

Unwilling 32

Chapter 32

How dare he suggest that what he has gone through is the same as being by your childhood friend and finding out that it was not friendship between you but him pitying you seeing you as unfit to be anything other than an omega. How can he suggest that the mark he bears is as bad as the scares that litter my b*dy? Scars I have from the abuse that was ignited by my rejection? It has been ages since I showed anyone my n*ked b*dy. I didn't stop to think about it before I did. No, I just did it, Griffin brought back the old Ayla. A girl that was not beaten down so many times she lost the energy to get back up and fight again.

That was the one thing people didn't even know. Not even now that they knew of the abuse. Getting rejected like that, getting mocked by most of my old pack. Getting beaten and attacked to the point my b*dy could not keep up with its healing anymore. It broke me and it broke more than just my b*dy and skin. If only a handful of people love and appreciate you. When the one person who is supposed to love you more than anything in the world. If the one person who has been created to love you by the MoonGoddess herself can't bring himself to do it. All because of my physical appearance, and my lack

of elegance as he called it. If the pack that is supposed to love and protect you as a family laughs behind your back. Then how are you supposed to believe you are truly worthy of loving at all? Let alone by the Crown Prince.

It made me stop fighting, fighting to find love again or be with my mate. Or fight back against not only the abuse but the whispers and rumors too. Hiding my b*dy had never been about me being ashamed of it or my scars. It had always been about hiding what was happening to me so that people could not ask me to fight it. It had been so that I didn't have to fight to keep the few opinions about me that mattered the same. And I didn't know what to feel about the fact that with

Griffin I was ready to fight again. Fighting meant I stood to lose something. With not a lot left to lose that was a scary thought. I expected him to say something, to go all Alpha on me and want to go after the people who hurt me.

"Oh Darling. I am so sorry I should have never said that please forgive me" he pleaded with me.

His scent enveloped me as he hugged me from behind. On instinct my b*dy went stiff, rigid even. It has been too long since someone touched me, without ill intend. Within second I could no longer deny the comfort his scent brought me. I leaned into his embrace, all my anger suddenly forgotten. He k*ssed

the top of my head again, causing me to sigh. Just as I was about to turn around when there was knock at the door. Griffin stepped back like I was on fire. He must be ashamed to be seen with me, werewolves aren't usually shy about n*ked bodies. Not their own but certainly not that of others not even their mates. Seeing Griffin hide my b*dy from the servant at his door hurt me. This admission of shame was like a stab through the heart. All the forgotten anger came back fiercer than it had before.

"Sorry, but we need to get ready my parents are waiting on us, can we talk after dinner?" He at least has the decency to look guilty, voice low.

Nodding at him I walk off to my overnight bag, I don't think there was a lot we could talk about. It got increasingly clear that the gap between what we wanted and what we could give each other was too big.

Still his parents were nice people, excited to get to know me. They were the whole reason I decided to come over anyway. So I got the nice dress I had brought. Ironically, it was the little black dress I had bought to bring to the ball. The one Grandma told me not to wear. She said it was pretty but more for a funeral and not as much a ball too meer your mate. At this point I was ready to skip the party tomorrow and just go home after dinner. By Greyhound bus, the fact is was going to cost me a lot of money I

couldn't really miss annoyed me even further. Griffin

eyed me putting my dirty clothes back in my bag but he doesn't say anything about it. He only changes

his shirt changing into a black one. For a second I wonder if he did this to match my dress. And if so if

this was because he wanted to match with me because he wanted to show we sorta belonged together.

Or if it just was to make a point of us being a good couple to his parents. Regardless of the ugly mess

between us right now.

Not that I could blame him for the latter. After all that was the same exact reason that made me place

my hand in the arm Griffin offered me. Every one looking at us walking to the diningroom, matching

arms intertwined. They would perceive us as the perfect couple. Even if we didn't speak, from the

outside looking in it would seem like a comfortable silence. One of these couples that did not need

words to communicate. He pulled my chair back, still behaving like the true gentleman even when we

entered the dining room. His parents who had also changed clothes beamed up at us. For me I just

was happy to see nob*dy was dressed up. King Rodrick still wore jeans but paired with a dress shirt

like Griffin. Queen Isabella wore a pencil skirt but with a simple dress on top of it.

But it was the gift King Rodrick gave me, to emphasize is apology and welcome into the family. It was a

signed first edition of pride en prejudice any first edition would be an extremely welcome gift. This was a book I actually loved. One I had a copy of in my own collection. Making it even better.

“Thank you so much this is the most thoughtful gift I have gotten in ages. And I actually love pride and prejudice” I could not help but beam at the King and Queen.

“Well this has been in the family for ages. Griffin told me you were an avid reader. He figured it was one of your favorites since your own copy was a little worn down” Queen Isabella told me.

Knowing Griffin noticed little things about me like this confused me

more. How could he be so able to notice the smallest things about me and drawing correct conclusions

from it. Only to give me a gift that was so far from what I would have wanted from him. He never was

honest about how he was going to make sure I could travel to him. And part of me wanted to give him

the benefit of the doubt. But the other part, the bigger, stronger and louder part told me not to believe

him. To protect myself at all costs. For now I decided to just focus on this dinner. On just getting to

know his parents. Besides seeing how he would interact with his family says a lot about him too. Maybe

that will help me make up my mind about him.

Dinner had only confused me more. Mostly because he showed the guy I had got to know during last weekend. Sweet, patient and funny the guy that I couldn't stop thinking about no matter how much it scared me. That guy was not the same guy who bought me a Porsche just to try and buy me love. All while being so ashamed about the state of my b*dy that he hid me even from his servants. Now after a delicious meal prepared by his dad just like he promised. We were walking to his wing of the castle to have a conversation about our future when I didn't think either of us knew what it was we needed to

1. do.

"Ayla I should not have said what I said. But I feel like I am fighting the damage another wolf did to you.

And I can't anymore" Griffin was the first to speak and I never expected him to break my heart.