

The Alpha's Mysterious Mate by Audrey W Chapter 5

Serena's POV:

Shirley screamed in pain.

The slave traders followed suit right after.

For some reason, the electric current that was tormenting my body disappeared without a trace.

I quickly retreated to a corner, just in case crazy Shirley would try attacking me.

"What the hell is wrong with your remote control? Why did it explode in my hand?!"

Shirley held up her bloody hand and shouted at the slave traders.

"Miss Hunter, I'm sorry, but I don't know why it would do that! That remote control had always been fine. How could it explode all of a sudden?"

The slave trader panicked and stuttered on his words.

While his injury looked less serious than Shirley's, his wound still looked horrible.

I watched them argue, just as confused as everyone else in the room.

The explosion must have had something to do with the strange force that surged in my body just now, but even I didn't know what happened exactly.

Fortunately, neither Shirley nor the slave traders suspected me of the accident.

They concluded that the remote must have had a defect of some sort.

Shirley's face was also disfigured from the shrapnel that embedded themselves into her skin.

She insisted the slave traders compensate her and take her to the hospital immediately.

Dealing with Shirley had exhausted the slave traders so much that they no longer had time to continue training me, so they just opted for locking me in a cage.

The pain in my body had permeated through my bones.

I ached all over, inside and out.

The cage they put me in was extremely low and narrow, needing only two steel bars to shut the opening.

The size of the space had forced me to stay in a kneeling awkward position.

My buttocks were held high, facing towards the outside.

A perfect view for the slave traders who would pass by.

This method was probably used to rid the slave of shame for their exposed bodies.

This way, the slave would no longer be sensitive to being vulnerable in front of men.

They would be submissive to sex and pain altogether.

It wasn't painful, but this punishment was crueler and more dehumanizing.

Other cages were lined up beside me, as far as the eye could see.

They were all filled with she-wolves like me who had been sold as slaves.

I stared into their lifeless eyes and couldn't help but start to feel my own despair. What should I do now?

Peter's POV:

"Hey, Peter. I heard that sexy and beautiful she-wolves would often be sold as sex slaves at this auction. What do you think of buying one for yourself, huh?"

Alvin asked with a mischievous smile while driving. Alvin was my good friend, and also my future Beta.

He was a notorious playboy, though, known to be a silver-tongued fox amongst the ladies.

"No, you know I don't like when they do that. I've been wondering why we werewolves even still have slaves and such traditions. It's such a primitive and barbaric thing to do in this modern era of civilization. Besides, we're only going to the auction to buy a gift for Patricia. Not anything else. You've really got a filthy mind."

Patricia was my sister, and she was our pack's precious princess. She was the apple of our eye. She tended to be very picky with her presents. An auction was the perfect place to find her a unique birthday gift.

"Peter, come on. You've been single for too long. Some things will rust if they are not often used, you know."

Alvin kept teasing me. "If it weren't for that last sentence, I would have thought you were my mother!"

"I'm just saying. You're going to be Alpha soon, but you still don't have a mate."

"Okay, now you really sound like my mother. Whatever, man. Just keep driving. Be quiet and leave my love life alone."

Soon, we finally arrived at the Midnight Hotel. This hotel was solely for werewolves and was where auctions would be held regularly.

Usually, rare and precious items were the star of events like these. As part of regulation, Alvin and I put masks on just like everyone else and sat in the hall.

A few moments later, the auction began.

All kinds of items were displayed on the stage, taking turns at the center. All of them were precious, and bidding prices began to soar.

After looking closely at the items for a long time, I decided to buy a set of vintage jewelry for Patricia. I knew she would like these things the most.

After the material items were finally auctioned off, it was time for the final segment. Slaves were now brought up on the stage.

Seeing this, I was no longer interested in staying at the auction.

I had gotten what I came for, so I turned around to leave the hall. "Last but not the least, we have this beautiful sex slave ready for auctioning!"

The host's voice resounded through the walls of the room.

I casually looked back, but when I saw the slave, I suddenly couldn't take my eyes off of her.

A big golden cage was moved to the center of the hall.

Inside, a stunning, delicate girl was displayed.

She wore a short, thin gauze skirt, her knees to the ground.

Rings of her long, brown, curly hair cascaded down her shoulders.

Her head was facing down, so her face was not visible enough.

But something told me that she definitely looked pure and enchanting.

Her short skirt perfectly accented her curvaceous figure and revealed just the best parts of her skin.

Her slim waist perfectly complemented her plump buttocks and huge breasts, her cleavage luring me in and captivating all of my attention.

My throat suddenly felt parched and I was starting to feel warm inside.

Obviously, the other men in the hall felt the same.

They all gawked at the girl with eager eyes.

The subtle sound of swallowing came one after the other.

The middle-aged man beside me clumsily tried to cover the bulge that had appeared in his pants.

“This sex slave has yet to turn eighteen years old. Yes, she is still a virgin. She is young and pure, but the owner can surely train her according to his own tastes and enjoy pleasure that only she can give.”

The host didn't even need to say much.

Right after he started the bidding, several voices of men popped up after one another.

The bidders scrambled to purchase this beautiful sex slave.

It didn't take long for the price to soar into great amounts, far exceeding all the prices that preceded it.

I could admit that this girl was indeed attractive, but it just didn't feel right for me to buy slaves. I felt pity for her and prepared to leave.

Just then, the girl in the cage finally raised her head. I was met by her eyes that were as blue as a cornflower in bloom, devastatingly enchanting me.

There was also coldness and stubbornness in her eyes, which was what drew me in the most.

It reminded me of the snow pine tree back home. It stood alone on the top of the mountain.

No matter how strong the winds and snow would blow, the pine tree never fell.

Unlike all the other slaves who had lifeless eyes, hers expressed strength.

At this moment, a strange impulse started to bubble within me.

I didn't want her to fall into the hands of other men. I didn't want the fire in her eyes to be extinguished.

"Peter, go and buy her! No matter how much you spend, it's going to be worth it!"

My wolf Nate assured the desire I had been feeling. Ever since the girl raised her head, the bidding had become even fiercer than before. Her stubbornness did not seem to scare off the bidders. The bidders were used to having obedient slaves.

But now, a slave who looked aloof and stubborn was regarded as something of a curiosity in their eyes.

Just as the host had said, breaking a slave's pride was something that could give pleasure to many men.

"One million."

I raised my voice, offering a price that was far higher than the current bid. After a few seconds of silence, another voice resounded,

"Two million—"

"Ten million."

As soon as I named my price, the hall fell silent once and for all.

I could have sworn I even heard a faint gasp somewhere.

Two million dollars was already a high amount.

Spending ten million dollars on a sex slave was definitely crazy.

Just as I expected, no other voice came to bid after mine.

The host asked three times and confirmed that there was no higher bidding.

He then closed the deal with a knock of his hammer.

Sitting next to me, Alvin was stunned by what I did.

His jaw had dropped.

"I thought you said you weren't going to buy a sex slave, Peter? But you just...spent ten million dollars on one!"

"No, she's different." That girl was priceless.

Every penny I spent would be worth it.

I could afford it, anyway. I seldom spent money impulsively.

But this time, I just wanted to follow my heart.

The girl in the cage looked at me nervously, as if she was guessing what kind of person her future owner was going to be like.

My heart was overjoyed.

I wasn't going to let her down.