

The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 13

Serena's POV:

Around noontime, Alvin came to pick us up from the Black Moon Pack.

The scenery here had always been gloomy and depressing.

But leaving it felt so cheerful and beautiful like never before.

A great wave of relief sat in my heart.

I was leaving the Black Moon Pack behind for good and finally starting a better life.

"Peter, thank you so much." My eyes were filled with gratitude.

"You're welcome, Serena. Don't you think I deserve a reward from you?" Peter looked at me with a smug smile.

"Oh, what reward do you want?"

"You." Peter leaned in and gently pressed his lips on mine.

This was our first ever kiss.

His lips were so soft and pillowy.

I found his breath to be quite infatuating.

The kiss made me feel like I was floating on air.

"Uhh, excuse me. Am I invisible here?"

Alvin, who was driving, tried to interrupt as he looked at us from the rearview mirror.

My face turned red.

I tried to push Peter away from embarrassment.

But Peter put his hand behind my head, telling me that he wasn't satisfied yet with his reward.

He pressed a button on the side, rolling up the partition between the front seat and the back seat.

I then let myself get immersed in Peter's kiss.

His lips sent an electrifying current throughout my body, making me want more.

Alvin continued to drive until we arrived at a glasshouse restaurant that was situated by the lake.

Patricia had invited us over for dinner to celebrate our victory.

She also invited Camille to come along.

After stepping out of the car, Alvin walked up to me and asked me in a teasing tone, "So, how did Peter do?"

"What? I..."

I didn't know what to say. Peter gripped Alvin's shoulder, making him step back.

"Hey, don't make fun of my mate."

Alvin laughed before going ahead to greet Patricia and Camille.

"That's what Alvin is like. Don't mind him."

Peter then reached for my hand and held it.

I nodded in reply, my face blushing at the feeling of having my hand in his.

During dinner time, we played a drinking game of Never Have I Ever.

"I'll go first. Never have I ever...been in love!" Patricia squealed.

"That's unfair, Patricia!"

Alvin complained before downing a glass of wine.

The others followed suit and also emptied their glasses.

Since most of the group had been in a relationship before, many of us lost this round.

"Never have I ever...walked arm in arm with a man!"

Alvin raised his eyebrow after he announced that.

He smiled like an annoying child.

“Now, you’re being unfair, Alvin! We girls have all walked arm in arm with our fathers before, right?! We don’t need to be in a relationship to be guilty of that!”

Patricia complained and pounded her fist on the table in protest.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever. Just admit defeat. Everyone who is guilty, drink!”

Alvin insisted, refusing to change his round.

All the girls emptied their respective glasses.

“Never have I ever...kissed anyone in this room!” Patricia announced.

She then looked at me and Peter with playful suspicion dancing in her eyes.

“Wait. It’s Serena’s turn. It’s not yours!”

Alvin jeered at Patricia.

“Serena can go next, no problem. Everyone, no cheating, okay? Be honest!”

Peter picked up his glass and gulped his wine.

I blushed and drank as well while looking at Peter.

After us, I thought the round would end.

But suddenly, Camille also drank without a word.

I was stunned.

Everyone looked at Camille in shock and intrigue.

My intuition told me that Peter and Camille probably had a relationship before.

“Okay, okay, next. Serena, it’s your turn!” Alvin called out to me.

He seemed to be in a hurry to change topics.

My mind was muddled, but I still tried my best to play a good round.

“Okay. Never have I ever...had a secret crush on the opposite sex.”

Other than me and Peter, everyone else drank.

"Wow, Alvin. I wouldn't expect such a playboy like you to ever keep any crush a secret!" Patricia mocked him.

"Yeah, okay. Whatever. Speak for yourself, Patricia. I wouldn't expect such a young girl like you to already have a secret crush in the first place! And what about you, Camille? You're the one who usually gets chased. I wouldn't expect you to have a secret crush of your own. Anyway, I'm bored with this game. Why don't we play Truth or Dare next?"

Camille shyly lowered her head, averting my gaze.

But I saw her steal a quick glance at Peter.

Was I right to assume that Peter and Camille had a relationship before?

Peter's POV:

This game was not a good idea at all.

When Camille took a sip of her drink during that round, I broke a sweat.

We did have some sort of relationship before.

But we were never officially together.

After dinner, Serena and I decided to take a walk by the lake.

I wanted to explain to her.

"So, about Camille.. We only kissed once, but I immediately felt that she was not my mate. Ever since then, there hasn't been much development in our friendship. Now, we have nothing to do with each other."

With an honest heart, I told her everything.

"Hmm... My intuition tells me she doesn't think so." Serena frowned.

"Wait a minute, are you jealous?" I pulled Serena into my arms and wiggled my eyebrows at her.

"Well, yes... Just a little."

Serena lowered her head and pursed her lips. I raised Serena's chin and stared into her eyes. Her face was red. It was adorable.

