

## The Unloved Mate Chapter 11

Isabella's pov

Damien demanded for a more comfortable room. I don't understand what was not comfortable in the previous room.

The room Damien was given^^

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I would be dying of joy if anyone gave me that room to stay in!

I guess Alpha's like 'king quality'

rooms.

We soon reached the room and an omega came our way and gave Damien the keys. Not before giving me a slight glare.

It didn't go unnoticed though.

"What are you looking at?!" Damien spat.

"Nothing, sorry Alpha." He bowed and ran.

Damien unlocked the door and held out his hand.

"Come on princess." He said smiling.

"What? Why would I go in there. It's your room." I said confused.

"It is, but we are sharing it. I know you don't feel comfortable with sleeping on the same bed with me, so I told Nate to add an extra bed in there." He said and grabbed my hand and pulled me inside.

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The other room^^

The inside of the room was divine! It was spacious and cozy at the same time.

I looked around the room in awe.

I saw Damien staring at me.

"Why?" I asked

"So you don't have to stay there. You deserve much more princess. And once when you're comfortable enough I will take you to my pack. There you will be treated the way you should be. Like a queen. But for now we have to settle for this, your highness." He said smiling slightly.

The thought of meeting his pack scared me. My own pack hates me. Yes hate is a huge term. But that's exactly what they do. So how can I expect his pack to treat me as their own?

As if sensing my fright, Damien came to me and held my hand.

"Everything will be fine baby. Trust me. I will never force you to do anything. We will go to my pack whenever you want. It's totally your choice. Promise." He said looking in my eyes. That's how I knew he was sincere.

He won't force me.

My opinion matters to him.

It matters to him.

"Baby. It's late, we should have something to eat before bed. But first change into something comfortable." He said.

I looked down at my outfit. I was wearing my 3-year-old baggy t-shirt and black leggings. I don't have anymore comfy clothes.

I only own 3 t-shirts and 4 leggings and 3 pairs of under clothing.

"I am comfortable in these. And you can go have dinner. I will wait for you up here." I said smiling slightly. A f\*\*\*\*d smile.

"Well they don't look comfortable enough. And why are you not coming for dinner? Are you not feeling good. Do you need something?" He asked suddenly worried.

"No no, it's fine, I'm fine. I just don't eat dinner." I said looking down at my feet.

"Why?" He asked shocked at the revelation.

"Not used to it."

"Bella, how much did they feed you? How many times?" He asked seriously, with a no-nonsense face.

"Once a day, mostly lunch" I replied.

"What and how much?" He asked again

"A couple toast, cube sized chicken and a cup of water."

"How are you so brave bella. You have been coping with all this s\*\*t for so long. I'm so sorry you had to endure so much pain baby. But not anymore." He said hugging me tightly as if I'll vanish.

He held me at an arm length and looked at me in the eyes.

"Now you will have your breakfast, lunch, evening snacks and dinner! You will eat everything you like and how much you like. No one will stop you. I'll be there." He said sternly but smiling at the end.

He took my hand and gently dragged me down to the dining area.

Then it hit me. I didn't make dinner! What will EVERYONE eat!?

I speed walked to the kitchen, Damien following close behind me.

"What are you doing bella?" Damien asked. I had no time to respond. I looked around the kitchen that by any chance anyone had cooked something.

Nothing! Absolutely nothing! What will everyone eat now.

45 minutes until dinner starts.

I went to the pantry and found packets of spaghetti. I placed them on the counter and heated a big boiler.

"Baby what are you doing" Damien asked from behind.

"There is nothing to eat Damien! I was supposed to make dinner today like everyday. But I forgot! Now I'm trying to make something edible for everyone to eat. Or they will all starve. One of them here can cook to save their life!" I rambled.

"They did so much, gave you so much pain but here you are making dinner for more than hundred people." He said

"If I do the same things they did then what will be the difference between them and me. And I don't want myself to turn out like them in the end." I said while making meatballs.

"Well I want to be like you, so I'll help you!" Damien said and put the second burner on and put a sauce pan on it.

"But I don't know how to make it. Be my instructor."

I tell him what to do and it seemed as if he was absorbing all of the things I was saying.

Within 30 minutes spaghetti and meatballs were ready for everyone.

2 of the omegas came in the kitchen. Both of them looked at Damien and bowed.

"Take the food and place it at the table" Damien ordered them.

They quickly took all the dishes and left the kitchen.

By the time Damien and I cleaned up everyone was already at the table.

Pack members looked at me, some confused looks as to why I was here, some with glares and some simply surprised.

I noticed how only one seat was left at the huge table. At the head.

I let Damien sit before me and he sat there. I stood besides him.

He looked at me and then the table. He then let out a breath. Everyone carefully watching his each activity.

"I guess there is no room left." He said and suddenly pulled me down on his lap.

I squealed a little in surprise.

I tried to get up but he held tighter and moved a little so we both are comfortable.

My back was touching his hard chest, his strong arms around my stomach, and his chin rests on my shoulder. He seemed to be very happy by the position.

He took a plate and piled up loads of food in it.

How could he possibly eat that much!

Everyone had also grabbed a plate for themselves. I noticed my parents looking at me with disgust. I lowered my head.

Then all of a sudden there was a fork full of spaghetti in front of my mouth.

I saw Damien looking at me and smiling. He looked at me expectantly.

I opened my mouth and he fed me.

It continued that way. He fed me, then himself, then me again.

Occasionally he brushed his fingers at my sides and I let out a loud giggle. I was very ticklish.

Throughout dinner no one spoke other than my occasional giggles and Damien's small laughs.

The dinner nearly came to end when Alpha Mason spoke.

"Omegas did a great job today. The food was good."

The omegas didn't hesitate before smiling and saying thank you. Taking all the credit.

I let them pass like always, not like I could do anything. But Damien had other plans.

"Actually me and my mate Isabella made all the food today Alpha Mason. You're omegas were either a bit too late for their work or they are totally dependent on my Bella." Damien said

Alpha Mason cleared his throat.

"Well the food is really good Alpha Damien and Isabella." Alpha Mason said.

"It had to be! We made it together so there was a lot of love in it!" Damien said with a closed mouth smile

Well this is awkward.....