

Unwilling 26

Chapter 26

Building the bookshelves with Ayla's great-uncle had been a lot of fun. He was a good guy reminding me of Dillion. That combined with the fact he very loudly told Ayla I was the better-looking one compared to David made me like him already. Because of the way he looked up and winked, I noticed Ayla couldn't keep her eyes off me the moment I took my shirt off because it was getting hot. It felt like this had been the right thing to do, she even brought us snacks. The best moment had been when Nic left the room though and Ayla and I worked together to place the crown molding. Now we were eating some pizza with her great-uncle and grandparents. Nic and Quinn kept teasing each other, and I missed having a large family like Ayla has. What I also missed was the chance to properly introduce my mate to my family. I just know that they would love her. Ayla never really introduced me as her mate she would just say. My name, here he is, or something along those lines. Now dinner was almost over and I still didn't know where I stood. What would happen after this, Nic and I said we would give the bookshelves the first coat of paint before calling it a night. And I hated the idea of having to go back to the packhouse to sleep there.

“I’m sorry you have to go back to the packhouse son, but I can’t have Ayla sleep in the paint fumes. I’m sure you get it. I cannot tell her to share the guest” Before Emmy could finish talking, Ayla interrupted her Grandmother asking her not to.

She wanted to talk to me in private so I agreed. Wondering if she was going to pull back again. Even in the few days we had spoken to each other she already had done that enough to make me worry. Now I could feel how nervous she was, I wish I knew what was going on through her mind. All I should have been sensing throughout the matebound this first few weeks should be joy and love.

“First off, I just got so excited about the bookshelves and all the pretty little knickknacks and lights. But spending the day with you today is not about the fact you bought me a shit ton of stuff. I mean it, I want to know if you even considered the possibility it was all about the money” She told me and I hated she doubted my intentions, or what I would think about hers.

It was still a step up from her just pulling back so I did all I could to reassure her. Telling her, I never thought about the monetary worth of what I bought her. I just wanted to make her happy, so I could prove being a good mate to her. How she didn’t ask for anything, that I remember that I almost had to beg her. With a legally binding contract, she would pay me back. I was still listing off all the reasons as

to why I would never think such a thing about her when she smiled at me. Interrupting me.

“Good then you understand that doesn’t mean a lot, and there will be no funny business not even some

innocent spooning. But if you want we can sleep in the guest room together it is a king bed so it

wouldn’t be too cramped. I know you wanted more from this matebound than I am ready for. Sleeping

next to your mate is supposed to give you the best sleep of your life so let’s. Let’s sleep together I

mean sleeping in the same room without any expectations.” Her cheeks blushed a bright red and

halfway through her little speech, she started to mumble.

She shouldn’t have, I would love nothing more than to just spend the night sleeping in the same room

as her. An air mattress would be enough. There was just one little problem how on earth was I

supposed to sleep next to her and not cuddle her? And she made it sound like she would have

preferred me to not sleep next to her. Like it was a sacrifice she made as a thank you for all that I had

got her. Finding your mate shouldn’t be this hard, this was the first time since I had found out about

Ayla that I questioned if it all was really worth it.

If just picking a randomly chosen mate based on her looks and the little

bit of background knowledge I had about her and her pack. Then I remember how she had looked in the sea of fit, tall, slender she-wolves at the ball. Who had all seemed so naturally at ease in their ballgowns. Most of which were designed to show a fair bit of skin. While being obvious about it. She had grabbed my attention even before I smelled her. Dillion loving her had spoken volumes. So when I looked up to find the most breathtakingly beautiful she-wolf I had ever seen made me consider picking her if I did not find my second chance mate. When I found out only a second later she was my fated mate I had been elated. Now I was about to mess it all up by questioning if this was all worth it. It was because it was Ayla and I already knew she was worth it all.

“Only if you are fully, one-hundred percent sure you would like me too. If you are just doing this for me.

As some kind of thank you then I won't” I told her holding her hands in mine.

Because A she seemed to like it very much and B it was an excuse for me to touch her.

And I would take any excuse I could to do so. After we went back in Ayla told her grandparents that we would just sleep in the guest bedroom together if they wouldn't mind. Since they were just excited things were settled soon so the three of us made our way upstairs to give the shelves a first coat of

paint. When we finished Nic just drank one last beer with us. Eager to go home to see his mate, and I could not help but wonder if I would ever get to the point with Ayla. Would I ever be able to go home to her? Would she ever mindlink me out of the blue telling me she missed me? Just like Nic's mate had done right before he went home. Hell as of now I didn't even know when I was going to see her again after going back to the castle when the weekend was over. I pushed the idea to the back of my mind. Tomorrow I would talk to her, and see if we can come up with a solution where we still get to see each other on a regular basis. Without making it feel like too much for her. I was worried it might cause us to get into an argument.

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other on a regular basis. Without making it feel like too much for her. I was worried it might cause us to get into an argument.

Or more likely for Ayla to feel insecure again so for tonight I just let it go. I was about to watch a movie in bed with my wonderful, beautiful, funny mate and then fall asleep in the same bed as her. There was nothing I was going to do to risk that.

When I woke up the next morning I was still on my side of the bed. Unsurprisingly, I had been feeling so anxious about making the wrong move that my b*dy had felt a bit stiff. All the tension from not wanting to make the wrong move. Keeping myself from snuggling into her in my sleep had made my b*dy feel sore. It was all worth it though because my beautiful Queen had not done what she said we would do. No, she was snuggled all up to me, her head on my chest and one arm around my waist. Her scent surrounding me was overwhelming, Conan was singing in my head about our mate cuddling us.

And I was just overjoyed. She did feel it too, she was drawn to me as much as I was drawn to her and it felt amazing. With my heart overflowing with happiness I bent down a little bit and k*ssed her on the top

of her head, thumbs brushing over the collarbone I hoped would soon have my name carved into.

Whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Only when I felt her b*dy stiffen and her breath quickening I

realized just how much I had messed up.