

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 3

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My wolf was less joyed about the return trip home. She knew what was about to happen. She knew that we had to keep our head down and take the slaps and name calling. One more day to us. One more day wishing we were anywhere else but here. We both knew that today would be one of the worst days though. Today was a reminder to my entire pack, but especially to my parents, that I was alive and my brother was not.

I entered the pack house through the back door, making sure that I made as little noise as possible. As long as the pack members were asleep, I was safe. I turned on the two big coffee makers we had in the kitchen and started to get out the skillet I would need to make up the pack breakfast.

Most pack members have their own homes. The members that live here in the pack house are the Alpha, the Luna, the Beta and his mate, a few of our strongest warriors, and a few pack members that are on my father's advisement council, and me of course.

My sister Scarlett lived here until she met her destined mate eight years ago. Shortly after they completed the mating ceremony my sister, and the only person who had shown me love moved into her mate's pack on along the coast of California. Although I know that Dorian loves my sister more than himself, I still hated him a little bit for taking her away from me.

I shake off the memories and hurriedly get to work. Even though only a few pack members reside here they are mostly male warriors and have very large appetites. I carefully make a variety of eggs, from scrambled with cheese to poached. Ham, bacon and sausage are also prepared, and then I start on the pancakes.

I can hear them coming into the dining room. I am ready for them. I bring the coffee in first. My father the Alpha Jason always takes his black, my mother likes cream with hers. I quickly get everyone's beverages served and then start bringing in the plates of food. Years of serving the members have taught me exactly what they like. I try my hardest to serve them quickly and quietly. The faster I am in and out the less chance they have of hitting me or ridiculing me.

"Daphne"

My father's tone of voice stops me dead in my tracks. Even though he didn't yell my name this time I start trembling even though I am trying to hide it. Out of all of the

members of the pack my father is the most vicious, and the one that has inflicted the most pain both physically and mentally.

“Yes Alpha” I reply looking down. I am not allowed to look directly into the eyes of any member of my pack. That is how much I am hated here.

“We will have neighboring packs visiting us tomorrow, this is an important meeting. I want this place sparkling for their arrival. We will be hosting three additional packs here; therefore, you will be preparing dinner for our esteemed guests as well. Ensure that it is delicious, or I will kill you in front of them for your disrespect. Am I clear?”

Before I can even reply the Beta is protesting.

“Alpha I do not think that this pathetic wretch could cook anything that would satisfy our guests. I highly recommend that we look into having this event catered instead. Having this dumb brat even try to meet Alpha Caleb standards would just display how pathetic she is. “Beta Noah despises my presence almost as much as my own father does. He is fiercely loyal to my father, and to the pack. He made it a mission to always remind me that I am the one who killed the heir to my father’s legacy.

“You may be right Noah. By Goddess just having her standing there is turning my stomach. I should have smothered her the day she was born.” These scathing words come out of my own mother’s lips. Never has she ever muttered anything nice to me. Her hatred for me is like a slow poison that is injected into my veins every time she opens her mouth.

My father sits deliberating on whether the event should be catered or if he should have me do the cooking. I am terrified that he will choose me. I have no idea what kind of food would be up to par for the visiting packs. The only wolves that I have ever met that did not belong to my pack was when Scarlett’s mate came. At that time, it was only him and a few other warriors that had been passing through on their way up to Washington to discuss trades.

“Unfortunately, you are all right. This event has been years in the making, and everything needs to be perfect. We will need to have it catered.”

I am immensely relieved by my father’s words. I surely would have failed had he given me the task.

“Don’t think for a second that you’re off the hook,” my father started, “you will have this house sparkling before our guests arrive. All of the spare bedroom linens need to be changed, and the pack meeting house needs to be prepared as well.” My head was lowered through out his instructions so unfortunately, I did not see the coffee cup that was thrown at my head. It clipped right above my eyebrow and I could feel that it left quite a scratch. I could feel the warm blood threatening to drip into my eye.

"Yes Alpha," is all that I mutter as I shuffle out of the dining room into the kitchen. I long ago quit crying over these small cuts or their words. Crying would make them angrier. Crying would ensure that I get beaten. I place the dirty dishes in the sink and grab a hand towel to wipe the blood away from my face. I use the tea kettle as a mirror and notice the gash is not big. This means it will heal quickly.

As I wipe away the blood, I wonder why we are now getting visitors. Usually our ambassador travels to the neighboring packs for peace talks, or trade negotiations. Its very unusual for our pack to host events. Although we are a strong pack, we are not a large pack and we do not own a large territory. Shaking my head, I know that I need to hurry and finish up cleaning the kitchen. The Alpha made it clear that I had a full day of cleaning ahead of me.