

# The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 6

Serena's POV:

My heart felt like it was beating outside of my chest.

My fate was now in the hands of the man who bought me.

He was wearing a mask, just like everyone else at the auction, so I couldn't see his face clearly.

I could only see that he was very tall.

Judging from his figure and voice, he seemed to be a younger man compared to all the elderly and middle-aged men here.

He must be so rich, considering he just bought me with ten million dollars.

I had heard that many rich people possessed weird kinks.

Was he going to make me play sex games with him? Was he going to torture me in a way even crueler than the slave traders? The more I imagined about it, the more frightened I felt.

Shortly after my bid, the auction was over.

I was sent backstage to be handed over to my buyer.

"Sir, we just need to tell you that this sex slave is not as well trained as other slaves. She is strongly resistant. You might need to be more careful when you train her..."

The staff was still telling my buyer the do's and don'ts, but he seemed to be a little impatient. He hurriedly took my shackles and the key to the chains on my neck before taking me away. He then led me into a luxury car.

When he got in the car, he finally took his mask off.

His brown hair was a bit tousled from the mask, but I could see that he was attractive. His emerald green eyes were like a whirlpool, trying to lure me into the depths of it.

I had to admit that he had the most handsome face I had ever seen.

My assumptions about his age were correct.

He was young, but he still emitted an indescribably powerful aura about him.

"Hello, let me introduce myself. My name is Peter Westwick. I'm from the Red Maple Pack. This guy here is Alvin, my good friend."

Sitting on the driver's seat, Alvin turned around to greet me with a cheeky smile.

"Hey, beautiful lady, don't be afraid. We're not bad guys."

His words scared me even more.

I subconsciously shrank to the corner of my seat, and my body could not help but tremble visibly.

These two men... Were they going to gang-rape me?

Peter rolled his eyes at Alvin.

"Look what you've done! You've scared her."

"Why would you be afraid of me? I'm so handsome,"

Alvin muttered while driving.

He looked at himself in the rearview mirror and flipped his hair.

"What about you? What's your name?" Peter gently asked.

"Serena... Serena Meester."

"Serena, do you have any family? Some place you can go home to?"

Confused, I furrowed my eyebrows but shook my head in reply. Why did he ask me this?

"Well, since you're still a minor, you'd better not live alone on the streets. Do you want to stay with us for a period of time until you turn eighteen?"

I didn't understand what Peter was trying to say. I plucked up the courage to ask in a small voice, "If I go home with you... Are you going to make me sleep with you?"

Peter chuckled and shook his head. He reached into his pocket and took out a key.

I got nervous when he moved closer until I realized he had unchained me from all of my chains and shackles.

"I didn't buy you to be my sex slave."

I thought perhaps I was going crazy and didn't hear it right.

"Are you saying...you're not going to make me your slave? Are you going to set me free?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

My heart was overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude beyond description.

The time I had spent with the slave traders was successful in dispelling all my hope for the future.

If I was lucky, I hoped to die in the hands of my first buyer and end my misery early. I didn't want to be used and sold again, passed on to countless more men until I was old and worthless.

Once I was of no use to anyone, they wouldn't hesitate to leave me in a dumpster out to die. But now, this light had appeared in the cold darkness that was my life.

It was like I was finally seeing the sun again after a long night. Tears formed in my eyes.

"I don't know what to say... Thank you, sir... Thank you so much..."

I couldn't find the words to say and cried tears of joy. Peter smiled, storing my chains and shackles under the seats.

"I will officially eliminate your slave identity later. Then, you can truly and legally be free. For now, I suggest you come back with us first. It's for your safety. Unless, if you really don't want to stay with us, we can drop you off somewhere now."

"Now! I want to leave now, please!" I said excitedly.

Although I was very grateful to Peter, I was more eager for my own freedom.

The suffering I had gone through was simply unimaginable.

Suddenly, I remembered that Peter had just spent ten million dollars buying me.

Would I be wasting Peter's money if I left him now? "Well, don't worry... I will make sure to pay you back your money!"

Before my parents passed away, they were able to save a large sum of money for me.

It was stored in a trust company, but it would only be released to me on the condition that I needed to first find my mate.

My father once predicted that only after getting married would I gain a safer and more stable life.

He saw that if I got my inheritance too early, it would only bring me more danger.

“Alright, I’ll wait for you to pay me back, then.”

Peter smiled and handed me a bag, a cell phone, and his business card.

“There is some money in this bag. Feel free to use it for any emergency. Call me if you need anything, okay? If you need shelter, we will welcome you at the Red Maple Pack any time.”

Alvin pulled the car to the side, in front of a big shopping mall.

Peter reached over and opened the door for me.

When he realized that I was still wearing that thin, gauze skirt from the auction, Peter slipped off his coat and put it on me.

“Go and buy yourself a dress first. It’s not safe for you to be going around the streets wearing that.” Peter’s coat was still warm inside.

I had forgotten the last time I felt so warm and cozy. This man...

He didn’t even know who I was and yet he had already given me so much.

“Mr. Westwick, I don’t know how to thank you...” But before I could finish my words, I saw a \_ truck speeding over from a distance.

On the pedestrian lane not so far away, a little girl was holding a balloon, hopping and skipping, unaware of the danger.

The truck driver did not seem to be slowing down at all.

That same strange force surged throughout my body again.

The next moment, I appeared next to the little girl and carried her in my arms, bringing her to the side and dodging the truck.

The truck whizzed past us, not slowing down at all.

Perhaps it was a blind spot, and he didn’t see that little girl on the road.

But what did I do just now? I blinked, a little confused.

The pedestrian lane wasn’t exactly nearby, but at that moment, I felt time slow down.

I decided I should save the girl and the next thing I knew, I was standing next to her.

My eyes widened and my mouth gaped open.

Did I just...teleport? It was the same strange force that I felt in my body in the prison with Shirley.

I felt that the explosion of the remote control was of my own doing.

My mother did say that as I grew older, my vampire bloodline would gradually expose itself.

It seemed that my vampire powers were starting to be awakened.

The frightened little girl ran away in tears.

I then saw Peter walking to me.

His face was no longer as gentle as before.It was now cold.

"Tell me the truth.Are you a hybrid?"

My heart dropped to the floor.

Peter definitely witnessed everything that just happened.

He dragged me back into the car.

He revealed his wolf claws, shining with cold light, and pressed them on my neck.