

## 5: Makeover

KATHERINE

The two girls did exactly what the smoker man asked them to do. Get me ready in whatever way possible.

I would like to believe they were being gentle, but they didn't care for how I was.

I drifted in and out of consciousness, half aware of what was happening to me. I couldn't identify any of it, I just knew they were working on me. Cleaning me up, probably.

My wound was burning. It got the infection I was so worried about and the lack of relief says they didn't bother bandaging me up or anything.

They were zipping a tight uncomfortable fabric up my body when I nally felt like I could stay awake.

The bright lights attacked my eyes, causing me to blink a few times before gaining focus.

The two girls looked identical, with piercings and tattoos all over their bodies. One had on a short jean skirt and a sheer black crop top. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath, which left nothing to the imagination.

The other twin had tight pants on, with a body-hugging crop top. All black.

They both had short black hair, with purple and pink streaks, respectively.

I have to blink to make sure I'm seeing the right things.

The prodding and moving I was feeling all over let me know that I didn't die. Unfortunately.

I was still in this cruel world and I had to see that monster. Thinking of what he might do to me makes me shiver in fear.

"Ah, she is awake." The one with the purple streaks and jeans skirt said.

Her sister looked away from whatever she was doing and turned to me.

I was sitting against a chair, uncomfortable, but that is the least of my worries.

They both watched me. Like scientists peering at something they have never seen before.

I watched them too. Somehow, nd the courage to not immediately cower and hide.

"Guess, she isn't that bad to look at when she isn't lthy." The other sister muttered, tugging on her lip ring with her teeth.

I winced on her behalf, but she looked normal.

"Where's Trey? I'm tired of waiting." She spoke, looking down at the watch on her tattooed wrist.

"Be patient P, it's only been ve minutes."

The former, P, rolled her eyes, but she huffed and stepped away.

They both ignored me and went back to talking about some things I couldn't understand.

I looked down at my hands the moment they were far away from me.

Sure enough, they did nothing to it. The skin around the main cut had bluish and purplish marks. The cut was at least starting to scab, so it didn't look as ugly as I knew it would if it were still an open wound.

The big smoker man walked into the room moments later. I'm guessing he is Trey, because they both stood up the second he stepped in.

He doesn't pay them any mind, his attention is fully on me. His eyes take me in from head to toe, his dark irises getting even darker and making me more nervous.

I felt uncomfortable and squirmed under his gaze. He knows because he smirked.

"If the alpha hadn't claimed you, I would have taken you for myself."

I fought the urge to gag when he grabbed his junk and gave it a squeeze. Disgust lls me and something ugly coils in my stomach, making it harder for me to hide my real feelings.

I've been abused, insulted, bullied and called names. Almost every terrible nickname and tag you could think of has been hurled at me. But this is the rst time someone's gaze has made me feel this disrespected.

It was no surprise, neither him nor his alpha had any respect. It made me want to die all the more.

I've never been suicidal, but I felt I would rather end it than be at these men's mercy.

"Thank you, darlings." He nally looks away from me and faces the twins.

I sighed in relief. But my body didn't relax, my wolf was still on edge. Feeling that we were in danger. I felt that way too and I couldn't relax even if I wanted to.

"The alpha will reward you handsomely," he winks at them.

They both rolled their eyes at the same time. They started walking towards the door, after he assured them they did a good job and they could leave. He smacked their asses at the same time as they left.

With a sick and twisted smile on his face, he turned to me.

"It's just you and me now," he moved closer to me.

Bile rose up my throat from the stench he was emanating. He smelled like smoke and sweat and something else I can't place my nger on. Whatever it was, it was terrible and horrendous.

"I'm trying to decide if I should sample you for the alpha or—"

I turned my face when he tried to touch me with his lthy hands. They looked neat, but the man smelled like sewage. I didn't want his hands anywhere near me.

He didn't like that because he frowned, then he gripped my chin, forcing me to look at him.

"Don't play stupid games with me, girl." He growls. "I'll f\*\*k you up before you know—"

The hand holding my face is yanked roughly, and the man is shoved out of the way. So much force was used that he hit his back against the wall on the opposite side of us.

"What gave you the right to touch what's mine?"

The familiar voice growled.

I trembled in fear, looking down. I didn't want to see the man's face. I was already having ashbacks of when he knocked me down.

I didn't want to see him.

"Leave. And stay away from her."

Tray—the smoker man, got off his butt and quickly ran out of the room.

I failed to feel relief. Knowing one monster had left, but I was still stuck with another one. The worst one.

"Now, little mate. Where were we before your little escapade?"