

## Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 9

I spent the night awake, watching the dawn rise through the blinds.

It was the first night in three years I had gone to bed without being touched. The house was quiet all through the night. I kept expecting him to come back, but he didn't.

And that only made me more furious.

This game he was playing, this act he was putting of kindness was worse than if he just held me down and raped me like everyone else. At least then I wouldn't be wondering,

I'd fall asleep counting just to forget it and I wouldn't be so damned confused.

I pushed that thought away. It was only the first night. The fall of my pack had likely been planned *for weeks*. Matt was definitely his father's son, so he was playing a long game to break me.

And wasn't I doing the same?

Sleep pulled at my eyelids and the darkness began to pull me down.

Can you hear me?

I gasped at Alyssa, my wolf's, voice calling out to me. Alyssa!

She didn't answer. My heart clenched as I strained to call out to her again and again, but I heard nothing in reply. The same fear and loneliness that had taken over me when she left me before returned.

It had been while I was still recovering from the last john I had there, she told me she couldn't stay with me.

What do you mean? I asked, terrified. You can't leave me alone!

If I lost Alyssa, I would have no one.

I can't stay here, Alyssa said, her voice starting to fade. I can leave some of my strength here so you will heal, but I can't...

Her voice vanished into a whisper. I screamed for her for hours, but she never responded.

Disappointment filled me, but I took solace in that I heard her voice. That had to mean she was nearby or getting stronger. It had to mean something positive and I was going in the right direction.

I closed my eyes hoping to hear her reply in my dreams.

When I woke up, it was afternoon. My mouth was dry and my eyes were sticky from sleep and tears. I washed my face and stumbled downstairs to try and find something to eat.

I don't know why I expected a bachelor to have more than booze in the fridge, but I wasn't surprised to find nothing in the fridge and random snacks in the cabinets.

He said he lived here, but did he?

"You're awake." I turned to see him walking towards me dressed casually in tailored slacks and a shirt. "Are you hungry? We'll have to go out to eat."

His lips twitched, "There's a party this afternoon. Want to come along?"

"A party?" I eyed him. It could be an opportunity to get some information.

"An outdoor party." His lips curved into a smirk, "Maybe there will be a game you like."

He leaned in close with a teasing smile, "Life and death. You like those kinds of games, right?"

He was insane. No one liked those sorts of games. They just played them for the thrill or because they had no other choice, like me.

"I don't have clothes for a party," I shrugged. "I don't think hooker heels and mini skirts are appropriate."

Not that I had either of those either.

"You are not a prostitute," he glared at me and closed the fridge door. "Stop saying things like that."

I didn't answer, and I didn't look at him. It was pointless to make him feel like he was winning whatever game he was playing.

"Go get dressed in whatever you have."

I picked the cleanest t-shirt and jeans I had. My shoes were a bit ragged, but they were comfortable. When I came back down, he didn't flinch or hesitate to lead me outside and put me in his car.

The engine roared as he rushed away from the house and back into the city. It was so different to see people wandering around on the streets. Once I would have resented

their freedom, hating them all for their luck, but that resentment had distilled into a cold hard fury directed at the Warhammer pack,

He parked in front of a mall that looked like it only did valet service. The man approached the car quickly to let me out and take Matt's keys, with a little murmur of a greeting Matt took my hand and led me into a store I didn't catch the name of, but a woman appeared seemingly out of nowhere with a bright salesman smile that didn't reach her eyes,

For a moment, our eyes met and I swear there was a bit of recognition there, like two captives trying to survive.

"She needs evening wear and everyday clothes. Swimwear and."

I wasn't listening to the list, but the woman nodded quickly and hurried away after offering us refreshments and a place to sit.

Another woman came to us to measure me, then she was gone again. A few minutes later, the first woman returned with rolling rack clothing. I didn't recognize any of the styles, and it hardly mattered.

Matt glanced through the clothes and nodded before pulling out a red and pink athletic suit and matching tennis shoes

"Change into this."

I took the clothes and didn't argue. The suit was in three pieces, one of them being a sports bra. What sort of party were we going to that required athletic wear? He wasn't dressed for running around.

When I came back, a group of men were carrying the bags and Matt was sliding his shades on his face.

"Let's get some food."

I followed him a bit further into the mall to a food stall that already had his order ready. He took it from the cashier and tossed a hundred-dollar bill in the tip jar before leading me outside. The group of men had finished loading the bags into the trunk and he helped me into the car, setting the food in my lap.

He tipped the valet, closed the doors, and took off.

"Eat," he said. "It's a long drive to Zag Park."

Why would we be going to Zag Park of all places? Isn't that over the Warhammer pack's territory line? It was probably another weird gathering like the car-stopping game. I ate

the meal he'd bought without much attention to it. It was flavorful and seemed to have a lot of meat on it, but I didn't know what it was and didn't want to ask. The highway zipped by as we left the city.

When my bowl was empty. I packed the rest up and relaxed into the leather.

The pop song that had been playing changed to a softer arrangement and lulled me into sleep.

"...enda, wake up," Someone said. "Wake up."

I gasped, sitting up sharply before yelping as my head hit the roof of the car.

"Renda, you slept well."

His voice was sincere, but I was suspicious. Had I been talking in my sleep and gave myself away? Was he planning to dump my body here after this weird party? It was late in the afternoon, near evening, when we left his house. Judging by the darkness in the sky, we were probably there.

"Do all of your parties take place in the middle of the night?"

He chuckled and offered me his hand, "I'll let you be the judge of that."

I let him help me out of the car and looked up at the facade of an old cottage. It didn't look decrepit, but it didn't look new either. I checked my phone and gawked at the time.

What kind of outdoor party happened without anyone around and before dawn?

I tensed and focused on keeping track of him. Was this the moment he would throw me down and rape me or simply throw me down a sharp incline? No one would hear me scream out here.

"Get ready, we're going to climb the mountain to watch the sunrise."

I frowned. Sunrise?

I looked at him, "Is that what you call an outdoor party?"

He grinned, "The two of us and the sun are party enough."

Matt Wallber was becoming less a monster and more of a strange beast with sharp fangs by the minute. He led me up towards a

shining metal tower that looked far newer than the cottage and opened the door to the cable car. A man waved from within the control room of the cable car.

“Have you ever been here?”

When would I have had time to take a random trip outside of Warhammer territory while being fucked into various mattresses?

“No.”

“We’re going to Looming Height,” he pointed to the other end of the cable line. “This car will take up halfway up, and we’ll have to climb the rest of the way. You know the story of Looming Height?”

Who didn’t? The story went that the mountain had been raised back when there were still mages and long before werewolves had taken over the society.

It was a myth, at best, but a charming bedtime story. Something about a wolf who had carried his mate to the top of the peak as a show of eternal love while pleading with the moon goddess to save her life after a battle. My father would tell it to us on Valentine’s Day. The prick of pain that came with thinking of them melted into anger as I sat in the cable car.

A loud horn sounded before the cable began to move. I glanced down at the dizzying height and clutched the edge of my seat as the car continued to climb higher and swayed in the breeze. The gorge below us was just lit enough to see to the bottom of it and my heart raced.

“Don’t be afraid,” Matt said, his voice distant. I looked up at him and found him staring down into the darkness, unblinking.

The car began to slow about what looked like halfway to the other side.

He hummed thoughtfully as the car jerked. My heart lurched, though I kept my voice calm, “What is it?”

A loud click sounded above our heads and the car began to plummet