

## Unwilling 36

### Chapter 36

The fear I felt when I made the bad joke about Ayla rejecting me was almost as bad as the fear I had when I woke up. To find my personal wing empty and Ayla gone. My first thought was that she had left me. Only all her stuff was still here, my note from this morning tucked in the first edition copy of *Pride and Prejudice* my parents gave her. From then on out I spiraled imagining the most horrible things to have happened to her. Never did I consider the idea that she was making me breakfast. Let alone that she would be sitting at the breakfast table hysterically laughing at my bad joke. After she had let me hug her and sniff her neck to calm down. When she hadn't even accepted me as her mate yet. All those little actions made me feel so much lighter. My father was right, I shouldn't have tried to compete with the man who rejected her. I should have treated her like I would have my mate regardless of her past. She agrees to hear me out but I still get excited about that.

"We are going to sell the Porsche, but I want you to have a car. I want you to be able to always come to me whenever you want to. I realized I don't have to spoil you like you are a sweet Princess. Even if I hope that someday you will be" I sigh up until now Ayla had just been listening and she is still smiling.

But if this plan doesn't work, I might mess it up again and I just love that we are back to the easy-going,

relaxed atmosphere we had last weekend.

“I’ll get you whatever car you want, and I will give the remaining money to an organization that helps children read?” I continued anyway and I am glad that I did.

She beams at me and before she even opens her mouth I knew this was

the right thing to do. I need to thank Dad, as soon as I can. Maybe when Ayla goes shopping with my

mother. Another thing that made me incredibly happy. Even better when she agreed to take my card to

buy herself a dress. It took some convincing but that was okay. I need to get used to the fact that I had

a stubborn independent mate.

“I’m afraid this isn’t just going to be a family BBQ right?” She chuckled nervously.

Maybe she was an introvert like me. I could see her curled up on the couch reading a book instead of

going to a party. Then again her childhood home was full of pictures of her at social events. In every

single one of them, she seemed happy. For a second the worry about what her ex-mate had done to

her and how that might have made her resent parties now creeps up again. Worries I cannot let decide

how I react again. Instead, I just asked her about the pictures. And if she likes gatherings like that. Just

getting to know her, without

overcomplicating stuff. Suddenly I get a bit excited about going to a party with her. Not one of the grand balls or other royal parties we host. No a more private one just for the family. Where I can still walk around in a hoodie and jeans. Just chat with friends and family and have fun. Because with her on my side I am sure it would be fun. In fact, I think I could be perfectly happy sitting in a lawn chair just a little out of the way from the party. Watching my gorgeous mate have fun, dance, sing and laugh.

Because, that laugh of hers. The few times I have heard it bubble up it was music to my ears. And just now when she laughed because of me. It drove home the fact that I had to shape up. I tried not to call her my mate, not to call her by a nickname. Most of all I tried not to fall in love with her. I tried to not let the matebond get any stronger. No matter how much I hated the fights we had they helped with that.

But every time things between us were relaxed just like they were now. I could not help but fall for her.

She was amazing, like the real her the kind, funny, relaxed independent Ayla. She was made for me.

When we finally get to the car dealership she picks out the cheapest truck they have. A truck because that's what her Grandpa drives he has been all his life. He taught her how to drive in one. The cheapest because she is a good person and she wants me to have the most money left to give to a good cause.

After figuring out there was no chance he could talk her into getting a more expensive car as a trade-in for the brand-new Porsche. He told me I should be happy with my girlfriend. Like in the IKEA, I feel conflicted, this time though it's not me who confirms that we are a couple.

"Oh he knows and he is" Ayla winks at the salesperson before standing up her tippytoes to try and peck my cheek.

Wrapping one arm around her I lift her off the ground so she can actually reach my cheek. Honestly, I love how small she is, I love being able to lift her off the ground with one arm. I love how she giggles as I do. David was a damn fool for not knowing he struck gold. I shouldn't have felt so threatened by someone that stupid. It is another few hours before we have to be back in the castle. So that Ayla and my mother can go dress shopping before the party. Knowing my mother I won't have Ayla back until right before the party. And I love the fact that Ayla is so willing to get to know my family. And how my parents love her. But I would miss her like crazy. Normally before being separated for a few hours, mates would just soak up every bit of love and quality time. Normally we would have spent those hours cuddling and k\*ssing and mating. The harsh reality is that she doesn't love me, not yet.

“What do you want to do next, we have a few hours to kill?” I ask her still hoping that she suggests to go home and snuggle up on the couch.

After all, she seemed more open to things like that today. Like she was more accepting of the fact that we are mates.

“I know it is lame but I would have wanted to read *Pride of Prejudice*,

but your couch is the most uncomfortable thing ever. I am sorry it just is” She shakes her head.

There is no way I can get her to go shopping for a couch with her now. She is right my couch is more about style than it is about comfort. No amount of throw pillows will make it comfortable enough. Still, the idea of gaming when she is reading next to me. Something that comes so close to my idea of a perfect weekend is too good to pass up.

“True, it’s a stylish couch but it’s not comfortable. But I actually like gaming, and I have a gaming console set up in my bedroom. Often I just play when I’m in bed since it is more comfortable. I could game and you could sit next to me and read your book?” I suggest hoping she doesn’t take this the wrong way.

I think about being in my bed with her to play a whole different type of game. It’s only natural with how

attracted I am to her. It is not the main thing, and I would be just as happy with spending time with her

any

other way.

“That sounds perfect, can we stop at a convenience store and get some snacks too? Nothing that would stain the pages of the book though. I think I will cry if I get a stain on it.” She tells me with such an earnest face that I have to suppress a smile.

This girl can get anything she wants from any store in this town. But she demands to be the one who pays for the bags of gummy bears and marshmallows. And the few Dr. Peppers she gets us. I consider it a win though. The rest of the morning and early afternoon we spent in my bed. I keep messing up my game because watching Ayla read is the best thing ever. Her expression changes, she will clasp her hand over her mouth and the best part is. After the initial response