

# The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 4

Brandon's POV:

When I found out that Shirley was my mate and would become my Luna, I had a bad feeling already. Although it might be good for both of our packs, I saw no personal benefits for me in this relationship at all.

Don't get me wrong, I appreciated strong women, but Shirley was beyond that. She was feral, untamed, and irrational.

Concerned, I asked my father what they planned to do with Serena, but he dismissed me and told me it was no longer any of my business.

But based on how I knew Shirley, I knew her suggestion couldn't be anything but vicious.

When I got back to my room that evening, I refused to talk to Shirley at all. However, she was a sly woman of both hard and soft tactics.

She knew how to seduce me in the right way at the right time.

For most of the night, she pestered me until I had no other choice but to have sex with her to get over with it.

Shirley preferred the doggy style, that way she could feel my dick deeper inside of her.

She went to the edge of the bed and bent over.

I angrily thrust myself inside of her. Her arrogance made me angry.

To vent my anger, I thrust harder, hoping to make her feel some sort of pain.

But this bitch got even hornier by the minute and screamed at the top of her lungs, "Oh, Brandon! Guess what? I fucking love your dick. Don't you think it fits right inside of me perfectly?"

I didn't reply throughout the entire ordeal. I just kept sliding in and out of her.

As I moved faster, Shirley noticed that I was about to ejaculate.

"Wait, baby, no! I'm not close yet!" I ignored her and came anyway.

I didn't care whether or not she had an orgasm.

"Hey, what did I just say? " I told you that I wasn't done yet.

"That's just how my body reacts, Shirley. Why do I have to think so much when I have sex?"

"You need to consider my feelings as well. Anyway, I want another round."

"No, I'm done for tonight."

"What are you, an old man? Do you need me to get you some Viagra or something?"

I didn't say anything else.

I lay on the bed and closed my eyes to sleep.

All of a sudden, this bitch lay on top of me and began to lick my dick.

Naturally, I had gotten hard again.

Her hands caressed me until they reached my penis.

In one motion, she slipped it inside of her vagina, bouncing herself up and down.

I looked at her naked body and felt disgusted for some reason, losing my erection.

"Are you fucking impotent?"

Shirley cursed in frustration.

She huffed and then left.

It was hard for me to fall asleep, but when I finally did, all I could dream about was Serena.

My heart ache was undeniable when I heard her say that she no longer had feelings for me.

Even after all these years, could she really give up on me that easily? The next day, Shirley woke me up early in the morning.

"Brandon, get up. You need to see this, it's too good to miss."

Knowing Shirley, it was absolutely nothing good.

I knew I wouldn't be able to refuse, so I let her drag me out anyway.

She led me to the yard in front of Serena's shed.

The scene that had appeared before me caused my blood to boil.

The slave traders of the pack and a few other werewolves grabbed Serena with brute force.

They forcibly made her wear handcuffs, chains, and shackles.

Serena was struggling desperately.

Because she was resisting, the slave traders whipped her hard.

I noticed her clothes were already torn by many other whips beforehand, her blood staining her tattered clothes.

She tried to scream for help, but the tape on her mouth prevented her from doing so.

Many other werewolves stood to watch, but not one of them pitied her or even stepped forward to help her.

Some of them even laughed and pointed at her.

I Serena's eyes laid on me for a brief moment.

Immediately after, she turned away.

I could sense that she was full of panic and fear, yet she refused to ask me for help.

"Stop it! All of you, stop this!"

I rushed forward to the slave traders, but they didn't listen to me.

"Brandon, we are on orders of the Alpha. Please don't make things more difficult for us." I slowly turned towards Shirley, who was clearly taking delight in seeing Serena like this.

"Is this what you suggested to my father?" I was seething with rage.

But Shirley didn't seem to show even an ounce of fear.

"What? Isn't it a good idea? If we sell her as a slave, we wouldn't have to worry about her running off and threatening us in the future. The Black Moon Pack has taken care of her for so many years, now she can repay our kindness. And by the way, since this slut is so good at seducing men, we also decided to sell her as a sex slave. That way, we can sell her at an even higher price!"

"A...sex slave? You're a wicked bitch, Shirley!"

I couldn't control my anger and hurled myself at Shirley. Shirley didn't flinch.

Instead, her face darkened even more and she shouted at me, "Brandon Trump, I dare you to hit me! Come on! I fucking dare you! I'm warning you. If you try saving this bitch, I will reject you as my mate. Our engagement will be called off! You're going to have to choose between me and her. If you choose her, you obviously won't be allowed to become Alpha. Maybe Alpha Tyler and Luna Zoe will even kick you out of the pack for good. But if you just forget about Serena, we can become Alpha and Luna. Together, our packs will become stronger than ever! The choice is yours, and it's an easy one. Choose wisely, Brandon."

