

## Prisoner To My Mate Chapter 8 - CHAPTER EIGHT -

### C8 CHAPTER EIGHT

Werewolves can get drunk if their wolf allows it. Eva understands why I need to get drunk tonight, so she isn't preventing me. Technically, I'm not supposed to be drinking because I'm only eighteen, but since I'm a werewolf, it's different. If I were only a human, I wouldn't be allowed to drink until I was twenty-one.

"Thank you," I say to the Omega who just gave me another glass of wine. She's made sure my hand wasn't empty all night. I even know her name because of it. I think it's Lily. I'm starting to get drunk after about five glasses of wine.

I feel like annoying my mate, so I decide to go look for Liam so we can dance together.

"Liam, Liam, Liam," I shout his name as I look for him in the ballroom.

I'm about to shout his name again when someone stops me.

"Why are you shouting my brother's name?" Theo demands, covering my mouth with his large hand. I lick his hand. I don't know why, but I'm thrilled at his response. "Eww, why did you do that? Are you drunk?" he asks as he takes a sniff of his hand and my mouth.

"Yes, I'm drunk. Where is Liam? I don't want you," I say, attempting to push him away from me, but my limbs fail me.

"Why are you looking for him?" he asks, annoyed.

"I want to dance with him," I tell him smiling.

"Why are you smiling? I told you not to dance with my brother again," he says, gritting his teeth while talking. He isn't happy I want to dance with Liam, but I couldn't care less right now, and I'm sure the alcohol has something to do with that.

"I want to dance with him because he's fun; you're no fun. So, find me Liam."

“You’re not dancing with Liam. You’re going home. You’re drunk,” he says, grabbing my hand to pull me with him. I quickly remove my hand from his grasp.

“I don’t want to leave; I want to dance,” I tell him and start dancing alone.

“You’re drunk, and you need to go home. Let’s go,” he says, and tries to grab my hand again, but I don’t let him. I try to run away, but he grabs me by the waist.

My heart rate speeds up as his scent fills my nose, and the warmth of his body presses into my skin. My back is facing his front, and I can feel his breath fan my neck with every breath. I don’t think I’m the only one our proximity is making uncomfortable because his arm around my waist loosens, and I take a step away from him.

I suddenly start feeling hot, so I decided to take off my clothes.

“Do you feel hot? I feel hot. I need to take off my clothes.” Being close to him makes me hot. I try to unzip my dress, but I find it too hard to reach my zipper. So I turn my back and ask Theo to help me. “Please help me,” I say, with my back facing him.

“Are you mad? Why would you want to remove your dress here?” he shouts and spins me around to face him.

“I’m hot,” I whine.

“You’re drunk, not hot, and let’s go.”

“No,” I say, stomping my feet like a little girl.

“You leave me no choice then,” he says.

He lifts me off the ground and throws me across his shoulder like I weigh nothing. Everyone in the ballroom turns and faces us, shock written all over their faces as Theo walks us out of the ballroom. Thank God I’m drunk right now because I can’t imagine how I’d feel if I was more lucid and facing the crowd.

“Put me down, Theo,” I say, hitting his back in an attempt to hurt him. But it’s like I’m a child trying to punch a rock.

“No! Stop hitting me!”

“I won’t so what are you going to do about it?”

“Hit me one more time, and I’ll spank you.”

“Spank me!” I exclaim, shocked.

“Yes, spank you. If you think I’m joking, try it.”

I must’ve had some good alcohol in me because as he dares me, I do it. I wouldn’t have done it if I wasn’t drunk. I use all the strength I can muster and hit his back, but regret it immediately when I feel a sting on my left butt cheek.

“You hit me!” I say. Something shocks me—a pleasurable wave passes through my body before his hand leaves my ass. Oh my! What just happened? Why did my body react that way? Does that mean I like being spanked or is it because we’re mates?

“Yes, and if you hit me again, I’ll spank you again,” he says.

I wonder if Theo ’s into those BDSM things I read about? It would explain why he likes controlling my life even if he doesn’t want me. He must be a dominant, or I might be overthinking like I always do. While draped across his shoulder, I start to feel sleepy, despite my discomfort. I decide to close my eyes and rest them a little.

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The following morning, I wake up in the same clothes I wore last night. I walk to the bathroom to freshen up before going downstairs for breakfast. I’m so happy I’m a werewolf. If I were just human, with the amount of wine I drank yesterday, I’m sure I would’ve woken up with a terrible hangover.

I walk downstairs to find something to eat. I’m starving. I barely ate anything during dinner last night. When I walk into the kitchen, the first thing I do is find all the ingredients for pancakes. While I’m mixing the pancake batter, Charlotte walks in.

“Good morning, Luna,” Charlotte says, taking her seat on the kitchen stool.

“Morning Charlotte . I’m starting to think you come over for my breakfast.”

“This is only the second time. Don’t worry, I’ve already eaten breakfast.”

“I was just kidding. I don’t mind you coming over for breakfast.”

“I know. How are you doing?”

“I’m okay, and you?”

“I’m good. How bad was it?”

“How bad was what?” I ask, confused as to what she is talking about.

“How bad did the Alpha scold you?”

“Why would he scold me?”

“You don’t remember.”

“Remember what”

“Your wolf must have blocked you from remembering. Don’t worry, I’ll tell you everything,” Charlotte says, smiling, and begins filling me in on what happened last night.

Since humans tend to forget what happens when they’re drunk, our wolves don’t get drunk. They maintain full memory of what you did. Our wolves can choose to share our memories with us or not.

“I can’t believe I did all that. How am I going to face those people ever again?” I facepalm myself.

“Don’t beat yourself up about it. I’m sure everyone in that ballroom last night found it funny how a little she-wolf was brave enough to argue with our Alpha King.”

“You really think so?” I ask, praying she’s right.

“Yeah, I do. Almost everyone was holding back their laughter watching you guys act like a fighting cat and dog.”

“Was it that bad?”

“You told the King to his face that he isn’t fun,” Charlotte says, giggling.

“He’s going to kill me when he sees me today.”

“He might, but at least you stood up for yourself yesterday.”

“Yeah, and almost got naked in front of several unmated wolves.”

“Don’t worry, the most he can do is shout. Our King would never lay his hands on you.”

“Yeah,” I say. But I know that’s not true when Eva fills me in on what happened after we left the ballroom. I remember how he spanked my ass because I pounded on his back.

I’m scared that if he’s into BDSM, and it’s like what I’ve read in books, he’ll want to punish me. I’ve read how those punishments can be, and I would never want that to happen. I hope he spanked me to make me stop hitting his back and for no other reason.