

The Omega For Sale

Chapter 5. A Price For The Omega

The fat man continued to look with lust at my naked body.

“Put the dress on.” He instructed.

My heart thudded wildly in my ears as I slipped the white dress on. As I expected the dress left little to the imagination. The high slits at the sides reached my waist and my entire legs and hips were on full display. The curves of my hips were too wide to remain within the dress and so they stuck out of it, leaving the dress to only cover my private area and half my butt.

The sweetheart neckline of the dress was lower than I thought and my breasts were almost spilling out from the top of it. No matter how much I tried to place it within, the top part was just too small to squeeze my breasts in . After a while I gave up trying to adjust it.

The fat man came forward again this time with a bottle of oil in his hands and prompting me to open my palms, he poured some of the oil into it.

“Rub it over your chest and arms.” He said.

I did as instructed and as soon as I was done, my light skin shone and a golden hue was casted upon it. The light reflected off my skin, casting me in an almost ethereal glow, if it were a different situation I would have felt good about the glow, but now I just felt shame at how much the oil pronounced my spilling breasts.

The older man’s eyes never left my body as I dressed and once I finished, the lust in his eyes seemed to multiply, he licked his lips shamelessly, walking around me to inspect the way that I looked.

Then he gave a hard slap to my butt, grunting in approval before gripping my arms tightly and pulling me out of the room. I whimpered at the strong grip on my arm but he didn’t seem to care in the least. He continued to drag me through the hallway until we reached the backstage.

My eyes fell on Jessy’s tiny frame waiting nervously alone and my heart leaped in my chest. I snatched my arms forcefully from the older man’s grip, running forward to envelop my daughter in my arms.

Tears ran down my face as I placed small kisses on Jessy’s forehead, whispering my apologies into her ear and reassuring her as best as I could.

Jessy simply held me close, wrapping her small arms around my neck. The strength of my daughter shocked me sometimes. It felt like she was stronger than I was in many situations.

She had just spent days away from me and I was completely beside myself worrying about her well-being but she simply held me close, her face not giving away whatever she had been put through in the last couple of days.

The older man grabbed my neck, pulling me away from my daughter and cutting a dirty look to me.

“Behave yourself. Wipe those flimsy tears off your face and I better see a smile on those lips. The Alpha King is sitting right outside and if you don’t act right, I will toss you to the group of hungry werewolves waiting at the back and I will allow them rape you and tear you into pieces while your daughter watches them.” He threatened.

A cold shiver overcame my frame at his words, freezing me completely. I couldn’t let that ever happen, the images that came up in my head at his threats caused a wave of nausea to overcome my frame.

Jessy has tears shining in her eyes and although they don’t spill I could see how much all of these was affecting my daughter. As much as I wanted to cry out in disgust and pain at the situation, I knew that I had to be strong for my daughter, no matter how scared I was.

I stood to the side, carrying Jessy into my arms and holding her to my chest, enjoying the feeling of my daughter in my arms once more. The fat man stood in the corner opposite me, watching me with a disapproving glare. My throat tightened at his gaze and I lowered my head, in an attempt to avoid his gaze.

I could hear the host announce omegas after omegas and whenever the bidding began, my heart would leap into my throat in fear.

I was told that the girls that remained without a buyer at the end of the auction faced the harshest punishments. I didn’t know any of the girls but I couldn’t wish that for any of them.

Moments later I heard the host announce me.

“Coming up next, Omega 36! Green eyes, blonde hair, curvy figure. A real catch! This one even comes with a bonus. She has a child.”

The curtain in front of me was pulled open and holding Jessy tightly in my arms, I moved out into the stage. The bright light casted upon me blinded me for a minute and I had to blink rapidly to adjust to it.

Finally after several seconds I'm finally able to open my eyes again and observe the space. We were in a large room filled with many men sitting downstage. The men all had hunger and lust shining in their eyes and panic seized my throat.

With the way I was dressed and the look in the guests eyes I felt no better than a commodity. I felt like a property about to be sold off.

On the top floor there was a cabinet with half of the curtain down. Behind the curtain was a man dressed in black suit, with his long legs crossed.

The Alpha King.

For some reason the pose and settings of the cabinet reminded me of that night at the party so I quickly looked away, before the memories could completely overwhelm me and could cause me to do something embarrassing.

"This one right here, only aims to please, I'm setting the bid at five thousand dollars." The sycophantic voice of the host announced.

For a second the large hall fell quiet, no one spoke a word and my breath seized in my throat. It was a no brainer that most of the men that attended these auctions were the rich Alpha's, Beta's and Gamma's, but five thousand dollars was a lot of money for anyone to spend on a slave with a child.

The fat man's threat played again in my mind, if I didn't get sold tonight I couldn't put it past him to actually go through with his threat or to make me suffer immensely.

"Six thousand." A man in the corner shouted out, shooting his hands in the air.

"Ten thousand." Another voice shouted.

And soon the numbers were flying from their lips in a bid to buy me. The higher the numbers rose, the harder my heart beat. I paused to take deep breaths, afraid that I was going to collapse soon if I didn't calm down.

"Hundred thousand dollars."

My breath caught in my throat at the amount and when I looked in the direction of the patron I bit my lips in disgust. He was a greasy looking short round man with yellow teeth. And The way in which his eyes roamed my body unnerved me. I closed my eyes in desperation, hoping another bidder would come up.

"A hundred thousand dollars. Going once! Going twice..."

"Two million dollars." The man from the top of the cabinet announced coldly, cutting the host off.

The room went quiet and everyone snapped their head back to look in the direction of the cabinet. My heart stuttered to a stop.