

Auctioned Mates Revenge Chapter 14

My eyes felt heavy with liquid I didn't know if it was blood or tears I couldn't breathe. My hands shook uncontrollably, I could barely see him through the tears pooling in my eyes

I was so cold, but I needed him to go away. He couldn't see me like this. It would ruin everything I had to *calm down*, but *counting* wasn't working I couldn't see. I couldn't breathe.

Mati stepped further into the room, closing the door behind him as he stared at me,

"What are you doing on the floor?"

"I said get out!"

"Are you always like this?"

My eye twitched. What the fuck did that mean?

"Get out."

Mati ignored my request and crouched beside me. Tears slipped down my face, clearing my vision. I didn't know what to make of his expression. He seemed almost concerned. I didn't need his concern

"Why were you counting?"

I didn't need his curiosity either.

Because I'm a fucking unstable wreck. But I couldn't say that. He could figure that out just by looking at me.

I closed my eyes.

"Please get out."

I felt the warmth of his hand hover over my face, but it withdrew quickly.

"Tell me what you're doing."

I glared at him. Despite all of his gentle actions, he was still a high-handed Wallber, using his position to get what he wanted. I decided it was better to just give him what he wanted so he would go away.

"I'm counting."

“Why?”

I clenched my jaw, “Because it calms me.”

Matt said nothing for a long while, but I heard him breathing. We stared at each other for a while before he reached out as if to touch me. I wasn't sure if I would bite him or let him touch me. Embarrassment and anger were boiling in me. His scent was mingled with cologne that smelled good but muted the calming effect his scent had been having on him.

His hand stopped just a few inches away from my head as if to ask for permission. What the hell was he doing? I narrowed my eyes at him and he retracted his hand slowly. I didn't know what he was thinking. I couldn't tell from his expression though his eyes seemed pained or longing.

I didn't know and I didn't care. I wanted to be alone. Didn't he understand that?

“Will you get out now?”

“What's making you not calm?”

The truth beat at my teeth. The anger that had been building up in me over the past three years was getting stronger. I wanted to scream at him, but I held it in. It wouldn't help me in the long run. The best thing I could do was give him something small but honest and not so painful that it would make me panic again.

I could still hear Dan's voice at the back of my mind. The guards were chuckling, palming their cocks through their pants as they dragged us away from Dan's rooms, wondering when they would have a turn with us.

I shuddered, trying to get the memories to go away when I realized that I recognized his cologne.

It was the same cologne Dad used to wear when he would take Mom out for dates. Was that why his scent was calming me?

“...Do you believe in ghosts?” I asked, softly.

He flinched but said nothing, simply staring at me as I tried to take bigger and deeper breaths. The scent was pushing the memories and the cold away. I could almost pretend that Dad was there with me. Matt looked down at me as if he were trying to read my mind. Our gazes met and I glared at him.

“Well?”

“I do,” he said after a moment. “Why?”

I closed my eyes again as I spoke more to myself than to him

“When I was little I was scared of ghosts. I would sneak into my parents’ room whenever I thought I saw one... Mom would tell me that ghosts are just the dead visiting those who they miss...”

Matt said nothing, and I didn’t wait for him to speak.

“It comforted me then, but it’s a lie.”

“Why do you say that?” Matt asked, his voice was soft and gentle. “Because I’ve never seen the ghosts of my parents.” I let out a soft, shuddering breath. I heard them laughing then smelled blood as if I was watching their bodies swing in the courtyard again. “They would miss me enough to come if it were true.”

I wasn’t wrong. If it was true, they would come to see me. They would come to see Angelia. Everyone who’d died during the massacre would have come to visit the young women who had been taken and at least given us a bit of comfort while we were trying to survive that hell.

He leaned a bit closer, “Your parents are dead?”

I stared into his eyes, “They were murdered.”

Matt’s eyes narrowed, “Is that how you came to be at Larry’s?”

My lips twitched with anger. I wanted to sit up and scream at him, but I couldn’t.

So I tried to get him to go away with some hard truth.

“Yes. Everyone I knew was murdered... The men who did it sold me to a brothel.” I let out a dark laugh, “I was normal once... Now, I’m a psycho prostitute counting grains of wood.”

He grimaced and I narrowed my eyes at him, “Will you get out now? Is that enough of an answer for you?”

It was a bit meaner than I originally intended, but I couldn’t help it. The cold was fading, but the ache of nearly shaking myself out of my skin was coming.

He was silent for a moment, “I’m sorry.”

I turned my head away, ignoring his apology. If he was really sorry, he would leave like I’d asked, but he didn’t move, and I did my best not to acknowledge his presence any longer. I could feel him staring at me, observing me as if he didn’t know what to do or say.

“Go back to your party,” I croaked. “Spend time with your friends... Armand is probably looking for you.”

He chuckled, “You don’t have to worry about them or Armand. So long as there’s liquor and Armand has an audience, they’re fine.”

“I don’t think that’s true.” I said, “Don’t you at least want to catch the gossipers?”

“They’re harmless,” he said. “And it wasn’t my idea to have a party.”

I should have guessed as much. Who gossiped about a friend at their party? Did he have any friends? Armand was more of a loyal servant than a friend. Was Jay’s son someone he considered a friend?

The thought sent a spike of ice through my chest. My eyes burned with more tears.

“I want... to be alone,” I swallowed. “Go back to your party. It’s rude to be away from your guests.”

Matt sighed and stood, “Fine. For now... just don’t sleep on the floor.”

He turned and left me alone. I let out a slow breath. Slowly, I sat up and got off the floor. I was still sweaty and cold, so I decided to take a bath. After filling the tub with hot water, I slipped into the tub with a sigh.

I didn’t want a shower. It would just make me think about Dan’s guards stripping us naked and hosing us down when they felt we stank. I already had one trip down memory lane, I didn’t want another.

The longer I soaked, the better I felt and I let my mind wander back towards Jay’s son.

It was no coincidence that Jay’s son knew Matt Wallber as an acquaintance, but the only way I could find out more about how they’d met and what Jay had to do with everything was to get Matt to trust me.

But how was I going to do that?

Glenda

I flinched at the sound of my wolf’s voice at the back of my mind.

Alyssa? Are you there? Was I hallucinating again? It had been so long since I’d heard her voice. I could barely feel her.

Glenda, she said again and I wanted to cry. I’m here.

Alyssa... I sniffled. Alyssa, L... ...

Calm down, she said. I'm recovering... slowly though. Not strong enough yet.

C-Can you tell me how Angelia is? Are you too weak for that?

She sighed. I felt how sad and frustrated she was just barely. She was stronger, but she wasn't that strong.

She's alive, she said finally. But I can't sense more than that. They're too weak to talk.

I let out a shuddering breath as the tears slipped down my cheeks. What else could I expect, but her being alive was good.

Alyssa being able to speak to me again was good.

It meant I was getting stronger and had a better chance of finding Angelia.