

The Unloved Mate Chapter 55

Damien's pov

Today's the day. Today my bella will officially be mine. After weeks of planning and stressing it's finally time.

I fixed my tie again to make sure I look nice. I was wearing a black tux with a black tie. It usually didn't take long for me to get ready, but today I took a good 65 minutes to look even presentable.

I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, cause being that bella was held captive by the girls the whole time. Apparently we were not supposed to see each other till the wedding. It has been pure f*****e.

I even stoop so low as to sneak in her room but I was kicked out by Nina.

"Damien! Are you listening?" Adam shouted in my ear, breaking my train of thought.

"Huh? Yeah I'm listening. What were you saying?" I asked, he sighed and shook his head.

"Dude you have been staring at this mirror for the last fifteen minutes. Are you narcissistic?" He asked.

"No. I'm just trying not to faint on my wedding day. By giving myself a pep talk in my mind." I replied honestly.

"Don't worry brother, it will be fine and I can tell if not now you will faint at the altar when you see Isa, she is looking like a goddess in the dress." Jared said.

"Yup! I could pay a fortune to see that." Jacob joined him. Why do I have to get these idiots as brothers?

"Wait. Have you seen her? Did you speak to her?" I asked them and they nodded.

"Do you have a picture?" Hope in my eyes was clearly evident.

"Nope sorry, she was still getting ready so we didn't take any pictures." Michael said and I nodded before turning back to the mirror.

I don't look half bad.

"Honey! It's time!" My mom shouted from the other side of the door. Our mansion was an hour away from the beach venue.

We all settled in the limo. We reached the venue and I thought 'This is it, we made it'. Me and Bella have been through everything together and now we finally get our happy ending.

I smile to myself and take my place at the altar, Jared stood behind me as my best man and Jacob, Michael and Nate as my groomsmen.

I'm waiting baby.....

Isabella's pov.

Everyone is rushing here and there, trying to get everything done perfectly while I'm sitting on the chair in front of the mirror doing nothing and feeling completely useless.

But I can't do anything, the girls threatened me that if I get up they will cake my face with make up.

So I listened.

I am already in my wedding dress and it's truly gorgeous, my hair is in a messy bun with some strands framing my face. The girls are fussing over what kind of make up should be done.

I look at the clock in the room and realised I had only one hour more. One hour.

"Girls! One hour left! Fast do something! Anything!" I said.

They stopped whatever they were doing and focused on me.

Within 45 minutes I was all ready to get married to the love of my life.

We settled in the limo that Damien send earlier.

The bridesmaids; Cole, Cameron and Rozelle (one of the pack members I befriended) stood in a line before me. My maid of honour; Nina stood by me, ready to go.

Harold came to me and planted a kiss on my forehead. He had offered to walk me down the aisle because my dad didn't want to.

"Ready sweetheart?" He asked with a warm smile. I wrapped my arm around his and nodded.

"As ready as i will ever be." I replied.

A girl quickly gave me a bouquet of red roses and then the song started.

The girls moved forward swiftly followed by me.

"Don't trip. Don't trip. Don't trip." I kept whispering to myself. Harold chuckled silently and held my arm tightly.

"Don't worry, I won't let my daughter fall on such a special day." He whispered.

I nodded and walked more confidently.

With every step my heart raced faster than before. Finally my eyes landed on my beautiful mate; Damien.

He looked ravishing in his black tux. A small red rose was tucked in his suit pocket, his hair was a little mess, giving him a sexy look.

He looked happy. And thats all I want. We reached the altar and Harold handed me over to Damien, who took my hand eagerly.

"Take care of her or I will haunt you for your entire life. And I'm not joking son." Harold said and that's when realised how much I missed having a father in my life. But not anymore.

"Don't worry dad. I'll keep her like queen." Damien promised. Looking closely I saw water in her eyes.

I blinked back my own tears. Harold kissed my cheek and went to sit down next to lily.

I stood in front of Damien as the priest started his ceremony. I didn't pay attention to anything and just kept staring at my mate.

After a lot talking from the priest (please don't be offended, i dont know anything about Catholic weddings.) It was time for the rings.

The ring bearers , a cute girl and a boy came in with our rings.

We both took our rings in our hands and repeated after the priest.

"I Damien Owen take you Isabella Clark for my lawful wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health, until death do us part." Damien said and slipped the ring on my finger.

"I Isabella Clark take you Damien Owen for my lawful husband, to have and to hold from this day forward for better or worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health, until death do us apart." I repeat and slip the ring on his finger.

"Now you may kiss the bride." The priest said and Damien didn't waste anymore time and claimed my lips.

The clapping and hooting f****d us to move away. Both of us were breathing heavily.

He held my hand and walked me down the stage, we were blessed by everyone on the way.

During the reception many people greeted us and gave us gifts. Everything was going perfect until they showed up. My guests.

"Mason, Morgana, I'm glad you guys could make it." I said. Everyone was quite as I spoke to them. I stood up, Damien stood up with me and wrapped his hand around my stomach protectively.

"What the hell are they doing here?" He muttered.

"I invited them." He gave me a look that clearly stated 'are you out of your mind?'

"Damien I don't want to hold any grudges in the future. I want our future to be free of any negative emotions. I felt the need to do this baby. Please." I said. His eyes softened and he gave a small nod.

I smiled and pecked his lips, making him smile. I turned back to my guests with a smile.

"Thanks again for coming. Enjoy yourself." I said and sat on the seat that was for me and Damien.

"Congratulations Isabella. I'm happy for you." Mason said with a sad smile.

"Your happiness doesn't matter" Damien muttered , but I heard.

Both of them gave us our gifts and left. I guess they were not comfortable. And just like that we had our first dance.

The reception was over around 11:00pm in the night and I was more than just exhausted.

Damien helped me get in the car because my dress was too big.

I laid my head on Damien's lap and fell asleep. I am so tired.

"Baby. Wake up, we have to go now." He cooed in my ear and placed kisses over my face.

I opened my eyes and sat back up. We were at the airport.

"Where are we going?" I asked

"For our honeymoon baby. Now we have to get going. Come on."

We were on a private jet again, but it was a different one and was decorated with flowers on the inside.

"Where are we going for our honeymoon Damien?" I asked excited.

He just Chuckled and kissed me, making me forget everything. Soon we found ourselves in the small bedroom, tangled in sheets. My wedding dress discarded in a corner along with his clothes.