

The Alpha's Slave Mate

Chapter 2

Book 2 Chapter 2

Daphne's Point of View

Guilt spread throughout me as I felt Caleb gently stroke my hair. I know that he is worried about me, and I do not know how to ease his mind. I know that I have distracted him from his duties as Alpha, and I thank the Moon Goddess that this occurred during a peaceful time, but I do not know how to act like I am ok with this situation.

I purposely slow my breathing, focusing on making each breath even. I already feel guilty that I woke Caleb when I got out of bed earlier, I do not wish to make him worry anymore. I could feel him settle down as soon as he thought that I was asleep. Continuing to focus on my own breathing I soon felt his body relax as he succumbed to sleep.

Now that Caleb was asleep, I could be alone again with my own thoughts. These last few months have been crazy. It is hard to believe that it has been the last week though that has truly wounded my spirit. While helping Scarlett pick out her dress for her commitment ceremony so proclaimed that she thought I was pregnant. Although it was a random outburst, I mulled her words over, eventually confiding in Caleb later that night.

At first the thought of being a mother terrified me. What the hell did I know about pups, or being a mother? I never had a good example of a mother. My own mother was a terrible person that abused and tormented me. I knew that there was no way that I would ever be like her. Scarlett was nearly grown by the time I could form lasting memories, so I did not even have their relationship to draw upon. No one had showered me with love and acceptance as a child.

Being a house slave had never awarded me time around young pups. My parents never had anymore pups after my brother and me. I had never visited the birthing center at my old pack, and I was never allowed at the bonding ceremonies for young pups either. I had no idea how to change diapers or swaddle a pup.

The biggest fear was the one that I had kept to myself solely. My mother had been pregnant with twins. My brother and I had shared the same womb. My brother died and because of his death I was blamed. What if I was pregnant with twins? Would history repeat itself? I had already resolved that I would never turn from my child, but would Caleb? All the unanswered questions were stressful.

I find it highly ironic that I ever worried at all. Turns out that although I was technically pregnant, my body had once again not been good enough to carry the pup. A tear silently slips down my face as I recall when the Doctor told us that it was not a viable pregnancy. Guilt blossomed in my chest as I think about the wonderful life Caleb has blessed me with, and I cannot even give him an heir.

Caleb had rescued me from my parents. He allowed me to train and given me a home beyond my wildest imagination. He gave me freedom and reunited me with my sister. Words cannot begin to express how grateful I am for him, or how much our love has grown. Would he continue to love me if I cannot give him pups?

I try hard to clear my head and find sleep, but my mind is my worst enemy at the moment. Before long I can see the first rays of sunlight piercing through the windows, but I make no move to get up. I have been in my room since they removed the unviable life from inside me. Today I know that I have to leave because I have my follow up appointment. Before long Caleb stirs beside me.

He pulls me tighter against him nuzzling my neck and trailing kisses. I feel the first sparks from our mate bond, but I move away from him. I need to shower. Mentally fortifying myself for the events of today I make my way to our bathroom, hoping that the hot water will relax my mind and soul.

Once finished with my shower I come out to find that Caleb has left me a note on my pillow. He lets me know that he is getting breakfast ready and would like me to join him. I get dressed in loose sweatpants, and a large shirt, throwing on my tennis shoes.

Reaching the door to the room my hand hesitates to turn the knob. Going out there means facing everyone and knowing that I have disappointed them. Everyone has been patient with me until now, but how can I keep failing them. I am sure that everyone wishes they had a different Luna. Due to the way I was raised I was still playing catch up trying hard to figure out how to even be a werewolf and lead them. Theo has been an excellent tutor, but I still do not feel that I am worthy to be by Caleb's side.

Sighing I know that I have to do this. Slowly I reach for the door and finally step out of the room.