

Unwilling 23

Chapter 23

Then the beep of his voice interrupted me.

“Sh it, I made you snickerdoodle cookies, they’re ready to go out of the oven now,” He said and I could hear the hurt in his voice.

He told me he would be back to finish me rejecting him. This led me to be a little shell-shocked but soon I figured he didn’t want to burn the house down. It was very kind, but because he never asked me and just started baking cookies without asking anything. Now a good batch of cookies would go to waste, a silent reminder of my second ruined matebound. Only it took him far too long to come back if he had just got the cookies out and turned the oven off. He was still in the kitchen I could sense him and when I peeked through the open door I was met with a sight I never expected to see.

There in the kitchen was the Crown Prince of all Werewolves in the United States, in my Grandma’s bright and frilly apron. Pushing the center of the cookies down with a spoon, royally sprinkling them with the cinn amon sugar after. All while he was furiously wiping his eyes. As I paid more attention to him, I noticed he was actually crying, no doubt about the upcoming rejection. Wanting to know why he

was doing this I walked into the kitchen. I suspected he wanted to delay the inevitable, but that couldn't be further from the truth. He heard me walk into the kitchen and he looked up at me. With his deep brown eyes still glistening with tears.

"I'm sorry Ayla! I am sorry if this is weird. I am sorry I keep messing up. I am sorry that I got so excited to know my dream of finding a fated mate came through with someone as insanely beautiful as you that I made you uncomfortable. I just wanted to finish these cookies before you reject me. Do one sweet thing for you as your mate" He told me.

Poor guy, I wish he hadn't pushed me this far, I wish I had met him. before, I wish he was my first fated mate. That we've met when I still had the trust in matebounds that I had growing up. Things would have been so different between us then, now I was about to reject a man giving him the same pain as I had experienced myself. Not saying anything about his apologies, I opened my mouth to reject him. But I couldn't the words seemed to be lodged in my throat. Looking around I saw my favorite cookies he had made me. The boxes of books he brought back to his home and then to me without a promise I would accept him as my mate. And I couldn't anymore I could not reject him and I could not keep telling myself he was just like David.

“Since you seem so eager to put timelines on our mating process, I will give you one chance,” I told

him.

The only reply was the spoon he was using clattering as it slipped from his hands and fell on the floor.

He watched me intently, waiting for me to finish what I was telling him before he would answer me.

“The six months you and your parents agreed on, I’ll give you those but I have been through the

wringer and I want to take it slow. Slower than any wolf in the history of our kind have ever gone. I’m

not accepting you yet and I can’t make any guarantees I ever will.” I told him crossing

my arms.

“Yes, of course, whatever you need, I just want to show you I am

nothing like him. I actually want to make you so happy. Can I take you out on dates, and come to see

you? Can we exchange phone numbers? Anything really” He mumbled the last bit.

I couldn’t stop myself from smiling, it was cute. And if I were to give him a chance, an honest chance I

would have to spend time with him too. The first step would be to just talk with a cup of coffee and

freshly made snickerdoodle cookies. After all, it would be a pity to let those go to waste. The first thing

he told me was about Jessa, how she was

settling in how she had yet to find an occupation. Until Gerald asked if she would just want to be a

homemaker. Since they both wanted a lot of pups it made sense. I smiled the Jessa I know would love

to be just a stay-at-home mom. Taking care of her pups and mate.

Then we chatted a bit about his, baking turned out a pinch of cinnamon in the dough was his secret for

Snickerdoodle cookies. Which happened to be his favorites. He was so excited about it that he couldn't

be making it up just to please me. We never breached the big topics. I wasn't sure if I avoided them on

purpose, to not upset again. Or if this was his way of talking it slow. Regardless of that it suited me, it

was nice just chatting with him and getting to know him better. How he was an introvert, and that after

his parents spent thousands and thousands of dollars on mentors and tutors he still hated social

interactions. He would prefer to go to his bedroom and play some games. Or just go to the woods on

the packground so he could go for a run. Preferably alone or with his closest friends, I learned about

his general plans for the future of our people.

An hour had gone by and we were still chatting, and above all I was still enjoying. Still, I couldn't help to

look at the boxes filled with my books. I was dying to see which books Mom packed me. Three boxes

would never be enough to carry them all.

“You know, we can get the other two boxes out of my car if you want to. And I’ll even help you put them away?” Griffin offered.

And I wish I could take him up on it, I already got up to get the other two boxes out. It meant I probably had all of my books here now. I never expected them to be here this fast and that’s why I hadn’t bought bookshelves now. There was a bookshelf hack I had seen going around on social media. People turned cheaper IKEA bookshelves into these built-in floor-to-ceiling bookshelves that I adored. I wasn’t great at building things, and I would start my new job on Monday. Sure I still had my parent’s credit card but I wasn’t going to use that on anything else but the bare necessities.

“What’s the matter did I say something wrong? You can just say know if this is going too fast but I saw you eyeing up these boxes” Griffin asked awkwardly rubbing his neck with his hand.

“No that’s not it.” I confessed.

I went into more detail as to why I could not fully take him up on his offer. Secretly I loved the interest in

what job I got in the pack. Never looking down on the fact that I chose to be a librarian. For me being surrounded by books was the dream.

“I’ll tell you what, we get the last two boxes out of my car. We’ll clean the kitchen and then we will drive up to the IKEA and get some bookshelves. I’ll pay for them as a gift to my mate. And if you decide you will not accept me at the end of the six months you can pay me back okay? He asked me.

I tried to protest and tell him I could never accept this. But he wasn’t having any of it.

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“Please Ayla, how can I prove to you just how happy I can make

you you won’t let me do the things I want to do for you? And before you say something along the lines

of me not respecting your boundaries. That is why I said you can pay me back if it doesn’t work out. I’ll

call my father now and have our lawyer draft up a contract” He said already getting his phone out of his

pocket.

I couldn’t imagine how embarrassing it would be if the king would have his finest lawyer draft up a silly

contract. I didn’t know what to think of this guy, but still despite rolling my eyes. I agreed to go to IKEA

with him. I was sure to mindlink my grandparents, and boy were they happy. More so when Griffin told

me to let them know to help themselves to some Snickerdoodles. If anyone had told me at the end of the afternoon I would be sitting in the Crown Prince's SUV to go get lunch and shop for bookshelves, I would have laughed in their faces but here I was. Hoping this didn't turn out to be a huge mistake.