

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 2

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I woke up before the sun could even rise. Today was my eighteenth birthday. In a normal child's life this would be a day that is celebrated; but, not for me. Today would be no different than yesterday or the day before.

I rolled off the makeshift mattress I set up in my room and go wash my face in the sink. I catch a glimpse of my face in the mirror and I see that the bruises on my neck are fading. The cut on my head has already healed. For a moment I allow myself to have a small pity party. Although I do not believe that I am horrible looking, I am definitely not the beauty that my sister is known to be. I am not as tall as other girls my age and I although I am constantly called fat the truth is I am rather gaunt looking. I look at my mousey brown hair hating every strand of it. I look at my almond shaped hazel eyes and wish they were green like my sisters. After washing up I throw on a t-shirt and some old sweatpants. There is one luxury I allow myself, and that is my morning run.

Creeping quietly down the back stairs of the pack house I can not wait to be in the woods. To feel the ground beneath my feet. To smell the sweet forest full of trees. Finally, I make it outside and my heart beats faster. I can feel my wolf aching to be free.

I first shifted when I was thirteen, which is a very young age to shift. Most werewolves do not shift until they are sixteen. It happened after I had endured another alcohol fueled rage from my father. That time he had not broken any bones that night but had ripped enough of my hair out that I was sure that I was going to be bald. That night I felt my wolf awaken. She knew I was hurting, and I needed her comfort, and healing powers. Shifting was terrifying the first time. You feel every bone snap and adjust, you feel your fingers and toes elongate into claws. Your jaw widens, and all your skin tingle as you sprout your fur for the very first time. I never told anyone that I shifted. I learned very young to keep anything that brought me any kind of joy or comfort a secret. After your first couple of shifts, it does not hurt anymore. In fact, it's almost enjoyable.

I could feel my wolf itching to be let out the closer I got to the edge of the woods. The Silver Moon pack owned its territory in Eastern Oregon at the base of the Blue Mountains. I love the smell of the mountain air. This morning it was crispy, with a slight cold wind. Soon enough there would be snow. As I reached the edge of the forest, I looked around to make sure I was alone, then stripped out of my clothes in order to shift.

My wolf was ecstatic to be free and running through the woods. Our keen sense of smell picked up the different scents. The pine trees with their sap, the mushrooms growing on the forest ground, the river that was up ahead, all of the wildlife running free

through the trees. In a short time, we had made it to the river. I shifted back into my human form as I slid down the riverbed to dip my toes into the freezing water. This was my favorite spot in the entire world.

I lay there quietly propped up on the riverbed, sinking my toes into the icy water just listening to the woods around me. I loved hearing the birds wake up and rustle their young ones. I hear a rustle in the bushes on the opposite riverbank and open my eyes to see a beautiful doe. Her soft brown fur resembled the softest of velvet. She was majestic in her beauty, simply standing there alert but unafraid. Suddenly she started bounding deeper into the woods and I felt my heart ache that I could not go with her. I would give anything to be free.

There have been a few times in my life that I thought about running away. Running meant turning rogue though, and more often than not a wolf without a pack was seen as dangerous and killed on the spot. Rogues were thought to not be loyal to anything or anyone. They lived on their own terms refusing to submit to an Alpha. Packs seen this as unnatural and they felt that it was an unbalance in nature. To werewolves everything had a station in life, an order. Anything outside of that order was considered dangerous.

I knew it was time to go. I knew I needed to get back to the pack house before everyone woke up. They would be expecting breakfast, and I would get beaten severely if they had to wait for it. I hated my station in life, but I knew that I could not change it. I was the monster, I was the one that killed my brother.