

The Rejected Mate

chapter 6 : going back

* Present Time *

Matthew and I are now in the car travelling to my pack. We decided it would be better if we got there as soon as possible and I did not want to anger my dear best friend, who may turn into Bridezilla herself.

I was nervous and anxious to meet them all, especially a certain someone with stormy grey eyes. As if feeling my nervousness, Matthew places his hand in mine, while he drives with the other, and says "It's going to be just fine and do not to forget I'm going to be with you." I shoot him a nervous smile.

It is a five-hour drive and I realize that we are nearing our destination. We are only thirty minutes away and my nerves start getting the best of me, my left leg starts bouncing in nervousness.

I look out the window and recognize the familiar forest on the way to the pack house and I reminisce in the old memories of me running through these forests in my wolf form and a smile takes my face.

After a few minutes, we arrive at our destination and we get out of the car. We both walk towards the familiar building which looked marvelous with white, gold, and black themed intricate designs lining the walls. It was a big mansion meant for at least two hundred pack members if not more.

On the way towards the front steps, the pack house door slams open and I get a flash of brown hair. Before I know it, I am tackled by my best friend. She hugs me tight and yells "Bitch, I missed you so much and it's about time you came back!" I laugh and reply "I missed you too".

Our reunion was cut off by Courtney saying "Oh look who do we have here. I'm guessing you are Matthew, her boyfriend." All the while she is pointing a finger at me while saying her boyfriend and I shoot her glare.

Matt looks at her amused and shoots me a smirk and replies "Why?! Yes indeed. I'm this beautiful woman's boyfriend." and snakes an arm around my waist. I blush instantly. Courtney gushes seeing this and says how cute and lovely we look together.

Our reunion is interrupted when someone new speaks up and his voice is coming from the direction of the pack house. "Hey Court, who is it?" When the person looks up, his

blue-green eyes widen when he sees me. He runs towards where I am standing and engulfs me in a bear hug and I bask in the warmth and familiarity.

I hear a growl which comes from Matthew and I elbow him. He instantly recognizes his mistake and gives me a sheepish smile. "Sere Bear! Where have you been? We missed you so much." Alex my older brother says and pulls back, looking at me with moisture in his eyes but happy none the less to see me.

I shoot Courtney a look, realizing that she did not tell them the reason behind why I left. She shakes her head in "no" and I look towards Alex and say, "I couldn't stay here. It was painful and I missed you so much." He does not ask me about it but looks at me with a concerned gaze.

"Where are mom and dad any ways?" I ask him and he replies. "They went on a vacation to Hawaii." Alex looks towards where Matt is standing and asks him with narrowed eyes "Who are you?" I roll my eyes knowing that Alex loves playing the scary older brother card and I can see that he does not find Matthew as a threat to me.

"I'm her boyfriend." They both look at each other with narrowed eyes for a few moments and then suddenly burst into laughter and engulf in a manly hug. I and Courtney look at them like they have gone bonkers and shoot each other a worried glance.

I was so engulfed with meeting them that I almost did not notice someone looking at me from a window on the second floor of the pack house. Feeling the stare, I look up and my eyes lock with stormy grey colored eyes which hold some kind of emotion I couldn't decipher. I look down not being able to hold his gaze for long. Courtney, Alex and Matthew are chatting with each other that they didn't notice the little interaction.

He has not changed much. He has grown manlier than the last time I had seen him and has a five o'clock shadow on his chin that makes him look dangerous and sexy at the same time.

"So, what are we waiting for? Let us go inside and let us get you guys settled. We have a lot of planning left for the wedding." Courtney says breaking me from my trance. Matthew and I agree and we walk towards the pack house.

It is the next day and I am staying in my old room. Nothing has changed about it. Everything is in its place. Just the way I left it, but I can smell a faint scent of someone, but I could not point out whose. Maybe a pack cleaner has cleaned it or something I think to myself.

Matthew is staying in the room next to me, though he does not sleep there as he sneaked into my room last night. He is currently out with Alex fishing in the nearby stream. Courtney is downstairs in the kitchen making sandwiches for us

I am getting bored staying in one place, so I decide to go downstairs and help Courtney. I pass by a few rooms and just when I am turning to take a right from the hallways, I hear a cry from one of the rooms. I decide I might as well check it.

What I was not prepared for was to find a baby boy who was crying on the floor. I instantly rush towards the baby and pick him up from the ground. It appears that he had fallen from the bed while crawling.

