

Unwilling 22

Chapter 22

“Ayla, sweetheart Griffin is here to see you” Uncle Cedric mindlinked

me.

I rolled my eyes before telling him I knew what he wanted and that I was not interested. Uncle Cedric

knew better than to argue with me. A part of me felt bad that Crown Prince Griffin had traveled all the

way here for nothing. Especially after my talk with Lina. She told me that the only wolves who weren't

eligible for the second chance mates were those who had hurt their first mate. Either by a rejection on

shallow grounds, like me not being large enough to be a Luna. Or by physical hurt, or wolves that got

rejected because their mate was left with no other option. Like a wolf who had cheated before the

mating process was completed. Or a wolf that had murdered innocent wolves or humans before. I

didn't quite know what to feel about that. Sure it was nice to know the Moon Goddess really saw me as

someone capable of being a Luna. Only she paired me with two mates who clearly

disagreed with her. Being rejected for a second time after the physical trauma my b*dy had been

through in the past year would most likely be the end of me.

And I was far too headstrong, I had far too much self-worth to be the side piece. Even more to be the side piece of my fated mate, because his parents deemed me unworthy. Not wanting to put Crown Prince Griffin through the same pain as I had my only option was to avoid him. Hoping that the matebound didn't have enough time to fully develop so with time, his being with someone else wouldn't hurt as much.

"Are you sure you don't want to at least hear him out, honey?" Grandpa asked me.

Just as I was about to answer him there was a knock on the door. The smell of cedarwood, cinnamon, and citrus reveals it is Crown Prince Griffin who is at the door. I want to ask my grandparents to lie and tell him I am not home. He would smell I was though, and I love my grandparents but they would meddle and tell him exactly where I am. Just as Uncle Cedric did. Very reluctantly I go to open the door, and the words "What are you doing here?" Die on my lips I can't see his face. He is hidden behind a pile of tree boxes he is carrying. That wouldn't bother me if wasn't for the words "Ayla's books" written in my mother's swirly handwriting on them.

"Hey Ayla, can I come in and set these down this is a little awkward" Griffin's words pull me back to the present.

F u ck, how can I be rude and refuse him entrance now? Taking the top box of the stack so he can see something. I nod and step aside so he can come in. He takes a deepbreath before he does. After placing the boxes on the floor next to the stairs he greets my grandpa and grandma. Telling them to just call him Griffin as he hopes they will become his family. They both seem so pleased with this, he impressed them with his charms. To make matters worse Grandpa informed Griffin he could make himself at home here. As he and Grandma had an errand to run. Grinning from ear to ear. When I knew for a fact they didn't have any errands to run. He just wanted to give us some privacy, privacy I didn't want.

"I have a friend who bakes the best cookies in the world, her red velvet cookies helped me win her grandma over. Ayla's favorites are

Snickerdoodle cookies though" He whispered just loud enough for me to overhear.

Why was my entire family obsessed with me giving this man a chance? The door shut behind him and the tension between me and our Crown Prince was palpable.

"Before we continue, I have a letter here from my father, an apology about what you overheard. Please

read it so you can decide if you want to talk to me after”

He makes his way to the kitchen in what I figure is his way of giving me privacy. I stare at the envelope in my hand. It has the royal seal stamped in the wax. Whatever the king wants to tell me with this letter.

He wanted to be very sure I was aware it was an official letter. Sighing I open the letter, it’s not like you can ignore a royal letter addressed to you.

“To my hopefully soon-to-be daughter-in-law,

I am incredibly sorry for what you overheard, first of I should have never shouted at my son. Especially not since I wanted him to rush to announce the next Queen.

Believe you me his mother my wonderful mate chewed me out for it. She once was an omega by the way. It didn’t matter to me from the very second I laid my eyes on her I was smitten and I would have moved heaven and earth to be with her. For that reason alone I would never tell my son his fated mate wasn’t good enough. Not to mention the Hemming name is well known amongst wolves. I know of your human ancestor as I do about the bravery that led to her untimely demise.

As to what you overheard my dear son say. After being severely chewed out by my mate. And rightfully so I told him if in six months’ time you would still not accept Griffin as your mate. He would have to find

a chosen mate. He agreed because he couldn't wait to get ready to find you and see if he could

introduce us.

I do hope you will accept my apology and not hold Griffin accountable for my actions. This letter is also

a standing invitation to join my family for dinner. Not a fancy royal affair though. Just two parents

getting to meet their new daughter, we Taylor men are quite the cooks

I would have you know.

All best.

Roderick”

I had to read the letter twice, I wish it didn't but I felt a spark of hope. When I read the king brag about

his and his son's cooking skills I finally noticed the scent of cin nam on had changed. It had been about

twenty minutes since he walked into the kitchen. Just as I was about to call him he came walking into

the living room. He had a bit of flour on his cheek, if I didn't know better I would have said he was

baking cookies. But who would do such a thing in the home of two wolves you just met?

“So have you read it?” He asked almost painfully shy.

I nodded unsure of what to say at this point. Until he tried to tell me his mom was an omega before she mated with his father. I stopped him pointing out that I already knew, and that I wanted to know why he was here

“To beg for another chance, I know you were about to give me one. So what can I do to make up for messing up so much?” He said, voice still unsure but he looked me straight in the eyes as he told me why he was here.

“How dare you come here to ask me for another chance when you have not respected my wishes one bit. At the ball, I tried to get away from you and you chased after me. Your father might accept any wolf as your mate but he still wants to rush me. So what I overheard would have put me off either way. Hence why I left you a letter I would not accept you as your mate, Asking you to leave me alone, so you traveled to the BloodMoon pack and now you came here? What can I do to make you leave me alone” I told him although at the end of my little speech, I was just screaming at him.

“I won’t give up on us Ayla, I still truly believe with everything I have the Moon Goddess blessed me with you as my mate. So I won’t stop trying to prove to you I can be the best mate you ever seen. Up until the very second you reject me.” He told me, his royal aura, his Alpha aura surrounding me.

He was no longer insecure like he meant everything he told me with every fibre of his being. Sadly I

meant everything I said too and I was not ready to accept him as my mate. His pushing has left me with

only one option, and as much I would feel guilty, as much as I had wanted to avoid this. I knew what I

had to do. So I started speaking again.

“Fine, if that’s what it takes here we go. I Ayla Hemmings, rankless of the WhiteOak pack hereby...”