

The Unloved Mate Chapter 51

Isabella's pov

Today are going to meet the wedding planner and confirm everything. Cole and Nate are coming with us so that they could help. But I know they just wanted to get out of the house for a while.

We were in Damien's SUV heading to the wedding planners office. It's really hot today so I wore some white shorts and a sky blue crop top and so did Cole. We almost look the same.

I was almost hesitant to wear it since most wolves don't let their mates wear revealing clothes, but to my surprise he didn't lash out. He complimented me and kissed me, for how cute I look.

Damien is not picky when it comes to my clothes. He says I can wear anything I want and if anyone looks at me he will rip them apart. But he won't stop me from wearing what I like.

I love this boy.

Damien was driving while I was beside him in the passenger seat and Nate and Cole were cuddled on the back seat.

"Could you guys give it a break? I think I'm gonna be sick seeing you like this!" Damien yelled at the lovebirds who were being all cuddly and kissy kissy.

"Oh come on, you can't tell me to stop when you are practically all over Isabella every second of the day! Even now your hand is on her thigh!" Nate shot back.

I glanced down and saw that Damien's hand was on my thigh, dangerously high. I glared at him and he slid his hand to my knee.

"Whatever" Damien muttered.

"Were here!" Nate yelled suddenly making us jump. I placed my hand on my chest to calm my breath.

"Stupid!" Damien muttered under his breath and parked the car outside the office. He opened the door for me and Nate did the same for Cole. Aw.

Damien held my waist protectively and nudged me forward. I just gave him a smile and walked into the office doors.

The interior of the office was pure white with grey and black furniture. It screamed professional. We approached the receptionist.

"We are here to meet Mr Kevin. We have an appointment." Damien said in a hard tone, strict business tone.

"Of course Mr Owen, Mr Kevin is in his office, you can go in now. First door to the right." He said with a warm smile. Damien started to drag me with him but I managed to say a small thank you to the receptionist.

Because these wolves don't have manners. Bad wolves.

Nate and Cole opted to stay outside his office and do nothing.

Damien knocked on the door and a small soft 'come in' was heard. I thought Kevin was a guy?

We both entered the office and just like outside the walls and floor were pure white only the difference was that the furniture was very colourful. The couches were rainbow coloured and the chairs were pink, yellow and orange. I almost laughed at the choice of interior. Who has such a bad taste!

"Mr Owen, oh I've been waiting for you." The soft voice said again. I turned my head in the direction and saw a man sitting on a chair across the fairly large desk.

His posture, voice, looks and style screamed gay. I have nothing against gay, but the way he is eye-raping MY soon to be hubby, I think I can make an exception.

He had dirty blonde hair that reached below his ears and grey eyes. He wore a colourful shirt with a scarf around his neck.

He smiled at us and we returned it.

"Come here have a seat Mr Owen." He said which could be translated to 'I would gladly fuck you Mr Owen'

I held in a scowl and plastered a fake smile on my stupid face.

We took our seats but Damien being Damien, he made me sit between his legs. I adjusted myself a little but stopped when Damien held my hips.

"Don't baby. Later." His voice was staid and I wonder what happened, I moved myself a little and then it clicked. I held in the urge to slap myself on the head. Oh course he would feel uncomfortable.

I stilled, not moving an inch, so that I don't create any trouble for him. He rubbed my tummy lightly and fixed his gaze on Kevin.

"So you are the lucky bride everyone is talking about. I'm Kevin, nice to meet you." Kevin said and extended his hand towards me. I shook his hand.

"Nice to meet you too Kevin. I'm Isabella." Maybe he isn't too bad.

He kissed the back of my hand.

"Pleasure is all mine. Now, do you guys have a vague idea about how you want your wedding?" He asked seriously.

"Yes actually, we decided we want a beach wedding at Miami, the venue will be selected once we reach there and we would like the colours golden and white to be incorporated." Damien replied.

"Hm. Sounds good. And about the dresses?" Kevin asked back.

"Actually we are flying to Miami tomorrow so everything will be done there itself."

"Hm. Good idea, we don't have time. So what time will you guys reach there?"

"In the evening maybe."

"So I will meet you the day after and then we can go to check out venue's then the decoration. Yeah?" Kevin suggested.

We nodded and agreed.

We left after half an hour after some more discussion. Nate and Cole were making out in the car when we came back. Which earned him a earful from Damien.

"Don't ever do it in my car!" He sneered one last time before throwing Nate the keys.

"For punishment, you will drive."

Damien settled in the backseat and pulled me in with him.

Nate started to drive the car and soon we were on the main road.

I felt something wet touch my neck and turned around. I saw Damien leaning against me with a smile.

"You did a great job turning me on in there. Want to continue?" He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. I gasped at his poor attempt to get laid and slapped his arm.

"Stupid horny wolves." I muttered and closed my eyes.

"Ok maybe later then?" I didn't have to look at him to say that he was pouting.

"Maybe." I replied. I heard him whistle lowly.

I felt drowsy and sleep started to take over. I laid my head on Damien's lap and closed my eyes.

I felt him stroke my hair and kiss my cheek.

Why do I feel so sleepy? I'm not even tired.

Then sleep took over.