

Prisoner To My Mate Chapter 6 - CHAPTER SIX

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It's been a few days since my breakdown, and I haven't seen Theodore since. I'm grateful because I end up crying every time we see each other. But I also miss him. The mate bond isn't helping because while I'm trying to avoid him, the bond makes me want to be with him.

I'm in the kitchen making breakfast when Charlotte walks in.

"Good morning, Luna," she says, taking a seat on one of the kitchen stools.

"I'm not your Luna. But good morning to you too," I say with a soft smile. I'm happy she's here after the way Theo kicked her out. I was worried she wouldn't want to spend time with me anymore.

"How are you feeling today?" Charlotte asks while I serve her a plate of scrambled eggs. If she's here during breakfast time, that means she hasn't eaten.

"I'm doing okay; why do you ask?"

"Thank you, and the Beta's house isn't too far away from here. I could hear you crying last night," Charlotte says, with pity in her eyes while she eats her breakfast.

"Oh, I'm fine, you don't have to look at me like that," I say, walking back to the stove to make eggs for myself.

"How am I looking at you? And I'm happy you feel better today."

"You're looking at me with a lot of pity in your eyes."

"I'm sorry, I can't help it."

"It's fine. Why don't we talk about something else."

"Do you have any plans for today?"

"No, I don't."

“Great, do you want to come with me to the mall? I want to buy an anniversary gift for Dan.”

“I’d love to! I didn’t know you guys are married” A lot of werewolves don’t get married, but some do. It’s not a necessary thing because once a werewolf bears a mark on their neck, it’s like a human wearing a wedding ring—everyone knows you’re taken.

“No, we’re not. It’s our mate anniversary.”

“Mate anniversary? I’ve never heard of that before.”

“It’s something we made up ourselves. Our mate anniversary is the day we met and completed the bond. Since completing the bond is like getting married, we decided to celebrate it every year,” she says, smiling while looking lost in her thoughts. I’m sure she’s remembering the day she met Dan, and from her smile, I can tell it was a happy day.

I wish I could have that. But the day I met my mate I almost died. Then, when I woke up, he barely spoke to me.

“That’s so lovely,” I say, smiling,

“Yeah,” she says, still lost in her thoughts.

Later in the day, Charlotte and I head to the mall in the city. We’re in a wristwatch shop, trying to find the best one for Dan. I don’t know much about wristwatches, nor does Charlotte, so you can imagine how things are going.

“How about this one,” I say, pointing to a silver wristwatch. It’s a steel strap watch.

“I don’t like it.”

“What’s his favorite color?” I ask, so we can narrow the search.

“Blue.”

“He’ll like this one then,” I show her a three-hand, blue silicone watch.

“Nah,” Charlotte says, refusing my suggestion again.

“I give up,” I say, throwing my hands in the air. This is the fifth one I’ve shown her since we entered the Armani shop. They have the best wristwatches I’ve seen so far.

“Sorry, I’m being picky. I just want to make sure the one I get for him is the best.”

“I understand.”

“Thank you. What do you think about this one?” she asks, pointing to a brown leather Meccanico wristwatch.

“I like it. It’d look nice on Dan,” I tell her honestly.

“I thought as much. I’ll get this one. You should get one for our Alpha King. You could get it for him as his birthday present.”

“Birthday present? When’s his birthday?” I ask, surprised I didn’t know my mate’s birthday was close. Then again, it’s not like I know anything about him, so I shouldn’t beat myself up about it. I had to have someone else tell me his name. I feel like a woman forced to marry a man who hates her.

“It’s in two weeks. I’m not surprised you don’t know, but you should get him something. Maybe it’ll make him see that you care about him”

“I wouldn’t say I care about him. We’re mates, so I have to want to be with him,” I tell her honestly. I might want to be with Theo, but I won’t say I care about him.

I don’t even know if I like him without the mate bond being there. Our relationship is so messed up that I can’t get to know him and see if I like him. The mate bond compels you want your mate, but it doesn’t make you fall in love with them. The attraction will be there, but it can’t make the feelings.

“I know, but it won’t hurt, will it?”

“It wouldn’t hurt, but I don’t have any money to buy him anything.”

“Don’t worry about that. We’ll buy something now and once the Alpha starts giving you money, you can pay me back.”

“Really?” I ask, a little surprised by her generosity. She doesn’t know me that well but is willing to lend me money.

“Sure! Now come on, let’s look for something the Alpha might like,” she says, linking my arm with hers to walk around the shop.

“Thank you,” I say, smiling.

“Anything for my Luna,” she says, smiling back.

I can’t stop smiling as I admire the dress I bought at the mall with Charlotte . It’s a black long fitted crepe dress featuring a structured bow and handmade crystal embroidery on the side. I got a dinner dress because there will be a big dinner ball for Theo ’s birthday. I’m not surprised since he’s the king; I’m sure he celebrates his birthday like this every year. He’s going to be twenty-five years old.

He became king at a very young age, taking over the throne when he turned eighteen. His uncle helped him run the werewolf kingdom till he was old enough to take over. His parents died years ago. His father died protecting his mother from a vampire, and his Mom died giving birth to Liam. This was only a few months after Theo ’s dad’s death. Charlotte believes she died during childbirth because the death of her mate was too much for her to bear.

Theo grew up without his parents. His uncle, who helped him run the werewolf kingdom while growing up, moved away once Theo took over. Charlotte told me all of this history as we shopped earlier today.

I stand from my bed to hang my dress in my closet when a knock comes at the door. I drop the dress back on the bed and walk over to the door to see who it is; maybe it’s Charlotte . I open the door, and I’m surprised to see Theo . He’s the last person I’d ever expect to see.

“Where did you go to today?” Theo asks once I open the door.

“Hello to you too,” I say and give him enough space to enter.

“I asked you, where did you go to during the day?” he demands, walking into my room like he owns the place. Actually, he does own it, but still.

“I went to the mall with Charlotte .”

“Why didn’t you ask my permission before you left?”

“Your permission? I didn’t know I needed your permission to go out.”

“You should always ask for my permission before you go out.”

“I don’t think I need your permission before I go out. I’m not your prisoner.”

“Yes, you’re not my prisoner. You’re my mate,” he says and walks closer to me. “The next time you leave this house without my permission, I’ll make sure you never see outside this house again. Always ask me before you step your foot out of house. Are we clear?” His breath fans my face with his last words.

He’s so close to me that I can see his beautiful, long eyelashes as he stares at me; he’s so handsome. I feel my hands itching to run through my fingers in his hair. It’s disheveled and looks like he must’ve run his hands through it a lot today. I’m guessing work was stressful. It’s expected; he’s the Alpha King. The job can’t be easy. I wish I could do something to help him.

“Stop admiring me and answer,” his voice booms loud in my ears.

“Yes, we are,” I say, even though I know he’s wrong to make such decisions about my life. I also know it’s pointless arguing with him.

I got so lost admiring him that I forgot what we were talking about for a moment and basked in the beauty of my mate. I forgot how unreasonable he is about me needing his permission before I can go out. Sometimes I wonder if he does these things because he cares about me or just wants to make my life a living hell.