



## Preparing for Dinner

### Jillian's POV

I scrambled up against the wall, my small hands in fists that dug into the gravel of the cell. Tears fell down my cheeks and my head rate sped up. Beads of sweat rolled down my neck and forehead. Pain from previous injuries stung and throbbled as I moved closer to the stone wall. The room was wet and cold and filled with horrifying memories.

"You have been very, very bad Jillian"

I couldn't see his face but I knew by his voice who the abuser was.

I swallowed some of the humid air. Words didn't come to my mouth, I knew that the more I spoke or screamed, the worse my punishment.

The whip made a loud crack as it ripped the skin of my back. My screams began. I couldn't hold them in any longer.

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### Damien's POV

The day had been long and it felt good to lie down for a good night's sleep. From morning until night I was in meetings and making arrangements with the Red Moon Pack about the trip to Canada. I was getting all the papers signed, I had to make sure Jillian had a passport, that we didn't go on another Alphas territory and all those fun things.

When Jillian had run in during my meeting with Christian and Kurtis about how things will be in my leave, I was more than happy to have an excuse to dismiss them early.

Jillian was irresistible.

But this irresistible mate really was a blanket hog. She had taken all the blankets, cocooned herself in them and rolled to the opposite side of the bed. Leaving me with a fleece throw blanket that only made it to my waist.

The perks of being B3

Then I felt a very distinct thump on my leg. At first it was light, but the second time felt like a lead bar was chucked at me.

I hissed at the surprisingly painful sensation that was surging through my thigh.

I looked down and found the cause of this discomfort.

Jillian was kicking me in the thigh!

This girl must have issues with mate abuse. The first day she met me she tried to gouge out my eye with a pen. And now she is kicking me like she is in a fight with Hulk Hogan.

I mean come on.

I was just about to put a pillow between us to block her blows but when she whimpered. My wolf became restless, because he thought she was in pain.

"N-no!.... Stop....please!"

At her words I jerked up in bed.

Who is hurting mate? Stone growled loudly in my head.

Slowly I moved closer to her, cautious of her blows. She now was struggling in the cocoon she had made of blankets.

"Jillian... I tried to wake her up calmly, but my near violent wolf was making it hard.

"No!... I'm sorry...." Tears started streaming down her cheeks. Her kicks and thrashes became more deadly.

"Jillian"

"Please stop!... No!... no....no"

"Jillian, you need to wake up!" I prodded at her and shook her slightly, but in her dream she mistook it as threatening, so she growled deep in her throat.

She should not growl at us. She is our mate. No one should hurt her and get away with it! Stone was now raging with fury. Controlling him was making this whole ordeal much harder than it had to be.

"PLEASE!.... DON'T...."

"JILLIAN!" I shook her when I yelled.

When she woke it was like she was emerging from water. She gasped and scrambled up against the headboard. She yanked at the blankets and struggled against her own arms. I helped her break free from the duvet that encased her. I moved to hold her, but she rolled down onto the ground and started crawling toward the other side of the room.

"Jillian?"

She was panting heavily, sweat and tears left her face glossy and moist. Her hair clung to her skin and she looked overall disturbed. She clawed at her skin to move her hair from her sticky clam.

I got up and started walking to her. My wolf was itching to clam her down. This wasn't the Jillian we knew. This wasn't the girl who danced like she won the lottery when she was alone. This wasn't the girl who hid behind her hair, or blushed when she was embarrassed.

This wasn't my Jillian.

I took a step closer and she screamed, I heard her heart beat speed up and her breathing became ragged. She stretched her arms out to cover her face as if I was going to wound her in any way.

You need to calm her down! Stone urged.

Can't you see that I'm trying? She keeps moving away idiot. retorted.

That's because your being intimidating! Stone growled at me. Get on all fours.

Shi ling isn't gonna help this situation.

We aren't shi ling! Just get on to your hands and knees.

I did as my wolf told me. I crawled toward her. Jillian didn't scream, her eyes dilated and she shivered from her lack of blankets though.

"Jillian..."

"What if he gets me?" She said in a small voice.

"Who will get you?" I bit back a growl. No one should touch Jillian. She should never be hurt.

