

Unwilling 30

Chapter 30

This week has flown by. Of course, Jessa answered my call. From a lovely cabin in the woods where

she sat in front of the fireplace. Seeing how happy she was, how beautiful her mate-moon cabin was.

Made me feel so happy for her. She was living the life we had both always wanted. Jessa was

convinced I would be able to live that life too if I just gave Griffin a chance. Gerarld butted in that Griffin

was smitten with me, that he would be honored to call me his Luna.

Lina explained that the Moon Goddess never took our free will away. If she would there never would be

rogues. Alpha abusing their power etcetera. Rejecting your mate was the same. It did not mean that

the Moon Goddess made a mistake. It meant that one or both mates did not appreciate her gifts.

“That’s what your mate is Ayla, a gift from the Moon Goddess” I could still hear Aunt Lina practically

scold me.

All the information and opinions I had gotten pointed to the same thing. They all confirmed what I was

feeling on our weekend together. Griffin might just be worth the risk. His mother had sent me a letter

she was elated to finally meet me. She had written her number down in the letter saying I could always

contact her if I had any questions about what to expect at the castle. Which I found both weird and endearing.

Today I woke up excited to see Griffin again, I had already packed an overnight bag. And I decided to take my father's credit card with him to get a suitable dress for the party. I would still pay him back but I knew he wouldn't mind. He probably wouldn't even want me to pay him back. I loved being independent thought. That's why I rather borrowed money from my parents. Then have Griffin buy me another expensive gift. Or lent me money but that would be unlikely he would tell me to just get the dress and pay me back if I decided to break up with him. I still wanted his opinion on my dress though. Not as much because I wanted him to think I looked good. Even if the idea of Griffin being in awe of how I look was oddly pleasing. What mattered most to me was that he knew what kind of dress would be suitable.

Four hours later I was reshelving some books when my co-worker came running up to me smiling.

Gushing over how special I must be to Griffin. How jealous she was I had a mate this generous. I

sensed something was wrong, he must have done something bad. Something he would think was cute

but I hated. And he did, in front of the library were two cars a Hummer and a Porsche with royal drivers standing next to each one. This man had bought me a Porsche as I got told that the Hummer is part of the royal fleet. And the only reason there are two drivers here now is because they are going to head home.

There are another two hours left to my workday and I am so livid I cannot even text Griffin. I was scared this was going to happen. He thinks he can buy me affection if he had told me that he was going to buy me a freaking car and a Porsche at that. I would have told him no. He knows I would that's why he never told me. About an hour in I tell him I have half a mind of not coming over. And I wish I could. That I could just skip out on this weekend and never see him again. Willow whines at the idea of not seeing our mate ever again.

But he isn't the type of mate I wanted. If a mate is a gift by the Moon Goddess she might not make mistakes. Not all gifts are equal, some are a perfect fit and others are cute but will end up somewhere in a closet. What I want is a mate who appreciates the little things. I don't want, need, or do big romantic gestures. Often when Mom packed Dad a lunch she put in a cute little note. On his days off

Dad cooked Mom her favorite meal, or he would pick her up from work. Sometimes to take her out on a date afterward. Other times he would bring all of us. Because they both loved just spending time as a family. Back when I still believed in mates being our soulmates, in this blinding love that would sweep you off your feet that was the kind of love I imagined. That was the future I looked forward to having. As my friend David was like that. He would always cheer me up, and bring me back my favorite donuts if he had to leave the backgrounds little things like that. Unfortunately, half the royal family is eagerly awaiting my arrival tonight.

No matter what happens between me and Griffin, it would be rude to just cancel. And piss off the Royal family isn't smart. Still annoyed I throw my overnight bag in the trunk of the car. Sad and irritated at the memory of how excited I was to spend another weekend with Griffin only hours ago. Blasting some music I start driving, never stopping. Not to get gas, not to have a snack or drink and certainly not to text Griffin back who has been blowing up my phone. He knows when I am set to arrive so he just has to wait and see if I will arrive. Maybe it's mean but I enjoy the fact that I will arrive about thirty minutes earlier than he told me I would arrive. Thinking back I should have known flying wouldn't take

as long as driving over does. But what do I know I had never flown in a private jet before, I just figured

getting to the airport, the flight and then traveling to the castle would make up for the longer travel time.

Exactly four hours later I arrive at the castle, to my surprise Griffin is waiting for me. Looking solemn.

Good, he feels bad for what he has done. But he has me wondering if he put a tracker on the car

seeing as he knew exactly when I arrived. I would have to ask him about that later today. First things

first though, he needed to feel just how angry I was with him. He also needed to know I was here to

fulfill my promise to his family. How if it hadn't been for them I would have skipped on coming over.

“You look beautiful, and I am so happy you decided to come over. I am

so sorry I did something to upset you. Even if I don't understand why we can talk about that later. My

parents are waiting for you” Griffin

beams at me.

Clearly not understanding just how pissed off I am.

“I am here because I did not want to cancel on your parents last minute. But I will be sleeping in a

guestroom tonight and we do have a lot to talk about” I tell him.

He instantly looks crushed and I hate that I feel a pang of guilt at the hurt look on his face. Everyone can see he is looking for the right words to make it up to me. Even without knowing what it was he did wrong. Before he can even try to make excuses his parents come walking up to us. He puts a hand on the small of my back leading me towards them. He glances at me probably wondering if I am going to step away from his touch. Showing his parents just how much he messed up yet again. Regardless of what I feel about him, about matebonds in general. Every wolf prides themselves on being a good mate. He might have messed up today and I am far from forgiving him. He does not deserve me to make him look bad in front of his parents. Not that I know if I will ever forgive him for this, or if we could make it work when we are this different from each other. In the five minutes it takes his parents to walk over to where we are standing I need to make a decision. To either play along and be the kind and happy mate. Giving Griffin the idea that this whole thing is salvageable. Or to make him look like a fool by letting everyone including his parents know that I didn't need the six months to make up my mind if I wanted to accept him as my mate. Because despite what the Moon Goddess believes we are not

compatible. His b*dy is tense, rigid even, and when I make my choice it does not help him relax, but I

didn't expect him to.