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Daphne's Point of View

After the altercation with Heather I had cleaned up the dining room. I carefully avoided all contact with not only my pack, but the visiting pack members as well. As soon as I had the dining room cleaned up, I washed up the dishes and retreated to my room. Everyone else was busy worrying about the visiting pack. I just wanted to disappear.

The next morning my throat was still sore and a little scratchy from where Heather had choked me. Checking the mirror, I can see that the bruises were already fading from sight. Since I love to shift every morning and go for a run my healing abilities are pretty good. Being a werewolf means that we heal relatively quickly, but if you do not regularly shift your healing abilities can be hindered.

Heading out the back door I was extra careful to be quiet this morning. Since we are rarely visited by other packs I do not know if they have their own warriors patrolling the area, and I want to avoid all contact. I know that I will not be attending the ball, and that is fine with me. I do not mind not meeting other packs. I am already humiliated enough by my own pack; I do not need any other packs joining in on the humiliation or abuse.

I feel my mind and body relax as I make it to the woods. Running free in the woods in my escape. For that short while I am not Daphne the disappointment, or Daphne the murderer. For just this moment in time I am free. Free from my pack, free from my family, free from the abuse, and free from wishing my life were different.

My wolf is antsy and ready to start running. I love jumping over the fallen trees, listening to the crickets chirping, the birds just waking up, and the woods slowly coming to life. I inhale the scent of the pine trees, the moss, and the bark. To me there is no better scent than the woods.

After running for a while and enjoying the work out I head to the river. I am hoping that I see the deer again today. Her beauty was majestic, and I would love to be able to watch her grazing again. I love feeling the shift of the earth beneath my paws as I reach the rivers edge. I looking to the opposite bank hoping that the doe will be there again, but unfortunately, she is not. I am disappointed but I hear a twig snap nearby and all my senses go into hyperdrive.

I have never seen a rogue, and I am hoping that I do not see one today. I have heard that rogues are notoriously vicious and will not hesitate to attack. Since I am a slave, I

have never been allowed to train. I do not know the first thing about defending myself. My head snaps as I hear a noise to the left and I see a large black wolf.

For a moment I am stunned this wolf is huge, larger than even my father and he is an Alpha. His black fur is gorgeous, and I am stunned at its exquisite beauty. My heart feels like it is going to jump out of my chest. I can barely draw a breath as I meet his eyes. They are like an endless pool of honey, and for a brief second, I want to take a step towards him.

Then my brain thankfully starts to function, and I realize I need to run now. Not only am I defenseless if this wolf attacks, but I have never had any interaction with another wolf while I was shifted. I turn and run as fast as I can towards the pack house. I notice fairly quickly that the other wolf has not given chase, but I do not slow at all.

Once I am at my clothes I shift quickly, redress and run back into the house. I am silently berating myself all the way up the back stairs for letting my guard down and allowing another wolf to see me in shifted form. A thousand questions are filling my head like who he was, and will my parents now know that I have shifted. Will he talk about it to other people?

My stomach is in knots imagining the beating that will come if my father learns that not only have I shifted but I was running through the woods. As I change into clothes to go and prepare breakfast I am praying that the mystery wolf keeps my secret.