

The Unloved Mate Chapter 52

I had a beautiful dream.

Damien's lap is always the best place to fall asleep. The security it gives me is unmatched. I know while I am sleeping, I don't have to worry about anything else.

The carefree atmosphere and the happiness of finally being with the love of my life brought a smile to my face.

In the dream, I could see the bright future that was ahead of me. The way Damien and I would will after getting married. Our kids, as babies and as grown ups. Of course there will be more than one of them.

The dream was the best I've had in my entire life up until this moment. It not only gave me immense happiness but also a sense of belonging. That future is mine. I have survived those days where I wanted to die and now I am living my best life.

The dream lasted forever. In the short span of few hours that I slept, I dreamt of my entire life ahead. Damien's love never changed in those days.

And my love for him only grew. Our kids were the best kids in the world. They were loved by everyone, especially their grandparents who always pampered them and spoiled them.

They received everything that I did not get while growing up. The regrets that I grew up with, they will never see. For them, the world will always be a bright place where only good things happen.

Damien was the perfect father to them. I tried my best to be a good mother. And maybe, in the dream I was successful too. I smiled in my sleep, feeling the warmth of Damien's body against mine. I could feel his hand stroking my hair gently and a kiss dropped on my cheek. The dream turned sweeter after that.

In that dream I wondered just long could we go on for. How long was forever? Damien had promised her that he will love her forever and that they will be together until then. But how long was that? I don't know. But somehow the dream felt endless. The love that we shared kept flowing like an endless stream with no end and no origin.

"Mom!"

A small voice woke me from my sleep. It was morning and I was sleeping in my bed. The space next to me was empty and cold.

I frowned. Weren't we in the car? When did we reach home? I wanted to call out for Damien but another voice called out before me.

"Mom! Open the door!"

I looked towards the door of our bedroom and got off the bed. Only then I realised that I was wearing silk pajamas. On the way to the door I glanced at my appearance in the mirror and was surprised at what I saw.

The last time I saw myself in the mirror, I definitely wasn't this old. The face in the mirror was aged. If I had to guess, something in the late thirties.

I frowned and opened the door. In front of the door was a restless girl. She looked very familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. The girl looked at me with her big eyes and held my hand.

"Mom, why didn't you open the door earlier?" The girl was obviously not happy. I bend a little on my knees and caressed her head.

"What happened so early in the morning?" I said in a natural way as if it was something I did on a daily basis. It was surprising how familiar I was to these actions.

The little girl was not that little. Her petite body was just like mine. She was actually older than ten but looked like her age was no more than seven.

"It's Luca again! He broke my backpack! How will I go to school now!" The girl cried out in frustration. This was definitely not the first time Luca had done something naughty.

"Okay, where is your dad? Did you tell him to fix it?" I said as I closed the door behind me after exiting the room, "We will get you a new one today. It's too late to get one now."

The girl became happy, "Okay! I want the same one that Rosell has! Her bag has so many stickers on them. I like it."

I smile and humm to her request. I went down the stairs and called out, "Damien?"

However, instead of my mate, I saw a little boy running towards me. The girl next to me instantly went into a defense mode against the boy.

"Mom, you should scold him!" The girl pointed at the little boy who crashed into me and hugged my legs. I couldn't help but laugh.

"What did you do again huh?" I picked up the boy in my arms and held him up to see his cute face.

The boy smiled innocently and said, "Nothing..."

The girl immediately became red, "Liar! Wait, let me tell daddy about this! He will set you straight! That was a new bad that grandpa had brought for me a month ago and you broke it!"

I stared at the boy's face and thought, ah so this is Luca. What a cute little boy. The girl then ran up the stairs shouting for her dad.

Feeling a bit restless, I follow up too. The girl went into the room that was Damien's study. Everything was exactly the same how I remembered it. The house was where we lived, the rooms and decor were the same. Only, there were an additional amount of kids and I seemed to have grown old.

The little restlessness didn't leave my body but only grew as I approached the study. There was a sound of the little girl complaining and another deep voice humming along to her complaints, paying attention to every detail of Luca's wrongdoings.

"Okay, but he is your brother, isn't he? You should forgive him for these small mistakes. Mom and I will take you out and get you a new bag today okay? Don't be so angry at him. You know Luca loves you. He only wants to play with his sister."

My hand stopped at the knob as I listened to Damien talking. He was exactly the same as I remember. With a smile on my face, I opened the door.

Damien was sitting on the chair behind his desk, with the little girl on his lap. The girl was clinging onto his neck while puffing up her cheeks.

"Won't you say sorry to your sister?" I put Luca down and patted his head. Luca ran along and went to his sister. He poked her back and giggled.

The little girl's cheeks deflated and she immediately slid down from Damien's lap and started to chase Luca out of the room.

I watch them as they disappeared with a smile on my face that couldn't get any better. Before I could turn around, a pair of strong arms wrapped around me from the back and a small kiss was placed on the base of my neck. Life couldn't get any happier. This is the life I dreamt of. This is the life I want.