

The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 1

Serena's POV:

"Hey, you, Serena! Get over here and clean this up!" one of the she-wolves shouted at me.

She was having a picnic along with other she-wolves on the lawn.

They carelessly threw all their trash— wrappers, shells, whatever food residue they discarded— on the grass around them. The trash can was not even that far. It was a few steps away from them.

They could have thrown it properly themselves. But no, of course, they wouldn't do that because there was a lowly servant girl here.

Throwing the trash was suddenly something they didn't need to do. I had just spent an entire hour cleaning up the chewing gum that was stuck on the steps of the meeting hall.

My back and my waist were already very sore.

With a deep sigh, I picked up a broom and went over to sweep their garbage. But when I saw that most of their trash was on the grass, I realized I couldn't sweep it out with a broom at all.

"Hey, can you at least stop spitting the shells onto the grass? It's so hard to sweep." I gritted my teeth, trying to hold back the anger inside of me.

"Don't sweep, then. Just pick them up with your hands one by one."

The she-wolf crossed her legs nonchalantly and spat another pistachio shell on to the grass, right in front of my feet.

Another she-wolf refilled the plate with more pistachios and looked at me mockingly.

"Oh, whatever. Don't listen to her complaints. She can't disobey our orders anyway."

"Well then, I quit." I dropped my broom and turned around to leave.

"How dare you speak to us like that? Who do you think you are?" One she-wolf got up and blocked my way, splashing her drink on my face.

The liquid dripped down and absolutely soaked my clothes.

“Do your job and pick up the trash! Or else I’m going to report you to the Alpha and tell him you’re slacking off!” It took all my inner strength to stop myself from impaling them in the mouth with my broom.

They had a point.

Who did I think I was? I was just an orphan anyway, adopted into the Black Moon Pack.

Other than slave, I held no other status in the pack.

All other werewolves were above me in rank.

Anyone could boss me, scold me, beat me, and no one would bat an eye.

My father was a vampire and my mother was a werewolf.

That made me a hybrid.

Their union was an abomination to both the werewolves and vampires, making my very existence an object of disgrace in itself.

Hybrids were powerful creatures, which made them a threat to werewolves and vampires.

When they discovered any living hybrid, all werewolves and vampires were mandated to kill them on sight.

My parents knew they would have to conceal my identity to the world, so they asked a reliable friend of theirs, who was a wizard, to cast a spell that hid my hybrid bloodline.

To the ordinary creature, I would only look like an Omega.

Looking back at my childhood, our family had always lived deep in the forest for as long as I could remember.

But one horrible day, we were discovered, and all of our peace was shattered to pieces.

A group of Alphas had surrounded our house along with other werewolves.

While my father was trying to fight them off in the hall, my mother took me aside to send me out through a secret passageway.

I cried and begged for my parents to run away with me, so my mother had to grip my shoulders tightly.

Her eyes were full of worry and fear.

Her grip on me was so strong that her fingernails almost dug themselves into my skin.

“Serena, I’m sorry. But you have to listen carefully and remember everything I say. Your father has foreseen your future. Your life is going to be very hard because of who you are, more than you can even imagine, but you must hold on. One day, you’re going to become a very powerful hybrid, with the power to maybe change the world. You must be careful, though. You are going to meet a terrible enemy who only wants to covet your power. He is going to hunt you down no matter the cost. And then...”

My mother’s voice trailed off when we heard footsteps approaching.

She shook her head and couldn’t say anything more.

With tears in her eyes, she wrapped me in one last embrace, holding on for as long as she could.

Finally, she pushed me into the secret exit.

“Honey, you need to go now. We’ll try to catch up with you. Go! Run!”

I ran but not too far away. I had found a hiding place nearby where I could watch what was going on.

Through the window, I watched as the Alphas successfully subdued my parents and shoved them to the center of the hall.

The Alphas all wore masks.

Some looked hesitantly at my parents, as if they were arguing about something.

However, one of the Alphas walked over to my parents despite what the others said.

His claws glinted with a cold, murderous light.

I stifled a scream and covered my mouth.

My parents fell limply to the floor, their blood staining the carpet a vibrant red.

Then, several Alphas exited the house and looked around.

They were looking for me, I knew it.

I couldn’t afford to make a sound, but I had to go now.

With tears still streaming down my face, I slowly stepped back until I was far enough to run into the darkness without alerting them. The grey skies cried with me and poured heavy rains.

Drops of rain and tears met each other on my cheeks.

The path under my feet was hard to see.

Countless times, the person who took me in was the actual murderer of my parents, and even worse, I had fallen in love with his son.

Alpha Tyler Trump was the one who let me live in his house, but in all honesty, he just wanted a free maid.

They made me live out in the yard of the Alpha's house.

There was a tiny shed in the corner, small enough just for me to fit.

