

Poppy POV

Over the next two days, I felt better. Bruises healed faster than I thought they would. The lumps on my head subsided and my doctor said that I didn't have to wear the bandages. But he cautioned me against mentally exerting me. He said that I would go for light exercises, but Damon wouldn't allow me to move out of my room without having at least two warriors and my maid.

On the third day, I moved to his house. After parking the car, Damon had placed his hand on the small of my back as he guided me to his home. I noticed that every person in the house was looking at me with curiosity. I felt awkward, but he leaned over to my ear and whispered, "Get used to it, love." A pale blush must have formed on my cheeks not because of the way they were looking at me, but the way his warm breath tingled my skin all the way to my toes.

I was surprised to see how beautiful his house was. It was a manor that bordered on being a castle with a huge garden wrapped around it. It had two stories and the top story entirely belonged to Damon. There were five rooms each of which was luxuriously stuffed. A gym sat at the end of the floor that overlooked the swimming pool sprawled in the shape of a pear in a beautiful garden that was overloaded with rose ramblers. At the other end was a small movie theater, cozy enough for a family of eight to watch it.

His room was right in the center of the floor and overlooked another garden that had a big fountain, the water sprouting from a statue of a sea nymph. In the middle, pressed against the wall with tall windows was his bed. It was big enough to accommodate five people. Everything on it was in black and ivory and golden. All around the bed was soft ivory carpet. In the middle of the ceiling was a huge chandelier that burned with numerous bulbs illuminating the whole room brightly.

"That's the bathroom," he said as if that was his favorite place to be. "But I would like to see you on my bed mostly. Naked."

I gasped. He was always talking dirty with me. And it was affecting me every single time.

He chuckled as he took me to the bed. He made me sit on it and sat on the rug in front of me. Cupping my cheeks, he said, "Don't worry, I won't touch you until you are fully healed. And then—" His gaze darted at my lips and my breath lodged in my throat.

"And then?" I asked, my voice low but full of anticipation.

"And then I will plant my cock inside you forever."

I bit my bottom lip. He untangled it from my teeth using his thumb. He pinched my lower lip and pressed a kiss there. "I can't wait to be inside you Poppy," he said. "I am missing us like crazy."

I stared at him as a memory of us tangled in sheets in a small room somewhere. I sucked in air sharply. My eyes peered at him

as if trying to find answers. "You knew me earlier. What was it like?" I wanted to know because I wanted to clear my confusion. Not knowing was making me restless. Damon was pouring small information every time, careful not to get into details.

"Yes," he replied as he placed his head in my lap. He told me about my days at academy. And how he won me in a bet, how he fought against Gandal, the future heir of the Norse pack and how he didn't let me go after that.

I loved every tale he weaved. It was beautiful and brought me closer to my identity. I listened to him as I stroked his hair. He lifted his face and when our gazes locked, his beauty stole my breath away and I fell in love with him more than ever. "Damon," I said. "Why is your mother insisting that I get married to you by the next full moon?"

"Because this full moon is going to be the most powerful. A bonding under this moon would be the most powerful and inseparable," he replied as he searched for my answer in my eyes. "If you are not up to it, then we can delay it," he added. I could sense that he was holding his breath as if my answer was the only thing that mattered to him.

"I would like my family members to be with me," I said, not refusing the proposal, but also not agreeing to it fully.

He closed his eyes and he couldn't blame me for it. He said that my grandfather was Alpha James Vincent of the Shadow pack. They had tried calling him, but he wasn't taking his calls. That intrigued me further. Maybe, I had to visit him and take his

blessings. But why was it that every time I thought of him, loathsome memories of me getting beaten up to a pulp surfaced. It must be a dream because I was already pretty stressed.

"I will try my best to get him here, Poppy, but I highly doubt that I will be able to reach him." Damon got up. Then he changed the topic. "I have to go for some work. You are not to step out of this room for the whole day," he ordered.

I should have protested against his order, but I loved the way he dominated me. "Okay," I said with a smile.

"If you want to go out, you will be accompanied by two warriors and your nurse, Betty, at all times."

"Betty? My nurse?" That was a surprise.

"Yes," he chuckled. "She will stay by your side till you have healed completely."

"That suits me!"

"Great!" He clasped his hands. "My mother will be visiting you. She is very excited for the wedding and she wants to make dresses for you. But darling—" A line formed in between his perfect forehead. "You don't have to do anything if you don't feel like it. There is no pressure."

I rose to my feet and tiptoed to kiss him. "Thank you."