

The Unloved Mate Chapter 48

Isabella's pov

After Nate's interruption Damien went after him because 'he came in to show him something' but inside I know he went to beat him to pulp.

Half an hour later Damien came back looking all satisfied and smiley confirming my doubts.

I just stared at him. I don't have the will to fight him on this.

He climbed back on me and left feather light kisses on my neck and I giggled at the ticklish feeling.

His lips left my neck and connected with my lips. He kissed me slowly and softly while his hand caressed my hips.

Damien spread my knees apart and made himself comfortable in between. Now he was holding his weight by his elbows and his hands in my hair.

A groan erupted from his throat which received a moan from me in response.

Damien pulled away after some time to catch our breath. His head rested on my chest and his hands still played with my hair.

I cleared my throat and pushed him back up. He got off me and helped me up.

He patted my clothes and ran a hand through my hair to make it look less messy then proceeded to make his suit tidy. After that was done, we were ready to go home. But Damien said we have to wait. He spoke on his phone for a minute and then turned to me.

"Ok we can go now." He took my hand and guided me to the elevator.

"Who were you talking to?" I asked casually. I really don't care who he talks to, I trust him more than I do myself. I just want to start a conversation.

"It was Gage. I asked him to make a list of the best wedding planners and give it to me by this time but it seemed as if it would take more time so I told him to mail it to me." He said.

With a jerk of his hands he pulled me to him, sticking our bodies together. I laughed at his attempt and hugged him. He sighed and dropped his head on my shoulder.

"I will never get tired of this. Ever." He said.

"Tired of what?" I asked. My fingers threading his soft hair earning a sigh from him.

"Of holding you. Being with you."

My heart melted at his reply.

"Me too." I said and we stood there, just holding onto each other. Loving the feeling of being so close, he had to bend low to reach my height but he didn't complain. After hugging and kissing we finally reached the ground floor and out of the building into the car.

Our drive home was silent, a comfortable silence. Damien's hand wrapped securely around me and my head on his shoulder.

Soon we reached home and I went straight to our bedroom to get freshen up while Damien went to the kitchen to get some food for himself. I washed my face and pulled my hair in a messy bun. I changed into one of Damien's smallest t-shirts and my pink sweat pants.

I padded downstairs and bumped into Damien on the way. I fell on my b**t and groaned while rubbing my backside. I glared at him. While I was groaning in pain from the impact, he stood tall and strong absolutely not affected by sweet little me.

He pulled me up and held me in his arms. He brushed the bangs of hair off my face and smiled. I forgave him.

We went to the dining hall for dinner where Nate and Damien's parents were waiting for us.

We took our seats, or more like Damien took his seat and made me sit on his lap. My backside was still giving me problems but I managed.

Damien parted his legs a little and made sit in between so that my butt won't touch the chair. I smiled grateful at him and he just fed the both of us, as always.

He slid his hand under the table and rubbed my b**t making me gasp in shock. Everyone turned to me, giving me concerned looks.

"What happened dear? Is something wrong?" Lily asked. I just smiled and nodded my head.

"Yeah just the curry is a little spicy. Nothing important."

"Oh really baby? But I don't think the curry is that spicy." He is a dead wolf today! I turned my head and glared at him. He smirked and placed a spoonful of beans near my mouth.

I angrily ate it and ignored his attempts to talk.

When dinner was over I stomped to our bedroom and hid under the covers quickly. I heard the door opening and then shutting close. Damien's smell filled the room.

I pretended to be asleep but all of that was forgotten when he pulled the cover off me and tickled me senseless. I giggled uncontrollably and tried to shove his hands off of me but what can I do! He is like a mountain.

Finally he stopped and fell on the bed besides me. He leaned on an elbow facing me.

"I'm sorry baby." And I forgave him for almost embarrassing me in front of his family.

I hung my hand around him and pecked his lips and smiling brightly.

"Forgiven" I said and kissed him again. When we grew tired we cuddled with each other till sleep took over.

Before going to sleep a thought came to me. We didn't tell anyone about our wedding in a month.