

The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 7

Serena's POV:

"Please, don't hurt me! I have never hurt anyone in my life! "I begged for my life, tears forming in my eyes.

I knew I shouldn't have used my powers in public. On Peter's arm, I noticed a heptagram tattoo.

That was a symbol that meant Peter had the purest werewolf bloodline.

The complete opposite of me, a hybrid.

Ever since the Lossa Agreement was passed, each werewolf pack pledged to maintain the purity of their bloodline.

Those who were tasked to uphold this value to the highest standard were tattooed with the heptagram symbol.

"People like you do not deserve to be alive!"

"But I've never done anything wrong! My parents, too. They have never harmed anyone. Why do you have to terrorize all of us like this?"

I asked, the anger in my eyes overcoming my fear. A hint of shock flashed in Peter's eyes for a small second, but his claws remained pressed on my neck.

"You know the agreement."

Peter's emerald eyes had turned into a dark, forest green.

There was pity and A hint of shock flashed in Peter's eyes for a small second, but his claws remained pressed on my neck.

"You know the agreement."

Peter's emerald eyes had turned into a dark, forest green.

There was pity and hesitation behind his fury, though.

I could tell despite his attempt to mask it.

My father promised me that I was going to become a very powerful woman.

Had my father's power faltered? Was he just saying that to encourage me? Because here I was, about to be killed, before I could even become anything close to powerful.

Tears streamed down my face as I looked back at my short, miserable life that was going to amount to nothing.

"The...the day after tomorrow is my eighteenth birthday. My wolf hasn't appeared yet. I have always wanted to meet her. If you really have to kill me, can I ask that you kill me after my birthday is over instead?"

Peter hesitated for a while. Finally, he withdrew his claws.

"Okay, but I can't let you go anymore. You're going to have to go back with us."

I swallowed and nodded my head, as I had no other choice but to return with Peter and Alvin.

They booked a presidential suite with multiple rooms in a hotel.

Peter assigned me to one of them.

"Here. Take a shower and change your clothes. Rest up. I'm warning you. Don't even think about trying to escape. I nodded and closed the door, leaning against it and thinking about how to escape.

But Peter was right there in the next room. Running away at this time would just be speeding up my death.

My body suddenly started to feel the pent up exhaustion from the past few days.

Maybe a hot bath was the best thing I could do for myself right now.

I walked into the bathroom and saw a luxurious bathtub with a golden tap.

Back in the Black Moon Pack, the closest I had ever gotten to any bathtub was when I would be ordered to serve some food to werewolves who relaxed in the water.

This was the first time in a very long time that I would finally use a bathtub for myself.

I touched the golden tap to fill the tub with hot water.

Once it was filled, I slipped my clothes off and slowly lowered myself to lie in the relaxing water.

From the mirror, my face looked weary and stressed.

It was indeed a long day today.

I went from a slave, to a free woman, to a hybrid about to be killed in two days. I could not possibly stay here and accept my death.

There had to be a way I could escape somehow, but I was much too tired to think right now. Soaking my body in hot water was so comfortable.

I could feel all my nerves and muscles relax, and eventually I had drifted into slumber.

Brandon's POV:

I found myself at a bar that I frequented. I ordered bottle after bottle, and drank to my heart's content.

These past days, I had always been in a bad mood. I wanted to completely forget Serena as Shirley said.

But I just couldn't do it at all, even with the help of alcohol. Next thing I knew, I was completely drunk.

Soon after, a she-wolf walked over and winked at me.

Since I was drunk, it took a minute of staring for me to recognize who she was.

I had sex with this she-wolf several times, but I still couldn't remember her name.

"Hi, baby. What's going on with you? Why are you alone again? Are you okay?"

She came closer and sensually caressed my thigh.

"Wow, you're so considerate of me. I think I know just how you can make me happy..."

I wasted no time in expressing my intentions. We immediately got a room in a hotel.

Alcohol couldn't make me forget Serena, but maybe good sex could solve my problem. I was already fed up with Shirley, so I was rarely in the mood to have sex with her. I had to make love with another she-wolf.

We took our clothes off as quickly as we could. I pressed her bare body against the wall.

She opened her legs wide and hooked them onto my waist.

My hands climbed up and grabbed her breasts tightly while I rubbed my dick on the lower part of her body.

Her moans grew increasingly louder.

After a while, I was shocked to find that I still couldn't get myself hard! Maybe I still hadn't gotten into my groove yet.

Frustrated, I pushed the she-wolf onto the bed.

I instructed her to kneel and face down. I smacked her ass hard.

"Get your ass up!"

"Okay, baby. Quick, put it in already!"

She obeyed and jiggled her round ass in front of me.

Even though she was already in such a sexy position, my penis still refused to have any reactions.

I tried my best to focus on her plump buttocks that were facing me, but my mind was just full of Serena.

When Serena saw me and Shirley on the rooftop, her face was full of anger and pain.

After she was beaten, her cheeks were red and swollen, and tears were in her eyes.

When she was shackled, she struggled desperately to be freed.

Those images replayed constantly in my mind, which was a venom that poisoned me and hindered me from thinking of anything pleasurable.

I just couldn't shake it out of my head.

No matter how hard I tried to focus, my dick still fell limp and soft.

The she-wolf eventually felt that something was off with me.

She looked up at me with suspicion and judgment, raising an eyebrow.

This was so embarrassing.

I couldn't be humiliated like this. I tried something new.

I imagined this she-wolf as Serena in my mind.

Oh, thank goodness.

This method worked! I watched my penis grow and get harder.

I lay back on the bed and commanded the she-wolf to suck my penis.

“Oh, yes.Keep going.Don’t stop.”

I closed my eyes and tilted my head back to enjoy the pleasure.

While her mouth was busy doing the work, her huge breasts would rub themselves against my thighs, making me go numb with even more pleasure.

She continued to suck me and giggled at my response.

I placed my hand on the back of her head and pushed it down, so that my penis entered deep into her throat.

“Will you marry me, Serena?” The she-wolf didn’t answer and was still indulging herself in the oral sex.

That was not the answer I wanted.

I sat up and let the she-wolf kneel and face down again.

I pressed my body against hers, grabbing her breasts and inserting my dick into her body.

I pushed it deep into her body.

The walls of her vagina tightly wrapped my penis.

My penis was like a power drill, sliding in and out of her tight vagina repeatedly.

“Serena, marry me.I want you now.Say yes! Now!”

“Yes, baby, I will! I’m yours!”

She spoke in between gasps for air.

My penis grew harder at the sound of her yes.

The night was quiet, and there was no other noise in the room except the sound of our bodies colliding against each other.

As her moans grew louder, I was motivated to speed up my thrusts.

When I felt that I was about to reach an orgasm, I pulled out and came on her back.Panting, I laid my back on the bed.

"Oh, you were awesome, baby." The she-wolf snuggled close to me and reached out to caress my penis again.

"No, fuck off now!" I grunted.

My mood to flirt was gone now.

Because I had realized something.

Serena was truly the only woman I could have in my life.

Even though I couldn't make her my Luna, I needed to find a way to win her back.