

# Chapter 5: Sold Out

Eden’s POV

In the dark forest, danger never ceased. It attracted the very worst of the worst, cruel rogues with no morals. I needed to get out of this forest, to find somewhere safe. But even as careful as I was, the rogues lurked everywhere. I soon came face to face with two rogues.

“See?” one of them said, clucking his tongue. “Told you she was pretty.” They both lifted their noses into the air.

“I’m the Luna of the Sequoia Pack,” I said, trying to steady my trembling legs and intimidate them. “If you lay a finger on me, the Sequoia Pack will come down hard on you.”

“You? Hahaha...” the other burst into laughter. “You don’t even have a wolf.”

They knew I didn't have a wolf!

Of course they did. I was foolish to believe otherwise. Any werewolf could feel it.

“What kind of Alpha would want a Luna without a wolf? Pathetic,” one chimed in, joining the laughter. “If the Alpha of the Sequoia Pack found out you were damaging his reputation, he’d waste no time killing you.”

Kill me?

His words hit me like a ton of bricks. He was right. Caleb wouldn't lift a finger to help me. In fact, he probably wanted me dead more than anyone else. He banished me from the pack afterall. That was pretty much a death sentence. Sadness washed over me once again.

“Now, get her!” the other commanded, moving towards me.

They lunged at me but I kicked back. The other one tried to grab me, but I punched him in the face. I had just escaped a dangerous wolf! There was no way I was letting these rogues take me.

I fought as hard as I could, but they were stronger than me. Eventually, one grabbed me from behind. He placed a knife at my throat.

“Got you! Naughty girl.”

With the knife at my throat, I had no choice. I stopped struggling as they tied my hands.

“What...what are you going to do with me?” I feared the answer. Rape? Murder? Rape then murder? I shuddered. They smelled disgusting, like sweat and rotten meat.

“Easy, we’re going to sell you.” I turned my head from his rank breath. “At the auction house.”

Sell me? Well, that couldn’t be worse than death, could it?

How wrong I was.

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The auction house was in an old warehouse. They brought me in and lined me up with the other omegas.

“Where are we?” I whispered to an omega beside me.

“Flooders. It’s a well known auction site. They specialize in...in providing ‘playthings’ and ‘breeders’ for powerful Alphas. If you know what I mean.”

I didn’t, not exactly. But I caught the gist of it. A suffocating feeling washed over me; I was unable to control my own destiny. My nose tingled with the onset of tears.

Just then, a man entered the room. He looked us over, one at a time.

“This one here,” he said, pointing at me. “She’s pretty. But she doesn’t have a wolf. You won’t get much for her.”

The two men that had brought me in were clearly disappointed.

“What if we clean her up a bit? Make her more presentable?”

He eyed me again and grabbed me by the chin. “Sure. Ansaldo might take her.” Then he walked away.

“Ansaldo,” I hissed at the girl beside me. “Who’s that?”

“Alpha Ansaldo? He buys beautiful women. He comes here often. Rumor has it, he’s really depraved. Cruel. Sick and twisted. Treating girls as toys.”

Being wolfless, I'd faced judgment since I was young. However, since I was from an Alpha family, most pack members didn't openly show their disdain, except for Alice. For the most part, they just ignored me. Looking back, that was probably the best treatment I could hope for.

“Look, I’m going to be straight with you,” the girl said. “You don’t have a wolf. No one will buy you for breeding. Alpha Ansaldo’s really your only option. He’s really rich so the traders all try to find beautiful girls for him. You’re pretty, that’s your fate.”

At this moment, fear filled my heart.

“Shut up,” a voice snapped at us. Two women stepped forward. “I am Missy and this is Kate. We’re bringing you to the bathing rooms now. Follow us. No talking.”

The girl beside me cautioned me with her eyes. Her look said, ‘Listen to them.’ We were led into a massive bathroom.

“Wash yourself. You’re filthy,” the one name Missy snapped at me. She forced my head under the scalding hot water. “We’re going to clean you up. Then we’re going to teach you how to be submissive. Got it?”

The water stung my skin. I pushed back against her. I couldn’t shake off those words about Alpha Ansaldo. They were too damn frightening. No way! I wasn’t going to let them ‘clean me up’ to sell me to that sick, twisted Alpha Ansaldo.

“NO,” I mustered up the courage to protest.

I said firmly. The girl I had been talking to sighed deeply and shook her head. But before I could wonder why, Missy punched me hard in the face.

“NO?” Missy punched me hard in the face. “You think you’re better than us, you little bitch! You’ll do as I say. I’ll show you who’s in charge.”

Kate kicked me in the stomach. I keeled over, clutching at my stomach, while blood gushed from my nose.

But then, just when I thought I couldn’t take anymore, a man burst into the bathroom.

“Everyone stop immediately,” he barked. “The Lycan King has closed off this area. His warriors have taken over. We’ve been instructed to take all the omega girls to the square.”

The Lycan King, I thought to myself. I could see the fear on the man’s face. The Lycan King was the ONLY person who had any real power over rogues. His power stems from his lineage and the fear he instills is unconscious. The rogues were free, but they fear him, so although he doesn’t directly manage them, in the same way an Alpha manages pack members, rogues will do whatever he tells them to do.

This is an unwritten werewolf rule but since the Lycan King had been missing for 100 years, no one had ever seen the rule in action.

Until now.

“The Lycan King?” Missy asked, her eyes wide with fear and awe. “But he’s a legend.”

“He disappeared,” Kate added. “Does this mean he’s back?”

“Yes,” the man confirmed. “I had heard a rumor that he attended an Alpha’s banquet a few days ago. I thought it was a rumor. Apparently, I was wrong. He’s back.”

“Does this mean...” Kate asked, nervously. “Is he going to take over our warehouse?”

“No,” the man said. “He wants us to bring all the girls to the square. Apparently the Lycan King is looking for an omega.”