

Prisoner To My Mate Chapter 5 - CHAPTER FIVE

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“Stop thinking about it, Ana. You have nothing to worry about. Now, why did you come to look for me?” she asks, and it takes me a minute to remember why.

“I was hoping I could borrow your phone. I need to call my Mom,” I say, remembering the reason I came to look for her.

“Oh, no problem, here,” she says, handing me her phone from her back pocket.

I’m surprised she gave it to me without hesitation. I thought she’d ask why I came to her and not the Alpha. I was worried he might’ve told everyone not to give me access to their phones. I guess he’s not as bright as I thought. If he wanted to isolate me from my old pack, he would’ve told everyone not to give me a phone.

“Thank you,” I say, taking it and quickly dialing Mom’s number. It rings for a few seconds before she answers.

“Hi, Mom, it’s me, Ana. How are you?” I ask.

“My baby girl! Is it really you? How are you? I hope you’re not hurt or injured?”

“I’m okay, Mom. I’m not harmed or injured in any way.”

“Thank God. When are you coming back? Our Alpha said you’re in our Alpha King’s territory. How did you end up there? I hope they’re treating you well?”

“They are treating me well. I was attacked by rogues. The Alpha King saved me and brought me back to his territory. About when I’m coming back, I don’t know. But I’ll ask the Alpha King to allow you to visit me if I can’t visit you.”

“Oh my God! You were attacked by rogues? But you’re fine? And why wouldn’t the Alpha King let you to come back home? Why would I need to come and visit you?”

“Mom, I’m doing fine. I’ve fully recovered from the attack. And about coming home and the Alpha King...” I hesitate because once I say it, I know I’m not going to like her reaction. “He’s my mate”

I hear Mom’s breath catch in her throat. She doesn’t say anything for a good minute before asking me the one question I know she won’t like my answer to.

“Have you rejected him as I told you to?”

Now it’s my turn to pause before I answer.

“No, I haven’t,” I say, waiting for the storm to arrive.

“Why? I told you how important it is for you to reject him.”

“Actually, Mom, you didn’t. You just told me I need to reject him for my own safety. I’ve been here for a month, and nothing’s happened to me, so I don’t see why I have to reject him.”

“You have to reject him. It’s better you don’t know why and just do it.”

“Mom, I can’t. I can’t reject him when you won’t explain why he’s dangerous to me.” I don’t want to fight with her, but I deserve a good explanation of why I should reject him.

“I can’t tell you.”

“Then I won’t do it.”

“Anastasia , I’m your mother and if I tell you to do something, you should do it. I don’t have to explain why to you.”

“Mom, I can’t. I have to go now. The owner of this phone needs it back.” I lie because I don’t want to keep fighting with her.

“We will be continuing this discussion another time. Goodbye, my dear. Take care of yourself. I love you.”

“Bye, Mom. I love you too,” I say and hang up the phone.

“Do you think your mom wants you to reject your mate because of the Alpha King’s reputation?” Charlotte asks.

“No, I doubt that. She’s told me to reject my mate no matter who he is.”

“Oh, I wonder why she wants you to reject your mate,” Charlotte pondered.

“Me too. Can I call someone else?”

“Yes.”

I called Chloe next. Like my Mom, she asked a million questions. The only difference was that Chloe was happy I’d found my mate. She even thought we’d completed the mating process and got sad to find out we haven’t. She misses me terribly as I miss her. I wish Theodore would let me visit her and Mom or let them come and see me.

Later in the day, Charlotte shows me how to work the TV in the living room and puts on a show to watch. We’re watching the Gossip Girl reboot, and it’s incredible. As we’re watching, I feel a burst of anger inside me, and I’m confused. I’m not angry. In fact, I’m happy.

Theodore’s scent drifts through to me, and suddenly a very pissed off Alpha is standing in the living room. Now, I understand where the emotion is coming from. He must be very angry if I can feel his emotion without completing the mating process.

“Charlotte, out,” Theodore barks. Charlotte quickly bows her head and does as he says.

“What’s wrong?” I feel the urge to touch him and help him cool down, but I hold myself back. I have heard of how a mate’s touch can help calm, but I know if I do that, he’ll push me away.

“You know what’s wrong. Didn’t I tell you not to call your mother? Who even gave you the phone?” he asks. I wonder how he found out. I’m relieved Charlotte’s not here because she wouldn’t be able to lie with him using the Alpha tone.

I can't lie to an Alpha either, but this isn't just any Alpha to my wolf. He's our equal. So his Alpha tone doesn't work on me. So I flat out lie.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I say, looking at the ground, avoiding eye contact with him.

"You don't know what I'm talking about?" he says. He's getting angrier by the second.

"Yes, I don't." I can't tell him I used Charlotte's phone to speak to my Mom. That will get her in trouble, and she doesn't deserve that.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't know what I'm talking about," he demands, taking a step closer to me. My heart rate increases with him close. That's not good, it'll give me away. I try to steady my heartbeat, but it's hard with him this close to me. His scent is all around me, and my wolf is dancing with him this close to us.

'Let me out,' Eva says.

'Now is not the time.'

'His wolf is on the surface; let me out. I want to meet my mate.'

'That isn't true,' I tell her.

The second his hand lifts my chin and my eyes lock with his, I know Eva isn't lying. His beautiful blue eyes are replaced with a golden brown pair. But the color of his eyes keeps changing.

His wolf is fighting to take control, but Theodore won't let him. I have heard of how the wolf of an Alpha is the hardest to control. He must be fighting hard to push his wolf back.

"Tell me," he growls in my face.

I give up and tell him the truth. I don't want an Alpha wolf on the loose. He might be our mate, but they can lose control when they're angry enough. Like right now.

"Yes, I spoke to my Mom today, but I don't know whose phone I used. I went into the packhouse, and I stole a phone."

If he can be this angry about me calling my mother, I don't want to think about what he'd do to Charlotte if he found out it was her phone.

"Were you not told not to communicate with anyone from your old pack?"

"Yes. But I needed to speak to my Mom."

"Why don't you ever listen to me?" he asks, stepping closer to me with every word he says, growling in my face. I walk back and stop when my back hits a wall.

I don't know what to say, so I look at the floor and avoid eye contact with him. He uses his hands to massage his temples before he grabs me by my arms. Startled, I lock eyes with him.

"You drive me crazy. Why can't you listen to me? Is it so hard to listen to me?" he asks in rage, shaking my body with every word he says.

Fear slips into my body, his behavior scaring me. I only called my Mom. I don't understand why he's so angry. I'm on the verge of tears. Why is my mate always mad at me? It's so sad that anger is the only emotion I can get from him.

"I'm sorry," I say, tiny teardrops falling from my eyes.

I'm the reason for his anger, so I apologize. When he sees the tears in my eyes, he quickly removes his hands from my arms and wipes away my tears. His hands linger a little longer they need to be on my face, but he pulls away before I can enjoy the feeling of his contact. The second his hands drop, he disappears from my line of vision. I fall to the ground and start crying. Why does every conversation with my mate end with me in tears? I don't know why we can't be like normal mates and make each other smile any time we see each other. I crave into a ball on the ground and cry for my doomed fate.