

## Unwilling 34

### Chapter 34

I just needed to get out of the room, I was beginning to wonder if this was really worth it. There are two Ayla's, one part, the one I hope is the real Ayla, is funny, fierce, loyal, and kind. The other is moody unfair and wishy-washy. So I bought her a Porsche she didn't like. She could at least appreciate the effort. If that David guy knew her so well then why did he reject her? I just knew it, no matter what she said I was competing against an enemy that was not there. How can I compete with a guy who used to be her best friend, who has known her since his birth? At the same time show, I am better than him. When she keeps waiting for me to mess up like he did. When she screamed at me like that rejecting her crossed my mind. But my heart broke just thinking about it, and when I remembered the scars she showed me my stomach twisted again.

I was just getting hopeless considering her suggestion to just not see each other and let the matebond weaken enough so it would be bearable for us to be with someone else. A chosen mate. The problem is, I can't I don't think there will ever be enough time to make the matebond weak enough. I have seen so much good in her, that I cannot help falling for her. That's why I stormed out to go on the run I am on

now. All so I could hopefully clear my mind a bit before going back to her. I had been so wrapped up that I did not notice my father joining me on my run not until he mindlinked me.

“Trouble in paradise Son, I won’t judge either of you but talking it over might help sometimes” his voice filled my mind.

Up until now, I had been trying to do this on my own. To not let my parents know that things between my mate and I weren’t as perfect as I wanted to believe. Maybe he was right though, maybe he could help me make sense of the mess this all was now.

“Actually, Dad, I think I might need your help to look at things clearly” I replied through our mindlink.

He suggested going out for a beer a little out of packground so nob\*dy could interrupt or overhear us.

We went back to the forest edge and shifted before getting into one of the cars and drive to a local pub.

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“What is the reason you were out on a run, and now having a beer with your Dad, instead of enjoying spending time with your lovely mate?” Dad started us off as soon as we both had a beer in hand.

He was right that was what I should have been doing. When I stormed out I felt like it was all her fault.

Now that I had a moment to think about it to calm down. I could see that in my happiness, my

excitement I might come across as a little overwhelming. And with having to fit the image of her first mate I made things worse.

“I am too excited about having met her, and I want to go all out in showing her I am better than her first mate. So I overwhelmed her but Dad, I don’t want to be fighting against another wolf. He was her first mate, her childhood best friend. The Moon Goddess chose him for Ayla first. Meaning he was the better fit and she knows it. She is giving me a chance but I know I cannot measure up to him. I never felt this jealous and I am so scared of losing her” I was letting it all out.

Dad didn’t say a word he just sat there sipping his beer listening to me as I was rambling nursing my drink.

“So you two had a fight that she ever say you needed to prove yourself to be better than what’s his name?” Dad asked.

In all honesty, she never had, just now when I told her I was sick of competing with him she told me I wasn’t because he knew her better. All she did was tell me she lost her faith in mates and that was because

of him. So did she need to say the words out loud? He hurt her mentally he stood by as they hurt her physically. She went as far as to choose her abuser as his Luna. I expected Dad to agree with me but he didn't.

"Griff pull your head out of your ass. She left the pack he is the future Alpha of she is over him. She is just not over the fact her world was thrown upside down. Most wolves have the dream of settling down with their fated mate. It is a part of us, she had to readjust to the fact that he would never get to have that life she wanted. Then she had to get readjusted to the fact she had a second chance mate. And the Crown Prince at that" Dad told me and it made sense.

I remember when I was about six years old and my parents explained to me what the meaning of the mark on my chest was. Only at six years old I was upset over it. With every year I grew up, I got more and more aware of what I was going to be missing out on. And when I found out I could still find a fated mate it was all that I wanted again.

"Okay I see your point, but the fact remains she got mad I got her Porsche because it is not something she wants. Saying I don't know her, that David knew her better. But I cannot know her like he did I met

her a few weeks ago. And it was only a week ago we really started talking” Letting it all out venting to my father felt good.

That didn’t mean he was telling me what I wanted to hear. A lot of the things he told me were calling me out. Like how I could just talk to her about what she liked. Making sure that the gifts I got her fitted her.

Pointing out he had to spend time to get to know Mom too. As an omega for the longest time she had felt bad about Dad spending any money on her. Let alone on expensive things. He explained how he

took her to fast-food chains on the first few dates, to make sure she felt more comfortable. I couldn’t help but laugh, my Father the foodie taking his mate on a date to MacDonalds he must have hated it.

“No, I didn’t hate it, because her eyes would light up seeing how much I tried to make her feel

comfortable. All I needed was knowing I was the reason behind her eyes lighting up like that.” Dad answered my unspoken question.

It made me think back on the bookshelves I built her. How she jumped into my arms when she noticed

we were building the bookshelves she had wanted. Or how she added me to social media to tag me in a post thanking me and her great uncle for building the shelves.

The bright smile she gave me hours ago when she found out I remembered she had a copy of pride

and prejudice. I know he is right but how am I able to surprise her when I still know so very little about her? More importantly, how am I going to make up for the mistake I made now?

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Dad had actually given me some solid advice on how to make it up to Ayla. We chatted for a bit longer.

He even pointed out that the Hemmings were well off. They come from a long line of Alpha and Luna's,

Lead Warrior, Beta's, and Gemma's. It meant that Ayla wanting to find a job, and make her own money

before getting expensive stuff said something about her values. Values that perfectly aligned with mine,

sure I was loaded and had no qualms about spending it on my beautiful mate. I would never buy

unnecessary stuff for myself. Nor would I ever let a subject live in poverty because of taxes. And I

worked hard, always trying my best to be a good Prince to our people. With renewed resolve I walked

to my chambers, expecting to find Ayla waiting for me in the living room. She would no doubt be livid

with me, but I had hoped that if we could talk things would work out between us. I was hopeful but that

all shattered when I walked into the living room to find it dark, and empty with no traces of Ayla or her

overnight bag. Did this mean I was too late? Did she leave me behind for good this time?