

Dinner Sparks

Jillian's POV

My mate smiled at me, and my face flushed in embarrassment.

I tried to spear him with a pen I found on his nightstand.

As if it was even more possible, I blushed deeper.

I had been sleeping in his bed!

Looked down at my hands I had folded in my lap to keep them from shaking. Damien just exuded power and authority, causing me to shake and feel nervous.

When I looked up, Damien's green and brown eyes were watching me with intensity. Slowly he moved his face closer to mine.

I held my breath.

Gladys freaked out.

Oh, my goodness! What if he kisses us?! Gladys gushed, I mentally rolled my eyes at the thought.

But I couldn't help my rapidly reddening face from turning completely tomato paste red.

I held his gaze.

Honestly, Damien wasn't what I expected. He had jet black hair, that sometimes seemed to get in his eyes, and held a few curls. His jaw line was sharp enough to cut me, along with his mismatched gaze. His dark tan skin revealed a lifestyle of being outdoors, along with the few boyish freckles that just barely dusted the bridge of his nose.

I don't know what I expected to see in Damien, but I didn't expect him to look so, I don't know, handsome.

His nose touched mine slightly.

What was he doing?!

We looked into each other eyes for another few moments. Then I moved my head back. Damien seemed to understand how uncomfortable I was and moved back as well.

Well, that was awkward.

Uncomfortable silence fell between us.

Damien casted his eyes to the ground and I looked over his shoulder at the black screened television.

"Will you come down for dinner?" Damien wondered.

His voice...Gladys just loved everything about this man. And we hardly even know him.

Well, besides the fact we where destined to be together forever.

I was hungry, I must admit, but the thought of being with other people, made me feel queasy.

I never liked eating in front of wolves I didn't know, plus I was in a new pack and was already on the verge of a panic attack.

"I would love to eat dinner," I started.

"But...?"

"I don't- um- is there- uh - a possibility I could eat alone tonight?" I spat the last part out, almost hoping he didn't hear me.

Damien's eyebrow quirked up a little bit, "Do you feel alright?"

I nodded hastily, "But it has been a long day....and"

"Exhausting?" Damien finished my sentence.

I nodded my head again.

"Oh, ok. Dinner will be brought up. I'll eat with you"

Gladys liked to sound of that.

But the whole reason I wanted to eat alone, was because I wanted to eat alone.

But there is no arguing with an alpha over little things. If I learned anything in my eighteen years of life it was that you save up brownie points with alphas; butter them up until you can ask for something you want.

I nodded quickly, and Damien stood up, "Wash up. I'll be back soon" he orders before leaving.

When the air seemed breathable again, and I took a deep breath before going to my back pack to grab some clothes and other needed showering essentials.

I picked out my favorite pair of sleeping shorts and a tank top.

As a moment of taking in my surroundings again, I fixed my eyes on the bathroom door.

When I walked inside I was surprised first at its size, then second at its cleanliness. Most men I have ever met kept their bathrooms looking like pigpens.

I smiled at the clean, yet cluttered counter. Various soaps and sprays littered the area.

I turned on the water in the shower before stripping down to get in.

The warm flow soothed my tight muscles and seemed to put me in better spirits.

I massaged my scalp with some shampoo I had found to wash my hair, then I lathered up my soap to clean the rest of my body.

I quickly towled off with one of the many red towels folded neatly in the bathroom closet. I got into my clothes and combed out my hair with my fingers.

When I left the bathroom, I expected to be alone for at least a few more minutes, but the strong smell of Italian food greeted my nose and I knew I wasn't. Also at the smell of dinner I realized how hungry I was. As a result of the stress of the day, all I was able to eat was a granola bar.

I walked closer to the delicious smell, subconsciously grinning at the wonderful thought of food.

On the coffee table by the couches, and grand window, sat a plate of spaghetti and meatballs, dribbled with tomato sauce.

On the other side of the small table sat my mate. His plate was nearly done, he was busy scrolling through his phone. And only have me a glance of acknowledgement.

I sat down diagonal to him. My long gangly legs stretched to the other side of the table, and I could feel Damien's warmth.

I lifted the clear covering that was on the plate to keep the food warm, and dug in.

I shoveled noodles into my mouth as quickly as possible. At the time I didn't care how unattractive I looked, all I cared about was how quickly I could get the food into my hungry stomach.

Then my plate was gone. I gasped as I reached for it from Damien's hand. But he lifted it high and wouldn't let me get it.

"Eat slowly, you could choke" He ordered. His eyes still trained on his phone screen.

I glared at him while I swallowed.

How dare he take my food?!

Then my plate was placed gently in front of me. I ate considerably slower, knowing that Damien was right.

Once he put his fork down he was still distracted. Seeing Damien on his phone reminded me that mine was in my bag, and that I should probably check it to see if my sister tried to contact me while I was sleeping.

Then I felt warm fingers lay on top of my calf.

Sparks erupted through the area, causing all my muscles to tighten a little bit.

Damien was touching my leg.

I froze, my breathing changed. I knew that if he wasn't my mate I would kick him off, but I was enjoying the slight touch.

Gently and ever so gently Damien's thumb started to roll in circles along my skin.

I sighed at the odd gesture.

Gladys shared my comfort.

Maybe my mate really wasn't as bad as I originally thought.

Authors Note

Hope you all enjoyed, I want to thank everyone who has been reading. I really appreciate it.

Please comment and vote.

Thanks again,

Deanna

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