

## The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 16

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Caleb's Point of View

I could smell her before I ever even seen her face. Instantly my wolf was howling, mine. My heart stopped in my chest when she walked through the door. She is breathtaking. Even in sweatpants and an old tee-shirt she is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. She is long legged, with long brown hair cascading in soft waves down her back. She looks thin, and in the back of my mind I wonder when the last time she ate was. '

Her scent is intoxicating, better than the best wines ever produced. It reminds me of sunshine, gladiolas, pine trees, and rosemary. She smells like the forest in springtime, pure, natural and mine. My wolf is begging to come out. He is practically demanding it. He wants to take her in our arms, hold her and never let go.

As if she can read my mind she looks into my eyes. My wolf is howling so loud its difficult to concentrate. Her eyes are almond shaped, and she has recently been crying. I can see the wetness still on her cheeks, and every fiber of my being wants to wipe those tears away. There is no doubt that she is my mate. My claws are digging into the armchair to stop me from swooping her up in my arms. It is not difficult to see that she is scared out of her mind. I want to ease her fears as quickly as I can. Her hazel eyes go wide, and she looks down at the floor. My wolf instantly flies into a rage seeing her act so obediently to people that do not even deserve to be in her presence. I immediately ask her to look up again. I need to see her eyes. She complies and I feel Theo place his hand on my shoulder.

Instantly I am snapped back into reality, and I know that we need to make this deal go through quickly. Theo as if reading my mind is handing Jason a pen. Once again, I am thanking the Mood Goddess that Theo can read my reactions so well. I know that he feels my urgency to finish this business. All I can think about is getting her out of here, holding her close to me. Letting her know that I will never let anyone hurt her ever again. I know ultimately that this is her decision though, so I explain to her that she has a choice. '

As I explain to her that she can choose not to join my pack my wolf is howling in frustration. Truthfully, if she chooses to stay, I cannot guarantee that I will not start an all-out war to have her at my side. I do not want to force her, but I can barely contain myself in this seat. My muscles are tense in anticipation of her answer. Then she blows my mind by kneeling in front of me and pledging her loyalty to my pack. Words can not explain the anger coursing through my veins that my mate is kneeling on the floor. I can

feel her fear as if it were my own and part of me wants to rip every persons heart out that has caused her to have this fear.

Taking a deep breath, I grab her hand and electricity shoots up my arm. Just feeling her skin is making my heartbeat wildly. Her hands are calloused from years of cleaning, and I notice that she has long fingers. My mother would have said that she has piano hands. I tell her that we need to talk, and I am pulling her out of the room before anyone can object. °

My mind is racing as my wolf is prancing around. Still holding her hand, I gently lead her along to the room I was given. I need to be alone with her even if it is only a moment. I cannot believe I found my mate. | I barely have the door shut and I am pulling her to me and hugging her. I feel her go still and her arms do not wrap around me. Warning bells are going off in my head and I realize that she is still scared. Shit, I berate myself mentally. All I wanted to do is put her at ease, and instead I am terrifying her. ‘

Pulling back, I take a step back and look at her. Her eyes are wide, and she starts fidgeting with her hands. “Please Daphne take a seat I would really like to talk to you and get to know you better.” I motioned to the couch and she walks over obediently and sits down. I am taking a few deep breaths to calm myself, and hopefully I can put her at ease. I go and sit on the other end of the couch; I do not want her to feel like I am crowding her.

“Daphne, I know that you have just been through a huge change.” She shakes her head in agreement, I can see that she has questions that she wants to ask but her fear is holding her back. “ Let me explain what just happened, and maybe a little bit about your new life. My Beta Theo and I discovered that you were a slave here to the Silver Moon pack. We do not have slaves in the Blue Mountain pack.” Her eyes go wide at my words. ‘

“If you do not have slaves, then why did you buy me from Alpha Jason?” Her lips are quivering as if she expects me to throw her out on the street.

“Please allow me to explain, usually Theo explains better than I do but I would really like this opportunity to try. The Blue Mountain pack is the largest and most successful pack on the west coast, and possibly in all the United States. Our pack started gaining prestige with my grandparent’s work, and that continued with my parent’s work. We bucked some of the traditions found in older packs. We do not have slaves, every member of our pack is revered and treated well. Even our Omegas are treated well and serve a purpose within our pack. Every member has a say in the way our pack is managed, and although we are a very large pack you will quickly learn that we are a very close pack.” She is staring at me with wide doe eyes, and her mouth is slightly ajar. Her lips look so tempting and I want to kiss her so bad. I am afraid if I leaned over and kissed

her, I would scare her even more than she is now, and I really needed to explain why we bartered for her freedom.

“My father and mother bought slaves in the past, and we have found that when people are given a choice and treated with respect, they become very loyal members of the pack. Theo and I have continued that tradition and have bought many slaves from other packs and integrated them into our pack.” I take a deep breath and inhale her scent. Even though my mate has been through a lot today I need to tell her everything. I do not want any secrets between us.

“Daphne, I need to ask you something. Did you by chance shift and go for a run through the woods recently?” I need to know if I am right. I fully believe that she is the wolf I seen on the run. I noticed that her eyes went even bigger when I asked her the question and she immediately started fidgeting with her fingers again. “I am just curious because I ran into a wolf on my run, and she had your eyes. Please you are not in trouble.” I hope that my words would put her at ease, and I see her loosen up a little bit. «

“Yes, that was me. I learned to shift early, and I like to run.” She replied softly, barely a whisper. I respected my mate even more for being scared but answering me anyways. My wolf is back to dancing around like a puppy dog because he has already seen her wolf.

Now my heart is pounding out of my chest. I need to tell her. She must know, and hopefully she feels the same pull towards me that I feel for her.

“Daphne, I think you are my mate.”