

Unwilling 46

Chapter 46

“You will treat my daughter-in-law, with the same respect as you do every other member of the royal family” I had never seen

King Rodrick this angry, not even when he scolded Griffin.

Still, hearing him defend me felt nice. The She-wolf that snapped at me sat down eyes cast down. King Rodrick and Queen

Isabella sat down next to us. After that little hiccup, we had a nice peaceful breakfast. Most of the pack members seemed

genuinely interested in getting to know me better, and they were all very kind. The rest of the day went as planned, after

breakfast we returned to his room where he spent almost two hours gaming with me reading next to him. To most that would be

boring, but I actually love spending my days like this.

“Ready for a run, darling, maybe we can give Willow and Conan control” Griff suggests after shutting off his gaming console.

Giving our wolves control was a bit nerve-wracking. Our wolves rely on their instincts more and are quicker to give in to their

impulses. However when you have a good bond with your wolf. They would never go against explicit wishes. And both wolves

were probably feeling deprived of their mate. In the end, I agreed, and we ventured deeper into the woods surrounding the

castle. Unlike the White Oak and BloodMoon pack, there was a huge clearing with some hollow tree trunks to put your clothes in.

Most wolves would be impressed at how well thought out this all was.

That’s because most wolves do not care about hiding their n*ked b*dy. Before the attacks before the scars. I wasn’t either. Now

my stomach dropped seeing how visible I would be if I undressed to shift. As if reading my mind Griffin walked up to me

wrapping his arms around me from behind.

“I saw you completely n*ked, darling, I washed you. Do I need to

remind you what we ended up doing how excited that made me?” He whispered in my ear, the stubble of his chin scratching the

sensitive skin of my neck.

Feeling from the way my cheeks heated up, from how flushed I felt I was bright red. And could almost serve as a beacon. The

thing is he wasn't lying, both times in the heat of the moment I forgot all about my insecurities. Now I was no longer fighting for

my survival every day my scars were slowly healing. But they were still there and Griffin never seemed to have a problem with it. .

"Thanks, Griff, I was a little nervous but you are right" I turned around still in his embrace, and pecked him on the lips.

His hand fisted my hair as he pulled me closer the second I tried to pull away. Pulling me close again and answering my chaste

sweet peck with another kiss. One that was rough and passionate and swept me off my feet both literally and figuratively. He had

the habit of wrapping one arm around me and then lifting me off the floor as we kissed. If you had told me my mate would do

that before I would have laughed. in your face. It would have been enough to reject someone in my mind. At least after what my

old pack had done. Now I relished the fact that I could forget everything as we kissed. I didn't even have to stand on my own two

feet. All I had to do was hold on to Griffin and enjoy kissing him. And I did, because every time he kissed me my heart would

beat out of my chest. I would feel dizzy with happiness.

"You were holding back a lot when you didn't touch me weren't you" I smirked when Griffin finally let go of me.

Smacking my ass he told me I had no idea how much. We made quick work out of getting undressed so we could shift. There

were benefits to undressing in plain sight with my handsome mate. I could have tried to stop myself from sneaking a peak even

if I wanted to. Which I didn't, after all, he was my mate I accepted him. He was all mine to stare at.

Realizing he was all mine was weird, it made me incredibly proud on the one hand, and on the other hand, I felt possessive. Like

I would fight every other she-wolf that would have the nerve to flirt with him. Shaking my head I shifted, giving up control to

Willow.

When we are in control our wolves can still feel what we are feeling. They will see, taste, and hear everything. The only

difference is that they are not in control of how we respond. When we give control to our wolves it is the other way around. So

now I felt the overwhelming joy I felt when Willow saw her mate again. Willow had always been a playful wolf because I refused

to complete the mating process they could not speak yet. Both I and Willow would only be able to mindlink Griffin and Conan

after we completed the mating process. If Griffin would leave me now I would be heartbroken, but the pain of your mate

betraying you after you've mated. After you're carrying each other's mark is unlike any other pain you will ever feel. My heart,

and my fears won from logic, I knew Griffin wouldn't be this patient. Wouldn't invest this much time and money in me to be a shit

mate. I had seen him cry when he figured he was minutes away from being rejected. My worries and my inability to fully trust

him. Causing Willow and Conan unable to communicate. Made me feel incredibly guilty, and it made the normally playful Willow

sad and quiet.

Just like Griffin, Conan seemed to know exactly what Willow needed. He teased her as we were running. Bumping into her, softly

pulling her tail. He didn't need words to communicate with her. Soon Willow was back to her happy self, teasing Conan as he

had been teasing her. They looked like two pups playing out in the woods for the first time. They ran for a full hour when Conan

came to a sudden stop. Communicating was still hard but Willow seemed to pick up on the fact that he wanted her to follow him.

"I think we should just follow him, Willow." I told her, like how she would often be the voice in the back of my mind.

Helping me with what I should do, she nodded. I was unsure if it was

for me, Conan, or the both of us. But it was clear what she meant. Conan jumped up when she nodded, immediately reassuring

me that he didn't notice anything off. That mindset of needing to be on edge every time I went for a run was something that will

stay with me for a long time. Two years of getting attacked almost daily will do that to you. Willow was in the same boat as me,

through our bond I could feel her nerves, I could feel how fast our heart was beating. And the sense of relief she felt was the first

thing I noticed after Conan had stopped walking. He had brought Willow to a creek in the middle of the forest. He runs into the

lake water, barking at her. Obviously wanting her to come in as well. And she did she made a run for and ran into the creek. I lost

all track of time as the two of them played and splashed around in the creek. By the time they made their way back to the

clearing where we left our clothes, the sun had started to set already.

When it was time for dinner, Griffin took me out to dinner at a

steakhouse on pack grounds. The food was perfect, and it wasn't too fancy.

I was a little worried we would run into more pack members who didn't like how slow I was in choosing Griffin. In accepting him

as my mate. We haven't told anyone I accepted him as my mate yet. We wanted to tell our families first and we didn't think at the

breakfast table this morning was the right place. Not with all the other wolves around us. But to my relief, everyone was as kind

as during the breakfast. With the small exception that they didn't interrupt our date. Everyone would nod or greet us in passing,

and the servers were very kind. I love the privacy though, it was fun getting to know the pack a little better. To the point where it

made me realize that most of our visits should be here because if this is to be my new pack I should get to know them better.

"Griff, don't you think it would work out better if I just came here on

most of the weekends? You know get a feeling for the pack, get to know its members better. If I am supposed to live here at the

end of the six months? I asked, expecting to see his face light up like it usually did whenever I do something small he likes.

But that bright smile never came, he looked a bit conflicted, making me wonder if I had done something wrong.