

Prisoner To My Mate Chapter 3 - CHAPTER THREE -

C3 CHAPTER THREE

The next day, I wake with a million thoughts swimming in my head. One does stick out the most—what my mate said last night. Why would he say that? What does he mean?

I walk downstairs after freshening up. I was sad I slept alone. I actually thought we were going to sleep in the same room. I know mates complete the mating process hours after finding each other. I walk downstairs to find a beautiful brunette standing in hallway.

“Good morning, Luna,” she says with a soft smile.

“Hello and I’m not your Luna yet” I say, returning the smile.

“But you’re our Alpha King’s mate.”

“Yes, I am but I have not been marked by him,” I say, showing her my neck.

“Even so, I should still call you Luna.”

“Not really. We could argue all day whether you should call me Luna or not. Can you please tell me who you are and why you’re here,” I say, cutting to the chase.

“My name is Charlotte. I’m the beta’s mate. I’m here to take you to breakfast.”

“Oh. Why can’t I have breakfast here? I remember seeing a kitchen when Dan showed me around. I could easily cook something for myself.”

“We have breakfast in the pack house so they can do a head count.”

“Breakfast is compulsory around here?” I ask.

“No, but it’s necessary to attend. And why wouldn’t anyone want to eat breakfast? It’s the first meal of the day!” she says, excitedly.

“Sometimes you might not be hungry.”

“That’s true. We should get going so we’re not late.”

“Alright, let’s go,” I say following behind Charlotte as she leads us outside.

We arrive at another large, two-story building. This must be the pack house. We walk inside and stop in a huge dining area. The table looks like it can hold up to twenty people.

“Does everyone eat together?” I ask Charlotte.

“Not really.”

“Explain, please.”

“The Alpha King eats with his officials while lower rank members eat with each other.”

“Oh, and where are we going to sit?” I look around and see all the seats are taken.

“You’re going to sit there while I sit beside my mate,” she says, pointing to the right side of the Alpha King—my mate. He’s seated at the head of the table, and I could smell him the moment I walked into the pack house.

“Oh,” I say and start walking toward where she pointed. I reach my mate and I can hear growling in delight at being so close to him. This is the first time Eva’s done anything since we arrived.

‘How are you feeling?’ I ask Eva. She was badly injured during the fight. I was in wolf form the whole time.

‘I’m good, thanks to your human doctors.’

‘That’s good.’

Why has our mate refused to mark us?

‘Why are you asking me like I would know the answer to that?’ I ask.

‘I’m sure he’s angry at us because you dated that stupid human boy.’

‘He’s not stupid but—oh what am I saying? Yes, you’re right, Matt is stupid. But I don’t think the Alpha King knows we dated anyone.’

‘Don’t say we human. I told you I hated that boy around us.’

'Don't worry, you won't be seeing him for a long time,' I reassured her.

'You can't imagine how happy I'm to hear you say that.'

I come back to earth after talking with my wolf when I hear my mate speaking to me.

"Are you going to stand there all day or sit down?" My mate says in a harsh tone. I still don't know his name. He didn't care to introduce himself to me. Why does he talk to me so rudely all the time?

"Sit down," he says, and I take my seat.

"You're sitting here does not mean what I said yesterday has changed. It would be wise for you to remember that."

"I never assumed."

"Good, because I'm never going to make you my Queen. I don't need a Luna."

"Why?" I'm shocked. I know I might not be the best at fighting but I feel I'm a strong wolf and worthy to be a Luna.

"Because I don't need a woman making things difficult for me."

"How would I make things difficult?"

"The only thing you women contribute is making men weak."

"How?"

"I don't need to explain everything to you. My decision is final. I'm never making you Luna Queen."

"If you don't plan to make me Luna Queen, why am I here?"

"To make sure you don't become a liability."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me," he says, his dark eyes boring into me.

I'm baffled. What kind of mate says that? Women aren't weak. What made him so shallow?

Breakfast was awkward. I wasn't able to eat anything because I was pissed off the whole time. I'm in the gardens helping Charlotte with her flowers. She saw how down I was after breakfast and asked me if I wanted to help her.

We're attending to her roses when I notice the men are outside training, and my mate is leading them. I admire him as trains. He's shirtless and sweating. It looks like his body is glittering in the sun. His six abs shine the sun in my face. I can't imagine what his muscles would feel like underneath my fingers. Every time he flexes, I feel myself falling for him, even though it's the mate bond playing well to my reactions.

Once we're done with the flowers, we walk back to the Alpha's house to find something to eat. We find nothing prepared in the fridge so I decide to cook. As I'm preparing food, I was so engrossed in my conversation with Charlotte, I mistakenly cut myself.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Charlotte says.

"Its fine. It's just a small cut and it'll heal before you know it," I say and place my cut finger under running water to wash the blood away.

"I know but it'll still hurt before it heals."

"Don't worry, I'm—" I'm interrupted by my mate storming in, demanding what happened.

"Where are you hurt?" he demands, eyeing my body from head to toe.

"I'm not hurt."

"I felt your pain, through the bond," he growls.

"It was a small knife wound," I argue.

"If you don't know how to use a knife, then don't use one," he yells. Wow. I thought I heard the worst of it this morning. Now he's angry because I used a knife. I'm starting to think he hates me.

"I'll be careful next time. I didn't know the bond was that strong since we haven't completed the mating process."

He takes a dangerous step close to me, his giant presence looming. “Just because I haven’t pounded you until you can’t walk the next day, or made you scream my name and left my mark on you, does not mean I can’t feel you,” he says. By now he’s backed me into the wall. All I can do is stare into those beautiful blue eyes that are filled with darkness. I can feel my lady parts react with every word he says. He can make me angry one moment and beyond hot for him the next. This man is going to the death of me.

“I’ll be extra careful next time,” I say. I’m panting. I can feel my breath bouncing back on me because of how close we are.

“Good,” he says and walks away.