

## Poppy POV

Once Damon left on an urgent business, I went to the window and drew the curtains aside. It was a beautiful day. Cool breeze ruffled my hair and I inhaled the rich scent of roses all around me. Damon said that my scent was of roses. My lips curled up when I realized that his pack was surrounded by a valley that was filled with roses growing so wildly that it was as if this was where they originally belonged to.

My thoughts went to my grandfather. Why was it that he wasn't picking up Damon's calls? Damon had said that he had messaged his Beta, Axl, about me but there was no reply. Strange. Why was my grandfather ignoring me? All at once, memories of me getting whipped by a tall, muscular man flashed and all air whooshed out of my lungs. I grasped the window's edge tightly to take control of myself. I closed my eyes and more memories flashed. Sweat trickled down my spine. Who would have done that to me and why?

"Poppy!" A soft voice from a distance brought me back from my agony. I snapped my head over my shoulder and saw Mary rushing to me. She curled my arm with hers brought me to the bed. "What are you thinking?" she asked as she made me sit on the bed.

I shook my head as Betty rushed to give a glass of water. "Nothing..." I murmured. I drank the whole glass of water in one go, determined to hide what flashed across my mind.

Mary stroked my back gently. "I had brought over the stylist with me to get you a wedding gown made."

My mouth dropped to the floor.

She sensed my reaction and reluctance. "If you don't want it, we can do it another time."

I felt guilty. She was being so nice to me and here I was— wallowing in my misery. "No, please. You can call the stylist." I didn't want to break her heart. She was a wonderful woman with a golden heart. Even though her husband was in a coma, she wanted me to marry her son. She was preparing hard for it, when she should be with him. Then how could I be so selfish to shun her?

Mary gave me a beautiful smile which reminded me of her son. These people were so nice, and so different from all the memories that were coming back to me. Mary got up and called the stylist in the room who was waiting outside the door. "This is Mina, your stylist," Mary introduced her. The raven-haired woman bowed to me as her dark eyes remained on me. "She is going to help you choose the best gown. Apart from the wedding gown, I have asked her to make you a nice wardrobe of dresses. You barely have anything!"

"Damon said that I was in the Umbra academy. Maybe, I have some dresses there," I suggested.

She waved me off. "You will have a new wardrobe!" After a while of fussing more over me, she left me with the stylist.

Damon came an hour later. His eyes went wide when he saw me in a pale blue dress that fell to my ankles and had a slit till my thigh.

"This is for the dinner next day, Alpha Damon," said Mina, bowing to him with pride in her eyes about her work.

"I like it," he replied.

For the next two hours, I was grilled and tortured with numerous dresses and I was shocked that Damon liked all of them. In the end he said, "Please adjust them to her size and deliver them in a week's time."

Mina was... jubilant. I was sure that she had never had a better business than this. "But Alpha Damon, you have to wait for the most beautiful dress."

He cocked an eyebrow.

Mina giggled. She ushered me behind the wooden screen and made me wear my wedding dress. It was a white silk gown that hugged every part of my body like it was made for me, ending just below in the center of my thighs. The lacy train was long. Mina dropped the veil over me and helped me come out of the screen to face Damon.

Damon let out a low whistle. "Goddess. Poppy, you look mesmerizing." He got up from the couch and then took a step closer to me, his eyes fixed on my face beneath the veil. His chest rumbled with a delicious growl when I blushed and lifted my

eyelashes to look at him and the world faded. When he was barely a foot away, he rasped, "Can we marry now?"

He touched my veil and I knew that he wanted to lift it now and kiss me. Instead, he lowered his face to mine and kissed my lips over the veil. "I can't wait..." he whispered. "It is a torture to wait every day for my bride."

Mina's giggles brought us back to the room. Damon let out a sigh. "Please wait until the full moon, Alpha Damon," she teased him, and was very proud of her work.

For the next two days, the doctor would visit me regularly to assess my condition. Betty was giving me the medicines on time and Damon wasn't leaving my side at all except for the urgent work. I wanted to talk to my grandfather all the while. Why wasn't Alpha of the Shadow pack not talking to me? Damon was irritated by my constant nagging. He slapped the phone in my hand. "You can try it yourself!"

So I tried. But true to what he said, his phone wasn't picked up. Confusion and anger continued to build higher. It was on the fifth day that I found a way to communicate.

Killian had come to meet me along with Eliza. "Poppy!" she exclaimed and hugged me. As I looked at her amusedly, she said, "Gods above! I am so happy to see you. I wish Anna was also here."

"Anna?" I asked as memories of short hair dangling till a chin and changing colors every next minute popped in my mind. "Was Anna

my roommate at the academy?"

"Yes!" Eliza said as she clapped. "She was! Andddd..." she drawled.  
"I have taken the liberty to call her for your wedding!"