

## The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 19

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Daphne's Point of View

I could hear Caleb talking to some people in the bedroom. My mind is racing trying to comprehend everything that was happening so quickly. When I woke up this morning, I was a slave, now! am no longer a slave. Caleb says that I am his mate, but! still cannot understand how the Moon Goddess would let that happen. I will admit that standing in his arms, against his chest felt like home in a way. My mind was at peace, and for once I was completely relaxed. The closest I have been to that feeling was shifting and running through the forest. I have never been that relaxed or comforted in human form. After not being hugged for so long it felt great to just be held. :

My thoughts were interrupted by someone knocking on the bathroom door. "Hey whenever you are ready to come out, we have some dresses available for you to look at." The woman's voice is soft, but bubbly and I instantly liked her already. I like naturally happy go lucky people. Taking a deep breath, I open the door, steeling myself for whatever was to come next.

Looking out into Caleb's room there are four girls standing around. On the bed there are three different dresses, and everyone is looking at me.

Stepping out I figure it would be best to introduce myself. "Hi um I'm Daphne." "Hi Daphne, I am Hannah. That girl there is Laura, her sister Bethany, and that one is Sarah. Alpha Caleb said that you needed some things for the ball tonight, so we are here to help you get ready, and look your best." Turns out that the bubbly voice belonged to Hannah and I could not stop myself from smiling at her.

In a lot of ways her vibrant personality reminded me of Scarlet, but her kindness reminded me of Luna Alma. Luna Alma is Alpha Jerome's wife. Hannah is very pretty, she has long wavy blonde hair. She isn't particularly tall, but she is well proportioned. She has a very cute round face, and a little button nose.

Walking over to me she puts her hand on my back and leads me towards the bed. "We have these three laid out for you to look at and Bethany has more dresses in her bag if you want to see those." Hannah has taken charge of the situation but not in a demanding way. Her excitement is contagious and the dresses they have laid out are stunning. Looking down they have laid out a light blue chiffon dress, a pale peach satin dress, and a deep burgundy colored dress. All three of them are beautiful. Like magic my anxiety is back, and I realize I do not know what to pick, or even what would look good on me. I have never dressed up for anything, and truly I have never cared too

much about how I looked. Tonight, is different through, Caleb himself is escorting me to the ball and I do not want to embarrass him.

“Hannah, I um I don’t know what to pick. I have never been to a ball, and I don’t know what would look good.” I am looking down at the carpet as I speak. It is embarrassing to admit that I have no idea what I am doing. While I was looking down, willing my tears not to surface Bethany had stepped closer to me and placed her hand in comfort on my back.

“Daphne you don’t need to be embarrassed. I was a slave once too, so I understand what you’re going through right now.” Hannah’s voice was soft but sincere. I turned my head to look at her. It was hard to believe that this bouncy bundle of joy was once a slave too. ° “My parents turned rogue, and I was born a rogue. When I was a toddler they were killed, and I was taken and raised a sa slave. My life was miserable, I was beaten severely. Beta Theo had visited my old pack shortly after I had been whipped with a cane for breaking some dishes. I had not shifted yet, so my marks were slow to heal. He did not leave my side until Alpha Caleb finished the negotiations with my old pack for my freedom. I was only ten years old at the time. Alpha Caleb and Beta Theo have kind of raised me. They both were with me during my first shift, they have made sure that I excelled in school, and hopefully when I find my mate it will be Alpha Caleb that will throw our celebration.”

Hearing Hannah’s story is heartbreaking. She has been through a lot of sorrow and pain like me. I appreciate her opening to me about her past because I know that she did it to ease my embarrassment. I hope that her and I become good friends.

“I think you should try the burgundy dress on. The coloring will highlight your hair and eyes.” Bethany speaks up as she softly runs her hand along the fabric. Inod in agreement, and it suddenly dawns on me that! am still standing in my towel.

“Ok so on to happier moments, Daphne lets get you ready.” Hannah is back to being the happy lively woman that she is.