"Ohhh! It is okay. Shhh! Sssh! Don't cry." I try to soothe him by rubbing his back while his head is buried on my neck. I rub a small red spot on his elbow which definitely was caused from the fall. After a few minutes the baby calms down.

I look at the baby to find him already staring at me with stormy grey eyes. He has a small button nose and pouty lips. Now that I am really looking at this baby, I find that he seems familiar. Almost like someone I know but I could not tell who.

He is a really cute baby. He is wearing one of those black and white horizontally striped onesies with a black beanie with light brown pom-poms on his head. I know for sure that he is going to be a looker and when he grows up he will grab all of the lady's attention.

I smile at the baby and coo and make funny faces at him to which he squeals and giggles. He says something gibberish in his baby language while looking at me. He lays his head in the crook of my neck and wraps his arm around my neck and looks up at me with those gorgeous grey eyes. My heart melts seeing this; 'I wish I could have a baby of my own' I think to myself.

I decide that I should take him with me just in case he starts crying again, so I start walking with him towards the back kitchen and find Courtney standing there making the sandwiches.

"Courtney." My calls are gone unheard.

"Courtney." I say a little bit louder to get her attention and I succeed when she turns around and smiles at me, but that look is replaced with shock when she sees the baby in my arms

I look down at the baby in my arms and ask her "Courtney, whose baby is this?"

I look up at her after a few moments when she does not reply to find her giving me a deer caught in headlights look.

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chapter 7 : the bundle of happiness

"Um. You know that, um-uh." Courtney stutters out and she is nervous, this only happens when she is hiding something or lied about it.

"Spit it out Courtney, I asked you a simple question." I tell her curious to know whose baby is this. "It's Damien's and Emily's, Okay? Honestly, I thought you would figure it out already, I guess not!" Courtney says and looks at me with a wary look almost like waiting for me to burst out crying.

My wolf whimpers "mate has a child".

I felt pain and a deep hollowness within me. I had hidden it well during the past two years and it hit me all at once. Knowing that he has moved on caused me more pain than I would have liked. I thought I would never experience pain like that again, since I have been numb to it for the past two years. The pain that I was not good enough for my own mate and hollowness for the void his rejection had caused me.

Looking down at those stormy grey eyes just like his fathers, I feel like I have been left out on a huge part of what my life should have been and at this moment I loathed him for rejecting me. Tears prickle my eyes, but I keep them at bay, since I am now a pro at hiding my emotions.

I look up at Courtney and ask, "What his name?".

"Elijah, Elijah Blackwood." Courtney says proudly as he is the future Alpha of our pack.

Usually when a werewolf and human mates, their offspring is most likely a werewolf as werewolf genes tend to dominate. These offspring have great control over their animal side and instincts which is a plus. Children born of both parents being werewolves, tend to act on their animal instincts, which are not a good thing most of the time, as their human side is over shadowed by their werewolf side which is the dominant one.

I look down and smile at Elijah, who stares right back at me with his gorgeous grey eyes. I say "He is going to be a great leader one day." Courtney just smiles and nods her head.

I almost forget about something that I have noticed but forgot to ask her.

"Courtney, where is Emily and why haven't I seen her yet?" At this Courtney stills and gives me sad look.

"She passed way about one year ago, when she gave birth to Elijah. The doctors said that she was physically and emotionally drained." Hearing this, my heart breaks.

Sure, she was my mate's choice of Luna and my best friend. That does not mean I hate her. In fact, I do not hate her at all. I am sure that if Emily had known that Damien was my mate, she would never agree to mate with him in the first place.

"Oh" is all I could say.

"She figured it out you know." Courtney says and I give her a "what do you mean look" and she continues.

"She figured it out after two months into her pregnancy. He became more closed off than before and used to viciously torture the rogues and even innocent lone wolves. He and Emily always used to argue even after she found out she was pregnant. She was really happy.

Even Damien was happy but there still was a rock in their relationship. She eventually figured it out that he had found his mate and had rejected his own mate for mating with her. She somehow found out that it was you. Since your departure, he has been this way. She tried to reach out to you, but was unsuccessful. In a way, she blamed herself for the rejection".

A lone tear escapes my eyes hearing this. My leaving had created even more problems.

"How has he taken the news of her passing away?" I ask her. I was wanting to know his reaction. "He has been quiet most of the time. Only replying when needed. He looks after Elijah when he is not tending to his pack duties. Usually the mothers of the pack look after Elijah when Damien has to attend important meetings. Elijah has been some sort of saving grace. Damien has not gone on a killing spree since his birth and is gentle when things come to his son." She replies.

