

Poppy POV

Damon took a deep sigh as he raked his hair with his fingers. "Monica was my betrothed."

A heavy rock settled on my chest. "I want you to tell me everything," I said. We were sitting under a pergola of his garden and having our morning tea.

"I will, but this is not the time," he replied stubbornly, keeping his tea down.

I crossed my arms across my chest. "This is the right time, Damon."

His stubborn façade cracked and he lowered his head. "I wanted you to escape from those details. I wanted us to have your fairytale wedding, Poppy. Please don't torture yourself."

"You forget Damon, my memories are weak. But I need to know the truth. It is getting on my nerves."

"I am scared..." he said and came to sit next to me. "Scared that you are undergoing a lot of stuff already. I don't want to hurt you. I hate to see you sad."

"Then please tell me about Monica," I pleaded. I needed to know to

get this guilt off my chest.

Damon shook his head. He started telling me about her and an hour later, I was with him in the dungeon where she was held. My fists were balled into tight fists as rage simmered inside me. I was in this condition because of her. And Axl said that Damon deserved Monica. No. Damon deserved his mate and I deserved him. With each passing day my world was getting tilted and Damon was making his place in it. That invisible tug I had in my heart towards him, grew stronger with every sunrise. That was the reason I wanted to know about Monica. Damon wasn't telling me about her because he didn't want to hurt me. Goddess. How much more could I love him?

The guards opened the prison door and inside I found a woman wearing a gray rag-like coarse shift. Her hair was tangled and she was smelling of blood and piss. She was huddled in a corner with her knees up that she had circled with her arms. She looked up at us and her jaw dropped. "Poppy..." she said in a low voice.

I narrowed my eyes on her as I crossed the distance between us in slow, deliberate steps. Her neck craned to see me when I towered above her. "Monica?" Silence hung between us. I should've felt pity for her state, but I felt this was a comeuppance. After assessing her for a few moments, I said, "Who orchestrated that attack on me?"

She grinned as she cocked her head. "It was me, who else?"

I pulled a chair and sat down on it, highly aware of Damon's presence behind me. "You are capable of attacking Monica," I said

in a low, dangerous voice, "But you aren't capable of planning an attack. You lack the brain for it."

Her nostrils flared. "What do you think you are!" she growled as she charged at me, only to be stopped by her shackles.

I chuckled, waving a hand at her. "See? That reaction proves that you act without thinking." I leaned forward. "Now tell me Poppy, who orchestrated that attack? You are a drug addict who didn't have enough mind left to think any of it. You had gone to your uncle, George Dawson with a cry-baby face to inform him that Damon had broken up with you. But did you tell him why he broke up with you?"

"Because—"

"Because I am his mate, and you are not!"

She charged at me again out of vengeance. I grabbed her hair and slapped her tight across her face. She screamed as pain lanced through her. "Know your place, twit!" I growled. "I have had enough of your nonsense! I know it wasn't you who planned it, and I don't know why you are hiding whosoever did it, but I know what your plans are. Let me thwart your plans right now, right here."

She whipped her head from the floor where she was lying now. She got up as she whimpered and scrambled back. I got up and towered her, filling the space with my presence. "I am marrying Damon on this full moon and I am glad that you can't do a thing."

She jerked her head back as tension marred her body. Her gaze darted between Damon and me. "No!" The shock in her was apparent in her words. "This is not possible!"

"It is happening, Monica," I said in a rock-like voice. "And I am going to keep you alive to witness my marriage. After that I will not stop Damon from killing you."

She started trembling with terror evident in her eyes, and gods above, I was liking it. "You won't do that. My— my uncle is going to come after you. He will kill you."

"You are so stupid," I said, pitying her. "He would never come for you. But here's what I am going to do. I will make a deal with you. In fact I will sweeten the deal that I thought I would make for you." I turned to go to Damon. I snaked my arm around him and said, "If you tell me who was behind this attack on me, I am going to free you."

Her mouth dropped to the floor. "You will free me?"

I nodded. "I will. But I need the name by the day I marry Damon, otherwise all the bets are off!" With one last disgusted look at the vermin in front of me, along with Damon I walked out of the prison.

When we reached our room, Damon closed the door behind us. He leaned against the door. "You were perfect out there, girl," he said with admiration in his eyes.

I couldn't have been that perfect had I not had his unconditional

support. I tugged him to the chair beside the fireplace. I straddled him and said, "I am in awe of you, Damon Lombard." My hands went to his cock and I stroked it above his jeans.

He hissed. "Poppy!"

I lifted my gaze and seductively said, "I want you to keep your hands on that armrest and not touch me when I suck your cock."