

The Prince's Unwilling mate by Mutya Chapter 9

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The last week of staying with the Bloodmoon pack has been weird. Even after my parents stopped forcing me to rest. They hardly let me go out alone. On one hand, I appreciated what they were doing. On the other hand, it showed just how helpless and useless I am. Seeing as that was the reason to get rejected it still stung a bit. Now it was 2 AM and Theo, James, Jessa Silver, Kate, Tim and I were heading to the airport. Dad was adamant about bringing us. He said it would be stupid to pay a lot for airport parking when he could drive us. Admitting he would like to see of his little girls too. The Silver of course are aware of the fact that neither of us is going back.

Jessa is sad to see me go but she understands why I have to. Unlike David she is a real friend and she supports my decision even if it makes her sad.

“Cheer up Buttercup, we’re visiting the White Oak pack first. So who knows maybe you will find your mate there.” Jessa’s Dad James jokes. I would love for Jessa to find a mate in the White Oak pack. The chances of that happening are slim though. Still, it is a nice thing to daydream about. Living in the same pack as Jessa for the rest of our lives would be the dream. For now, I am just happy to see the rest of my family again. I asked my parents not to tell them about the beatings. They need to know since I am not officially moving into their pack. I just wanted to be the one to tell them. Maybe just tell them Alpha Phillip did not give permission. But that the teasing and seeing my former mate every day was too painful for me. The only problem with that was it meant lying to my family and I would hate to. For now, I have a 5-hour flight ahead of me to think about it. Since we would stay a night at the White Oak pack before going on one one-day road trip to the Crescent Moon pack.

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After Dad kept hugging us, over and over again he made Tim promise him he would take good care of Kate. Tim guaranteed

Dad he would. He said he would see them soon as they would be at the housewarming after Tim and Kate found their own place

within the Crescent Moon pack. Once we boarded the plane Tim's smile faded and he was plucking on some invisible piece of fluff

on the armrest of his chair. Kate was fast asleep as he always was on the flight to the White Oak pack.

"Are you scared of flying Tim" I whisper.

In the past few days, I got to know Tim a lot better and he was a good guy. Who adored my sister, which made me love him

more. So I wanted to comfort him now.

"No, I've flown before. It's just even among people like us your family is known for being close-knit"

He had to be careful not to give away too much in a plane surrounded by humans. Even like this, I knew what he was telling me.

He wanted to make an impression on my Grandparents, Uncles, Aunts, and cousins. Not to mention all the friends that felt like

family. Grandma had requested for us to stop by the White Oak pack

before. No doubt because she was excited to meet Kate's

mate. For the first years of her life, she lived as a human, and meeting Grandpa saved her in more ways than one. Or that is

what she will always tell us. Even now years later she loves newly mated couples. All her grandchildren knew that she would

want to see our mates as soon as possible. Their mates, because my mate didn't want me, trying not to get lost in those

negative thoughts again I turned to Tim once more.

"Don't worry they will all love you, Grandma is just a hopeless romantic who wants to see all her grandchildren-in-law as soon as

possible.

Tim visibly relaxes, looking at Kate with a tender gaze. I hate this still

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gets to me. I really am over David. I would not as much as see him as even an acquaintance after he begged me for forgiveness.

Mom told me she thinks I didn't take enough time to mourn the loss of a mate. I disagree I didn't lose my mate he rejected me.

Sure I had to say goodbye to an idea, a dream I had since I was a little girl. But I had to let more dreams go like the one to be a famous author. Being a werewolf means I can never be famous. It would be too risky. Not wanting to think about all of this any longer I pulled out my earbuds and a book.

Tim was surprised I spent the whole flight reading, he was still talking about that when we walked into the arrival hall.

"You're a part of the family now, so better get used to the fact that this one lives in her books"

That voice I would recognize everywhere. I whirled around to find my grandparents smiling at us. Like we had done ever since I could walk I ran over to him. He opened his arms catching me as I jumped up spinning me around. Humans would always look at us funny. Grandpa may be seventy-five werewolves age differently, to most humans he must look a little over forty. We never cared, it was the only time we weren't extra cautious. Grandma was hugging Kate, and the second my feet hit the floor again she pulled me in for a hug. While Grandpa hugged Kate, they both gave Tim a warm welcome, as they did the Silver whom they already knew from visits to the BloodMoon pack.