I glared at Shirley, mentally tearing her into a million pieces. I wanted to hurt her so bad, but I knew I just couldn't.

Shirley's threat was a real one.

It was no ordinary threat.

Just last night, when my parents found out I fell in love with the orphan girl, they were already so furious with me.

If I insisted on saving Serena again today, Shirley was right to assume that they might not allow me to be Alpha anymore.

But Serena...She was my beloved.

How could I let her be a slave? How could I just watch as she got sold as a sex slave? I buried my head in my hands and shouted in frustration.

My head was aching once again.

Seeing that I was having a hard time, Shirley knew to soften her tone and gently held onto my arm.

"Brandon, the Moon Goddess has already appointed me as your mate. I'm more suitable for you than Serena. You know that. What I'm doing is for your own good. You are the future Alpha in the pack.

You can't sacrifice your future just because of this lowly she-wolf. It's time to leave her in the past. Perhaps you'll forget about her after some time,"

Shirley persuaded me, pulling me into the house.

She had caught me in a daze, uncertain of what to do because my mind was a mess.

I just let her take me away blankly.

I could not find an ounce of courage to look at Serena one last time.

Serena's POV:

It seemed I had underestimated Shirley's viciousness.

I would never have expected for Shirley to convince Tyler and Zoe to sell me as a sex slave.

The slave traders took me to a building that looked like a prison.

Many other slaves were here to be trained, most of them were women.

They all had on the same shackles and chains as I did, and their eyes were lifeless.

The slave traders stripped off my clothes, leaving only my underwear.

They looked at me up and down maliciously.

"This she-wolf is beautiful and in good shape. If she is well trained, she can surely be sold at a higher price during the auction."

"The auction's in a few days already, though. Do you think that there's enough time?"

"Well then, we need to prioritize her training now. Time is limited, so we have to be tough with her right away."

Immediately, I knew exactly what their methods were going to be.

I was taken to a small room.

There were many strange instruments of torture here, some were stained with dry blood, which made my hair stand on end.

"Kneel down now!" a slave trader wasted no time in commanding me.

I refused to move.

The slave trader kicked me to the ground and whipped me violently.

"Listen here, you little bitch. You're not a werewolf anymore. You're a slave. And slaves must obey their master's orders! Now do as I say and kneel!"

The sharp, stinging pain spread all throughout my body and made me curl up in a corner, but I still didn't kneel.

On the way here, I had already mentally prepared myself.

I was never going to let myself become a submissive slave.

I would rather be beaten to death.

The slave trader seemed to be familiar with this attitude and let out a sinister, hearty laugh.

“Oh, do you really think you’d rather die from torture? Let me tell you, you certainly aren’t the only one here who thought like that. Many of them here were like you, but in the end, they all learned to become obedient! Our torture methods aren’t designed to kill you, so you’re not going to die. You’ll be surprised at the methods we can use to train you!”

He took out a remote control and pressed a button. Suddenly, a strong electric current surged through the chains around my neck.

Instantly, I fell to the ground and flailed uncontrollably. It was the most terrible feeling in the world. I rolled over and twitched. I let out a scream that I had never heard myself before.

“Alright, let’s start off with some oral sex,” one of the slave traders walked over to me and took off his pants.

The other one kicked me behind my knees, forcing me to kneel on the floor.

The first slave trader inched his disgusting penis towards my face, but I turned away.

Frustrated, he grabbed my head and tried to forcefully open my mouth.

“Looks like things aren’t going so well over here.” Shirley’s high-pitched voice poured into the room.

This bitch really came to see me on purpose.

“Miss Hunter, we have it under control. All new slaves are like this. They won’t listen to us at the beginning, but they will be submissive and obedient after some training,” one of the slave traders smiled apologetically.

“Don’t be afraid to be tough on this bitch, then. Show her no mercy. You know full well that more torture will give better results. She tried to hit me while she was in the pack, she almost succeeded as well.”

“Really, Miss Hunter? Then it’s only right to teach her a lesson. Don’t worry. Under our training, she’s going to be the perfect submissive little slave.”

“Mind if I have a go at her?” Shirley motioned to the remote control in his hands.

"Of course, miss." She happily took the remote control in her hand and pressed a button.

Another electric current coursed through my body, making me fall to the ground in extreme pain.

Seeing me suffer, Shirley burst into laughter as if my pain was her entertainment.

Suddenly, I felt a strange force surging out of my body.

This force was too powerful and unknown, not even the electric current could stop it.

With a loud bang, the remote control in Shirley's hand exploded, and the fractals had scattered everywhere.

The explosion had wounded Shirley's hand and caused her to bleed.

The pieces of remote control had scratched and pierced through the faces of her and the slave traders, making them a bloody sight to see.