The girls not only help me get the dress on, but they also find matching shoes. They are peep toe sandals with a small chunky heel. The whole experience has me feeling like Cinderella. All the girls are super nice, and am enjoying hearing them chat about the different guys they are hoping will be attending tonight. I wonder briefly if I will ever be as carefree as they seem at this moment. Looking at Hannah I know that there is hope.

When the girls are done dressing themselves, they set to getting each other’s hair done. Hannah does my hair in a beautiful half up half down style. She then curled the tendrils of hair that were hanging down. Looking in the mirror I did not recognize myself. Thankfully, the ball had distracted everyone, and I did not have any bruises that were still healing. For once I thought that I looked nice.

After hair, the girls started fussing with makeup. Each one of them started pulling out different shades of eye shadows, lip glosses, and a lot of make up brushes. I did not realize that this much make up even existed. I sat still as the girls explained foundations, and contouring. I hate to admit it, but I was lost and did not understand half of what they were saying. Next, they applied eye shadow, and mascara which according to Bethany made my eyes pop. Laura talked to me about lip liners, and colors asking me if I liked matte or glossy. I explained to her that I did not know the difference and had never really seen make up being applied before. Sarah helped Laura pick out a lip liner for me and a lipstick. ‘

After what felt like hours, the girls announced that I was done. Butterflies danced in my stomach as I turned to

look in the mirror. I truly did not recognize the face looking back at me.

The girls did a wonderful job transforming me into looking normal. I loved the make up that they used. With the amount of time that they had spent I was a little afraid that I would resemble a clown. This was the total opposite. Other than the lipstick everything looked natural. They did a great job highlighting my cheekbones, and my eyes really did pop. The vision was enough to make tears gather. °

“Oh, oh no please Daphne don’t cry. Your mascara will begin to run, and racoon eyes are not very pretty.” Hannah’s words bring laughter to everyone in the room, including me.

“Thank you, guys, so much. I feel like a princess. I don’t even recognize myself.”

“We are happy to do it. Consider it a small welcoming from your new pack.” Bethany’s words are sincere, and I am filled with hope for the future.

“Guys it is almost time to go. Should we go and get Alpha Caleb?” Sarah asks, looking down at her cell phone.

“I will go get him; I want to see his face when he looks at Daphne.” Hannah is once again bouncy around excitedly. The mention of Caleb has butterflies dancing in my stomach again. Would he like this new look? Do I want him to like this new look? Before I can even object though Hannah is bouncing out the door. 2

Feeling very nervous I start pacing around the room. I hope that Caleb know that he said that he would be by my side the whole night, but I am still scared that I will embarrass him in some way. If I embarrass him will he still want me in his pack? What if he wants to dance? I have never danced with anyone, and now I! am in shoes that I have never worn before. What if I step on him?

I have little time to ponder all the questions in my head because Hannah comes bounding back into the room. ‘ “Ok, Daphne stand over by the door so that the light

highlights you." Hannah instructs me. Taking her advice, I stand in front of the French doors. "Ok I am going to open the door now." Hannah's excitement is sweet, but now! am sweating in anticipation and nervousness. °

Then Hannah opens the door and Caleb is standing right there. We lock eyes and time seems frozen. I can not gauge his reaction. I do not have to worry long though.

"Wow, you look amazing." As Caleb speaks, I find myself smiling. Even my wolf is purring at his approval. Caleb looks hot as fire in his suit. He is wearing black pants, a burgundy button-down shirt, and he has a suit jacket on. Even with the suit on his muscles are clearly visible.

Caleb strides into the room, bypassing all the other girls and in a blink of the eye he is standing in front of me. I must look up to see into his eyes. My breath hitches as he softly brings his hand up to my cheek. °

"Daphne you have no idea how hard it is going to be to keep my hands off you tonight. If I had one wish it would be to whisk you away right now and keep you all to myself. Unfortunately, we must attend, so I ask that you save most of your dances for me love." I notice that Caleb's voice is husky as he speaks to me. Is it possible that I affect him in the same way he does me?

I can't speak so I just nod my head yes. Hopefully my dancing skills, or lack of skill won't scare him away.