

Sold by my Alpha, bought by my Mate - Chapter 4 Chapter 4: Without mate

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Asher

"This place was evil..." my wolf Cormac kept telling me. And I growled.

"Damn...we didn't usually come here...just because this pack had such a bad reputation. They were very isolated...they seemed cruel, and the Alpha seemed to be a despot," my beta Duncan said.

"Red Moon...stupid Randall Reddock," I said.

The future Alpha and I didn't get along very well because he was a jerk. We had been on opposite sides in the last war; he had supported an Alpha who had lost his mind.

I had killed his brother Franco... and Randall was left as Alpha. We were enemies to death.

"It must have been a terrible pack to have a bar like this so close... why couldn't we go to a normal place to get some nice girls? Was that too much to ask? I mean..." Duncan said.

He was my best friend, one of the most honest and loyal men I had ever known. He was a joker and had dated several girls; he was the kind of wolf who expected to enjoy life before he found his true mate or a chosen one.

I didn't agree with that idea.

For me, it would have been only my fated mate or none at all. It had been a while since my wolf had despaired of not finding her. He was... getting out of control.

Years had passed, and I was already close to 26 years old. I almost gave up hope.

"We had to do the job the king gave me..." I said.

After the war, there were two very different sides: those who had supported the king, intelligent and honorable wolves... and considered themselves traitors. Those who had supported the mad Alpha who had wanted to dethrone the king.

To me, the Red Moon Pack undoubtedly fell into that second category.

"Big Alpha... you should have kept the Red Moon territory..." my beta said as we moved forward. He was partly right; since I had killed the Alpha in the war, it had been up to me to claim that territory.

But that had meant I had to waste time sorting out the pack, and I had wanted to fight the traitors; Cormac had been bloodthirsty... and, of course, look for my mate.

And now that stupid pack had been in the hands of stupid Randall. And if I had hoped that everything would change, it had not.

A vampire friend had told me that dirty business had been going on near Red Moon's borders.

"What was done was done... let's go in," I said with my usual bad mood.

"Goddess... this place was even worse up close... smelled like shit..." Duncan said.

"Shut up, beta," I snapped.

"Gentlemen... your invitations," the doorman said, and I reluctantly handed them to him. They had been stolen, all organized by my vampire friend Jeremiah.

"Man... you should clean the entrance; it smelled really bad," said Duncan as I pulled his arm. The doorman gave us a dirty look.

"Get a grip, Beta... we're here to gather information on this pack, okay?" I said, looking him in the eye. He was a little shorter than me, with dark brown hair and green eyes. He always drove all the girls crazy.

"And to help you control Cormac..." he said, looking at me seriously.

Yes, my wolf had caused some wrecks and spilled blood. Okay, okay...several times. I accepted that I had a problem.

"Anyway, I think the smell was from that wolf...yuck," he said, and I rolled my eyes.

The place was awful, and the idea was for us to do a first survey.

"Gentlemen, wolves..." my vampire friend said, approaching us with a glass of red wine.

"Jeremiah..."

"Asher... Are you alright? You looked terrible..." the vampire said, looking at me with honest concern. I let out a growl.

"Jeremiah...I know you're an ancient vampire and practically immortal...and all that shit, but I would advise you not to mess with our dear friend...he's unstable..." Duncan said with a nervous smile.

"You looked like you had been living in the jungle for years...what would happen if you found your mate, and she saw you...like this?" the vampire asked carelessly.

"If I found her now...I'd dance on the corpses of everyone here," I replied, roaring.

"Not a metaphor..." adds Duncan, pretending to cough.

I knew my beard had been too thick, my hair had been a mess, and I had dressed like a warrior, caring little for my appearance.

"He's been like that for a while now; he communicates in grunts, and we have wonderful conversations..." Duncan said now jokingly.

"Well, that way, at least no one would come near us..." said Jeremiah. Duncan laughed and then fell silent when he saw my glare.

"Let's cut the crap and move on, okay? What did you find out?" I asked. My wolf seemed worried. He didn't like this place.

"Red Moon wolves run this filthy bar. They have slaves, trafficking in everything you can imagine. Still, most of all, they sold humans and wolves, exploiting and abusing them," the vampire said very seriously.

"Did your contact here tell you anything else?"

"Some data about the organization and who the usual consumers were," the vampire explained, and as we walked... I smelled a delicious scent.

I stood in the middle of the room like an idiot.

Goddess... What was this?

It was...gingerbread, the most exquisite scent I had ever smelled. It reminded me of when I was a kid, and my parents used to make it for me.

It was amazing...and I didn't understand what was happening until my wolf started howling desperately inside my head.

"Mate! Mate! Finally!"

"It couldn't be..." I said, still not believing it.

"What's going on, Mr. Wolf?" the vampire asked me.

"Let's go over there! Mate!" Cormac kept shouting; I hadn't heard him so happy in years.

"I..." I said like a fool, and Duncan stood before me, holding my shoulders.

"Tell me something, Asher! Grunt, at least!... Anything!" he said worriedly.

"Have you seen anyone you know?" asked Jeremiah.

"I'm worried, Jeremiah...I think he's damaged..." said Duncan as I felt my whole body shake. Something was happening to her; I could feel her desperation.

"My mate...she's here," I said, and they were both stunned.

"Here?" the vampire asked. I knew what it meant; this was not a good place to find a mate. She shouldn't be well...

"Are you kidding?" my beta asked.

"I'm not. I need to find her..."

"Are you sure? The goddess has heard my pleas!" said Duncan, practically kneeling on the ground, expressing his gratitude.

I followed the scent like a desperate man, hearing their footsteps behind me, and the sight in front of me was horrifying.

There was a sale... they were selling my mate.

My sweet mate was being sold as if she were a thing.

No way!

"Asher... control yourself!" I heard.

"I'm going to kill all these bastards..." I roared like a savage as my friends held me down.