"He would have been a great dad to our pups" my wolf voices out her opinion and I block her out. Nothing eventful has happened since knowing that my mate has a son now.

It is nighttime and I am awakened from my sleep to the voice of someone crying. I think it is some pack members in need and follow the voice. I am surprised no one has woken up hearing the cries. I am standing in front of the same blue door which I had passed through to get to Elijah this morning. I open the door and find him trying to climb out of his crib with tears streaming down his face.

I rush towards him and pick him up in my arms. His tiny hands fist my shirt. I sit on the floor and rock side to side with him in my arms.

I sing to him.

"Silver light

She turned her face up to the starlit sky
And on this night began to wonder why
She knew that soon the day would come
Born to be
An heir of beauty and serenity Into this
world she entered quietly
To her surprise she was the one
Destiny was close behind her
Phantom of borrowed life And the sea was
a reminder.
Mirror of given light".

He stops crying after a few minutes and when I look down, I see he has fallen asleep. I decide that I should put him back in his crib.

I place him safely into his crib, trying not to make any sound, fearing that he would wake up. I tuck him in and place his blankie over him. Feeling eyes on my back the whole time I turn around but found no one.

"Hmm, weird' I think

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chapter 8 : hurting

**** Mature Content ****

Matt and I have been curled upon my bed for the past hour or so watching Titanic'.

It was kind of funny how the person who was supposed to cry was not and the one that was not was.

I hear sniffing when the part where Jack dies at the end of the film from hypothermia, protecting Rose by having her float on a doorframe while he stays in the water plays on

the screen. I turn towards my right and find Matthew sniffing and see tears trickling down his face and I laugh. "What? He grumbles at me and not a second too later, I stop laughing when I am hit by a pillow hitting me square in the face.

My eyes snap towards the culprit and I narrow my eyes playfully and say. "Well you know it's amusing to see a grown ass man crying like a baby while watching the Titanic and here I thought I was a cry baby." I burst out laughing.

Matthew rolls his eyes and looks down at his lap where the empty bowl of popcorn lies. He looks up at me with puppy dog eyes.

I try my best to dodge his gaze, but I finally give in. "Fine, only because I love you!!"

I take the empty bowl from him and hear him shouting. "Love you too". I shake my head with a smile on my face. Sometimes he acts like a 5-year-old kid and not a 24-year-old man.

I pass by several rooms on my way to the kitchen, but my feet stop moving when I hear noises coming from a particular room. The door is left ajar, and I hear grunts and moans coming from inside the room.

My hearts says that I should not open the door, but my conscience urges me to do the opposite. In the end, my conscience wins, and I push open the door.

I was not prepared for the site that greeted me. My mate was on top of another girl with his cock inside her. The girl lies on her stomach and he is pounding into her mercilessly. When he feels my presence in the room, he looks into my eyes, smirks at me, and continues with his action.

My eyes fill with tears, but I do not let them fall. I will not give him the satisfaction of knowing that he still affects me.

He does not even feel guilty or bad about me seeing him having sex with someone else. In fact he almost seemed smug about it and that stupid smirk; I wanted to slap it of his face.

I storm off towards the direction of my room instead of going into the kitchen which I had planned on going initially into.

Matthew looks away from the laptop screen when he hears me barge into the room. "Hey, did you get the pop-, woah what happened? Why are you crying" He fires questions at me, and I answer by nodding at his last question?

"Come here." I go towards where he is sitting up on the bed. When I reach him, he pulls me towards him and hugs me tightly and a choked sob leaves me.

"What happened Serenity?" Matt asks me again. "He doesn't care Matt. I saw him having sex with another girl and he didn't even feel bad that I saw him" I respond as tears stream down my face. "Shh. It is okay! Forget about your dick of a mate. He doesn't know what he's missing out on!" He says and I comply with him for now.

DAMIEN'S POV

Seeing her after three years has the beast inside of me going crazy for his mate and not about his bloodlust.

When my mate left me three years ago, my wolf went into a fit of rage and had basically gone on a killing spree, killing each and every rogue and innocent lone wolf alike, without mercy. Torturing them for hour on ends with silver and sometimes even using wolfsbane, if they decided to be stubborn asses. I lost my temper quickly dealing with those mutts.

My verbal arguments with Emily did not help at all. I do not know how she found out that Serenity was my mate and I had rejected her.

