

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 4

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 4

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 4

I do not mind cleaning. Usually I can stay out of the way of pack members, and since I clean everyday there is not much that needs done. Our pack house has ten guest rooms that are currently empty. I start by opening all the windows to air out the unused rooms. I love breathing in the crisp mountain air that comes in. Changing out the linens is a quick process since every room has its own closet with fresh sheets in them. The Luna takes great pride in the fact that the pack house is color coordinated. Every room that houses pack members or guest is decorated in its own color scheme.

My favorite room is to the south of the pack house. Its color scheme is a natural light green. I love being able to look out the windows and see the forest tops. Simply being in the room brings a peace to my soul. I take a little longer in that room, changing the linens, and putting fresh towels in the attached washroom. As I am finishing up, I can hear Melissa's, and Heather's voices coming down the hall. Melissa is the Beta's wife, and although she is not outwardly cruel like my father and her husband, she also is not nice either. Heather is her daughter and she is extremely cruel, like her father.

Melissa and my mother Amanda are the best of friends. Rumor had it that when they were younger, they both hoped to be my father's mate. Melissa stood as my mother's Maid of Honor and was in the room for the birth of my sister. Both were pregnant at the same time, my mother with me and my brother and Melissa was pregnant with Heather. Although my mother is the Luna and does not normally attend births of the pack she was by Melissa's side when Heather was born, just four days before I was.

Heather is one of the packs beauties. She is very tall with long legs and shimmering blond hair. The Mood Goddess blessed her with high cheek bones, and a voluptuous hourglass figure. When Heather walks into a room all the men stare at her beauty. Unfortunately, her beauty is only skin deep.

Heather has broken my nose on multiple occasions and has spread rumors throughout the pack that I am a slut. She blames me for her not being the next Luna. According to Heather my brother was probably her destined mate.

I go completely still inside the room. Hopefully, they will pass right by this room and I can move onto the next one with no problems.

"Wear the red dress Heather, the one with the slit in the side." I can hear Melissa instructing Heather.

"I know mom. I will make Caleb mine. I have waited my whole life to be a Luna and being the Luna of the Blue Mountain Pack is my destiny." Heather replies.

"Your father has not been able to tell me much about Alpha Caleb other than he believes his favorite color is red, and that he has not found his mate yet. This is important Heather; you must make him fall in love with you. The Blue Mountain Pack is one of the largest packs in the north west. The Mabon Ball is the perfect setting, and you may never get another chance."

"Don't worry mother I will have no problem getting his eye." As Heather makes that statement, I know that it is true. No man has ever been able to look away from her gorgeous figure.

I let out a sigh of relief when I realize that their voices are fading down the hall. It suddenly dawns on me that Melissa mentioned the Mabon Ball. Mabon is a holiday that is celebrated throughout the werewolf community. For humans it is the mark of the harvest season. For werewolves it is exciting because it means that the nights are getting longer, thus we can hunt more easily. It is also a rare time that multiple packs get together to celebrate. This is important because often destined mates do not belong to the same pack, so it is a chance to find each other. I have never been allowed to attend the Mabon Ball, nor has my pack ever hosted it before. From the conversation this morning I know that the Blue Mountain pack would be attending but I wondered what other packs would also be there. I put it out of my mind as I continue cleaning.

That night the dining room is buzzing with excitement as I serve out the dinner. Everyone is talking about the upcoming ball, and what they are going to wear. I even hear my father's rare laugh at something Heather says. As I am getting ready to serve out the dessert Heather deems it necessary to torture me.

"Alpha it is such a relief that you decided to have the ball catered, this pig burns everything she cooks" Heather said as she picks up what is left of her lemon tilapia and throws it at my head. "Eat it off of the floor you dog."

I know better than to refuse. As I crouch down on my hands and knees, I go to pick up the fish. "No dogs don't have hands you moron." Heather delivers a swift kick to my ribs and I feel one break. I sharply inhale still refusing to cry out. I crawl my way over to the fish and begin to eat it off the floor. "Yeah eat it up like the fat freaking pig you are. Your so fat that you killed your own brother you worthless pig." Heather is just picking up speed in her torturing of me. Suddenly I feel a brownie sundae that I had just served up for dessert being dumped over my head. "Here little piggy eat it all up you fat bitch."

I want to cry, I can feel the tears pricking the back of my eyes, but I refuse to let them fall. Heather delivers a swift kick to my face and I can immediately tell that she has broken my nose again. Suddenly she grabs my hair as she crouches down. "It should have been you that died, not Dustin." She spits in my face, and slowly stands up. For a

moment I think its over and I stand up. That angers Heather who turns around and punches me in the stomach.

“No one told you to stand up pig. You don’t deserve to live; you don’t deserve to breath.” At that she grabs me around my throat slamming me up against the wall. I can feel her fingers tightening around my throat, and my throat is on fire. *FIGHT BACK*, my wolf is screaming at me. I know I can’t though. Black dots are forming at the edges of my sight and I am resigned that my time is finally here to die.

“Alpha, the Blue Mountain Pack has come a day early.”

Heather releases me as one of my father’s patrols inform him of the news.

“Shit I need to change.” Heather spins around and starts heading for her room.

I am left gasping for breath on the floor, covered in food as everyone else is reacting to the news. My father demands that his Luna, and Beta are with him to greet the guests. As an after thought he snarls at me to clean up the mess and disappear out of sight. He has no idea how happy I am to just disappear.