"Serena, I love you, okay? Of course, I had a past. But if you want to know anything, I will gladly tell you. From now on, you are the only woman in my heart."

Serena's face turned even redder.

She embraced me and leaned her head against my chest.

Her reaction completely melted my heart.

We held each other like that for a few moments before I felt myself start to get hard.

I tried my best to control my urges right now.

"By the way, there is a ball happening tonight. Would you do me the honor of being my date?" I pulled away slightly from the embrace.

"I would love to." Later that evening, we all got ready and headed to the ball together.

For Alvin, this ball was surely a good opportunity to pick up some ladies.

As soon as he arrived at the scene, he spotted a beautiful girl all alone.

Being the playboy that he was, he turned on all his skills and approached her.

Serena wore a slim-fitting silver dress, paired with crystal-inlaid heels.

She seemed to sparkle like a star in the night sky.

"You look absolutely stunning in this dress, Serena."

I imagined that she would be even more beautiful in a wedding dress for her future Luna Ceremony.

What a lucky guy I was to have her as my mate.

Serena was very happy to see me.

She twirled around and took my hand.

"Well, you look pretty nice, too, Peter."

Music began to play and we headed to the dance floor along with many others.

Everywhere, couples around us danced together.

I had danced with a lot of she-wolves in the past, but I had never been so excited until now.

Song after song, we continued to dance.

Even when the DJ took a half- time break, we still felt unsatisfied.

Serena danced so much that her face was flushed and beads of sweat formed at her temples.

With her hands, she tried to fan herself.

“Go sit down and rest for a while.I’ll get us some drinks.”

When I got to the bar counter, I smelled a familiar scent.

I looked in the direction where the scent came from and saw a plain-looking waiter at a distance, holding a tray full of wine glasses.

My heart then skipped a beat when I saw him.

He was a hybrid! I mind-lined Alvin.

When Alvin looked at the waiter, the waiter noticed that we had been staring at him.

Panic suddenly appeared on his face as he dropped his tray in horror and scampered away.

Alvin and I dropped whatever we were doing and chased after him.

Soon, we chased him into a dark corner behind the hall, trapping him.

I revealed my wolf claws and pressed them onto his neck.

The waiter was so terrified and burst into tears.

I noticed that he was young, about the same age as Serena, and looked just like an ordinary boy.

“Please, don’t kill me! I didn’t do anything wrong.I have never hurt anyone.Why would you want to kill me?”

His words sounded familiar to me.

Serena had said the same things to me the other day when I tried to kill her.

I paused at that moment.

Because I let Serena go, it was now difficult for me to kill another hybrid who was made to suffer the same fate as her.

However, letting him go would mean that I failed my promise and responsibility to maintain the purity of the werewolf bloodline.

When the boy saw me hesitate, he took the opportunity and broke himself free from my grip.

I watched as he ran away, disappearing without a trace.

Alvin stepped forward and wanted to chase after him, but I stopped him with my arm.

I no longer wanted to chase after the poor boy.

Serena's POV:

When I walked back to the hall, I still felt like I was stuck in a trance.

The blood in my body seemed to stop flowing within my veins.

When I tried looking for Peter, I was met with a scene that I just could not get off of my mind.

Peter chased after a boy who was a hybrid, just like me.

He had his wolf claws pressed onto the boy's neck.

The boy, desperate for his life, pleaded and questioned why Peter would want to kill him.

How could I be so stupid to forget about my identity just because I was now Peter's mate? I was naive to even think that I could live a happy life with him.

The happiness and warmth that Peter was able to bring into my dark and cold life had completely distracted me from the fact that I was still a hybrid, an abomination to both vampires and werewolves.

By law, even ordinary vampires and werewolves were mandated to kill the likes of me.

It was simply their obligation.

I couldn't possibly keep my identity a secret forever.

Peter, especially, was going to be the future Alpha of his pack.

The responsibility to maintain a pure bloodline was even heavier on his shoulders.

If anyone found out that his mate was a hybrid, they would only cause trouble to him.

Perhaps it was because of me that Peter hesitated to kill that boy.

However, it still wasn't enough to comfort me.

Even if he promised to stay on my side, that would only make him an enemy of the werewolves.

It would completely destroy him.

I knew Peter would come back to the dance hall eventually.

Right now, I didn't exactly feel like facing him, so I walked out and came to the garden for some fresh air.

It was a beautiful night, and the moonlight cast a cool, dim light onto the trees.

Couples were scattered around the garden, walking hand in hand.

Looking at them reminded me of Peter's promise.

He said that he was not afraid of the trouble a relationship with me would bring, and that he was willing to protect me no matter what.

My mind was at war with itself.

Logic and reason told me that the right thing to do was to leave Peter, but my heart disagreed.

In just a span of a few days, I realized I had already fallen in love with him.

So, this was how love truly felt like.

I had never felt this way about Brandon.

What should I do now?