Emily's death has made the beast inside me even hungrier for blood, but having my pup helps me at times.

Although I rejected Serenity, the beast inside me has accepted her as his mate, but his human side-'ME', does not. Seeing her with that former Alpha makes my blood boil and my wolf wants to rip his head off for even touching his mate, but I control it somehow.

The wolf side of me loved how she got along with my son and how she makes him stop crying, which I have failed on doing countless times in the beginning. Elijah usually does not take good to strangers. He throws a fit if someone takes him away from me.

Leaving him with the mothers of the pack was a difficult situation at first. I had to comeback a few times in between important meetings when I would get a call saying that he would not stop crying. It came as a surprise to me when I saw her taking a crying Elijah into her arms and making his cries stop almost instantly and placing him into his crib afterwards when he fell asleep.

I was not supposed to care for her, but seeing her with him, sometimes makes me dream about all the things we could have had.

I was currently sitting in my office doing some paperwork when the door to my office slams open and I growl, not liking that someone was interrupting my work and disrespect me by just barging in here.

I look up from the papers that I was working on to find the pack's slut Melanie standing in the doorway of my office. She was dressed in a skimpy outfit. She was wearing a barely there piece of material, that she was trying to pass off as a dress. It did very little

to cover her ass or her chest. She had a constipated look on her face, which she thought was a sexy look and I ask her through clenched teeth "What are you doing her Melanie?"

"Well, I heard you were stressed with all the paperwork so I thought I might help you with relieving some of your stress." She responds. If it were another time, I would have kicked her out of my office. With me being sexually frustrated and seeing my mate with another male, it had the smart part of me going right out the window.

Fuck this, I think.

I get up from my seat and move towards her. I grab her arm in a tight grip and pull her towards me and she trails her hand up and down my chest. This has my wolf growling at me, but I block him out. "Let's go to your room." I tell her, more like command her. If you even for a second think that I am going to fuck some whore in my office or bedroom, then you are clearly wrong.

I drag her behind me all the way. I follow her scent towards her room.

I slam the door closed. In the next instant, Meredith or whatever her name is slams her lips onto mine and I growl. I tightly grip her hands in mine. "Never do that again, understand?" I grit out and she nods her head.

I pull her towards the bed and rip the dress off her body and lay her on her back. I pull my jeans down along with my briefs and put on a condom. It has been too long and that mate of mine has been making it more difficult for me by showing off her curvy body.

I let the wildness inside me take over my senses and ram my cock deep inside her at once. I slam into her repeatedly and the she-wolf beneath me moans loudly. I was so engrossed that I did not realize until later that someone has entered the room. I look up and my grey eyes clash with hazel brown, but I do not stop.

I flash her smirk and look down at the female beneath me who writhes with pleasure and moans. I slam into her a last time and she comes and mine follows a few seconds too later and I remove myself from inside her and dispose of the used condom.

I look up towards where my mate stood to find her gone. "You hurt mate" my wolf growls at me and I ignore him. I pull on my discarded clothes and leave the room, walking towards my office.

I sit on my chair and heave a sigh while dragging my hand down my face. My mind plays tricks on me by showing me my mate's hurt expression caused by my actions. It plays again and again and I slam my fists onto the desk and stand. I walk towards the bar area, which is mainly for me and visiting Alpha's.

I open the bottle of vodka and take a huge gulp of it drinking directly from the bottle.

chapter 9 : the best man

Matthew and I have come out for a run, we are sitting on a broken wooden log which overlooks the stream and the waterfall. It's so peaceful here, the chirping of the birds and flapping of their wings accompanied by the sound made by the crickets. The water from the waterfall falls on to the stream in a steady pace never once breaking the rythum which causes ripples to form on the water in a circular motion

We have been sitting in silence for the past half hour just looking into the scenery before us, both lost in our own thoughts.

"Do you ever miss her?" I break the silence by asking the question. he knows who I'm talking about, his mate.

Its silent for a few moments apart from the chirping of birds and swaying of trees as the wind passes by, Matthew hasn't answered my question and I thought he never will, but a small smile plays on his face and replies "Everyday", still looking forward the stream.

I'm not at all jealous that he still misses and loves her, my mate rejected me and that's painful enough but I couldn't fathom the pain he might have gone through when his mate and unborn child were brutally killed by those filthy rogues.

"Does it hurts now? Like how it did before" I ask him .