Once I got to her side, I pulled her up into my lap, and held her tightly. Jillian's tears never stopped.

"Shhhhhhh.... It's ok, you're with me now." I said with every effort to calm her down.

With a shaky nod, Jillian continued to sob on my shoulder. I placed her head between my neck and shoulder where my scent is strongest. Her sobs became hiccups and her shaking stopped.

I held her until she cried herself back to sleep.

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Light shone through the window, with attempts to blind me. I groaned and moved to get up but Stone scolded me that our mate was sleeping. I looked down to see Jillian place firmly on my chest, her dark hair falling all over the place.

Mate is so pretty... Stone murmured gently.

As quietly as possible I slip my arm from under Jillian and reach for the nightstand to get my phone to check the time. I liked spending time with her. Even if it was for a few moments.

I clicked on the phone and noted the time, as well as the fact that my phone bursting emails and messages.

Ugh, I'll get them later.

I put the phone back in the table and wrapped my arm around my sleeping mate. I buried my nose in her hair and my thoughts drifted to what had happened last night.

She was so scared she cried. And sadly I knew that she wouldn't tell me what happened of her own accord, unless I ordered her to. It hurt to think that my mate couldn't trust me enough to tell me her feelings. She'd much rather tell Josie.

"Oh, Jillian. What am I to do with you?" I sighed.

"Shut up your ugly butt! baboon. Go die in a tree." Jillian distinctly said.

"Well thanks" I scoed.

A few more minutes went by before Jillian stirred and began to fully wake up. "Good morning" I greeted as she lifted her head from my chest.

"Um hm..." She mumbled and moved her hair from her face. She started to get up, but I held her down. "No. We need to talk"

We both sat up and I leaned against the headboard, Jillian stayed semi tangled up with me as she tried to re-braid her hair.

"What happened last night?" I asked.

Jillian's hands stopped working on her hair, and they trembled. Her braided fell apart and she tried to start again. "N-nothing...." She stuttered.

"Allow me" I picked her up by the waist and settled her between my legs. Before I could start to braid her so long hair.

"When did you learn to braid?" Jillian asked.

"Aerma died someone had to do Josie's hair. Don't change the subject though. What happened last night"

"It's not important"

I finished her long robe of hair and spun her around so she straddled me. "No, Jillian. It is important. If someone hurt you I need to know so I can keep you safe."

"But, Damien I am safe"

I growled in response.

Jillian sighed and played with the end of her hair. "D-Damien. It was a long time ago." I glared at her. "Tell me Jillian. I need to know"

"I originally come from Midnight Shadow Pack" Jillian looked at me with fearful eyes.

I nodded to keep her going.

"I am the Alphas daughter."

I've heard of Alpha Sadem.

"And he told me how weak and invaluable I was to the back. Everyday to remind me he would hit me..."

I growled lowly and held her tighter. A fat tear rolled down her cheek and I quickly wiped it away. We both needed this. Jillian needed to get this off her chest. I needed to hear about her past.

"He had a special room in the torture cell for me. Everyday it was something different. Knives, whips, sometimes his own hands." She choked out a sob.

"One day my sister found out that she had met her mate. She insisted that I go with her. Some how she found out about the beatings."

Stone was becoming furious. His lips turned my into an ugly snarl, and he began to think of all that ways her could destroy Jillian's father.

I will kill that man for ever touching Jillian. She's too so, sweet, gentle and generous. She needs to be avenged.

"D-Damien, you're hurting me." Jillian grabbed my hands that were quickly turning to claws away from her waist and squeaked them.

"Are there scars?" I rasped. I needed to see them and make them better. Jillian was too precious to be walking around with painful memories along with her.

"My father gave me lycanthrope shots every day so Gladys would get stronger to heal me faster. I have no scars Damien"

So he was such a coward he couldn't even let others know that he wounded his daughter. He gave her painful shots on top of the pain he inflicted during his abuse.

"That man does not deserve to live!" I bit out.

"No, no, no. Damien please don't hurt him" Jillian clutched my hands in hers and looked at me with pleading eyes.

