

Unwilling 31

Chapter 31

“I don’t know what to tell you Alpha, I haven’t heard anything from the drivers she was cordial to...”

Dillion stood in my office, trying to help me figure out what I had done wrong to make her this upset.

My gaze kept drifting outside, would she even be coming over this weekend? She texted me she had

half a mind to skip. Suddenly in the distance, I saw a silver Porsche drive up to the gate. I knew that

Porsche because I made sure to give her a unique car. Barely explaining myself to Dillion I ran out to

be in time to greet her. I don’t know why she was 30 minutes earlier than expected. When I feared she

wouldn’t come at all I didn’t care. She was here so I could talk to her, find out what I did wrong, and

make up for it again. All last weekend had done, all our texting had done was prove to me that Ayla

was the best mate I could ever wish for. It had made me sure no chosen mate could ever come close to

her. So I rushed outside to be in time to greet her. I wanted to make sure I was the one who would walk

her to the castle.

Finally, she gets out of the car and she looks so beautiful. In just simple jeans and a brightly colored

knit sweater. I noticed she often wears knit sweaters as opposed to hoodies and I wondered why that

was. Maybe I should ask her about it. That would be another time though because she is still mad. She didn't come over for me she did not want to disappoint my parents. My family but she isn't sleeping in my bedroom. The room I made up for her. She would not be sleeping in my bed. The bed which bedding I changed to match hers, including a bunch of throw pillows like she had on hers. And there is no room for me to come to terms with it before my parents arrive. Obvious of what is happening. On instinct, I put my hand on her lower back to guide her to my parents. Instantly I grow rigid, what if she does not want me to? My parents are so proud of me and after last weekend they praised me for being such a good mate. Will Ayla tell them the truth about how I am the worst mate there is? Hell, I told them we spent the night in a guestroom. They will surely question what's going on if she suddenly wants to spend the night in one of the guest rooms. Or worse the guest home meaning she would not even sleep close to me.

"Wow Griffin, did not brag you are truly beautiful" Mom squeals before I can get a word in, and I feel myself grow even tenser when Ayla answers her.

"Thank you Misses Taylor that means a lot coming from someone as stunning as you. Even if I have learned that Griffin here likes to overdo things" She smiles back at my mother.

Something I did was overdoing it, and I don't know what it is. She seemed fine about me giving her the bookshelves. And when I told her I would make sure she could travel to me she agreed too. There was no way I could let her drive a beat-down car. After all, I still hoped she would one day be the queen.

There is a certain status that comes with being royalty. She was smart enough to understand that. I was sure she was. For now, I couldn't do anything but watch her smile and laugh with my parents. Just as I predicted I saw them fall in love with her instantly. Only I had expected to feel nothing but pride.

Not this, looking on from the sidelines to see my mate like my parents more than she seems to like me.

Honestly, I never felt jealous. I've stayed single for all of my life to meet my fated mate. I've seen

people get jealous of their friends, co-workers of random wolves they met who seemed to have

something they didn't. Never had I felt like that, I envied wolves who had their fated mate. It was

something I longed for too but I was never jealous I never wish it was me instead of them. All I had

hoped was it would be me like them.

Now even my Mother touching Ayla makes me feel jealous, I wanted to push everyone away. Go to my

chambers and cocoon with her there protect her from everyone and anyone. I know it is because she

hasn't

accepted me as her mate yet. Until she does this terrible jealousy will flare up every time someone interacts with her. So that is going to be fun when we are attending a party tomorrow. I followed my parents and Ayla inside the castle, not getting a word in. There is this anger building up inside of me I don't want her to ice me out. She needs to just talk to me and tell me if she doesn't like something I have done. I am getting sick and tired of the fact that I have to compete with some dips hit who didn't realize what she is worth.

"Griff put a lot of effort into making his room suitable to have you over. He told us you spend the night together in your grandparents' guestroom. So we figured there would be no issues with you sleeping in his room tonight?" Dad tells Ayla followed by the suggestion I show her my room.

He wants us to have a bit of privacy so Ayla can settle in before we go have dinner. It is without a doubt a sweet suggestion. Little does he know she does not want to spend time with me alone. That she plans on sleeping in a guestroom regardless of what we did last week. All because she is still unable to let go of her past. We say goodbye to my parents and head to my wing of the castle. She doesn't say a word still icing me out like she is someone entirely different from the cute girl who was joking with my

parents mere seconds ago.

“I hope you have guest rooms in your wing, that way your parents don’t need to know I won’t be sleeping with you” She scoffs at me the second the door closes.

And I cannot handle it anymore, the constant fear of rejection. Sure I have messed up but we are just getting to know each other. How can she expect me to know/everything to do everything right from the second we’ve met each other? I am still trying though, so I ask her what it is I did wrong. Swallowing done “this time” because it is unnecessary and will only upset her more.

“You bought me a freaking car Griffin and not any car a custom- designed Porsche. Delivered within a week. Do you really think you can just buy me like that?? She shouts at me.

That is it she feels like I am buying her. I knew it, she won’t accept any of the kind or sweet things I am trying to do for her. Trying to second guess my motive with everything. And being rejected by your mate, who even used to be your best friend at some point must be traumatizing I get that. But I have lost a mate too, I grew up thinking I would never be able to find my fated mate. Yet here I am more than willing to make it work. When she is sabotaging us and herself with every step.

“Oh get over it Ayla I want to treat you to something nice. I lost a mate to you know. Yet you don’t see me making life harder on you because of the trauma it brought me” As soon as the words leave my lips

I know I made a mistake.

Ayla rejects before I have the time to backtrack, she doesn’t say a word. She starts to undress and I

don’t know what to do or what to say to her now. This doesn’t make any sense she is crying as she

carefully folds every piece of clothing she has taken off. All I want to do now is gather her up in my

arms and make it all feel better. But how can I if I do not know what is hurting her? She looks at her

dressed in just her underwear.

“When you lost your mate, you got a dainty little mark, Griffin, because your mate was forced to leave

you behind before she even knew you. My mate chose to walk away from me and these are the marks

that are left behind because of it” She tells me oddly calm before turning around.

And what I see makes my stomach drop.