

Prisoner To My Mate Chapter 4 - CHAPTER FOUR -

C4 CHAPTER FOUR

A few days have gone by, and things are still the same between Theodore and me. I found out his name is Theodore from Charlotte . You can guess how great our relationship is, given that I found out his name from someone else. I'm currently on my way to ask him if I can get a phone to call Mom and Chloe. I miss them. It's been too long since I last heard or spoke to any of them.

He's working from home today, so I go to find him in his study.

"What do you want?" he says, his tone harsh like always. His eyes are glued to the papers in front of him. I'm sure he didn't need to look up to know it's me. He must've smelled me.

"I want to ask if I can get a phone to call my Mom," I say, standing in front of his dominating presence.

"Why would you need to do that?" he asks, stunning me with his question.

"I miss her, and I want to know how she's doing."

"She's doing fine. I'll tell your Alpha to tell her you miss her."

"How do you know she's doing fine? Why can't I speak to her?" Why is he trying to keep me away from my Mom? He's acting very strange.

"I know because if she was dead, your Alpha would have informed me, and I don't want you to speak to anyone outside this pack."

"Excuse me, but why?" I ask, confused.

"Because I don't want you to."

"Because you don't want me to. What kind of reason is that? I'm not your prisoner. Why can't I have a phone to call my Mom?"

"I don't need you interacting with anyone from your old pack. This is your new home, so you will only interact with people from this pack."

“Why are you making these decisions like you have all the say in my life? You didn’t even accept me as your Queen, and you’re telling me to forget my old pack and make here my new home? Even if I make here my new home, I’m not going to forget everyone important to me from my old pack.”

“You don’t have to be Queen to accept this pack as your new home. You’re my mate whether you like it or not. That makes here your new home. Do yourself a favor and forget about your old pack and move on with your life.”

“You can’t make those decisions about my life. I have a right to speak to my Mom.”

“I say you won’t, and that’s final,” he says, staring at me with those dark eyes filled with so much anger. One look at his eyes, and I know he’s not going to change his mind. I feel so hurt that my mate won’t allow me to speak to my mother for no good reason.

“I don’t know why you’re doing this, but you’re being cruel.” I feel myself on the verge of tears. I quickly walk out of his office before I break down in front of him.

I run upstairs into my room. I can’t hold it in anymore and release the tears. When did my life become so complicated? Why was I given such a cruel mate? Why won’t he allow me to speak to my Mom? It’s not like I said I’m going back to my old pack. But what if I want to go back? It’s not like he wants me, so why is he keeping me like I’m a prisoner?

I don’t know I’m asleep until I hear someone shouting, waking me. I walk downstairs to find out who dares to make noise in the Alpha King’s house. While I’m descending the stairs, I see a young man standing at the bottom of the stairway. He looks a few years older than me but not as old as Theodore. Now that I’m comparing him to Theodore, he looks like him, except he’s lighter with his blond hair. He has the same blue eyes and muscular build. He’s handsome but not as attractive as my mate.

“You must be Anastasia. It’s a pleasure to meet you. I’m Liam,” he says, taking my palm into his hand. He bends forward and kisses my palm.

“If you want your hands to remain attached to your body, take them off her,” Theodore steps out of his office, growling.

I can't believe he's been in his office all day; it's almost midnight. He should get some rest. Why am I caring about him? He doesn't care about me, so I won't care about him. I won't let myself care about him. He should work himself to death; I don't care. I tell myself this, but I know it would shatter me to pieces if he does.

"I do like my hand thank you very much. I only did that so you'd leave that office of yours," Liam says.

"Don't try it again. Why are you back?" Theodore demands.

"I heard my brother finally found his mate. I had to come and see for myself if it's true. I'm speechless. You're more beautiful than the pack describes. The stories do you no justice," Liam says, smiling at me.

I haven't been here long, and stories about me are already spreading? I wonder what stories because nothing has happened between Theodore and me. What could Liam have heard?

So, Liam is his brother. That explains why he speaks to him with no respect and why they look alike.

"Now that you've seen her, you can leave."

"Why are you kicking me out when I just got here? I want to get to know our future Queen."

"There is no future Queen here, so you can leave," Theodore says, and it feels like another punch in my gut.

I should demand he formally reject me so I can feel the pain all at once. But the bond makes me want to stay at the same time. I don't want to leave him. I wish he'd love me and treat me well. Like a real mate. I wonder if that could ever happen for us.

"You shouldn't say things like that with your mate around. It hurts. Don't you know that?" Liam asks, covering my ears as if it could help me un-hear Theodore's harsh words. But it won't. I'm already hurting.

"I can see you don't like your hands," Theodore growls, stepping closer.

