

The Alpha's Slave Mate Chapter 1

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It was a full moon the night I was born. My mother Amanda was the Luna of the Silver Moon pack. She is a proud and beautiful warrior, a strong mate to my father the Alpha. My mother had already blessed him with a daughter 10 years prior to this birth, my sister Scarlett.

Scarlett had the beauty that my mother possessed. Bright red hair, green eyes brighter than the most polished emerald. She was already tall for a ten year old, and showed a great intelligence in school, as well as on the training field. She was both beautiful and intelligent which are both traits revered in the werewolf community.

Even though my father already had a star child he was excited for my mother to give birth again. This time she was pregnant with twins. Twins are a rarity in the werewolf world, simply because werewolves have larger babies. I have heard all the stories about how he fawned over my mother her entire pregnancy. How he rubbed her feet every night and made sure she wanted for nothing. He catered to every craving she had throughout her pregnancy. Little did he know that his excited would soon turn to anger and despair.

Having the Luna give birth to twins was a big deal to the pack. Everyone was excited. What made the event even more special is that my mother went into labor on a full moon. I have heard the stories that on that fateful night the woods were alive with the sounds of our pack howling and praising the Moon Goddess.

It was a hard labor for my mother. She struggled as the mid wife urged her to push both my brother and I out. I was told my father paced outside the pack house like a mad man in a nut house. Him and my mother were a true mated pair, which meant he felt all of the pain she was going through. Every contraction, every time she pushed.

My brother was born first. Different pack members have different stories about his birth. Some claim that he never took a breath and was born dead. Other members swear that he was alive at birth and then died. For me the fact that he died is all that matters. From that moment on I was blamed for his death. I was the monster. I was the murderer.