He looks towards me and replies "No it doesn't, you learn to live with the pain over time eventually. You become weak and vulnerable due to loosing someone you love, you think that you can't never ever get out of that pit of darkness that sorrounds you, but the first thing you should understand is that being vulnerable doesn't make you weak it makes you the strongest, because for you are strong enough to show this whole world your vulnerability and that you're not afraid of it, infact you embrace it and you are willing to fight even though there's no reason left to" It feels as if he's not only talking about but something else like it's an indication from him to me.

When Matthew and I reached the pack house we find that Courtney and Alex have arrived. Currently Courtney and I are preparing something for all four of us to eat as the boys are watching a soccer game in the living room.

"Courtney" I call her as she looks away from her chopping board of onions towards me, her eyes are watering and I laugh.

"Bitch, you better shut up or I'll shove this fucking onion down your throat" She practically growls and I gulp at her warning. I raise my hands in a surrender motion and say "Sorry", still trying to stifle my laughter by hiding behind my hair.

"You better be" her eyes stays narrowed at me for a few moments and then she smiles, and I look at her wierdly.

Wow I guess someone is on their period or her inner bridezilla is making an appearance, I think.

I almost forgot that I haven't asked Courtney about the wedding since I've arrived.

"Who all are the bridesmaid's?" I ask her and she replies while continuing to chop the onions "Some of the pack she-wolves I've befriended over the years"and I nod my head. .

"And what about the best man?" I ask her curiously and Courtney stills and turns towards me with a guilty look and I brush it off and ask "is it Matthew?" I ask her excitedly.

"I'm sorry okay, I know you might not be happy with what I'm going to say, you know how Alex and him are friends and I just didn't want to throw your under the bus, and I knew you haven't told Alex or your parents about you finding your Mate and that he's the-" Courtney speaks in a hurry with a worried look on her face

"No, I am the bestman" a new voice joins in on our conversation and my body stills hearing his voice, I close my eyes and turn towards the direction of the voice, all the while praying that it's not who I'm guessing it is be to, I open my eyes and my hazel brown eyes meet grey ones.

Great, I'm doomed.

I turn towards Courtney and flash her an 'I'm going to kill you' look.

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chapter 10 : the twerking session

"No, I am the bestman" a new voice joins in on our conversation and my body stills hearing his voice, I close my eyes and turn towards the direction of the voice, all the while praying that it's not who I'm guessing it is be to, I open my eyes and my hazel brown eyes meet grey ones.

Great, I'm doomed.

I turn towards Courtney and flash her an "I'm going to kill you" look.

I shoot daggers at Courtney with my eyes. "We're talking about this later" I mind link her and she visibly gulps.

I turn towards Damien and look at him with a blank face, I haven't seen him after that day I found him practicing his extracurricular activities with that she-wolf, whom my Wolf's wants to track down and rip her head off.

He stares at me with those steely grey eyes of his and I don't back down. The tension in the room increases as it's considered a disrespect to stare at an Alpha directly in the eyes. I could care less now, Alpha or not. I think to myself.

Our staring competition is interrupted by Darius, the Third in Command or The Delta as we like to call it. "Alpha, you have an important call from one of the Alpha's of the neighbouring pack" he speaks to Damien and Damien nods his head in reply while still staring at me.

He shoots a final look in my direction and leaves the room, followed by Darius who shoots a quick smile my way and smile back at him.

It feels like all the tension in the room had been gone with His presence and my body visibly relaxes as I sigh.

"What was that about?" Courtney snaps at me and I almost forgot about her presence. I narrow my eyes at her tone of voice and reply "what was what?".

"You know what I'm talking about, are you out of your freaking mind staring at an Alpha directly in the eyes means you are asking for a death warrant" she practically sighs and I stay quiet not replies she seems to understand this and shakes her head side to side while muttering something along the lines of "being a stubborn ass".

I almost forgot the reason I was close to lose my head and my anger returns and I ask her "why didn't you tell me earlier that he's going to be the best man???" I snap at her and clench my jaw afterwards.

"Well I'm sorry okay, I was going to tell you. And it was Alex's idea to ask Damien to be his best man" she replies with a nervous look on her face awaiting for my reply. I sigh knowing that is not her fault that Alex doesn't know about Damien and I being mates, and how he rejected me.

"It's Okay, I understand" I reply and she smiles at me with gratefulness.

