

The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 14

Camille's POV:

I usually enjoyed parties, but this ball just was not for me.

The person I loved was not by my side, he was with another girl.

Ever since the event started, I had stayed out here in the garden.

I didn't want to sit in the hall just to watch Peter and Serena dance all night.

Even though I was already 18, I still hadn't found my mate yet.

I had a relationship with Peter once, but I wasn't sure if it was love.

We didn't even sleep with each other.

That happened just last summer, while I was on vacation.

I stayed with Patricia, and she introduced me to her brother.

When I first laid eyes on Peter, I thought that he was my Prince Charming.

Ever since then, Patricia had always wanted to play matchmaker with me and Peter.

But it seemed that Peter wasn't as enthusiastic about it as I was.

Over time, we were only able to make small progress in our relationship.

One night, in the maple forest, Peter kissed me.

That was my first ever kiss.

I was ready for him to take more than that.

My first kiss, my body, even my virginity.

But he stopped at that.

He only took my first kiss.

Even though it was clear that the Moon Goddess didn't appoint us as mates, I thought that we could still fall in love on our own and make a good couple.

Peter, on the other hand, didn't think so.

He believed that his mate was still out there somewhere, and he wanted to find her.

Disappointed, I headed back to my home in France.

For a while, we kept in touch.

But eventually, we drifted apart.

It was difficult for a shy person, but I managed to initiate our conversations.

Even then, I could tell that Peter didn't seem too interested in me.

A few days ago, Patricia told me that Peter was in the city for a business trip.

I felt so happy to see him again.

This was going to be a good opportunity for me to win his affection, I thought.

Unfortunately, the first thing he did when we met that day was to introduce this new girl.

He had finally found his mate.

"Just in time. Serena, let me introduce you. This is my sister, Patricia. And this is Camille, a friend of my sister. Patricia, Camille, this is Serena, my mate."

Hearing this, I gritted my teeth.

I knew immediately that Peter did this so that I would keep a distance from him.

Of course, he didn't want his mate to misunderstand anything about us.

Being that I came from a long line of aristocrats, I was raised to attach great importance to my image.

I pulled myself together and responded with a friendly smile, even though my heart was in pain.

While I looked at Serena, I observed how ordinary this girl was.

She was no match for me at all.

But it seemed that I had underestimated her.

Peter was completely enamored with her.

I considered myself a smart girl. I wasn't naive.

Even though I loved Peter, I understood why he couldn't love me back. I wasn't his mate.

Finally, Peter found his mate. If I truly loved Peter, I should just be happy for him. It was the only right thing to do.

"Oh, what a selfless, noble woman! I should have your name engraved on a stone tablet. It would say, 'Here Lies Camille, A Selfless Martyr For Love.' How does that sound?" Elaine mocked me in my mind.

"Elaine, please. Leave me be. My head's already hurting."

"Come on, Camille. Just do something. If you can't find yourself a mate all your life, that means I'll have to die lonely like you! We are werewolves. I'm a wolf. I have sexual needs to fulfill, it doesn't even have to be my mate!" Elaine complained.

"I can't, Elaine. I just can't do it." I crossed my arms in protest.

"Well then, you're going to be lonely for the rest of your life."

Just then, I spotted Serena walking out of the hall and into the garden. She sat down on a stone bench. She was alone, without Peter by her side.

From what I could see, she didn't look too happy, as if something was bothering her.

What was she thinking about? Shouldn't she be having the time of her life with Peter? Why would she be here in the garden, alone? "Go, ask her. Perhaps she and Peter got into a conflict. That would be a great opportunity for you,"

Elaine urged me. I sighed.

I told myself that I only needed to find out what happened to them and I wasn't going to add insult to the injury. Slowly, I made my way to Serena.

Even though Serena was clearly in a bad mood, she still managed to talk to me after I greeted her politely.

"So, where's Peter, by the way? Shouldn't he be accompanying you?" I feigned confusion and concern.

Serena pursed her lips tightly.

"He...went to get us some drinks."

"She hesitated. There must be something wrong!" Elaine was getting excited.

I mulled over my words, trying to find the right way to ask further, but Serena continued, "Camille, have you met Peter's mother? Do you know what she's like?"

"Oh, you mean Luna Vicky? She's a gentle and easy-going woman. She came from a noble family, and everyone in the pack respects her."

Serena was silent and nervously toyed with the hem of her dress.

"Does that mean...All the Lunas of the Red Maple Pack are aristocrats?"

"Ah, I finally know why she's so worried. It seems that she is ashamed of her family background! She knows that she is from a humble family and doesn't deserve to be Peter's Luna."

I was taken aback by Elaine's sensitivity.

"Well, yes. Most Lunas came from noble families. It is in this way that Alphas are matched appropriately. A marriage like this will establish alliances between powerful and rich aristocratic families, benefitting the pack in the long run. This is probably what the Moon Goddess has in mind."

I mentally kicked myself for hurting Serena's feelings. But I didn't mean to, I was merely stating facts.

Color drained from Serena's face and lips as her body slightly trembled.