"Come on let's go home, Aunt Katrina has made preparations for a family lunch. Just us, because there is a lot we need to talk about" Her strict look made me decide to be honest with them.

They clearly knew something was up, so lying to them had no use. In fact, it would make things worse.

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"And you know I couldn't stop them from hosting a party for the whole pack. Uncle Cedric made sure it was something lowkey.

No need to dress up" Grandma finished squeezing my hand.

In the end, everything would be okay. Sure my family would be pissed off with Alpha Phillip, David, and Hannah. But they would stick to the plan and the pack loved me. And I loved them not just my

family, no every member of the White Oak pack. Although they all felt like a family by now.

The day at the White Oak Pack, my pack had flown by. As did the three days I spent at the Crescent Moon pack. They were very warm and welcoming not just of Kate but of the rest of us too. It might have been a good pack but I could tell it was a good pack.

Warm and loving Kate would thrive here as one of the pack's best warriors. Now I was headed up to Grandma and Grandpa's cottage. Ever the romantic Grandma hadn't given up the idea of me finding true love. She mind-linked me that she wanted to talk about the royal ball before dinner. She probably was upset I didn't get a special dress. Like Dad told me to, I had bought some new clothes one of them being a simple black dress. One you could wear to most occasions, including a royal ball. Grandmother had clearly not agreed with the last notion. When I knock it is Grandpa who opens the door telling me to just go upstairs to their bedroom.

When I do I find Grandma there with a beautiful gold dress on a mannequin. I've seen the dress in pictures and it is the dress she wore when Grandpa introduced her as his Luna to the rest of the pack. Officially that is as she had been living with the pack for some time by then.

"You're roughly the same size as I am. So I want you to have this dress. You're hiding yourself in that black thing." She says her face twisting in disgust like it's the worst dress anyone has ever worn.

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I want to tell her I am hiding because I know the Prince will never choose the runt of the pack as his mate. Raising her hand Grandma hushes me before I even start talking.

"If not to find a mate, then to show the other she-wolves especially those of your old pack. You are a queen in your own rights.

And I would love to see this dress get used one last time. So what do you say" She asks me with what I can only describe as puppydog eyes.

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The Silver's and I reach the royal guest house. They had it built specifically for events like this. Events where so many wolves had to attend one of the royal parties that they needed too many guestrooms. The guest house had its own staff, it was common for all the guests to share meals like we would in a pack. It was natural for us werewolves to drift to each other. We're pack creatures after all. For me, it meant a few more meals with Hannah and her friends. As long as I made sure I never was alone though it would stay limited to her nasty remarks and I could handle those. Honestly, I was more worried about wearing Grandma's dress to the ball. She had to have it altered but that mainly was shortening it. She was right it fitted me perfectly perfectly fitting the few curves I have and revealing far more skin than my little black dress would have, even if it still were very decent. It just wasn't a dress meant to fade into the crowd. No doubt on purpose, Grandma knew I would try my hardest not to stand out. Just like she knew I would never be able to refuse her puppy-dog eyes. I take a picture and I send it to her before pocketing my phone in my pretty and impractical handbag. James Silver escorts me to the ballroom as his mate and husband escorts Jessa to the ballroom. There must be over a hundred she-wolves here. How is the Crown Prince supposed to choose between all of us? There is no way he is going to be able to see all of us let alone speak with us. One of the many reasons I do not want a chosen mate. Look at the Prince now he is supposed to announce his chosen mate today. Out of all the she-wolves here but as of yet he doesn't know any of us personally. He doesn't even know why we do not have a mate yet. What if he steals another wolf's mate? Or what if he likes Hannah, would he know she killed her first mate by rejecting him because she is a power-hungry hus sy?

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Just as I am about to turn to Jessa to ask her if she knows if we have to disclose why we don't have a mate yet I see her face

twist into something. Confusion followed by happiness Following her gaze I see she is staring at the guy who stopped Hannah and her minions from attacking me. He is standing next to the Prince and seems to be a high- ranking wolf. At first, that makes

me chuckle. Hannah will be so embarrassed knowing she has shown her true colors to someone close to the royal family.

Someone who seems to be high-ranking. Jessa looks smitten, the face of the wolf who found her mate but I remember that wolf Dylan or something tells me he is happily mated.

