

# Enslaved by Genuino Alpha's Bet — by FannyMotta

## Chapter 1: Bets and Debts

The thick fog of smoke and murmurs blended with the blinding lights of the gambling house. Pedro was seated at one of the tables, his face marked by anxiety, and his gaze fixed on the cards dancing between the nimble fingers of the dealer. His hands trembled as he placed his chips, betting everything he had.

Pedro, with bloodshot eyes due to alcohol and despair, watched in anguish as a series of losses piled up in front of him. The cards were cruel to him, and his chips disappeared rapidly. With each round, he felt his heart sink a little further as his mounting debts suffocated him.

In the span of a few rounds, his hopes were swept away. Hand after hand, Pedro lost, accumulating a debt that grew with each passing moment. The weight of the lost chips reflected on his pale countenance and the sweat dripping from his forehead.

When Pedro finally found himself completely out of chips, he shook his head, his eyes blurred with tears and alcohol. He rose from the table, stumbling as frustration consumed him. He walked to the nearest wall and slumped into a chair, his hands trembling. Pedro buried his head in his arms on the table. Tears began to flow down his face, mingling with the strong smell of alcohol. He lamented aloud, his words coming out broken and filled with despair.

"What have I done... What have I done...?" he murmured, his voice heavy with guilt and desolation. "I've lost everything..." Pedro said to himself, his voice choked. "I've lost everything..."

Pedro's vacant gaze landed on the worn-out wall, but his mind was elsewhere. His despair mingled with bitter fear that gnawed at him from within. He had nothing left now, and the only thing that remained was his daughter, Amélia.

Pedro had crossed all boundaries this time; he had wagered the small house he shared with his daughter, and remorse and guilt overwhelmed him. He wondered how he would tell his hardworking daughter that they had lost their home and would now be living on the streets.

"Amélia... forgive me, my daughter..." Pedro uttered his daughter's name in anguish. "Amélia..."

As Pedro cried in his own misery, the imposing figure of a man he had never seen before approached. He was the owner of the gambling house, a man of intimidating presence and a dominant aura. The man looked at Pedro with disdain, watching him sink further into hopelessness.

"We have a problem here," said the man in a cold, cutting voice.

Pedro raised his gaze, tears in his eyes, meeting the merciless stare.

"Who are you?" Pedro questioned with a slurred voice.

The man crossed his arms, his expression impassive. This man was Miguel, the owner of the house and the genuine alpha of the werewolves. But none of the "customers" in the house knew this second piece of information about Miguel's identity. His usually impenetrable black eyes were fixed on Pedro as he assessed him with contempt and disgust.

"You owe me your house and fifty thousand dollars," Miguel intoned coldly.

Pedro's eyes widened as he realized who the man before him was. Pedro had heard of Miguel, but he had never seen him in person because rumors had it that he only came to the houses when he had to personally deal with "bad" clients.

"Please... I can't pay that debt..."

"Don't you think I've been patient enough?" Miguel interrupted Pedro.

Unable to maintain eye contact, Pedro lowered his head, more tears streaming from his eyes. He cursed himself for being so weak and silently begged for forgiveness from Helena, the woman who had once been the love of his life and had been torn from his arms.

Miguel let a heavy silence hang for a moment. Miguel disliked humans; he saw them only as instruments to make money and to relieve his boredom from time to time, as he couldn't be violent with them due to the gods' agreement.

Having a sinister idea, Miguel drew Pedro's attention.

"I have an idea. Let's play. If you win, the debt is forgiven, and you'll also take ten thousand dollars. If I win..."

Pedro interrupted him, his voice desperate.

"I'll do whatever it takes," Pedro said hastily, his alcohol-clouded brain imagining that this would be the perfect solution. Coming home with money would surely make his daughter happy.

Miguel smiled, a smile that didn't reach his dark eyes.

"One last chance, Pedro," Miguel said as a warning. "Very well, then. Do you accept my proposal? As I said, if you win, freedom and money will be yours."

Pedro swallowed hard, his heart racing in his chest. After his wife's murder, Pedro had sought refuge in gambling, which had led to his downfall.

"If I lose... what will happen?" Pedro asked, his voice almost a whisper.

Miguel smiled predatorily, his expression revealing a mixture of cruelty and satisfaction.

"You'll give me your daughter. She'll become my slave," Miguel said coldly.

The words fell like a sharp blade on Pedro, cutting directly into his heart. The idea of handing over Amélia, his precious daughter, to someone as frightening as Miguel was a dreadful prospect. He knew he didn't have many options. With a lump in his throat, Pedro finally agreed to the proposal, his trembling hands making the sign of agreement. Miguel called one of the casino's staff, who brought a pair of dice.

