

Unwilling 39

Chapter 39

The person behind me was the one who made Ayla swallow down the rest of her words. Is my Father, who by the looks of it is

very pissed. Maybe he is angry with us for causing a scene. Even if it felt like we were doing a great job in keeping our little spat

hidden. If it was a spat, I made a mistake I knew it the moment Ayla got me away from the situation. She was right when she

blamed me for my willingness to make life-changing decisions for all our people out of pure spite. Pride swelled in my chest,

knowing that Ayla put the benefits of our people above those of herself. Above her own honor. I still hated it Alpha Rob, and I'll

be waiting for the day I can get back to him for this. First I need to handle this issue with my father though.

He states Ayla is not the one at fault here, and he wants her to stay behind. When he compliments her for acting like a true Luna

already the pride swirling in my chest grows brighter. He is right, every Luna is different. Every Queen is different but Ayla

undoubtedly is a wolf who others can look up to. The one thing every Luna including the Queen has is their ability to smooth

conflicts over. A good Luna always thinks on behalf of the entire pack often less emotional and instinct-driven than the Alpha is.

She showed everyone she was just that. Now I know the little spat we had is not the reason Father is mad with us I know what it

is. He must have overheard me threaten to wage war on a guest, an Alpha. With how my day has been going. With Ayla getting

this closer to me. Kissing me back, with her scolding me like the true Queen she is. I was ready for everything, Father would say

or do to me. He would be reasonable as he always was.

Ayla being on her own hardly knowing anyone, in a room full of unmated wolves, some who don't even respect the boundaries of

a matebond if the mating process hasn't been completed yet. It made me nervous, rolling his eyes Dad suggested I mindlink

someone I trust to

keep her company.

“She is having a drink with your mother, they seem to be enjoying themselves” Dillion mindlinks me back after I ask him to keep an

eye on Ayla

My parents are fond of her. Dillion had already stated he would love her to be our queen before he even found out she was my

fated mate. If things between the two of us kept going as smoothly as they went today, the future would be bright. For the first

time since I turned fourteen. I felt like I had an actual chance at the happiness I had been dreaming of most of my life.

“Are you even listening, there is no reason for you to be smiling like that. And just sit down like I told you to” Father barks at me.

Pulling me out of my daydreaming. I hadn’t even noticed that we made it to his study. Or that he sat down at his desk and was

still waiting for me to take a seat across from him.

“Sorry Dad, it is just things between me and Ayla that have been going so well today,” I remark expecting him to smile.

He didn’t his expression stayed stoic with a hint of anger. Disappointment even and it was the first time I realized how bad it was

what I did. Losing control the way I did with Alpha Rob was not like me at all. I never wanted to turn in this overprotective Alpha

male. With Ayla, I could not help it though.

Father isn’t impressed by the fact that me and Ayla have been doing so great today. He was when we were chatting together as

our girls went shopping. He tells me he would be happy about this under different circumstances and I know he is being honest

with me. Before he met Ayla he would mention the six months we agreed on. Ever since meeting her, he stopped bringing it up.

To me that was a sure sign of him liking her, so I know he is genuine in saying he feels bad he can’t

be happy about that now. Suddenly the gravity of what I have done is clear. If Dad overheard me most of the wolves of the party

have. In a year I will take over the throne and I cannot be seen as a power-hungry prince. Quick to start a war over what they will

see as a flakey mate who is not even willing to settle down with me yet.

“I am sorry Dad, but he was mocking Ayla for being small. Calling her a do-over mate what if he said things like that about Mom”

I asked

him.

Not because I wanted to shift blame, this was all me and I knew it. Still, I wanted Dad to know I was provoked. That I wanted to

protect my mate save her reputation and most of all avoid her feeling bad about herself.

“Well, your mother has made grown wolves cry before with that sharp tongue of hers. So probably console Alpha Rob” Dad

jokes, lighting

the mood

Before continuing on a more serious note “We can’t all be as witty as your mother is. There are other things you can do with

words too. I would have been more than okay with you verbally putting him in his place. Ask him to respect your mate. Or point

out how he lacks the ability to see what makes her so amazing. Make a joke about how you like how he needs to bow down

even deeper now to pay his Queen-to- be respect. Just don’t threaten him with a w ar li ke a damn idiot”

He is right and I want to know why I am starting to feel so protective of Ayla. More so because I am sure she doesn’t need it. Not

really, the scars on her back scare me. Not for myself but for her. They anger me, and maybe it is just that anger simmering,

floating at the surface. But as much of a d ck Alpha Rob is, he had nothing to with her scars or her jaded history. There was no

reason to go all out like I did. Deciding to make the most of my time away from the party now I ask Dad about it.

“Some Alpha’s grow overprotective when they have not completed the mating process yet. Or when their mate has been hurt

before. Since both situations are the case with Ayla that most likely causes most of your protectiveness. Besides you didn’t

protest as you left her behind So you are still doing okay” He tells me still a bit strict and irritated I choose this moment to ask him

about it.

He knew when we met earlier today I felt the same. He was right but I was on cloud nine over the fact that Ayla was finally

opening to me. I wanted to let him know that his tip to trade in the Porsche and donate the rest of the money to a charity. Made

all the difference and that is what I wanted to tell him so I opted to only gush about the good. keeping my worries to myself. It

brought me nothing, and all of this could have been easily avoided. Or I would at the very least be aware of my mood. And why I

felt so protective all of a sudden.

With nothing left to say, we get up to go back to the ballroom. I cannot wait to reassure Ayla. Dance with her again and have a

fun night. This is the first time ever I managed to slip away to a quiet room during a party. Only to be itching to get back out there

to have fun. Even Dad chuckles at my eagerness to go back. Joking he should have hired Ayla as my social skill tutor. I’m glad

we managed to solve our fight if we could even call it that. But when I finally spot Ayla amongst the crowd, the smile falls from

my lips. Mother is nowhere in sight all I see is Ayla and a huge wolf almost running over to her. She sees him, and instead of

backing away or asking for help her face breaks open in a wide grin. And her arms open wide to hug him, I don’t know if I feel

jealous or heartbroken over the fact that she is giving another wolf what I had to fight to get. Trying to keep my father’s words in

my mind I make my way over, scared to find out if Ayla and I still have a chance on a future together.