

Unwilling 21

Chapter 21

“I truly hope things work out between the two of you. Don’t give up on my sister okay? She is stubborn as hell and has been through a lot the last few years” Daniel told me as he helped me load my bag and some boxes into the plane.

Today I would be going home to the castle, after listening to her family and friends I would not wait for her at the White Oak pack. She had to deal with a lot of stuff right now. And while I wasn’t about to admit defeat lying down. I was not going to make her feel uncomfortable. In two weeks’ time, I would travel down to her to give her the boxes of books Jay and Tessie told me to pack, stating she would miss her books the most. Of course, I was happy to do something that should give her some comfort in the coming weeks.

Jessa was flying back with us, in the past two days she and Gerald had completed the mating process.

And I hated feeling jealous of the beautiful intricate mark that decorated Gerald’s collarbone now.

Without thinking about it my fingers brushed my empty collarbone again. Like I had done so often for the past two days. With everything I had learned about Ayla even without actually talking to her, I was

getting more and more impressed by her. Making it harder to think about the possibility of her rejecting me and settling with my chosen mate. Everything had left me a little nervous about going home and facing my parents again.

I had been worrying about nothing. The minute I set foot on packground, a servant came running up to me. Telling me my parents wanted to see me right away. My stomach twisted in knots. I was willing and ready to fight them if all the trouble Ayla was in would cause them to come back on their decision to support me in trying to convince her to accept me as her mate. When I walked in they both sat behind Father's desk with wide smiles on their faces. Scaring me into thinking they were proud of hand-selecting a chosen mate for me.

"Sit down, son we just wanted to go over this whole business with your mate," Dad said.

The fact that he still referred to her as my mate was the first reassurance. And when they told me they were proud of me both for keeping my cool for as much as I did and because I was not willing to give up on what I believed in so easily. I felt myself slowly relax. Sure we needed to come up with a plan on what to communicate when the people of our pack would see I was traveling a lot more than I used to.

We also needed to come up with a plan for how to deal with the Blood Moon situation.

“I have a plan for the latter matter, but one that I cannot execute without having spoken to my beautiful mate first,” I told them

Mom softly smiled at me as they agreed with me. I never thought about it but she was Luna, dad had been the Crown Prince just as I was. She was an omega when he met her. So she could relate to Ayla.

She knew what it was to think you were not good enough and then end up being the Luna of all Luna's.

The next time I would see Ayla I would tell her that. Tell her my Dad would never take someone's

physical appearance or rank into account. Since he himself mated an omega. For now, we agreed I

would keep focussing on my work and my training to take over as a king. We would just say visits to

other packs to strengthen our political connections were part of the training. Giving me an excuse to

travel as lot as I had to. Even if I hoped it wouldn't be long before Ayla agreed to at least come and live

on the SilverMoon packground. Preferably in my chambers with me, but I kept telling myself I should

take it easy. And accept we would probably move slower than most mates did.

Today was the day when I finally got to see Ayla again. The day after I arrived home Jay had texted me

Ayla was now officially accepted as a member of the WhiteOak pack. So there was no longer a threat of her becoming a rogue. Which had been wildly reassuring, as was working in my office surrounded by six boxes full of books. On some days, I had caught myself daydreaming about turning one of the walls into custom-made bookshelves. Reading didn't really appeal to me that much. But if my mate loved it as much as she seemed to, if she had as many books as she had I would be honored to give up most of my room to store her books. Jessa had told me she had always wanted one of those huge bookshelves with a rolling ladder attached to it. I had gone as far as to google some bookshelves, and I asked one of the pack's carpenters if making bookshelves like that would be doable. Acting like Jessa was the one who loved to read. Not only did he tell me it was very much doable. He seemed excited at the prospect of such a huge project. Mom had warned me not to go ahead with it just yet. It could give off the wrong idea to Ayla, and if she ended up not accepting me the bookshelves would be a constant reminder of what I lost. Deep down I knew she was right but I couldn't help myself wanting to do something for my mate.

I was still mulling all of this over when Dillion and I were packing the boxes into the trunk of my SUV. I would not fly to the WhiteOak pack it was only a four-hour drive. Making flying there a bit excessive. It

would draw more attention. And most of all it felt good to know my wonderful mate was close enough I could just drive up there. During the entire drive there my stomach was in knots and I kept over what I was going to tell her over and over again. But first I would need to speak with the WhiteOak's Alpha.

Her Uncle Cedric Hemming, I told myself I would never go as bad as it did with her former Alpha, still it was a daunting thing to do.

I arrived at the pack and I immediately noticed this pack was far more lively. It bustled with life just like the Blood Moon pack had been. Now however I could hear laughter and kids playing. People stopping to chat with each other saying goodbye with hugs. The guards who watched the pack's entry had offered to walk me to the Alpha. It never felt like they were guarding me or keeping an eye out. In fact, you could see the pride radiate of the guard as he pointed out some of the shops telling me a little about it. About his pack, even the packhouse seemed to be warmer, more homely right away.

Alpha Cedric greeted me with a broad smile and a warm handshake. He was dressed in jeans and a knit sweater. Nothing to fancy and he didn't even seem to be bothered by it. He did mindlink someone, apologizing and explaining he asked his mate to come on over. Soon his mate and son joined. Just like

Alpha Cedric, they were dressed casually. Even the atmosphere was different with the three of them around.

“Let’s go and talk in my office instead of standing here in the hallway,” Alpha Cedric tells me before leading me to a spacious homely- decorated office.

“It’s good to meet you again Crown Prince Griffin, it has been a while, and from what I understood things have changed a lot,” Cedric tells me still smiling brightly as he sits down.

Things feel almost too good to be true, and then I realize Ayla isn’t here. I get that I came over unexpectedly so she couldn’t have been here waiting for me. But when he mindlinked his mate he could have mindlink Ayla too. So there is an issue why he didn’t call her over, or he did, and for whatever reason she had decided not to come to me regardless. Dread settled in as I focussed back on the wolves on the opposite side of the desk. He picked up on my worries and started to explain why we were all sitting in his office without Ayla. What he told me made me feel hopeless, it had me questioning if it was worth it to keep trying for this girl. The thing is now that I’ve met her I don’t think I will be able to let her go that easily.