

Unwilling 35

Chapter 35

I waited for two hours after Griffin stormed off. Hoping we could talk about this. I was well aware of how

difficult I was being and I regretted what I said. But he didn't seem to be coming home so I gave up and

went to bed. In his bed in his bedroom, where I found the dozens of pillows on his bed. When he visited

me he said something about it being a hassle to remove all those pillows from his bed. Uncle Nic had

joked he would never be with Uncle Lucas if Lucas hadn't accepted his love for throw pillows on the

bed. Griffing had winked at me saying some mates were worth all the throw pillows in the world. I was

sure he went out and bought a shit ton of these pillows to make me feel more welcome here. So I had

taken them all off the bed, I had folded the duvet so that he could just slip into the bed on his side. Or

what I suspected was his sight as I laid down on the other half of the bed.

Now I woke to a cold and empty bed, maybe after our last fight he didn't want to be with me anymore.

Maybe he just had the decency to not wake me up only to reject me. The realization makes me jump

up and that's when I see the folded piece of paper on Griffin's pillow.

"Good morning, I didn't want to sleep next to you without being sure you wanted me to. I'm sorry about

our fight, I'm on the couch in my living room. Please wake me up when you wake up before me. X

Griffin”

The note was sweet and it made me feel a little sad. He was so kind and so respectful of me, and my

boundaries. Even when I had been a total bi tch to him. I felt the need to do something sweet for him

something kind. But first I needed to see if Jessa was up already. She was still on her mate-moon so I

had to text her to see if she was awake and then I could hopefully call her. Not wanting to wake Griffin

up I sl* p onto the balcony when Jessa texts me back she is indeed awake

and able to call. She gives me a lot of great advice, some of which is hard to swallow. Still, it confirmed

a few things for me and I know what I have to do now. Or well that depends on what Griffin wants, and

how the rest of our day is going to turn out. So for now I just plan on not running anymore. Breakfast

might be a good start, and thanks to Gerald I know exactly what Griffin likes for breakfast. I swear if this

does work out, and we end up having an official mating ceremony he needs to be in the mating party.

I have to sneak past him sleeping on the couch in the living room. His couch is awful, modern hard and

it must be uncomfortable to sit on, let alone sleep on. After sneaking past him I make my way into the

castle's main kitchen because with the open-plan kitchen he has he is bound to wake up when I am cooking.

It took me a while to find the kitchen, not a lot of staff was already up at this time. I expected the castle to be buzzing with activity 24 hours a day. The fact that it didn't suited me though. Now I was able to just cook Griffin and me his chicken and waffles. I never made it before but I am actually very pleased with the result. As I walk up to his room I hear him shout at some subordinates. I didn't quite catch what he was saying but as I walked closer. I heard him shout something about not again. Followed by Dillion saying there must be a logical explanation for it. It made me unsure of what to do for a moment. Would he want me to just walk in or would he want me to wait until he was done with this official business? Before I can make a decision the door slams open. Collin is the one who opened the door and pulled me in.

"Please go in there before your mate bites Dillion's head off. I kinda like my mate alive and with a head and all" He tells me as he is ushering me into Griffin's living room.

For a second I get nervous, I know some Luna's are able to calm down

their Alpha with just one word. Just one touch but we aren't that close yet, and I have no idea what is wrong. So how in the hell am I supposed to be helping him? Everything becomes clear though when I hear him snap.

“She is your future Luna, find her and ma..” His mouth snaps shut halfway to his speech and then he makes a run for it.

Sprinting to me and then wrapping me in his arms so tightly that lifts me from the floor. It was a good thing that Collin took the tray of food from my hands as he pushed me inside the living room. There would have been no way for me to hold on to it with how thigh Griffin is hugging me right now. He doesn't even seem to notice Dillion sending everyone out of the room.

“Goodbye, Firecracker good luck with this one” He winks at me before he and Collin walk out of the door too.

This again goes by without Griffin noticing it. He has always restrained himself when it came to touching me. His facial expression always showed when he did. For some reason he let all of his inhibitions go, he buried his nose in my neck close to where he would mark me. Since he spoke about

the pack's future Luna I knew he had been talking about me. Suddenly it dawned on me. He must have woken up to find me gone. All my stuff was left behind, I didn't leave him a note or anything It never crossed my mind, he was so deep asleep I just figured he wouldn't wake up before I was back. Then again I never expected to get lost and search for the kitchen for over an hour.

"I'm sorry I scared you, Griff, I just sl*pped out to surprise you with breakfast as an apology," I muttered

as he was right I was getting lost in his embrace. My face smashed against his chest, it wasn't even that bad. There was something nice about it all but now it felt a bit awkward and I was happy Griffin set me back down again.

"You made me breakfast to apologize to me? And you called me Griff?" He said somewhere between asking and telling me.

"I did listen I think we need to talk. I don't know how you want to go on from here but I am sorry what I said yesterday was mean and uncalled for" I honestly told him while walking over to the hall table Collin put the tray with the food on.

Griffin just watched me as I set the small dining table in his living room. I can't really make out what he is thinking from his expression and the longer it takes before he says anything the more nervous I get.

When I set the table he stops himself from k*ssing me on the top of my head again and sits down.

“Thank you for making me breakfast, Darling. Did you know this is my favorite?” He asks before cutting off a huge chunk of both the waffle and the chicken and shoving it in his mouth.

He gives me a bright smile and a thumbs-up. It's goofy and so out of place for the situation we are in now that it's almost comical.

“Please, if you ever decide to reject me make me a plate of this first” He jokes and immediately startles.

He probably feels bad about the joke but before he can apologize I burst out laughing. The kind where tears roll over your face. Where your belly shakes until it hurts. The joke was incredibly lame, but I like lame jokes. It made all the tension of the last few hours disappear. It could never be so bad if he was still able to crack jokes like this. He even joined in on the laughter and when we finally both calmed down and caught our breath he finally started talking.

“You are not the only one who needs to apologize. I was insecure and it made me feel like I was

competing against David. When that's not true, I just need to show you the real me. And I want to get to

know the real you, and I think I know you well enough to figure out a plan to

make it up to you so hear me out" He tells me, instantly making me wonder what he is on about.