

The Gift

Damon POV

Poppy blinked in shock, gaping at me. "So my vision was correct," she said in a breathy voice.

"Your vision?" My brows furrowed. "Is it something we have to talk about?" I think I was creeped out.

"I think we have to," she said in a shaky voice with uneven breath.

The documents and everything else were forgotten when Damon held my hand and made me sit on the couch next to the window. He closed the window pane, looked out to see if anyone else was lurking and nodded at me.

I started, uncertain about myself. I scratched my neck at the back. "I don't know much Damon, but I see these visions sometimes when there is tremendous emotional turmoil in my mind. It's like..." I pursed my lips and looked away. "It's like I can see things in future. Like what is going to happen next or random things that might have happened somewhere in the past. It's crazy and maybe it is temporary!" I let out a nervous chuckle. I pointed at the back of my head. "Because I was hit here."

"Goddess!" Damon was utterly shocked. "I have read the history of werewolves, Poppy. And you are not seeing these visions because

you were hit. Though that could have triggered your condition.” He cupped my cheeks and caressed the skin beneath my eyes with his thumb. “History says that golden wolves are very rare. There was one sighted about five hundred years back. When he shifted for the first time, he was considered the son of Goddess. He was the Alpha of his tribe. As the years passed, and the boy turned to manhood, he was arrested by the king’s men because he had special ability.”

Poppy listened to me with rapt attention, her eyes rounding at the corner. I couldn’t help myself but place a kiss on her cheeks. “What was his special ability?” she asked, inching closer to me. She rested her head on my chest and I put my arms around her, tucking her even closer.

“There is not much said about it but the Alpha was never seen again unfortunately. However, later the king became too powerful. It was as if no one could beat him because he was always ready for the attacks on his kingdom.” I stroked her back to let her take the information in. She tipped her head up to look at me with more questions in her mind. “He was a werewolf king and so he lived very long and all his life he remained invincible.”

“That’s amazing!” she said in a rough voice.

“It is, but it was said that he was invincible mainly because of the golden wolf that he had imprisoned. That golden wolf used to get visions.”

Poppy gulped. “What happened to the golden wolf?” she asked as if she was relating to him.

I shrugged. "I don't know, but the records say that the empire of the king crumbled soon after his death because his sons couldn't handle an empire so big."

"Goddess above!" she said in a strained voice.

"After that there was no other sighting of the golden wolf, and now—" I smoothed back her hair from her forehead. "You are the golden wolf who has made an appearance."

A shiver ran down her body and her lips parted. I knew what she was afraid of. "Poppy," I said. "I am going to keep you safe and there will be no one who can touch you, because if anyone will touch you, I am going to kill them on the spot, in cold, without guilt."

"Damon..." she sighed and snuggled in my chest.

"You are born with a special ability, love," I said. "Keep it a secret and if someone asks about it, just ignore or say you don't know what they are talking about. I don't want anyone to know about your gifts, okay?" I had to keep her secure and this was the best way. "No one means Anna, my mom, Killian or Eliza."

"But they are all very close to us," she argued.

"They are love, but it takes a minute for your tongue to slip. If you tell them about your gift, you will put their life in jeopardy because then people are going to use them to get the secrets out. You

understand?”

Poppy nodded against my chest. She lifted her legs and put them on my thighs. My hand automatically went to her back and the other on her hip. She looked like a scared puppy. I kissed her head. “Don’t be so scared baby. I am there. let’s just keep this a secret between us.”

“Yes,” she rasped. “I will...”

“Great!” I curled my fingers beneath her chin and tipped her head up. “Now about our honeymoon!”

She laughed and I loved that sound. She should laugh more often. “What about it?”

“How about we go back to the Umbra pack and then to the human world where we can spend a week.”

“What about my pack?” she whined. “I am so new here. I should stay here for a week at least.”

“I know love.” I kissed her again. With my chin I gestured to the documents behind her. “Don’t you want to come back with money in your pack?”

She sighed and slumped in my lap. I started rocking her. “Yeah...” We fell silent for a long time, each of us thinking about our packs. “What are you going to do about Nash?”

"I have asked Killian to send a large group of warriors on that side and many are patrolling all other borders. Nash would either retract seeing so many warriors or he would be met with some serious retaliation!"

Poppy shook her head. "Why can't he just come to the terms that he has lost?"

"His ego is hurt in many ways."

"If I were him, I would have at least asked for his sister, Monica, in exchange for truce. It's like they are not even bothered about Monica," Poppy stated.

"They aren't. They are scumbags!"

"I think I should write him a letter saying that he should marry Cynthia!" Poppy chortled.

"Hmmm... that brings me back to my honeymoon." I gazed at my mate intensely, making it amply clear what I wanted.