

Chapter 37

Gabe was welcomed like a King with a golden chalice filled to the brim with cherry-scented wine and a collection of the finest cigars I had seen. They were often smoked by the leaders of any pack- including my former alpha who refused to smoke anything else that didn't have the signature sun-dried leaves. I also remembered him saying something about hinted cognac and cocoa, but I stopped listening after he refused to let his friend take a puff because he wasn't an Alpha.

What baffled me the most was that two of those cigars could pay for the remodel of this entire house. Why were they just giving them away like candy? They were sought after, rare, and nearly impossible to smuggle onto the island.

And yet here stood a girl with a linen bra and a maxi skirt with two long slits in the front going up to her waist; she held a silver tray where the cigars lined up perfectly and Gabe sniffed each one. He walked closer, the tray brushed up against him and the girl was seductively batting her eyes and bit down on her lip.

She knew where to look and how to play him to make herself as desirable as possible.

It was everything we had been taught in class back home by Mrs. Shira to prepare us for the Hunt and later on our futures as wives.

"What do you think about this one?" He asked and gently dragged the cigar under her nose.

"I think it's a lovely choice," she said smoothly. There was a docile tone to her voice, it was meek and powerless, which seemed to be exactly what the men here praised.



"And the taste?" He asked slowly. His lips parted when he placed the tip of the cigar in her mouth and her lips closed around it. Her cheeks pulled in when she sucked on the unlit cigar and then she released it with a bright smile.

"I think the taste will be to your liking,"

It looked like they were undressing each other in the middle of the room. Some of the men got up from their seats to say hi to Gabe, but not a single one of them spared me a look; it was like I wasn't even in the room with them. But seeing how these men treated the girls, I was glad to be overlooked and ignored.

They walked away, Gabe's hand rested on the tray-girl's lower back and I stood shifting uncomfortably in my spot.

An older woman came bursting into the room, her eyes narrowed on the tray-girl standing whose eyes shot down and she looked at her feet.

"Go, go on, give them out now. Do your job or I will find someone who will!" She barked.

The girl scurried off into the back room and disappeared behind another pair of linen drapes.

"Mr Hayes,"

Hayes - why was that name familiar?

"Marry, as beautiful as ever," Gabe said and kissed her cheek.

Marry's hair sat in a big updo with the corkscrew curls sticking out like the branches on a tree left and right.



It looked like something had built a nest on the top of her head and her lips seemed to fight the unnatural ways of staying in the upright position. Whenever she looked at one of the girls her strained smile relaxed back into its natural frown and she growled.

"You have some new ones," Gabe said and looked around at the girls like they were all part of an all-you-can-eat buffet and he wanted to taste a little bit of everything.

"That we do and one of them I believe will be perfect for the palace. Nora!" A guttural growl left her lips when the girl took too long and the sound caught the attention of every girl in the room as it set them on edge.

A beautiful girl with the most radiant strawberry blonde hair walked out from behind the room dividing sheet.

Dressed only in a skirt from the same sheer fabric as the others only hers was brown as it hung around her waist and covered parts of her body that the men needed to give good money to explore.

She swayed her hips and even I was mesmerized by the way that her eyes locked in on Gabe as though he was a target for her sensual acts.

She came to a graceful stop in front of him, gently clasped her hands behind her back, pushed her chest out, and bowed her head; she held it down and stared at her feet. Standing on the side and observing everything in silence I could see her lips twitching in a smile.

Gabe pressed two fingers under her chin and lifted her head.

"Nora," her name rolled off his tongue like the softest symphony I ever heard.



He gazed into her eyes and if I believed in love at first sight, this would be what I based it on.

Nora's eyes sparkled like diamonds on a beach with the ocean washing over them, reflecting every spark.

"Mr King," his name sounded like a prayer on her ruby lips.

I couldn't stop looking between them. The way that their eyes were locked in silent admiration was astonishing, it was like all other faces dimmed behind her and she was all that existed in his world at that moment.

"Would you like a taste of what your money is paying for?" Nora asked, her eyes flickered down to his lips and back up to his heated gaze.

"Lead the way," he said and allowed her to grab his hand and lead him across the room. The other girls were gawking until Gabe and Nora disappeared around the corner and only then did I realize that he left me alone.

Suddenly, when he wasn't standing in front of me, absorbing the attention, I was visible and stood out like a sheep amongst wolves.

All heads turned, and the men were scanning me, no doubt imagining what I looked like underneath the dress.

These dresses will be the death of me. Starting today I'll wear nothing but pants and layers of shirts.

One of the men called Marry over. He took a wad of cash from his inner pocket and held it in his hand and Marry's eyes sparkled with dollar bills when she saw the money resting on his knee.



"Yes, Mr Edison?" She purred and dragged her tongue over her wrinkled lips.

"Is she one of yours?" He asked.

Marry eyed me and smiled.

"She can be," she whispered.

"Trixy, I need you to wake the hell up now,"

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