(Next Day)

I'm walking towards my room while holding Elijah with my right hand and his bottle containing the baby food with my left, I hear loud music playing from the direction of my room and I scrunch my face in confusion 'I didn't leave the speaker on then who did', I think to myself and decide to check it.

I peek through the half open door and I wasn't prepared for the sight that greeted me. To say I was surprised would be the understatement of the century. I look at the person in front of me as if he is a deranged animal, I look towards Elijah to find him looking at Matthew like he is an alien from another planet and I mentally agree with him 'me too buddy me too'.

Matthew is wearing a honey-blond wig that belongs to Courtney that she had worn for one of the Halloween parties, the wig reaches his shoulder and dare I say he looks terrible in it, the speaker is playing the song "Who Runs The World by Beyonce" while he twerks with his back to us. Wait, scratch that he's not twerking he's trying to twerk but failing miserably at it by simply moving his butt up and down in the air.

My eyes widen the size of golfballs with mouth wide open gaping at him like a fish out of water. I fear that I might catch some flies in my mouth or that my eyes may fall out of their sockets.

I snicker under my breath when Matthew attempts to twirl almost stumbling in the process. He face towards the direction of the door where I'm standing with his eyes closed and hands in the air as if he's a celebrity.

I decide to burst his bubble by saying, "Quite a show you put on there, Matthew" and his eyes snap open and looks at me with a "busted" look on his face, his mouth hangs open with eyes the size of golfballs and I burst into laughter seeing the comical look on his face.

He recovers and responds me with "Whatever" and flips the honey-blond wig like the true diva he is.

I enter the room while placing Elijah's bottle on my table and carry Elijah towards my bed so I could lay him down. I place him on the bed while barricading him by placing pillows all around him so that he doesn't roll over and fall down.

I hear some rustling noises and turn to see that Matthew has discarded the wig on the floor and has now opened Elijah's bottle cap and is drinking the baby food that I had prepared for him, my mouth drops open for the second time in the past ten minutes.

"Matthew" I hiss at him, "Place that bottle down now" he opens his left eye to look at me and continues with his action. I cover Elijah's ears with both my hands and shout at the idiot before me "MATTHEWW!! YOU FAT ASSED HIPPO! KEEP THAT FUCKING BOTTLE DOWN RIGHT NOW" I seethe and I swear I might be throwing fire balls at him if I could.

Matthew stills and does a one eighty degree turn to stare at his rear end while still clutching the bottle in his hand and he shrugs to himself and turns towards me with a smug smirk on his face which I wanted to claw it out and says "Ha! Your just jealous that my ass is bigger than yours" and I gape at him.

"Did you just call me flat assed?" I question him with narrowed eyes. "Nooooo" he replies with an innocent look on his face and then says "Maybe" and smirks at me again.

My face burst into red with anger that I run towards him and tackle him down towards the floor and the bottle is long forgotten. Matthew is taken back by surprise when I tackle him down as he was not expecting me to do it, so I decide to grab the opportunity and tug at his hair and shout "How dare you , you you- chicken butt," Matthew tries to pry my finger off his hair while chuckling at my weak insults.

"try something new" he says and I tug at his hair again and reply "You are an IDIOT" .

Our wrestling session comes to an end when we hear giggling to find Elijah sitting upright and looking at us with a smile on his face.

Matthew being the sucker for babies, decides to go towards Elijah and pick him up " Hey there little guy, do you know me, I'm Uncle Matthew" Elijah looks at him and cracks a smile at him and says "Idiot" with an innocent look on his face.

I burst out into full on laughter by bending over my knee and slapping with my arms, while seeing the surprised expression on Matthew's expression. "Ha! You deserved it" I say and walk towards the discarded bottle on the ground to refill it up.

I'm too busy standing on my tippy toes and try to reach for the bottle of baby food and fail miserably and I curse at the lack of my height. I didn't notice the presence behind me until they are directly behind my back and reaching for the bottle I've been trying to for the past five minutes with ease.

I turn around to find Damien standing there with the bottle of baby food in his hands and places it on the counter.

He places both his hands on side of the counter that is pressed behind my back, I could literally feel his minty breath on my neck and I crane my neck to look at him to find him looking at me with a hard look.

My heart beat increases almost like a tattoo against my ribcage at the close proximity. My wolf growls with approval at the nearness with her mate.

"You smell like him" he says through clenched jaw while grinding his teeth in a painful way.

He lowers his head and buries his face in to my neck and place both his hands on my waist, a shudder passes through my body at the contact and small tingle zaps like electricity at the touch.

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