All chores in the house were assigned to me.

Each day, people would tell me that I should count myself lucky that Alpha took me in and that I should work diligently with gratitude.

It was undeniable that Alpha Tyler put a roof over my head these past years.

But even then, I was afraid no amount of gratitude would convince anyone to happily live this miserable life of mine.

Fortunately, my birthday was nearing. I was about to come of age.

The sun had begun to set when the she-wolves finished with their picnic.

I waited for all of them to leave before picking up all the discarded shells on the grass. I stretched my back and my waist.

They felt even worse than earlier.

Finally, I walked to the hall of the pack.

There were still some meeting rooms for me to clean up.

Not so far away, I spotted Alpha Tyler walking down the hall.

He always walked with a prideful air about him, as if there was nothing worth his precious attention.

I had placed my bucket of dirty water on the porch, and I watched as he kicked it over with his foot.

The murky water poured out the person who took me in was the actual murderer of my parents, and even worse, I had fallen in love with his son.

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The murky water poured out all across the floor, staining the surfaces it touched.

"Who put that damned bucket there?!" Tyler cursed.

He immediately hopped over to the dry floor and checked to see if his expensive trousers had been spared.

"I...I'm sorry." I ran to the bucket and set it back upright.

Just now, I was cleaning the steps of the corridor, which was why I had to leave the bucket there.

The bucket was big enough not to be missed, though.

Tyler should have seen it from a mile away. But I knew he would never admit to making that mistake. He was the Alpha.

Nothing should have been put in his way in the first place.

Tyler frowned in disgust.

He didn't burst out into a fit of anger or beat me up.

I was just an orphan, a slave.

The mere act of beating me up was still beneath him.

"Just clean this place up now. We have guests coming soon," he said impatiently.

He then turned around and left, without even looking at me, as if I was some piece of trash. My body felt limp and numb as I stared at the porch floor, pooling with dirty water.

I estimated that it would take over an hour for me to clean this up.

That only meant that I wasn't going to have dinner tonight.

Oh well.

At least, I knew that Brandon would secretly try to bring me some good food.

Brandon was Tyler's son, the future Alpha of the Black Moon Pack.

He was also the only person who treated me well.

When I was new to the pack as a child, other kids would constantly bully me, but Brandon was the only one who would stand up to protect me.

Although being the son of the Alpha, he wasn't exactly allowed to spend much time with me, he was still my sole playmate back then.

Growing up, he would talk to me and give me gifts.

He would even bring me some pens, paper, and books so that I could learn to read and write.

When I turned sixteen, Brandon confessed his love for me and hoped that the Moon Goddess would pair us together as mates.

But even if the Moon Goddess didn't assign us together, Brandon promised he would still choose me to be his mate when the time would come.

Hearing him say those words almost made me feel like the happiest girl in the world.

I believed with all my heart that I could be Brandon's mate.

In fact, it was one of the biggest reasons why I stayed here.

Despite the discrimination I faced from everyone else because I was a lowly orphan, Brandon vowed that he would solve these problems when he became Alpha.

Once I came of age, we could be public with our relationship together.

My heart swelled with love as I missed Brandon.

Thinking of him definitely took away some fatigue in my body and allowed me to keep working.

The sunset shone a red-orange glow into the hall, and in the corner I saw something glinting.

Curious, I inched closer and saw a bracelet covered in dust.

It seemed to have been left there for along time. I picked up the bracelet and dusted it off.

Slowly, I recognized that this was the gift I gave Brandon for his birthday last year.

Because I didn't have much money, I had to make do with what I had since I still wanted to give him a nice present.

It took me over a month to collect different colored cobblestones from the river.

I worked to carefully grind, drill, and polish them until I could string them into an elegant bracelet.

Although my hands sustained many blisters from making it, I was still very proud of this bracelet that I made.

It was handmade especially for Brandon, and I thought he was going to love it.

Brandon was very happy when he received it.

Although later on, I never caught him wearing it.

It turned out that it was here all this time, collecting dust in the corner.

He'd always been careless with his belongings.

He probably lost the bracelet by accident and didn't tell me because I might get angry.

I pocketed the bracelet and told myself I'd return it the next time I saw Brandon.

Once I finished cleaning up the porch, I finally headed to a meeting room.

Guests started to stream in one after another by this time.

The hall was brightly lit.

Tyler and Zoe stood on the stage, facing the guests.

They looked like they were going to announce something important.

Tyler puffed up his chest and raised his voice.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you all for coming. Today, our family has great news that we would like to share with you. The Moon Goddess has finally arranged my son Brandon Trump and Shirley Hunter, daughter of Alpha Thomas Hunter, to be each other's mates. Soon, we will hold their Mate Ceremony. I am also pleased to announce that after that, Brandon will be taking over as the Alpha of the Black Moon Pack."