

The Unloved Mate Bonus Chapter 4

Isabella's pov

I woke up at one in the morning due to my weird craving for peanut butter in the middle of the night.

I freed myself from Damien's deathly hands and padded downstairs to the kitchen.

I can't skip anymore because of my huge tummy, heck I can't even look at my own toes! There was a time when Damien had to paint my toe nails for me, I feel so useless.

I reach the kitchen and open the gates to heaven aka the refrigerator. Damien being the best mate in the whole wide world that he is has already stacked the kitchen with the things I would possibly like to eat during my condition.

Aw my mate is such a sweetheart!

I grab hold of a new jar of peanut butter and a spoon and sit on the floor besides the fridge, with lot of difficulty.

Compared to other pregnant ladies my tummy is rather small, but I'm tiny myself, what do you expect. I still look like a fricking whale though.

I start to feel sleepy by the time I finish half of the jar and curl up on the floor itself. I am not climbing the stairs.

It's not cold since it's middle of summer so sleeping here won't be a problem.

I felt warm hands wrap around me. I open one eye and see that the person holding me was a very worried looking Damien.

I was fully awake now and he had my undivided attention.

"Damien? What happened?" I asked but he just gave me the 'your in trouble' look and I shut up.

He carried me upstairs and laid me down on the bed covering me up to the chin with the duvet. He sat next to me and just stared.

"Will you tell me what happened?" I asked again and this time he sighed.

"Why were you sleeping on the floor in the kitchen?" He asked in return.

"I wanted to eat peanut butter so I went to the kitchen but I fell asleep there. Too lazy to climb the stairs." I reasoned.

"You should have told me baby, I would have brought the jar here for you. You should be careful, what if something happened to you, or our baby." He said, I opened my arms and he hugged me without hesitation. His hands wrapped around my waist and head on my chest.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to trouble you more than I already do. I have become so useless, I need help in everything I do. You are always so stressed because of me." I pouted.

"Aw don't say that baby. You are not useless, it's just the pregnancy and everyone goes through these times. We will get through it too. Now it's already late and you should be sleeping, not talking." He said.

He always makes me feel better. My sweetheart husband. He got off of me, he laid down on the bed and cuddled me close.

His hands around my huge tummy and head next to mine. About fifteen minutes later I was already sleeping like a log (Damien told me).