

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 13

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 13

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 13

Daphne's Point of View

So far today I had done a great job staying out of everyone's way and avoiding any conflict. After leaving the meeting hall I retreated to my room, but on the back stairs once again was that smell. I was intrigued, but I know that if I went snooping there was a great risk of getting punished. Today was one of the rare days that no one has hit me so far. I desperately wanted to pull out my book and read a few chapters, but the house was still bustling with people getting ready and more people arriving.

I was too afraid that someone would catch me, and then they would take my book.

I peaked out my window and watched the Mission pack arrive. I knew Alpha Jerome, and his Luna. They had visited our pack before. At one point I know that Alpha Jerome had hoped that my sister Scarlet was his son's mate. To his disappointment they were not; however, one of his best warriors found his mate on that trip. Finding your destined mate is celebrated, and my father had thrown a party to celebrate the pair.

I liked Alpha Jerome and hoped that by some chance I would get to run into him during his stay here. He was an older Alpha, and he never hit or yelled at me. I liked his Luna Alma even more.

Alma was a kind gentle soul, and at one point she had given me some water paints for me to play with. I loved those paints and did a great job at hiding them for a while. Unfortunately, horrible Heather had burst into my room to demand that I clean her room and had spotted the paints that I had no time to hide. Heather went straight to my mother who accused me of stealing them and had whipped my backside till it bled. I never told anyone that it was Alma that had gifted me the paints, a part of me worried that she would be in trouble for being kind to a slave.

I noticed that there was a man standing with my father at the top of the steps. He was younger, and very handsome. I assume since he did not stand a step down from my father that he must be the Alpha that arrived last night. This man has an aura of powerful energy around him that even I can feel from up here. I can see why Heather is so excited to meet him, he is very handsome from what I can see. He is tall, tanned skin, and looks to be very muscular. Heather will definitely try to sink her claws into him. Poor guy, for his sake I hope that Heather is not his mate. I cannot imagine anyone loving someone that is so ugly on the inside.

As I was watching another man stepped out beside the first. He must be the Beta. He is almost as tall as his Alpha, and he is also very muscular, but lean. His hair is darker than the Alphas.

He is rigid in the way he is standing, but I noticed that he has almost a protective stance near his Alpha. I wonder if all Betas are good friends with their Alpha.

Soon I see the Alpha of the Mission Pack and my father and mother come back inside the manor house. The other Alpha does not accompany them.

Instead him and his Beta appear to be taking a walk towards the woods. My wolf howled in agreement. She would much rather be in the woods, than stuck in this attic room.

With the commotion finished downstairs I sit in a corner and wondering about how many mates will find each other tonight at the ball.

Although this is the first time, we have hosted the ball, I know that many of our people attend the ball on a regular basis when it is hosted by one of the neighboring packs. I am looking forward to watching everyone tonight in their party dresses headed to the meeting hall. Even though I love being free and, in the woods, there is a part of me that wonders what it would be like to attend the ball. I have always wanted to learn to dance. I imagine all the different colors of dresses swirling around, and the giggles escaping from the girls. °

For a brief moment I wonder what it would be like to dance with the Alpha that showed up last night. Would he be gentle and coaching, or would he expect me to already know the steps? He emits a powerful energy, and I wonder if he is cruel like my father, or gentle like my sister and her husband. I start laughing as I realize that I would never even be allowed into the ball. I do not own any dresses, the closest thing I have to flowy material is baggy sweatpants. :

Shaking my head to dispel those thoughts I take a look around my room and realize I should tidy it up a bit. Although it is not actually dirty, I live in the attic and dust settles quickly. I grab a rag and get to work taking my mind far away from strong Alphas, flowing dresses, and nights that I will never have.