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Daphne's Point of View

I was nervous throughout most of the morning, scared that my secret about shifting would be exposed. I calmed down throughout the day though as it continued to be basically normal. Breakfast was bigger than usual because of the visiting pack. The Alpha decided that I was too clumsy to serve out our guests, so he ordered some of the Omegas of our pack to serve out the meal. I was sent over to the hall to ensure that it was clean for the decorations to be set up and the caterers to arrive. I hated being dismissed before breakfast was over because now, I could not eat any of the left-over food. Oh well I thought it is not the first time I have gone without food. »

As I was walking to the meeting hall, I noticed that the pack was out and about. Clearly everyone was excited about the ball tonight. I watched mothers taking their daughters to get their hair done and I felt the familiar ache of wishing my mother had done those things with me. I am used to being ignored and hurt but deep down I really wish I had a loving family. I would have loved for my mother to read me a bedtime story or brush my hair. I was very jealous with how close my mother and Scarlet were. :

Thinking back, I remembered when I was about six years old, I spied on my mother and Scarlet. There was a dance coming up at Scarlet's school, and my mother was helping her to get ready. I remember watching from the shadows of the doorway and wishing that my mother would brush my hair, or one day help me put on makeup. I laugh to myself bringing myself back to the

present, the only makeup that my mother helped me put on would be the black eye she gave me on my birthday last year. I made a vow long ago that if I ever had children that they would know every day how much I love them.

The meeting hall was already bustling when I got there. A few of our warriors were wrestling along the side, playing around as wolves will do. I noticed a few guys that did not look familiar, and I took care to walk far enough away to not be noticed. I don't need any attention and prefer to stay hidden in the shadows. I gave up hope a long time ago of an amate coming and whisking me away from here. We do not get a lot of visitors usually, and no one in my pack would ever accept me as a mate. ° Walking into the meeting hall I tried to imagine how it is going to be tonight. The people dancing, food being served, the music playing, and the potential mates that may find each other tonight.

For a moment] felt a little like Cinderella, pining and wishing she could go to the ball. The reality is that I have no Fairy Godmother though. No one was going to magically poof and transform me into a princess. °

The meeting hall was already cleaned, I did some unneeded dusting and gave the place a once over. By the time I was through the decorators had arrived. I seen them unloading decorations in deep auburn and gold colors. It would be perfect for the Mabon ball. The centerpieces were these beautiful crystal pumpkins that were stained in various tones of orange. I admired the amount of detail that went into them. I have always wanted to dabble in art but have never been allowed to. °

My father once caught me drawing animals in the dust of an end table in one of the guest bedrooms and he flew into a rage. He kept telling me that I was ungrateful that he allowed me to live as he repeatedly hit me in the head and punched me in the stomach.

Eventually I fell to the floor and he continued to kick me repeatedly until I passed out. Scarlet took me to the pack doctor who determined that I had two broken ribs, a concussion, and multiple bruises. °

The catering van pulling up next to the kitchen doors brought me back to the present. I knew that it was time for me to leave so that the decorators could finish, and the catering crew could set everything up. I needed to be out of the way. It dawned on me that I was not given any more chores for the day. Everyone was too caught up in the anticipation for the ball. I was almost giddy thinking that I have an evening to myself, I might get to read a few more chapters in my hidden book. ‘

As I was leaving the meeting hall, I noticed that there were a lot more people that I did not recognize out and about through our little pack of homes. I assumed that the other packs must have arrived while I was in the meeting hall. That thought alone was enough to have me scurrying towards the back door of the manor house. I had no desire to meet anyone new. As I

bounded through the back door, I caught the most wonderful smell going up the back stairs. It was earthy, and piney, and there was a hint of something that I could not place. This scent even woke up my wolf who wanted to explore where it was coming from, but I knew better. It was better to stay in my room, hidden away than to draw unneeded attention to myself.