

## Chapter 27

### Hate and Jealousy

"Whoring bitch." Madison cursed under her breath as she watched the male and Ava walk away hand-in-hand.

It was ridiculous how much attention Ava got, especially from someone as refined as Dylan Miller. What did that pasty, stick-thin nobody have that she didn't? Rickets? Consumption? Some other old timey disease that only affected whisper thin orphans on the streets of Charles Dickens novels.

She was a shameless slut, just like the rest of Sutton's 'court'. Unlike everyone else, though, Ava didn't even bother to pay her dues. Madison had been shilling drinks in a miniskirt in the godforsaken place since her freshman year - with a fake ID, of course. It had taken her years to earn a spot catering on the VIP floor.

But three months of scrubbing toilets and suddenly Ava's picking up the club's most exclusive johns. It was honestly insulting! Especially since, apparently, the only dick Ava had to suck was Bella's. Madison had it on good authority that in the time since she'd starting tricking, Ava had gotten the majority of soft ball johns, the ones who were too emotionally stunted to do anything but cuddle. Meanwhile, that meant that everyone else had to work harder with no breaks in between the actual work. Why? Because Bella said so. Because Bella wanted to 'protect' her favorite little hooker. Clearly someone had gone into the wrong industry!

Madison muttered as she stamped her way into the staff breakroom. Seven-hundred bucks. That's all she'd gotten from the party on the seventh floor. Fucking chump change. Eighth floor parties started at twice that amount, even for the waitstaff. Too bad, Ava had taken to accepting waitstaff assignments, too.

"Greedy bitch!" She yelled and stomped her foot.

"Ooh, who're we talking about this time?" Stephanie, another waitress asked impishly while she downed a Red Bull.

"The kneeling skank," Madison rolled her eyes. "Who else?"

Stephanie choked on her energy drink as she sat up straight. "Shh! Stop that!" She sputtered. "You can't talk about her like that anymore. Not if you want to keep your job."

"Why? Who else's ass is she kissing?" Madison sneered.

"The Red Moon Pack, apparently."

Of course, Madison thought. The fucking Wolves only ever looked out for one another, and took pleasure in terrorizing everyone else, just because they could. At least they were good tippers.

"I'm not even surprised," Madison started up again. "There's no way someone so bas- "

Stephanie made a slashing motion across her throat with her hand, "Seriously, girl, you need to cut it out! Unless you want to end up like Grace and Lola."

"What happened to Grace and Lola?" Now that she thought about it, she hadn't seen either girl around the club recently.

"That photo of Ava? That was them. Now they're out on their asses like last week's garbage."

Madison's jaw dropped open, "Over a prank?" She threw her hands in the air. "It's not their fault the dizzy bitch fainted. She was probably hungry!"

Stephanie snorted, but continued morosely, "And Bella signed off on the whole thing."

"How do you know?"

The girl gave her a droll stare, "Nothing goes on in this place without Bella's approval, so she had to have been the one to pull the trigger." Stephanie shrugged, "Unless, of course, it went even higher."

Madison slid into the seat opposite Stephanie and leaned in, "What do you mean? Who's higher than Bella?"

Stephanie looked at her in disbelief, "Girl, where have you been? Bella Sutton doesn't own this club!"

"Then who does?"

"Xavier Michaels. He's the leader of the Red Moon Pack - you know, the one I just told you Ava has ties to. If you ask me, the order to axe Grace and Lola probably came from him and I bet you Bella didn't even blink." Madison sat back, astonished. She hadn't liked the girl before, but this went so much deeper. How did some random gutter snipe end up having say over their livelihoods?

"Who is this girl?"

Stephanie shrugged as she gathered her things, "Who knows, but you should let it go. All of this is way outside of our paygrade."

The seasoned waitress stepped to the door and tossed a final warning over her shoulder to the younger girl, "You watch yourself, Madison. You need to worry about you first."

Madison sat stock still as the door swung shut. She was struggling to process all of the new information she'd just heard.

First of all, as a Wolf herself, Ava had to know what would happen to the other Omegas who were put out. At best, they had nowhere to go...at worst, they could be sent back to jail. Madison didn't know much about the Werewolf prisons, but from the snippets of conversation she'd overheard from clients, as well as the club's Omegas, being sent back was a fate worse than death. But, apparently, that wasn't an issue for Little Miss Ava.

How sick. Madison had thought she'd just been pulling the sullen broken doll act to con the club's testosterone-driven customers out of their heavy pocketbooks. But now, she saw that the redhead's vacant stare was more real than she could have imagined. The girl had no soul.

If Madison got solace from one thing, it was that her gut feeling about Ava being rotten was right. She didn't care what Stephanie said, Madison

wasn't about to let some psychopathic skank run their club into the ground. And she wasn't afraid to go directly to the source.

Ava startled awake as a pounding started on her door. She waited, hoping it was some sort of mistake, but when she didn't immediately answer, the pounding started again. Irritation flared, as Ava climbed out of bed. If it was Dylan, she swore to the goddess...

She couldn't imagine what nerve would possess the male to come banging on her door like this. After all, she'd only just gotten away from him. True to his word, he accompanied her all the way to the club's small infirmary to retrieve an ice pack. He'd cracked sultry jokes the entire way, and beside herself, Ava had found herself laughing along with his shenanigans.

Afterward, he'd followed her up to her room and turned on a buddy-cop film without her permission, lounged on her bed, and kept her company while she iced her shoulder. The male was, without a doubt, one of the most incorrigible people she'd ever met.

The more time she spent with him, though, the more she realized that - although, his presence was usually unasked for - it wasn't unwelcome. That was why she had a hard time believing that he'd be angry enough to put on such a show. She knew he liked the chase, but damn...

"What Dylan? I'm not in the mood..." Ava's words fell off as she opened the door to find, not Dylan, but a fuming Madison on the other side. "Can I help you?"

"What did you do to Grace and Lola?" She demanded.

Ava backed up a step. The girl looked like she was seconds away from lunging, "Who are Grace and Lola?"

"Do I look like I'm joking with you, Ava?"

Ava's eyebrows rose, "Do I?"

The girl let out an impressive snarl for a human and shouldered her way past Ava, "Must be nice." She rounded on Ava. "You get all this from stepping on the backs of other girls?"

Ava held up her hands in an attempt to calm Madison down, "Can you chill out for a second? What on earth are you talking about?"

"What is wrong with you?!" Madison screamed. "I'm so fucking sick of you walking around looking so goddamn innocent, all the time!"

She jammed a manicured finger into Ava's sternum, "You're not. You're not innocent, you're conniving. You're a snake who slithers around playing dumb to get powerful people on your side. It's pathetic."

Ava cocked her head to the side, ready to retort, but Madison didn't give her the room to speak.

"There are people here who actually work for what they have. They don't suck up to the big wigs, and play daddy's sad little girl, just to separate the macho meatheads from their wallets. Some of us have brains and personalities, and we don't need backstabbing, raggedy bitches like you making our jobs harder."

Ava stared agape as the girl caught her breath after her impressive tirade. "Feeling better?"

It was the wrong thing to say. Madison grabbed a vase off of Ava's dresser and smashed it into the ground, "You make me sick!" She screeched. "What are you even doing here?! You're already in Michael's pants, why the fuck are you so greedy that you need Dylan, too?"

Ava didn't know what confused her most, Madison's outburst, or the fact that genuine tears were welling up in the girl's eyes.