade of the house.

It was a charming house, though this close I could guess it had at least six rooms. No matter how nice it looked, it was not the house of the Warhammer pack's alpha.

"Will I be living with you?"

"Is that what you want?" He asked, staring at him as if he could read my mind that way.

I smiled, "That's... more than I could hope for."

"If you're curious about why it doesn't seem big enough, I do not live at the pack's house. This is my home of choice," His lips twitched, "Well, our home now."

I couldn't believe my ears. How could this be so easy? Was he an idiot to let some stranger into his home like this or was the Warhammer pack so arrogant to think no one would dare try to use their vices against them?

Maybe there were guards inside that would watch my every move, but it didn't seem so. He offered his hand and I took it, allowing him to help me out of the low-slung car.

He reached into the back of the car to grab my bag and carried it into the house. It was strange to see him carrying it. I expected a servant to pop out of nowhere to take it. He walked to the front door and tapped a code into the panel. The lock whirred open and I stared at him in shock.

"You... live alone?" I asked in true shock.

He flashed me a grin, "Did you imagine I lived with my harem?" He pushed the door open and gestured me inside as the lights leading away from the front door spilled light down the hallway. I ducked my head to hide my incredulous smile.

There were no guards and the bare minimum of a security system. He was either *very* arrogant, *very* stupid, or both. My hands twitched with glee. I could just imagine crawling over him in his sleep and smothering him, or slipping something poisonous in his drink over dinner.

“Renda,” he said, his voice soft and serious. “You don’t need to be afraid. I’m not going to hurt you.”

I looked up at him, meeting his gaze in shock. How could the son of my enemy make such a statement with eyes that seemed so honest?

It had to be a trick to lure me into a false sense of security. I could never be secure in the house of a man I intended to ruin. I smiled at him and preceded him into the house without looking back at him.

Matt led me to a room on the second floor of the house, dropped my bag inside the door, and said to get comfortable. When the door closed behind him, I was simply grateful. At least there would be a small reprieve before I had to have sex with him.

I rushed to the bathroom and turned the shower on as hot as I could manage before sliding out of my evening gown and stepping in. The steam filled the shower in seconds as I stood under the hot spray, enjoying it.

I rarely got to shower as long as I wanted at Larry’s and it had been years since I had soaked in a bathtub. I eyed the separate tub with interest and resolved to soak in it after I had fulfilled Matt’s sexual needs for the night.

He probably wouldn’t last much longer than any of the other werewolves who have used me.

I worried my lip at the thought. I should be ecstatic that things were going so well, that the son of my enemy was comfortable enough to let me into his house like this.

But I wasn’t. There was a reservation and some other tangled emotion I didn’t have a name or use for bubbling at the back of my mind

Whatever it was, it didn’t matter.

I was in Matt Wallber’s house.

Now, to find Angelia.

Dawn still hadn’t broken when I got out of the shower and dried off. I slipped into the fluffy bathrobe that had been hanging on the back of the door and walked back out into the room.

From the look of it, it was a guest room, and he didn't have many guests. The sheets and bed set were plain, clean and functional much like the rest of the house that I had seen.

The house felt more like a rented vacation home than a house, but who was I to judge?

A knock sounded on the door behind me and I sat on the bed as I called him in

He leaned into the room, wearing just a bathrobe and glancing over me.

Had he expected me to be naked already? I fiddled with the tie to my robe a bit and stood.

"Can I get you something to drink before bed?" He scanned the room, "We'll go shopping for whatever else you need, so make a list when you have a chance."

What was he playing at? How was I supposed to play along? I decided to be bold and straight to the point, I didn't want to put it off longer than I had to.

"No. And I don't think I need anything else... Are you going to fuck me here or should I follow you?"

I pulled at the closure of my robe, but before the knot was undone, his hand was on mine stopping me. Of course, he'd want to unwrap his prize himself. Had I forgotten that some men were like that? Or maybe he wanted to play the part of two lovers?

"Stop," my head shot up at the hint of barely suppressed anger in his tone. "You are not a prostitute anymore. I did not bring you here to be a private one either."

I clenched my jaw, barely biting back my fury. What the hell did that mean? Did he really expect me to believe that he went to Larry's auction to buy Seven Days in Heaven with no intention to fuck the woman he bought? I was a prostitute but I'm not stupid.

And it was his family's fault that I had become a prostitute anyway. What right did he have to suddenly get on his high horse?

He stepped back, "Good night, Renda."

He left and closed the door behind him. I wrinkled my nose and scoffed, crossing my arms as I began to shake. It was disgusting for him to pretend like he was too good to fuck a whore and just wanted to see to my comfort.

Burning tears slipped down my face and I smothered the sob behind my hand as I sunk back onto the bed at a loss about what I was feeling and why.