Suddenly the man on the other side of the prince walks up to us in big strides. I breathe a sigh of relief. This made far more sense the mark on Dylan's name was beautiful and intricate indicating it wasn't a chosen mate but a fated mate. Maybe I am just too worried, now that I lost the absolute fate of fated mates instantly loving each other.

"Hi my name is Gerald, and you're my mate wow you're breathtaking I mean, I am sure you are kind too but euhm"

Theo giggles and it is obvious that this Gerald guy is a nervous wreck. Jessa introduces herself and she isn't nervous but she seems just as awestruck. Turns out that Gerald will be the Crown Prince's Gemma. He now works as an assistant to the Crown Prince as he has more work than a regular Alpha to be like David has.

"Does that mean that guy Dylan is working directly for the Crown Prince too?" I ask hoping to find out just how bad Hannah messed up.

"Dylan? You mean Dillion the one next to Prince Griffin" Gerald asks me never taking his eyes off Jessa.

And when I look up to see if I indeed meant Dillion it happens. I am hit by a smell that is even better than the smell when I found out David was my mate. I smell cedarwood, cin na mon, and citrus. To my absolute horror, it is the Crown Prince himself who smells like that.

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Willow is going crazy howling out for our mate. But it can not be, we found our mate he rejected us, humiliated us. My fated mate

didn't pass away so it is not like I am getting a second chance mate. Everything that happens next seems to be happening in slow motion.

The Prince points to me with an unreadable expression, Dillion whispers in his ears motioning in the general direction where Hannah is standing. He recognized me, and he must have told him that I was rejected. My heart is pounding, blood rushing so hard that I cannot hear what the others are telling me. Only one thing is going through my mind right now. I am going to be rejected for a second time. Because the Moon Goddess does make mistakes and with me, she keeps messing up. I wonder if it hurts just as bad when you get rejected a second time. Even if it is not truly my fated mate, because that cannot be. I had one but he gave up on me. He gave up on the girl unworthy to be a Luna let alone the Luna of all Luna's.

Attracting everyone's attention the Prince strides over to me. With even more purpose in his steps than Gerald had in his. Even the King and Queen are looking up to see what is happening. From a distance, I hear Jessa say something about our wish coming through. Her voice is far away and I don't really understand what she is talking about now. I just don't want the humiliation of being rejected out in public again. With nothing else to do I start running. Running like my life depends on it. Running as fast as these idiotic heels can carry me. Guards are about to close in on me, to stop me from running away. Panic

settles into my chest. There is no way I can outrun the entire royal army. There are even some attendants that start to make their way to me. No doubt trying to get into the Prince's good book.

"Let her go. Nob*dy stóp her, Nob*dy touch her" A deep voice booms through the ballroom.

The voice itself is soothing, but the words that are signalling he doesn't mind me running. The words that prove he doesn't want to meet me as

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his mate. Hurt me, like a stab to the heart but even with this pain I cannot stop running. There is no way I can keep outrunning

him, I know that. My plan is to run to the beautiful fountain I saw on the royal grounds. At least this will give us some privacy.

That way I won't get rejected in public again. Even if it will be big news amongst werewolves.

Poor Crown Prince Griffin, first his fated mate dies when he is only one year old. And then he mistakenly gets bound to a useless she-wolf. Making him believe he had to reject his second chance mate who was the runt of the pack. This time it isn't real, because I won't have a second chance mate not as long as David is still alive.

"Please stop, I just want to talk" The same booming voice calls after me.

"Don't look so excited Ayla. I just want to talk first" Those words, "I just want to talk" Were the exact same words David used to reject me. We are still far too close to the castle with everyone walking outside to get a good view of what was happening. Jessa tries to calm me down and tries to get me to stop throughout our mindlink. If I wasn't this winded from being panicked and running around in high heels I would have reassured her about where I was going. Now all I can do is focus on the fountain that is getting closer and closer with every step I take.

Finally, I reach it, putting one hand on my chest to stop it from beating so wildly. I am impressed it isn't long before Prince Griffin catches up to me. I am one of the best runners out there if not the best. So for him to be able to keep up with me is fairly impressive.

"You're my second chance mate. Dillion recognized you so I know who you are. Why the hell did you run away did you not realize what I am to you"

Focussing on what, he is saying is hard now that the scent of cedarwood, cinn mon, and citrus is overwhelming me. Not that it

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