

# The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 8

Serena's POV:

By the time I opened my eyes, the morning sun was already streaming in through the windows.

I rubbed my eyes and sat up.

I found myself lying on the huge bed in my room, wearing the complimentary white pajamas from the hotel.

Wasn't I taking a bath in the bathtub last night? I only remembered falling asleep in the bathtub.

Why did I wake up on the bed? As if on cue, there was a knock on my door. I stood up to answer it. It was Peter standing on the other side.

The confusion on my face was probably evident, so he immediately guessed what I was thinking and explained, "I knocked on your door last night to check on you, but there was no response, so I let myself in. Don't worry, though. I didn't touch you. I asked the hotel's housekeeping lady to take you out of the bathtub and put you in your pajamas."

"Oh, uh... Thanks, again."

I was pleasantly surprised how much respect Peter seemed to treat me with.

Not even Brandon had treated me this way.

If it weren't for Peter wanting to kill me, I would have liked this man a lot.

Peter then stepped inside and placed several shopping bags on my bed.

"This is a dress I bought for you. We are going to a party tonight, hosted by the Garcia family. I can't leave you here alone, so you'll have to come with us." Peter was smart.

He knew I would attempt to escape if he had left me alone.

Perhaps I could find my chance to escape later at the party.

"Hmm, Garcia... That family sounds familiar..."

"They are the family that organized the auction. All bidders of the auction were invited. I know you wouldn't want to go to such a party. I don't either, but social gatherings such as these are important to maintain good relationships with other packs. Don't worry. Just stay with me and I won't let anyone discriminate you when we get there," Peter assured me.

I nodded, concluding to myself that it would be useless to protest anyway.

Without saying another word, I changed into the clothes Peter got for me.

It was an elegant sapphire blue dress.

In the other bags, there was a full set of sapphire jewelry to match with it.

I appreciated how thoughtful Peter was, although he was going to kill me tomorrow.

With Alvin in the driver's seat again, the three of us drove to the Garcias' mansion.

The grand ballroom was filled with all sorts of people.

In one corner, I spotted several men, accompanied by the same sex slaves they had just purchased last night at the auction.

Some of these sex slaves wore nearly transparent clothes that revealed everything.

Some were dressed like Playboy Bunnies, with rabbit ears on their heads and a round furry tail pinned to their behind.

Some of them still wore shackles and chains all over their bodies.

Their hands were tied behind their backs, and their mouths had plastic ball chokers in them.

Their bodies were already covered with bruises and scars.

One of them was kneeling at the feet of her owner, who held a whip in his hand and whipped her hip from time to time.

Those men were proudly sharing their experiences from last night with their sex slaves.

"My sex slave is such a slut. She is very good at acting. She looked just like a nurse in the uniform. In a stewardess uniform, she could act just like one, too!"

"SM is fucking great, too. I suggest you try it. Even if the sex slave doesn't know how to flirt with you, you can still make her try. As long as she is obedient enough!"

"Hey, have any of you ever tried anal sex? The anus is much tighter than the vagina. It feels much better to thrust my dick in! I had always wanted to try anal sex with other she-wolves, but they refused me. Having a sex slave is good. I can do whatever I want to her..."

My stomach wretched and I felt disgusted with everything I had heard.

If any of those men had bought me, I would be one of those poor girls right now.

I lucked out because of Peter.

At least I could die without being raped.

"Hey, Peter. Come here! I see you bought the most beautiful sex slave. Don't be shy, tell us what you did to her last night!"

Several jolly bidders greeted Peter. I stepped back in self-defense. Peter took my hand and gently squeezed, indicating that I didn't need to be afraid.

We walked over and one of the bidders looked me up and down in shock.

"Peter, what's this? Why did you... Why is she in such a conservative dress?" Peter only smiled.

"I set her free. She is no longer my slave. Today, she is here as my date. I hope you can respect her." The bidders were stunned.

Their jaws fell open.

"What? Are you fucking crazy? What is this, some kind of roleplaying you're doing with her? What, where are you going? Hey, come on, Peter. Don't go!"

Without another word, Peter turned around and left, taking me with him.

He was still holding my hand. This place filled me with fear and anger. Only Peter could give me some sense of security.

It was getting harder not to like Peter now, but he was still going to kill me tomorrow anyway.

Brandon's POV:

I stood on the second floor balcony and closely observed the bustling crowd below.

I kept my eyes peeled for any sign of Serena.

I would have participated in the auction myself, but I was afraid that Shirley would find out.

Although, I heard that Serena was indeed bought by some man.

It was a common custom for the bidders to bring their newly purchased sex slaves to the Garcias' party the next day.

Thanks to our family's ties with the Garcias, I managed to get an invitation to the party so that I could look for Serena.

I spotted several men in a corner with their sex slaves, but none of the girls were Serena.

I scanned the crowd again and again until I found her on the other side of the hall.

To my surprise, Serena wore a conservative blue dress and was holding the man's arm.

She didn't look like a sex slave at all.

In fact, she even looked like the man's date.

What was going on here? I thought she was sold as a sex slave? I headed downstairs to where the bidders and their sex slaves were.

I asked about Peter and they gave me an answer.

"Peter said that he freed the girl now. She's not his slave anymore. She's his date. What a crazy man, right? He wasted his sex slave! I don't know what trick he's playing up his sleeve..."

They continued to talk, but I no longer listened.

All I needed to hear was that Serena was free now.

She was no longer a slave.

I could find a way to finally take her away.

Because Peter was there, I didn't directly walk up to Serena.

From a distance, I quietly observed them first.

Serena kept looking around as if she was wary of this place.

While Peter was talking with the Alphas, Serena whispered something to him.

Peter then nodded and asked the young man beside him to walk with Serena.

That was strange.

I thought Serena was free? Why did he need to send this other man to keep an eye on her? I watched as Serena entered the bathroom.

Minutes had passed, and she still hadn't come out.

The young man paced back and forth at the door with an anxious look on his face.

Peter came over and asked a waitress to look for Serena in the bathroom.

The waitress came out and said there was no one left inside.

Peter's face darkened.

"She probably escaped through the window of the bathroom. We need to go after her!"

Peter and the other man rushed out of the hall in a hurry.

It seemed that Serena didn't want to stay with Peter, after all. That sounded like great news to my ears.

A good opportunity had finally fallen at my feet.