

Chapter 6: Why Lycans Here?

Eden’s POV

My cell door swung open. “Put this on,” Kate hissed at me. “It’s time for auction, you filthy bitch.”

I’ve been locked up in this cell for a few days now. Kate threw me in here. She said since I don’t have a wolf, and I’m not even an omega, the Lycan King wouldn’t want me. So they didn’t take me to the square.

They’ve given me barely any food and water, but at least my bruises have healed, more or less.

I fingered the beautiful silk gown. I put on the dress and she came back. She brushed my hair and put make-up on me.

“Now smile nicely,” she instructed me. I shot her a satirical smile. “NICER!” she yelled.

“They want to see pretty girls. And pretty girls SMILE.” I flashed her a fake smile. My ribs were still sore from the beating. I didn’t want that to happen again. At least if someone bought me, I could get out of this cell.

I was then led to a large stage. The audience was full of men, mostly Alphas I assumed. I was instructed to stand in line and wait my turn. I watched as the omegas and other assorted rogues were auctioned off.

Then it was my turn. I walked onto the stage and instantly locked eyes with a man sitting at a table in the center. He leered at me and licked his lips. I cringed in disgust.

Alpha Ansaldo, I assumed. There was something in his eyes, something cruel and twisted. I shuddered.

“Next up, we have a gorgeous little rogue, willing to do, well, anything you want. Bidding starts at \$1 million dollars.”

I crossed my arms over my chest and lifted my chin. I gazed out, with a stubborn look on my face.

“Smile!” Kate whispered from the side of the stage. I ignored her. If they were going to sell me, then fine. But I wasn’t going to play their game.

Apparently, though, my stubbornness was attractive to these sick men. All at once, the crowd exploded into low murmurs. I had caught the eyes of a number of Alphas.

“One million,” the man in the suit said, raising his glass.

“Alpha Ansaldo has bid one million,” the auctioneer said. So I was right, it was him.

“Two million,” someone in the back offered.

“Three!”

“Four!”

I didn’t change my expression but I let my eyes glance around the room.

“Ten million.” Everyone stopped and turned to the man who had made the offer. He was handsome, in a black leather jacket and a fedora. He smiled at me, and his smile seemed genuine. He didn’t look like the other men; they were all sleazeballs. This man seemed sophisticated. He sat beside another man, equally as handsome, maybe even more so. He also wore a black leather jacket.

After his announcement of ten million dollars, most of the other bidders bowed out. But not Alpha Ansaldo.

“Eleven,” he said, sipping his drink. His eyes locked onto my chest.

“Twenty,” the sophisticated man said, smirking.

This angered Ansaldo. His face flushed. He slammed his hand down on the table. All eyes turned to him.

“Thirty,” he said through clenched teeth.

“Five hundred.” The crowd went silent. Five hundred million dollars? I looked in shock at the man.

Alpha Ansaldo stood up then, unable to control his rage. He unleashed his Alpha aura without restraint. Everyone balked. Unleashing an Alpha aura like, unrestrained, meant only one thing to werewolves. Ansaldo had just declared war.

Everyone was in shock, including myself. But the man who had been bidding was unphased. He simply leaned into the man beside him and whispered something. The man beside him nodded and stood up.

It was then that I realized - the other man had only been bidding on this man’s behalf. He was clearly the beta. THIS man was the real Alpha.

He stood. “Five hundred million,” he repeated calmly.

Ansaldo ignored this. “NO! If I can’t buy her, then I’ll just take her,” he seethed. The man at the table said nothing. So Ansaldo, full of fury, marched up to the stage. I could see the evil in his eyes as he spoke.

“You will look so beautiful in my collection.” He traced my cheek with his finger. “Pretty little thing.” He walked around me, looking at me like I was some sort of piece of artwork. “I can’t wait to taste you,” he hissed in my ear. “And for you to choke on my massive cock.” I recoiled in disgust, biting back tears of humiliation.

He reached out and put his hand between my legs. But then, with lightning speed, the beta rushed towards Ansaldo. I had never seen anyone move that fast! It seemed impossible. He took Ansaldo’s head into his hands and was just about to smash it into the sharp corner of the auction stage, when a voice stopped him.

“Hold on.” The voice was cold and steady and it rang out through the room, reverberating off the walls. The voice went straight to my heart, causing it to beat unsteadily. His voice wasn’t loud, but it carried an irresistible power. The beta stopped instantly, Ansaldo’s head was less than a centimeter away from the corner of the table.

Everyone was silent. My heart pounded in my chest.

Ansaldo’s lips quivered. His face turned white and he gasped for air as his eyes widened in shock.

“Lycans!” His whole body shook. “You are...you are Lycans.” The terror on his face was clear.

What? You see, with the Lycan King missing for over a hundred years, Lycans haven't been seen in ages. And now they show up at the auction house...what did they want?