

## The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 6

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I hated waking up in a strange bed. I hated even more that my normal routine could not be kept. Par usual I wake up before almost everyone else. I quickly throw on some sweatpants, not even bothering with a shirt. These rare hours that I have to myself I use them to spoil myself. The rest of my days are filled with meetings, trainings, and other pack business. With the tension in my shoulders I know that I need to let my wolf out on a run so that I am calmer tonight for the festivities. I know that my pack is hoping that I find my mate tonight. Truth be told I am a little anxious to find her as well.

I quickly make my way out of the pack house, and instantly my body starts to loosen up. I head to the south and find myself looking up at the window of the room I slept in last night. The Silver Moon pack has been very generous since we arrived, and I am thankful that Theo is great with politics. Right now, though I continue to the edge of the wood, my wolf already itching to be free. I love modern amenities, but my heart and soul belong to Mother Nature.

I stop for a moment to strip my sweatpants off thankful that the woods are dense. I am not ashamed in any way of my body, I have always taken pride in my physical appearance. Training and running has made my body very tone, and being out in the sun has left my skin with a honey caramel coloring. I have been told that my skin compliments my hazel eyes. I keep my dark hair longer, but pulled back in a low ponytail when I am human form.

Shifting into my wolf I practically purr at feeling the soft, dense moss beneath my paws. Inhaling the deep sweet smell of the surrounding pine trees I feel my muscles relax. I start running towards the south, enjoying the easy slopes that are allowing me to stretch out my legs. I can smell water up ahead and decide that it would be a great idea to stop and allow myself a drink.

As I near the river, I can smell another wolf nearby. I do not know if it is a rogue, or a member of the Silver Moon pack. Although some introductions were made yesterday, I was irritated and did not pay too much attention. If it is a rogue, I will end its life. It is not uncommon for rogues to travel together and sometimes they use a single wolf as a scout. As I clear the trees and come upon the riverbank all my senses are on high alert. Then I seen the other wolf, and I relax a little.

I can tell that it is a female because she is smaller in size. Her fur is a beautiful brown with undertones of red fur. I am drawn to her but as I move to come closer, she senses me and dashes off back towards the Silver Moon pack house. This puts my mind at ease because it is obviously a member of the pack. A rogue would not run towards a

pack house. As I lazily lap at the water, I am secretly hoping that I will get to meet the female tonight at the Mabon ball. Her brown eyes were soft, but something in those depths called to me.

I am kicking myself all the way back towards the pack house. I should have run after her. I should have tried to engage her in running with me. I am really hating my lack of social skills at the moment. I am chuckling to myself as I imagine that Theo will be very surprised that I am now looking forward to tonight's festivities.