

Marked

Jillian's POV

The week went by quickly and calmly. I didn't lock myself up or have another mental breakdown. I had begun to get closer to Josie. We talked everyday, our friendship grew and I knew that one day we would become neatly as inseparable as my sister and I.

The time will come.

Josie and I talked about everything, from shoe size to our mates. Josie and Kurtis had been mated for about a year. I had gotten to know Kurtis and his silly antics when one day I came downstairs for breakfast to see him impersonating Damien (which was extremely over dramatized). My wolf got o ended a little bit, because he was technically insulting my mate, but the humor in the whole situation kept her from getting too upset.

My relationship with Damien seemed to be getting stronger as well. We were calm and relaxed around each other. I didn't flinch every time he moved, and he made no attempts to pick me up. He still had to wake me up in the morning, because I valued sleep too much to arise on my own. Still barley conscious , I had said some pretty nasty things to him about how he should die in gory details. Each time he shrugged it of and patted my head before leaving the room himself.

Also Damien my attraction to Damien had grown since our kiss, for we hadn't shared a kiss ever since.

It also doesn't help that he sleeps without his shirGladys added bitterly. I agreed that it wasn't fair. With the contours of his toned muscles and the few tattoos that scattered along his body.

Just thinking about it makes me blushI shove another folded shirt into the drawer.

Damien had a bad habit of looking like he was real life Photoshop all the time.

Seriously no one can look that good just normally!

The man had a figure of a Roman god and his eyes seemed to outshine the sun.

Whereas I looked like a derping potato 24|7.

Well, that can't be helped, because I was currently folding laundry and dancing like a maniac to Beyonce's "Single Ladies"

"All the single ladies! All the single ladies!.... Now put your hands up!!"

I hummed and my hips moved to the Queen B's rhythm.

"Woah oh oh oh... All the single ladies!!"

I spun around and kicked my leg into the air. I shimmied down to the ground and hopped back up, but not before pumping my fists and shaking my hips some more. I sowed o my ring less le hand by twisting my wrist back and forth. I flipped my hair and danced around.

"All the single ladies!!" Before so started belting out more lyrics I was startled by a presence in the room.

"Having fun?" A deep voice asked.

I jumped nearly to the roof, but regained my balance and quickly turned o the music when I saw Damien leaning against the door frame. His hair was tousled and his arms were crossed, leaving his biceps looking fabulous. "H-how long have you been there?"

Damien shrugged, "Long enough" he started walking over to me and the dresser. I had folded the last shirt and stuck it in there.

Soon he was right in front of me, looking into my eyes.

I gulped.

HE IS GOING TO KISS USSSSSS!!Gladys screeched.

Damien's hand gently tucked my hair back behind my ear and stroked my cheek so ly. His eyes shone with mischief but were darkened by his wolf.

"How was your day?" His voice was an octave lower and made me shiver. His hand quickly wrapped around my waist and pulled me closer to him.

He would kiss us, it was obvious in his actions. I can't lie, I had been waiting for this moment to come for the past week. I wanted to kiss my mate again. Sometimes he would peck my cheek or kiss my forehead. But I wanted a real kiss.

"G-good, how was yours?" My voice already sounded breathless.

His green eye twinkled and his brown one seemed to ground him. I trailed away from his eyes and focused on his lips, they looked so inviting.

I licked mine nervously.

Then his lips found mine...

Damien's POV

When I kissed her Stone murmured happily. All week she had been torturing me by looking so sweet and delicate. We just wanted her for ourselves, we wanted Jillian to know that she was ours.

I kissed her greedily and angrily. I felt her hand rest on my chest and the other around my neck. She played with the hairs on my nape, causing me to growl.

It felt good for Jillian to not be frightened of me. She used to jump every time I spoke with her, but now she accepted me.

I nipped at her bottom lip, seeking passage into her mouth. But she never allowed it.

Don't be so stubborn, Jillian, commented through our mind connection. I felt her tremor against me, and I pinned her against the wall.

You see, I have a hard time taking "no" for an answer.

Jillian,Warning was on my voice. I pulled her hair slightly and finally she got her sweet little mouth to open.

Aware of her nervousness, I gently slid my tongue into her mouth, which caused her to moan quietly.

It felt good that I was the cause of her pleasure and comfort, its all I wanted to do for her.

When we pulled away for air, I lost myself in her obsidian colored eyes. They were so dark I sometimes had a hard time telling if her wolf had taken control over her or not. My eyes dropped from hers and took in her flushed cheeks. My gaze soon dri ed to her neck. My lips soon followed.

My wolf purred with anticipation when my lips rested on her pulse. Beating fast and rapidly.

A small smile tugged at my lips, I was the cause for her quickly beating heart.

I feathered little butterfly kisses down her neck until I came to the spot my wolf so desperately wanted.

Her sent was strongest here, her sweet lemony smell made Stone bark at me to mark her.

Oh how I wanted to...

My gums ached as my canines grew out and gently grazed her with their sharp tips. Jillian gasped and tightened grip on my hair. She writhed against me, to counter I held her hips and pinned her to the wall more forcefully than before.

Just mark her alreadyStone was becoming impatient.

My teeth were aimed in the proper place, ready to bite down...

"No"

I jerked up and looked into her back eyes. "Excuse me?"

"N-no." Jillian stuttered, "No you cannot mark me"

My wolf and I stared at her in shock as she wriggled out of our limp grasp and sat on the bed.

Once I got my bearings I looked a er her, "Why?"

Jillian pulled a pillow into her lap and hugged it, "I don't know"

I crossed my arms, "That's not a good enough answer."

My wolf would pounce her and mark her in the blink of an eye if she didn't have a proper reason.

"I just don't want you to mark me." Her voice was quiet and fearful, she knew I was capable of getting what I wanted.

"What does your wolf think of that?" I interrogated.

Jillian looked guiltily up at me "Look, I want you to mark me-"

"Then I will" I started walking towards her.

"No! Not yet! Don't mark me yet." Jillian pulled the pillow up to hide her face.

"But your mine, and if I marked you everyone would know that" I looked into her eyes, they were filled with fear and caution.

"I know Damien. I understand" her head ducked involuntary.

"Then why won't you let me mark you?"

"Because!"

Anger boiled up inside me. Jillian shouldn't be scared of me or wary of me. We were meant to be together forever.

She's mine...Stone growled out and I felt the beginnings of a shi coming on.

I couldn't have that. I couldn't shi now, Stone would hurt her.

She would deserve it. We are alpha, she should respect us.

My hands tightned into fists, my claws started growing and were cutting my palm.

This is all her fault.

"WHY?! I WANT A REASON!"

I didn't even realize what I was doing untill the mounted TV was thrown across the room. But before I could apologize Jillian had run out, screaming.

Authors Note

Oooooohhh, Damien's in trouble...

Thanks for reading and voting, it means so much to me.

Deanna

Continue reading next part