

Chapter 2

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PRECIOUS

As I stepped into the auctioning room, my heart pounded in my chest. I felt a mix of fear and resignation, knowing that I was merely a commodity to be sold to the highest bidder. The room was filled with the rich and powerful, individuals who had the means to purchase slaves like me.

As the auctioneer started the bidding, my mind wandered back to the life I had before this tragedy befell my pack. I remembered the joyous gatherings, the camaraderie, and the love that once surrounded me. Now, I was reduced to this, a broken soul waiting to be owned by someone else.

The bidding started, and my heart sank with each offer. I knew I was not worth much in their eyes, but I couldn't help but hope that someone with a kind heart might rescue me from this hellish fate.

The first bidder offered a considerable sum, but it was quickly surpassed by the second bidder. My eyes met theirs briefly, and I saw nothing but greed and cruelty reflected in their gaze. I shuddered, hoping they wouldn't win.

Then, the third bidder entered the fray, and my heart skipped a beat. He was a tall, mysterious man dressed in business attire. And then I recognized him; he was none other than Alpha Rodriguez, the Alpha of the Blood Canine Pack. What could he be doing at a slave auction when he could easily order for them in his house? There was something about him that felt different from the others. His eyes held a hint of sorrow, and I wondered what demons he carried within himself. He was known for his ruthlessness, and it was said that anyone who dared go against him faces great penalties.

The bidding continued, and it seemed like the third bidder was determined to win me. The offers kept increasing, reaching an amount I couldn't fathom. My mind struggled to comprehend that I was being valued in millions, yet my worth felt like nothing.

Finally, the auctioneer called out the last bid, "\$40,000,000!" The room fell into a tense silence, and all eyes turned to the mysterious man who had made the offer.

Without hesitation, he nodded, confirming his bid. The auctioneer declared him the winner, and a mix of emotions washed over me. Relief, fear, and uncertainty battled within me, unsure of what awaited me under his ownership.

As the transaction was completed, the mysterious man walked towards me with a sense of purpose. I stood there, feeling vulnerable and exposed, unsure of how to react.

When he finally stood before me, he extended his hand gently. "Come with me," he said softly, and surprisingly, there was a glimmer of compassion in his voice.

I hesitated for a moment, not knowing what to expect from him. But deep down, I knew that he couldn't be any worse than the rogues who had enslaved me. So, with trembling hands, I took his offer and placed my hand in his. I was at his mercy, so I thought there was no reason not to obey him.

He led me away from the auctioning room, and as we walked through the corridors, he said nothing. I could feel his penetrating gaze on me, but it didn't feel as threatening as I thought it would be.

Finally, we arrived at a luxurious suite, and he motioned for me to take a seat. My mind was still filled with questions and uncertainty, but I waited for him to speak.

"You don't need to be afraid," he said, his voice calm and reassuring. "I did not buy you to mistreat you or to use you. I know this situation is far from ideal, but I intend to offer you a choice."

I looked at him, puzzled. "A choice?"

"Yes," he replied. "You can choose to stay with me, under my protection, or I can help you escape and start a new life elsewhere. The decision is yours."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. This man was giving me a choice, something I hadn't experienced since the tragedy struck my pack. It felt surreal, but I also knew that he wasn't someone to be taken lightly. Living with him would be a better option because there was no guarantee he would live up to his words and not sell me off to other prospective buyers.

"And if I may ask, what benefit will you get from either of my decisions?" I only asked, as I stared intently at him. I didn't know his true intention and judging by the rumors about him, he wasn't a good man. There was none who had ever spoken highly of him before or at least, there was none that I knew of.

"I see you like the daughter I never had. So far from me that I would hurt a daughter of mine. Quickly make your choice so we can move to the next plan." He smiled genuinely, his eyes lit up as they assessed me.

I was struck in disbelief.

I opened my mouth to speak with a well-thought decision. "I choose to stay with you."

He was not surprised by my decision and just nodded his head before walking towards the door. Was he expecting me to choose to stay with him all along? Just what did I sign up for, especially when he had five demons as sons?

In the Blood Canine Pack

We got there three hours later, and I was already tired of sitting too long in the car. Although the seats were comfortable, my legs tired easily. I had developed muscle pull just from sitting too long in the car.

"Let's go, Precious. I know you must be tired, so I already prepared beforehand for your suite to be ready for your arrival. Hurry, those aching legs need to be soaked in warm water."

Alpha Rodriguez called, his voice soft as he looked kindly at me.

"Okay." I nodded.

Soon we were standing in front of a door which I guessed to be the main entrance door, and guarding the door were two shirtless men with unreadable expressions. They both quickly bowed down to Alpha Rodriguez, who acknowledged them with a nod and an unreadable expression on his face.

"Who's this ugly thing?"

"Argh, one of your numerous slaves again?"

"Why, father, we do have enough slaves already. Why so much money on useless commodities?"

"Look at her, she's skin and bones. What pleasure could anyone possibly get from her?" added a third brother, his voice dripping with scorn.

"Gosh, I can't wait to know how she tastes?"

I heard those harsh comments, and rooted on the stairs were five gorgeous Alpha males. To say they were gorgeous is an understatement, they are the cutest I have ever beheld my eyes on. They were yummy, but one thing didn't sink right. Why were four of them giving me the stinking eye while the other guy looked like he couldn't wait to ravish me? One thing I knew for sure was, I was in for real and I smelt trouble.

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