

The Unloved Mate Chapter 22

Isabella's pov

A loud thud woke me up followed by a string of curses. I tried to ignore it and snuggled into the soft fabric of the covers. After a few minutes, a soft hand brushed my cheeks, sending sparks through my body.

Damien.

His large hand caressed my cheeks lightly and brushed the hair from my face. I leaned against his touch and enjoyed the feeling.

"Baby, wake up. It's time to leave." His soft voice made me sigh in content. How can he be called cruel and ruthless. He is such a sweet mate!

I mumbled some words, that definitely made no sense to him, or even me. I heard him chuckle and kiss my eyes. "Wake up princess. Everyone left already. We are already late." At those words my eyes flutter open.

The first thing I see, is the bright smile on his face. He leans in and gives my lips a short and sweet kiss, that makes my cheek burn. It will take some time to get used to the kissing.

"What do you mean everyone left. It's so early." I said and got off the bed to use the bathroom.

"It's already noon baby. You slept in." He called behind me. I froze. Never in my life have I slept in. Once I did, and I learned my lesson to never do it again. I look at him.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" I asked and stood in front of him. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed. He wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me between his legs.

"You looked so peaceful, while sleeping. I didn't want to wake you up, so I told everyone to leave and we will leave later, in my car." He said shrugging his shoulders. "Now get ready, it's a 3 hour drive. They must have reached the pack house."

I nodded and kissed his head and ran to the bathroom. I heard him laugh and let out a giggle of my own.

I did my business and brushed my teeth.

I came out and saw a dress laid on the bed for me. I pick it up, along with some under clothes from the bag and get into the shower.

After getting ready I go downstairs. Damien is sitting on the dining table with a plate full of food in front of him, untouched. He sensed me coming and looked at me. His eyes skimmed me, from head to toe and opened his arms for me. I didn't hesitate before going to him and leaned into his touch.

He adjusted me on his lap to make me comfortable and we both ate in silence. A comfortable silence.

After lunch I packed whatever things were left here and there and met Damien at the garage. We got into his car and drove off.

During the drive he held my hand with his one hand and gripped the wheel with other. I turned on the radio. 'Love me like you do' started playing. I liked the song, even if I never heard it before.

I dozed off sometime later, and woke up when the car came to a stop, or more like jerked. I looked at Damien with a frown on my face. He gave me a smile and got out of the car. I looked outside the window and realised that we were in middle of a gravel path, it was unknown area.

There was no sign of civilisation. Only a few trees and a flat land. I could make out by the colour of the sky that it will be dark in a few hours. We have been on the road for so long?

There was smoke coming out of the bonnet of the car. I could barely see Damien opening it and examining what was the problem. After a few minutes he closed the bonnet and came in.

There were black patches on his face. I took out the box of tissue from the dashboard and wiped the patches. He gave me a sheepish look.

"What's the problem?" I asked.

"Uhh, the car broke down, and I have no idea how to fix it." He sighed and closed his eyes.

"You tried to call someone? Maybe-" he cut me off by saying "I tried but my phone has no network in it. And also, the battery is low."

"We could walk, maybe we will reach the pack house before dark"

"About that, uhh, actually, um, I have no idea where we are. I was following the GPS. But somewhere in the middle of the drive it stopped working"

I gave him a 'are-you-serious' look and he bit just Chuckled nervously.

"What are we gonna do now?" I said at the verge of having a panic attack. Damien sensed my uneasiness and pulled me on his lap. He stroked my hair with his large hand and hugged me tightly.

"Don't worry baby, we will stay the night in the car, and in the morning we can start walking and maybe find some help. I guess I have some packed sandwiches in the bag, on the backseat. We can have that and sleep for now. I'm here, don't worry." His words calmed me down a little.

We ate the sandwiches and cleared the backseat to sleep in. We kept all our bags in the front.

Damien laid down on the backseat, leaving no room for me. I stood there staring at him. He noticed me standing there and smiled. Suddenly he pulled my hand, which caused me to fall, on top of him. He closed the door with his foot and adjusted me on top of him.

My head resting on his chest and his legs tangled in mine. His left hand was under his head and the other hand was wrapped around me tightly. Almost possessively.

He kissed my head and closed his eyes.

"Goodnight Damien."

"Goodnight Princess. Dream of me" that earned him a smack on his chest. He just Chuckled and held me more tightly.

The warmth radiating from him was comforting. And before I know it I was deep asleep.