“Sorry,” Liam says, taking his hands away from my ears. “I think we should all go to bed. It’s late, and we’re all tired. See you guys tomorrow,” he says, and starts walking toward the front door.

“I told you to leave my territory, not to go to bed,” Theodore says, following behind him.

They leave me standing alone by the stairs. I can tell for a fact Theodore doesn’t want his brother around, and I wonder why. If I had a sibling, I’d want them around. I brush the thought aside and walk back upstairs to get some sleep.

The next day I walk downstairs to the kitchen to make breakfast. I haven’t been back to the pack house to eat breakfast after the first day Theodore embarrassed me. He might have only been talking to me, but we’re werewolves, so everyone around the table heard our conversation. I’ve been too embarrassed to show my face in front of those people.

On my way to the kitchen, a divine aroma envelopes my nose. I wonder if Charlotte came to make breakfast for me. I walk into the kitchen, and I’m surprised to see Liam standing there cooking.

“Good morning, Luna,” he says.

“Good morning, Liam. I don’t think you should call me Luna,” I say, taking a seat on one of the kitchen stools.

“Why?” he asks as he sets a plate with eggs, sausages, and toasted bread in front of me. I show him my still unmarked neck. “Maybe he hasn’t marked you, but it doesn’t change that you’re his mate.”

“I know it doesn’t, but he has to accept me for me to become Luna.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry about my brother’s behavior.”

“You don’t have to apologize for him.”

“I know I don’t, but I feel like I should. My brother’s been through a lot. It’ll take time for him to trust you enough to make you his Queen.”

“I don’t know what your brother’s been through, but I don’t think it’s right for him to be cruel to me.”

“You’re right again. I’m asking you to please be patient with him and try to make it work.”

“I have to be. The mate bond makes it impossible for me not to want him. But I don’t want my heart to get broken.”

“He’ll come around.”

“If you say so. Thank you for breakfast.”

“You’re welcome.”

After breakfast with Liam, I walk to the pack house to find Charlotte . Inside I’m greeted with a lot of eyes on me. I try to act like it’s not disturbing, but it is. I wonder why they’re looking at me.

‘It’s because you’re their King’s mate,’ Eva says.

‘Then why are they looking at me with such pity in their eyes?’ I ask. Everyone staring at me looks at me like I’m a lost child who can’t find their way back home. There is a lot of pity in their eyes, and I wonder why.

‘I don’t know.’

‘Do you think they believe the stories they’ve heard about the king being ruthless? And they think he’s hurting us?’

‘I don’t think so. This pack is close to him. If anyone would know the truth, they would. Our mate would never hurt us.’

‘How sure are you?’ I ask.

‘I’m sure because his wolf wants us, but the human keeps fighting it.’

‘I wish he would allow himself to be with us.’

‘Me too,’ Eva says and goes to the back of my head.

I continue looking around for Charlotte, and the moment I set my eyes on her, I'm filled with joy. I can finally leave the packhouse and get away from so many eyes. I quickly walk toward her and pull her with me outside.

"Hello to you too," Charlotte says while I drag her out of the packhouse.

"I'm sure you're wondering why I pulled you out like that. I needed to get out of there."

"Why? Did you see someone who wants to harm you?" Charlotte asks, panicking.

"No. Why are you panicking?"

"You're the King's mate. Your life can be in danger anywhere at any time."

I never thought about the dangers of being the Alpha King's mate. Now that Charlotte's said it, I become worried for myself. I must be extra careful now.

"I know. I pulled you out because everyone was looking at me weird."

"Oh, you noticed."

"Of course, I noticed. Why are they looking at me like that?"

"I don't think you want to know," Charlotte says, and this only makes me more curious.

"Please tell me why."

"Hmm..." Charlotte hesitates, but continues after taking in a deep breath. "They think the King is going to reject you or, worse, kill you."

"What?! Kill me? Why?" I ask, getting scared.

"Because you've been here for three weeks and he hasn't marked you or rejected you. The only option left is to kill you."

"No, just because he hasn't done anything, that doesn't mean killing me is the only option left," I say. But, a tiny part of me knows that death may be where my fate lies. But would Theodore really kill me?

“Yeah, you’re. Killing you isn’t the last option,” Charlotte says. But I suspect she only said it so I won’t be scared.

“So why would everyone think like that?”

“Our king doesn’t have a good reputation. I’m sure you have heard the stories.”

“Yeah, I have. But you guys should know what he’s capable of since you’re the pack closest to him.”

“We do. That’s why we’re worried for you. Ana, don’t think too deep into it.”

“I think it’s too late for that.”

Their worries are terrifying me, and I don’t know what else to think about. I even forgot why I came looking for Charlotte.