

Poppy POV

I blinked at Eliza and then blinked more. The memories of Anna left a sugary feeling in my mind. My lips parted as a rough exhale found its way out. "I would like to meet Anna," I said with anticipation.

Eliza clasped my hands. "Of course, Poppy. She will be here for you for your wedding."

The word wedding was sinking deep in my belly with a thousand knots tied around it. I was still feeling awkward. But that awkwardness melted the moment I looked into Damon's expectant face and those beautiful blue eyes. My lips curled up slightly. "Can I ask you for a favor?" I asked Eliza.

"Anything!" she said excitedly. "You will be my Luna and you can ask whatever you want. Goddess, I can't believe that my Luna was one of my best friends!"

I chuckled at her enthusiasm. "I need your phone to call someone." Eliza frowned a little but the next instant, she handed me her phone. "Thanks," I said and looked at Damon. He gave me a disapproving look as if trying to say that it was of no use, but I had to try. I walked out of the room to my balcony and dialed the number of my grandfather's that I remembered so well now. If he wasn't picking up Damon's cell phone, I was sure that he would pick up this unknown number. True to what I had anticipated, the call was picked up by its third ring.

"Hello?" a heavy voice grunted from the other side.

Emotions threatened to choke me. There was a burn in my throat that was so painful that I was struggling to speak. This was the first time I heard my grandfather's voice after I had lost all my memories. "Grandfather?" The word came out after a long pause in which I composed myself. "How are you?"

There was a gasp on the other side. "So you dared to call, Poppy?" he said. "I am not your grandfather. I am Axl," he scoffed.

Axl? The name sounded familiar, but why was it associated with... whipping? Sweat beads started forming on my forehead. "Where is my grandfather? I want to talk to him," I demanded.

He let out a low and dark chuckle. "What makes you think that he wants to talk to you, Poppy? You were nothing but an abomination. You are without a wolf and you are a liability to him. That one little show of your wolf in your academy doesn't mean that you have attained your wolf. You will never get it back. You are a pathetic bitch who doesn't deserve to be the Alpha of the pack. It is Sinclair who will be the next Alpha of the pack. Your grandfather is going to denounce you and announce Sinclair as the future Alpha of the pack."

I listened to him with rapt attention even as I was drenched in sweat, even as my head was pounding. What was he saying? I tried to put the puzzle pieces together. Very little made sense. "Get my grandfather on the phone," I ordered through clenched teeth.

"Fuck off!" Axl retorted. "He will never talk to you and don't ever call us again. We know that you are in the Umbra pack as Alpha Damon's whore. Stick to him because that was the best you could do with your fucking life. Become his whore. His breeder. He is going to enjoy you while he marries a stronger woman. Damon deserved Monica but you entranced him and broke their engagement. If you have even a little bit of dignity left in you, go and kill yourself!"

"You fuck off!" I shouted so loudly that I was shaking with anger. How dare he speak with me like that? There was a surprise yelp on the other side. "Now you listen to me, mutt," I growled. "I had called my grandfather to invite him for my wedding with Alpha Damon."

"What?" he barked.

"Yes, I am marrying Alpha Damon by the next full moon. I invite you and Alpha James Vincent to come and witness the wedding," I growled. My chest was panting as fury blasted inside me. Now I understood why he wasn't coming to see me. I felt terrible for Damon because he was putting his pride aside to get through to him. My voice gone low and feral, I added, "And Axl, once I am married, I am coming for you, and for that bastard called Sinclair." Even though I had no idea who Sinclair was, I was going to get my rightful place and no one could stop me now!

"Poppy!" Axl snarled.

"Shut up, mutt!" I snarled back. "And don't ever take my name with your filthy tongue!" Saying that I disconnected the phone. But by

now I was shaking so hard that my teeth were chattering. A thick arm circled around my waist and pulled me to a rock-hard chest.

"Poppy, I warned you," he said as he picked me up from the floor and took me inside the room. He sat me on the bed and dropped to his knees in front of me. He cupped my cheeks in his large hands. "I am so proud of the way you talked back to that dimwit, but love—" He wiped the sweat from my face and neck with the cloth that was provided by Eliza. "You have to take care of yourself. That was a lot."

Although Damon was trying to soothe me, the rage inside me festered to a level that I knew I wouldn't turn back. That night I shredded every part of the conversation I had with Axl. Several things became clear. My grandfather hated me because I didn't have a wolf. But then why was it that there was something in my chest that was right there but it was locked. I wanted it to come out. And I knew it was my wolf.

I didn't talk about the conversation I had with Axl to Damon for two days, but it was like an elephant in the room that we were circling. Finally, on the third day, I asked, "Who is Monica?"