"She's breaking, Camille. Strike while the iron is hot. Ask her where she comes from. Go! Ask her!" Elaine shouted.

"Why do you ask? What kind of family do you come from, Serena? I realized I still didn't know much about you." I blurted it out, giving in to Elaine's pressure.

Serena stood up and clenched her fists.

"I just come from a very ordinary family. If you'll excuse me, I need to go."

Serena abruptly ended our conversation and left the garden without another word.

Elaine let out a devious laugh.

"Ha! Now, she'll be too ashamed to stay with Peter! You, on the other hand, are from an aristocratic family. You are much more beautiful and well-educated than her. She cannot compare to you at all! If she knows what's right, she would leave Peter on her own. You could be his Luna now!"

Thinking of being Peter's Luna made Elaine's words sound less harsh to me. Elaine was right, after all. In terms of family background, Serena was not the right girl for Peter.

Once she left Peter, I would finally have a solid chance with him. For generations, our families had been good friends. I even had a good relationship with Peter's parents.

Clearly, I had an advantage over Serena in many aspects.

With a content smile, I left the garden.

I saw Peter trying to find someone.

He was probably looking for Serena.

I didn't want him to ask me if I had seen her.

Serena's POV:

The night wind blew past my hair and clothes on my way back. I shivered against the cold. Knowing that Camille and Peter had kissed before made me uncomfortable. Although what she said was very hurtful, Camille was still right. A girl like me didn't deserve to be with a guy like Peter.

I decided that it was best to leave Peter. I should have known.

Of course, a Luna should come from a noble background.

But my short time with Peter had placed me under a fantasy, he made me feel special and that a life with him was possible.

Now, I could only imagine difficulties ahead of me and Peter if we stayed together.

Peter would eventually regret choosing me one day.

He deserved someone better than me, someone more qualified to be his Luna.

It was clear to me now that Peter and I had no chance of having a peaceful future together.

"Serena, are you sure you're going to do this?" Molly didn't agree with my decision at all.

She tried many times to persuade me, but her words weren't enough to sway me.

"Yes, Molly. I know you're disappointed, but I've already made up my mind. Trust me, I know what I'm doing. It hurts me to make this decision, too."

I was going to leave Peter. It was for the best.

That night, I packed all my belongings with a plan to leave this city, worried that Peter might try to look for me if I stayed here.

I would have to get myself a job in order to live.

I had to find a new place to live, too.

After working at the Black Moon Pack for many years, I was experienced with skilled labor.

I was lucky to get hired at a burger restaurant, stationed all day in the kitchen.

After some training that was simple enough, I was ready to start working.

I was also able to find myself a place to stay.

It wasn't too big and was located near my work.

The price was good, too.

If only my parents could see how independent I was, taking care of myself, they would be so proud of me.

I made sure to turn my phone off.

Peter and Patricia were probably trying to contact me, but I fought back the urge to reply to them.

"Serena, day's over. You can clock out early today."

The store manager hung up the closed sign outside the shop.

I was relieved to hear that, as I had been working as busy as a bee today.

I probably made around five hundred hamburgers on my own.

After cleaning the kitchen, I hung up my apron and walked out of the restaurant.

I took the last subway home.

Then, I took out my phone and saw many missed calls and unread messages, as expected.

"Serena, there must be some kind of misunderstanding. Can we meet sometime? Please, call me back."

It was a text message from Peter.

At first I typed a few words, but I ended up deleting my reply before I could even send it.

Days passed by quickly.

I always left home early in the morning and got home late at night. I was very busy.

When I got home, I shut off my phone and took a shower.

I picked up a book and started to read while lying on my bed. Just when my eyelids began to grow heavy, I suddenly heard a knock on my door. It was already late. Who could it be?

"Serena, I know you're in there. Open the door."

When I heard Brandon's voice, I immediately froze up.

"Serena, I have already spent days looking for you. Can we talk, please?"

Remembering that he had testified for me previously, I cracked the door slightly open and saw Brandon, looking exhausted.

"Talk about what, Brandon?"

I knew what he wanted to talk about.

But I still asked anyway.

"Can you come back to me, please? Look, you just left Peter, which means there must be something wrong between you two. I'm the only one who knows you best. Please come back to me."

"No." I straightforwardly rejected him.

"Why not, Serena?"

"Brandon, please don't pester me anymore. You've helped me greatly but you're asking for too much from me. Please don't make me hate you more. I told you many times that we are over."

I had lost all patience to listen to his nonsense.

No matter what he would say, I refused to be with a man who fooled around with other women despite being in a committed relationship.

I put my hand on the door and wanted to close it.

Suddenly, Brandon pushed me, stepped inside, and closed the door behind him.

“Brandon, what are you doing? Get out of my room, please.”

“So what if I don’t get out? Are you going to summon your savior? I’m not afraid of him.”

“What do you want, Brandon?”

“You’ll know soon.”

I wanted to use my powers to push him off, but I still couldn’t control it very well.

Brandon threw me onto my bed and pressed his body against mine.

If only Peter were here to save me...