"You are defending the man who gave you daily beating, just to prove how weak you are? You're defending the man who was too much of a coward to admit to his crimes by giving you lycanthrope shots? You know how badly they hurt? You know what abuse does to your mind as well as your body. You know all this, yet you defend the man who did it to you?"

"He's my father! And I'm not defending anyone! You can't just hurt him!" Jillian shouted, her face red and her cheeks stained with tears.

I nodded, stunned into silence. Jillian doesn't ever yell. She shrunk into my chest and I held her. "Don't hurt him this weekend..."

Now it all makes sense, why she was so scared and not open to trusting me. She was worried that I would hurt her like her father did. And he is going to be at the banquet tonight. How will I be able to keep under control which my mates abuser so near by? I've never met this man and I already want to rip home limb from limb.

"Jillian, I will never hurt you!" I ensured I held her tightly and whispered in her ear.

"You've already thrown a TV at me"

My heart clenched.

"Jillian, I didn't want to throw the TV at you I just threw the TV..." my argument was weak, but Jillian needed to know that anything I did was not meant to inflict any pain on her.

Jillian shrugged and pulled the covers up closer around herself. I kissed her hair and held her until there was a knock on the door.

Two taps one bang.

Josephine...

"Hey! I'm not room service! If you want breakfast you need to come downstairs!" there was a pause!

"ALPHA! You are missing a meeting right now!" Kurtis shouted.

I grumbled some colorful words under my breath as I got up out of bed. "I'm already having the side effects of pups and I don't even have any yet..."

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### Jillian's POV

I smiled at Damien as he quickly dressed and blew me a kiss before running out the door. A deep sigh escaped me as I flopped onto the disheveled blankets that smelled like my mate.

We told him...

Yup, and it's good. You both need to understand each other, so you can grow closer Gladys was like my anchor. She kept me grounded in some situations, and she helped ease my serious tone by being silly.

He's gonna hate dad now... Damien might hurt him when we see him tonight.

Damien will do what he thinks is best.

I cut off connection with Gladys. I needed some time to myself to think all this through.

I've gotten the nightmares before. Just not bad enough for me to wake up from them. Usually the worst of my dreams were just glimpses, thus leaving my sleep undisturbed. For that past few days my quality of sleep had been fine, but last night was terrible, if Damien wasn't there to wake me up who knows what could have happened. I knew that my mates presence kept Gladys stable and comfortable, and kept me happy as well. The connection between Damien would only grow stronger when he marked me, and the nightmares would stop all together.

Then there was a knock on the door, "Jillian! Get your butt out of bed! It's time for me to make you a goddess!"

I wanna sleep though....

I rolled over into the blankets and just as I did so the door came flying open. I opened one eye to see who the intruder was.

It was none other than....

Josie.

And a toiletbox.

Slowly I lifted myself from the bed and looked at her. I rose an eyebrow and pointed to the toolbox. A er the conversation I just had with Damien, I didn't really want to talk to anyone.

Josie shrugged, for she was used to my silent treatments and shy moments, "Just make up"

My eyes widened in surprise. She was going to use all of that on my face?!

This wasn't a usual toolbox, it was the type that you would give your dad as a gift on his birthday. It had compartments and pullout drawers all lined with various make up items, from brushes to lipstick.

"Go take a shower and I'll get you all ready to blow the socks off my big brother"

I really wanted to sleep, this banquet was looming over my head and I had to get it over and done with. "Chop chop! We only have four hours!"

I glanced at the clock, it was already 11. It was a weird to be up so late, Damien usually woke me up around 8 or 9 at the latest.

He must have let me sleep in. Or I fended him off with my harsh morning words.

I smiled, Damien waited up for me. He really cares....

"Jillian! You gotta stop staring at the clock with dreamy eyes. Its creeping me out."

I blinked out of my daze and went to the bathroom to prepare for the torture that Josie was going to me.

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### Hours Later

A er Josie plucked, plucked, trimmed and painted my face, we were finally able to get into the dress. Every time told Josie how much I hated every moment of it she would stomp my face full of strawberries to shut me up. Josie argued that because she lived with boys all her life she needed some "girl time" with me. To me girl time was over a box of popcorn and in our pajamas. But to each his own.

