

Poppy POV

We didn't visit Monica for the whole week because I submerged myself into preparing for the wedding with Damon. Mary and Eliza were too excited about it. At the same time, I also visited Alpha Kevin at the hospital and couldn't help feeling guilty about his situation. He was in a coma because of me, because Damon chose Monica over me. It was Alpha Kevin who suffered the major consequences. And his mate, Luna Mary.

The wedding preparations were going on in full when suddenly Damon became too tense. He would go to the office and not come out for hours. Killian and all others who were in the council were too uptight about whatever was going on. I tried to breach the subject, but he would always change the topic. "Poppy, there is nothing that you should be concerned about," he said once when I was insistent on what was going on.

He had come for an hour for lunch and when we were alone in our room, he had pulled me in his lap. He had pressed me against his chest. Stroking my hair he murmured, "I won't let anything happen to you. I will crush all those who will try to harm you."

I wrapped my arms around his chest and squeezed him to soothe him. "I am fine Damon," I said. I felt so protected in his circle of arms.

He rested his chin on my head. "Monica wants to meet us. Rather meet you."

I chuckled. "Let her wait for a few more days."

"Our wedding is on the weekend, love," he reminded me with a soft laugh.

"I will meet her a day before the wedding," I said, pretty determined with my plan.

"Okay..." He kissed the crown of my head. "As you like it, love."

My memories were still in bits and pieces. There were too many things that I wasn't able to make out. Often, I would just sit for hours and try to figure out what had happened with me. The doctor had asked me not to push myself because it would be detrimental to my mental health, but how couldn't I push myself. I would nag Eliza to fill me with the gaps. I knew she was too careful not because she was afraid of Alpha Damon, but she was genuinely concerned about me.

A day before the wedding Anna arrived. Gosh. I didn't know a person could have so much enthusiasm. I loved her from the very first minute she was with me.

"Poppypy!" she squealed and hugged me tightly. Anna's hair was purple and she had a nose and belly piercing. She was wearing black leggings with a black form-fitted shirt that showcased her lovely figure. She removed herself from me as I looked at her curiously. She looked... familiar. "How are you?" she asked me with a beatific smile.

"I am well," I said hesitantly.

She cupped my cheeks. "Now that I am here, you are going to be better!"

I loved her positivity. I grinned. "Eliza keeps telling me about you."

"What is she telling you, bitch?" Anna said, narrowing her eyes. "I will turn her into a crow if—"

I barked a laugh. "She only says good things about you!"

"Ah, that's good then."

Eliza joined us fifteen minutes later and we went to where Anna was put up. She was put up in the guest room on the ground floor. Damon and Killian also joined us soon after. Anna took out a bottle with orange liquid. "I want you to have this, Poppy," she said and handed it over. "This potion is going to help you in remembering things and—" she dug her finger lightly in the center of my chest. "Let that wolf of yours out."

I sucked in a sharp breath. "Really?"

She nodded. "Really. But you can take only one spoon a day."

"Thank you!" I rasped. Eliza had told me that Anna was a witch and a very intelligent one at that.

Anna dusted her hands. She scanned the whole place and said, "Where is your wedding dress? And what about the bachelorette party? And why are these men here? Get them out!" Damon growled at her but Anna shrugged him off. "Get out," she demanded. "We need the girls only over here."

"Fine, then we will have a stag party!" Killian announced. "And we are going to get strippers in the party."

"Suits us," Anna replied lazily. "Because we are planning the same."

"Wh— what?" Damon jumped up from his place. "What kind of strippers?"

"That depends on what kind of strippers are coming to your party," she said. I burst out laughing so loud that Damon fretted.

"Poppy," he warned me. "I will kill any male who flirts with you. I swear that."

"Yeah, yeah," Anna drawled. She grabbed Damon's and Killian's hands and pulled them to the door. "You both can't meet Poppy. She will meet you tomorrow in the aisle."

"I object!" Damon growled. "I am going to stay with my fiancée!"

Killian narrowed his eyes at Anna. He clenched his teeth and then as if in vengeance, he grabbed Damon's upper arm and pulled him out of the room. "These chicks don't know what fun we can have

Damon. Come on! We will show them and make them cry!"

"But Killian—"

Killian dragged him away amidst protests and growls. Anna closed the door and grinned at me with a wink. "We need a girl out!" she announced and Eliza cheered.

"Yay! We need a girls' out night!" Eliza added.

"So do you have any discos around or pubs?" Anna asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

"We do!" she said and rubbed her hand with excitement.

That night I let myself flow in all the thrill and adventure that my friends had lined up for me. The best part was that Mary encouraged all of us to have fun.

At 9PM we all landed in the elitist pub in the Umbra pack. To my surprise, there were three male striptease dancers already performing on 'Sexy Boy'. Anna and Eliza cheered and were so loud that the dancers winked at us and started gyrating all the more. My cheeks burned.