

# The Alpha's Slave Mate

## Chapter 1

*BOOK TWO – Chapter One*

### Caleb's Point of View

I reach over intent on pulling Daphne close to me, snuggling so that I may fall asleep again. Unfortunately, once again I find that she is no longer in bed with me. Finally opening my eyes, I see that she is once again staring out into the night, biting her nails, and lost in her head.

It has been a few days since Scarlett and Theo's commitment ceremony, and everything had gone beautifully. In truth I was slightly jealous that they were able to have such a beautiful ceremony, whereas mine and Daphne's had been somewhat nightmarish.

Daphne had opened up to me after her and Scarlett had gone dress shopping. Both women thought that there was a possibility that Daphne was pregnant. I was shocked at first thinking of being a father. I love kids and have always wanted kids of my own. I just thought that Daphne and I would have more time to ourselves before the little patter of paws would be filling the house. I regret now ever having that thought and would do anything to go back in time to unthink it.

Daphne insisted on waiting until after the mating ceremony to get checked out by the pack doctor. By that time, I had become excited, even thinking of baby names in my head. I felt it in my very bones that Daphne would be an amazing mother. I could picture her holding our pup, teaching them how to walk, and to speak. I did not want to wait to see the doctor, but Daphne had insisted.

The day after the mating ceremony we were both slightly nervous as we waited for the pack doctor to tell us if she was pregnant or not. I wish that I had magic powers to reverse time, if only to capture the smile that had been on her face that day. After some poking and prodding and several tests the pack doctor asked Daphne if she wanted to speak privately. I growled at him letting him know that I would not be leaving my precious mate's side.

Unfortunately, the doctor did not have good news for us. Daphne was pregnant in a sense, but it was not what would be considered a viable pregnancy. The doctor

explained that the egg had never exited the fallopian tubes, therefore although Daphne was experiencing pregnancy like symptoms the egg is not viable and needed to be removed. The pack doctor was sympathetic and explained that it is common and that some women go through this experience without ever knowing that they were pregnant. The egg however was still in the fallopian tube and was a concern for the doctor. He explained that Daphne would need to undergo a small procedure to remove the egg so that it did not cause any farther damage.

I watched Daphne's face the entire time the doctor was telling us the news. I could feel the range of emotions that flooded her being. From denial, to fear, to depression I felt everything that she was feeling, and it broke my heart. All I have ever wanted to do was love and protect my mate above all else, and lately it seems as if I am failing her over and over. I never considered that there would be heartaches that I would have no ability to save her from.

The doctor was professional and gave a few minutes to grieve the loss of a life that never even had a chance to exist. Before exiting he did explain that Daphne would need to undergo the procedure immediately and he left to prep his team. We did not speak instead I just held her in my arms trying to sooth her as best as I could.

Too soon the doctor let us know that they were ready, and I had to release Daphne from my arms. I paced the waiting room until finally the nurse told me that everything was done, and that Daphne could come home. For the first few days she was not allowed to leave the bed. The doctor was adamant that she takes some time to heal, both physically and mentally. It has now been almost a week, and even though she is out of bed she has yet to leave our room.

Staring at my beautiful mate, softly glowing in the moonlight I wished that I could take away her pain. While she was still in recover the doctor sought me out with some additional information that I had yet to tell Daphne. Due to the traumatic abuse that she suffered growing up at some point her uterus and pelvic region had sustained considerable damage. The doctor is unsure as to whether she would ever be able to carry pups.

I do not like hiding things from my mate, but I am completely unsure of how to tell her this news. I feel utterly broken, unsure of how to help her through this time. Internally sighing I start to climb out of bed with the intentions of leading my mate to rejoin me.

She remained still as I approached her. Reaching around her I pull her lithe frame against me, practically purring from the sparks that shoot through my body at simply touching her. I thought that the sparks would lessen the longer we are mated, but they are as strong today as they were the day, I first touched her.

"Love it is late. Why are you insistent on showing the moon that you are more beautiful than it?" I could feel the slight smile tug at her lips, and I love that I can do that to her.

"I was simply thinking about how much life has changed in the last year." I could tell that there was more on her mind but did not push her to go farther.

"You should be in bed with me. The sheets are cold and lonely without you."

"I am sorry. I did not mean to keep you up." Her voice is soft.

"I love you, Daphne. I wish there were something I could do or say that could put your mind at ease my love. We can always try again for a pup after you have healed, if that is what you desire." The doctor had only said he was unsure, he never said it would be impossible. Still, I felt a pang of guilt shoot through me that I could potentially be giving her false hope. If she is unable to carry pups, we could always adopt. I am not opposed to adoption.

"Do you think it would have been a boy or a girl?" She asked the question so softly that if I did not have excellent hearing her words would be lost in the vast void of the darkness.

"I think that it was neither. I think that it was a fluke of nature that like the doctor said is common. The silver lining is that we still have each other." I hoped that my voice did not betray my true thoughts. Like Daphne I had wondered if it would have been a boy or a girl. If it would have looked like me or her. Alas these were questions that would never have answers to them.

I softly turn Daphne around so that her face is now pressed against my chest. We no longer talk; I simply just hold. Finally, I pick her up bridal style and tuck her back into bed with no resistance. Climbing in behind her I spoon her with my chest pressed against her back, and my arms wrapped around her body.

"Try and get some sleep love, you have your follow up appointment tomorrow." I softly stroked her hair until I felt her breathing even out and I knew that she had finally succumbed to the exhaustion.