The atmosphere in the room was heavy, with all eyes fixed on the table where Pedro and Miguel confronted each other.

"It's very simple, Pedro. Do you think you can guess the dice's numbers?" Miguel asked with a mocking tone.

Pedro took a deep breath, his eyes fixed on the dice. His heart raced inside his chest, the adrenaline running through his veins, the excitement of the game once again dominating his mind and blinding him to the consequences of another loss. Pedro nodded, a nervous determination taking hold of him.

"Yes, I think I can."

Miguel looked at him with disgust, concluding that the man in front of him was a scoundrel, capable of betting his own daughter. Miguel curled his lips slightly, as if already knowing the outcome.

Pedro jotted down the numbers on a piece of paper and handed it to the croupier. The dice were rolled, and as they bounced on the table, Pedro closed his eyes tightly, desperately wishing that luck would be on his side.

When the dice finally stopped rolling, Miguel smiled again.

"You've lost, Pedro."

The confirmation of Miguel's words hit Pedro like a punch to the stomach. The room seemed to spin around him, and he clung to the table to stay on his feet.

"I... I can't believe it... my daughter..." Pedro murmured, his voice wavering.

Miguel looked at him with a mixture of amusement and disdain.

"You knew luck was never on your side, Pedro. Be honest, you wanted to get rid of your daughter," Miguel said coldly.

Miguel's words echoed in Pedro's mind, leaving him dizzy.

"Give me another chance! Let's have one more round," Pedro pleaded, feeling his world collapse. "I can't lose, my daughter..."

"My slave!" Miguel cut off Pedro. "Forget you ever had a daughter. Now get out of here; tomorrow, I'll send someone to collect my property."

Two security guards held Pedro by the arms and tossed him out of the gambling house. Pedro staggered back home, the weight of his defeat pressing on him like an unbearable burden.

> The Next Morning

Pedro wakes up the next morning with a crushing hangover, his head throbbing in sync with the knocks on the door. The previous night had been a mix of reckless impulses and too much alcohol, resulting in an intense hangover. As he tried to orient himself while sitting on the old couch, the persistent knocks at the door made it feel like hammers were being pounded inside his head.

With difficulty, Pedro gets up and heads to the source of the knocking. Upon opening the door, he is met with an elderly woman standing on the threshold of his home. Her expression is serious.

"What do you want?" Pedro grumbles rudely, lacking patience for visitors.

However, the elderly woman seems unwilling to tolerate the rudeness coming from a disheveled and unscrupulous man. She stares at him with piercing eyes and announces, without hesitation:

"I've come to take the girl."

Pedro blinks, trying to gather his thoughts. The terrible hangover clouds his thinking, but he doesn't need much time for the memories of the previous night to hit him like a punch. Now a stranger is at his door to take her. Panic sweeps away the hangover, and he desperately tries to shut the door to keep the lady out.

Nevertheless, the elderly woman, despite her frail appearance, surprises Pedro. With a swift movement, she blocks the door with her hand, an unexpected and astonishing strength.

"You're not taking my daughter!" Pedro cries, tears flooding his eyes. The man who had sunk so deeply into alcoholism in recent years was facing the consequences of his addiction in a way he could never have imagined.

The woman sighs, her gaze still serious and unwavering.

"If I leave here without the girl, I have permission to kill her and take you to be tortured," Luciana says firmly. A very stern voice for a lady with completely white hair.

The truth descends on Pedro with its full weight. He was about to lose his daughter in an indescribably cruel manner, a fate he never wanted for her. Tears fell, desperate, from his eyes, and he fell to his knees, humiliation weighing heavily on him.

Without permission, the lady invades the house, determined to go after the girl, but her dress is caught by Pedro.

"What's your name?"

"Luciana," the lady responds and pulls her dress free from Pedro's grip.

"Please," he sobs, begging with his head lowered. "Please, don't take my daughter. I shouldn't have done this. I shouldn't have bet her. I beg you, please don't take her, take me instead, let my poor girl be, unlike me, she's done nothing wrong."

"I won't disobey Mr. Miguel's orders," the lady says with no room for negotiation.

"I shouldn't have dragged her into this. She doesn't deserve this. Please, don't tell her..." Pedro lifts his head, his eyes glistening with tears that won't stop falling. "Tell her you're taking her to be a helper, a job, anything. She's smart, hardworking, kind, and gentle, she doesn't deserve to become a slave... Please, spare her from this, have mercy."

Luciana hesitates, seeing the man at her feet, begging for his daughter. Her hardened heart softens a bit in the face of Pedro's anguish. She thinks for a moment before finally agreeing. She knew the truth, but out of compassion for Pedro's suffering, she was willing to tell a compassionate lie to Amélia.