I slipped into the dress, thinking that it was over now, but them Josephine rounded the corner with a curling wand in her hand and a grin on her face.

I grimaced, Here we go again...

A er another hour of strawberries and plucking, pulling, trimming and painting, I was officially done. Josie also constantly commented about how much I looked like a goddess. When I saw my reflection I knew what Josie had meant. Not only did I look like a goddess I felt like one too. My hair was curled and le loose because Josie knew how much I liked it down, my face looked sweet yet strong. And my dress was well, to put it humbly, smashing.

There was a rustling beyond the bathroom door.

"Go knock his socks off" Josie pushed me into the next room.

Well here goes nothing

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### Damien's POV

This stupid cunt wont button!

I fiddled with the button on the cuff of my dress shirt. The idiot who invented these dumb things didn't have to button them by themselves. They defiantly didn't have common sense because they never considered the common bachelor.

Maybe you're just fat! My wolf suggested.

I growled at him. If I'm fat you are fatter.

I know you are but what am I?

I didn't face that with a response.

You're so fat that your belt is actually the equator.

Does anyone know where he comes up with these? Stone seems to make it a job to roast me every day.

I was just formulating a come back just as low as his, but that's when Jillian came out of the bathroom.

Stone stopped his relentless snickering.

Jillian wrung her hands and hid behind her hair. She shu led toward me and reached her hand out for me to let her deal with the cunt as if I was mesmerized I let Jillian have my hand. "You look gorgeous."

Jillian had finished buttoning the cuff. I wrapped one arm around her waist, I kissed her cheek and moved a piece of hair from her face.

I noticed the blush climb up her cheeks "Thank-you, Damien." Jillian patted my shoulder "You look really pretty too- No! Not saying that you don't look pretty, its just that you look really nice and handsome! I think you look handsome! Not pretty... You aren't pretty at all... Don't take that the wrong way! You look..." Jillian held her head in her hands and she did a three-sixty tum as if to look for that proper words around the room.

Don't you think that there is something wrong with mates dress? Stone asked.

I didn't originally think anything was wrong, but when I realized both my wolf and I were startlingly angry.

"Jillian, go change" I ordered calmly.

Jillian turned and looked at me in confusion "But I thought you said I looked good in this dress."

"Exactly"

I said what I meant, Jillian looked amazing, to amazing.

"I don't understand."

"Just go change, we have enough time" I checked my watch, which agreed with my statement.

Jillian's hands went to her hips that were to tightly hugged by the fabric of the dress. "What if I don't want to?"

Oh oh... someone has been spending too much time with Josephine... Stone licked his lips. He wanted to teach Jillian a lesson about disobeying me.

"Do you really want to explore those options?" I walked closer to Jillian and stood over her. "I said we have time, go change into something more suitable." my voice no more than a menacing growl.

Jillian took a step back and swallowed audibly. Her eyes narrowed "Do you just want me to wear sweatpants and a gym shirt then? Because this is the most suitable thing I have to wear"

"Okay, that works. Males will keep a fair distance from you then"

Jillian's eyes widened in disbelief "No! No Damien! You can't just use your authority to over power me! Most of the males there will be mated and not even care about how I look!" She threw her hands up in the air "Why do you do that?"

"DO WHAT? KEEP YOU SAFE? DO I OFFEND YOU WHEN I PROTECT YOU FROM PEOPLE WHO COULD HURT YOU? IF SO YOU HAVE TO GET OVER IT, BECAUSE ITS MY JOB!"

"Fine" Jillian turned away from my outburst "I'll just move the marking date to a week longer. Its a pity too, because you were so close." She started rummaging around in the closet.

That was a low blow. She knew how much I wanted to mark her.

I snarled and picked up our suitcases.

"Fine. Lets go Jillian"

### Authors Note

So yes, he did it again. I know that many of you kinda hate

Damien.

Not gonna lie he is a jerk sometimes. But what can you do?

Maybe Jillian can talk some sense into him in the next chapter.

Also you find something out about Jillian. You may might know why she is so flinchy and cautious of others. Especially alphas.

For reading, commenting, and voting! You guys are seriously great.

### Thanks again

Deanna