

# The Omega For Sale

## Chapter 4. Auction House

It had happened too fast, the moment that the man exposed my burned sign, the other two were rounding up on me, forcing my daughter out of my hands.

A scream tore out of my mouth the moment that Jessy was ripped out of my hands, but the men only ignored me. Forcing me to the ground and placing a collar around my neck and bounding my hands.

I trashed wildly in their grip, screaming at the top of my lungs to be released, I didn't want my daughter taken from me, she was all I had!

Panic seized my throat at the thought that I may never see her again and it felt like all the air in my lungs had been stolen.

A heavy slap was delivered on my cheek and I gasped as my face spun to the left, the pain first erupted in my cheeks before moving up to my head, spinning my world for a second.

"Behave." Came the voice of the man that had invited us to join them for a meal.

He sounded and looked much different from the person that had smiled to my daughter and had offered us food. My skin burned from the assault and there was nothing I could do about it, except cry even more.

They continued to drag me through the clearing until we reached a truck hidden out of plain sight, one of the men pulled the door open and I was pushed inside, before I could try to escape from the truck the door was slammed shut and the bolt was pushed in place.

"I want my daughter. Please just let me be with her." I cried out, banging on the door as much as my bound hands would let me.

I didn't understand why they were suddenly capturing me, I had done nothing to offend them. Turning around inside the truck I was shocked to find eyes on me.

There were a couple of young girls in the room and they all had their eyes on me.

It was difficult to point out the most prominent emotion that ruled their features. One of the girls held confusion, another held surprise, while the girl closest to me held pity in her depths.

“Where are we going and who are these men?” I finally asked, as I became uncomfortable under their gaze.

I needed to know where my daughter was and if she would be safe. I knew none of the girls in the truck would be able to answer that so I settled for asking questions I felt they might be able to answer.

For a moment, no one in the truck spoke and just when I was about to give up, thinking I wouldn't get an answer, the girl closest to me finally broke the silence.

“They are from the Omega Auction House and they specialize in selling young, beautiful, obedient omegas to the highest bidder.” She said quietly and at her words a fresh bursts of tears erupted from me.

I had just managed to finally escape the SilverMoon Pack after years of enduring pain and torture and now I had landed in another hell.

I promised Jessy a better life, I had promised to keep her safe from her tormentors, I promised that things would be better for us but within a space of a few hours, I was breaking every single promise.

I curled up on myself on the floor of the truck and it felt like every liquid in my body was being forced out through my eyes. The tears rolled down my face uncontrollably. My heart was aching, my head hurting.

None of the girls seemed to mind my reaction and they neither commented nor reprimanded me for it, choosing instead to ignore me.

After a while, it felt like all the energy had left me, my eyes burned from crying for what felt like hours and I could feel the exhaustion of running for hours settle in my muscles.

Curling in more on myself, I let the exhaustion completely take over, the cold metal of the floorboards made me uncomfortable but I was too tired to care. A small sigh escaped my lips and I closed my eyes letting the sleep overcome me. Hoping that the next time I opened my eyes I would be safe somewhere else with my daughter in my arms.

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The next time that I opened my eyes, the truck was in motion moving to unknown destination, the part of the truck that we were currently locked in prevented us from being able to see outside. I didn't know how much time had passed but one thing remained the same. The burning in my chest.

I sat up carefully, wincing as my muscles cramped from the position that I had slept in. My hands were still bound but there wasn't much I could do about it. The girls were

having a conversation and I tuned into it, resting my head against my knees and watching them as they spoke.

“I hope I’ll be sold to a very strong, dominant Alpha. With rough big hands that could do a lot of dirty things to me.” One of the girls said sighing dreamily and the others quickly agreed with her.

One after the other, the girls began to fantasize about their future owners, babbling over each other, talking about strong, big Alphas buying them as slaves and dominating them.

“I heard Alpha Greyson would be coming to the auction as well. As far as I know he currently doesn’t have a mate but it doesn’t mean that he won’t have sexual needs. I hope I can become his slave, I will happily satisfy his needs.” Another girl declared and the other girls quickly agreed with her except one of them.

She laughed at the sentence, clicking her tongue in displeasure before speaking.

“You’re dreaming if you think any part of this is going to come through. Even an Alpha’s daughter wouldn’t be able to get a chance at Alpha Greyson, let alone an omega. He is a king after all.” The girl explained and silence settled in the truck for a minute at her words

But soon the girls were back at it again.

Each of them explaining in details how exactly they would satisfy the Alpha’s sexual needs if they ever became his slave. I remained silent, continuing to watch them as they spoke.

My mind drifted back to my daughter, I wondered if they gave her warm clothes, if they handled her with care. She must be so scared and alone without me. All her life, she had never had to spend the night without me, even on days where I had to work till very late, I always made sure that she was somewhere around me.

The truck moved for a long time and I fell asleep in between, sometimes waking up to the girls chattering about various topics other times I woke up to silence and to find most of the girls asleep.

Finally the truck came to a stop. It seemed like we had reached our destination. There was a ruffling from outside the truck and then the bolt of the truck was pushed open.

Since I was closest to the door one of the men reached out to me first, grabbing me and before I could ask anything a blindfold was pulled over my eyes, my hands were set free and then I was being whisked away.

After a couple of different turns and twists, we finally came to a halt and I hear a knock on the door. Whispers were exchanged and then I was pushed into the room and my blindfold was pulled off.

I looked around the scarlet room in dismay and tepid sweat dribbled down my back as a shiver slithered up my spine as I tried to take in the room.

There is a neatly done bed in the corner covered with a red sheet, a huge wooden cross sits at the far left corner of the room. On the right, a weird assortment of chains and shackles are hanging from a metallic grid fixed on the ceiling.

There is also a rack on the wall with various floggers, paddles, whips and more shackles and the sight nearly made me wet my pants in fear.

There was a fat older looking man in the room with me and my heart pounded in my chest as he rummaged through a set of clothes on the only dresser in the room.

All of the clothes looked flimsy and they didn't look like they could properly cover any part of my body, most of it had high slits or were see through with plunging necklines that was sure to expose my cleavage. The rest of the items didn't look like they would leave much to the imagination when worn.

"Take off your clothes." He instructed in a gruff voice and I did as was told, stripping completely out of my clothes. He continued to look through the flimsy clothes, humming in satisfaction at the look of some, moving them to a pile at his right while tossing some in distaste to his left.

A heavy sense of foreboding came over me as I continued to watch the man, a low chill rattled my bones and I shivered in my spot from the cold air. My nipples were perked from the cold and goosebumps rose on my skin.

"You'd be auctioned off together with your child." The man said again after the long silence.

He finally picked out a white through see through dress, with a sweetheart neck that plunged lower than would be comfortable and high slits on both sides that looked like they reached the waist and he smiled proudly at his selection.

"Can I see my daughter please?" I pleaded, but the man ignored me, tossing the dress into my arms.

He stood in front of me reaching out to grab my breasts. He snorted in satisfaction, his eyes sparkling in delight.

"Nice tits. The Alpha King will be very pleased."