

Poppy POV

Damon burst out laughing. "You love me?" he asked, his eyes teary.

I nodded with a silly smile. "Yes!"

He kissed me on my lips again and my mouth opened so wide that an elephant could get inside. I looked with utmost amusement and was surprised. He was so handsome and yet he kissed me on my lips. If this was a dream, then I didn't want to wake up. "Am I in heaven?" I asked him.

His laugh turned into something so emotional that his eyes flooded with tears. As he laughed with tears in his eyes, he cupped my cheeks and kissed me again and again. His tears wet my cheeks and I was bewildered. Why was he crying?

"Poppy. Poppy. Poppy." He buried his head in my neck. "You will be the death of me."

I brought my fingers in his hair and stroked his scalp gently. "How do you know me?" I asked, my voice a whisper. My eyelids became heavy all over again because energy seeped out of me.

He lifted his head and rested his forehead over mine. "I know you because Moon Goddess has made you for me. I found you. Again. And now I won't let you go."

His answers were cryptic but I didn't press him to talk more. I glanced outside the window and saw that it was bright daylight. The room I was in smelled like a hospital. I was wrapped in several white sheets. Machines beeped around me and tubes ran in and out of my body.

I wanted to sleep, so I closed my eyes. "Damon," I said. "When I wake up again, will you be here?"

"Of course!" he said and kissed the tip of my nose before getting up. He held my hand. "I will be here when you wake up. So, sleep tight, love."

I cocked my head and blinked at him. He called me 'love'. "Have you started loving me so soon?"

He chuckled. Wiping his tears from his cheeks, he said, "I can never stop loving you. You are the most beautiful and sweetest she-wolf I have ever come across."

My face must have split in a grin because I was... happy. Happy after so long that it seemed like eternity. "I want to meet Silver. Where is he?" I asked, suddenly remembering him.

Damon's forehead crinkled. "Who is Silver?"

"The wolf who was with me. I nicknamed him Silver," I explained. I was so tired by this conversation that I yawned.

"Oh Silver!" Damon said, understanding me. "He is fine. He is in the next room."

"That's great. Please send my hello to him."

"I will," Damon said and kissed the back of my hand. Then he caressed my cheek with his knuckles. "Now take a good sleep, Poppy. I want to see you healthy soon."

I don't know why but I squeezed his hand and closed my eyes. I didn't want him to leave me. His presence, his voice, his smell and his aura – everything was reassuring. He soothed my frayed nerves. I felt like a crushed petal who wanted to absorb the rich scent of the wolf who loved me.

Nightmares decreased. When I woke up next, a day must have passed because when I looked outside the window, it was bright daylight. Damon's face came into view. He was sleeping on a chair by my side. He had a two-days' worth stubble on his face which I wanted to instantly scratch and feel against my skin. There were dark circles under his eyes and I wondered if it was because of all the stress. When I lifted my hand to reach his face, I found that he had grasped it in his large ones.

Warm emotions swirled in my chest. Why was he taking such good care of me? Even though there were a hundred other questions bouncing in my head, I wanted to continue watching him because watching him made me feel wonderful, right, and satisfying. I didn't have the power to fight or delve into the 'why' quotient of those emotions. So I let them flow inside me.

"Poppy!" He jerked open his eyes as if on instinct. "How long have you been awake?" He got up without leaving my hand and stepped closer.

Through my dry throat, I said, "Not long enough."

He stared at me for a moment and then poured water for me from the jug on the side table and handed me the glass. "I think you are parched."

I was. I licked my lips and gulped down the water. He propped up the pillows behind me and sat down next to me after pressing a bell. "How are you feeling, love?" he asked, as he kissed my fingers one by one.

"Drained..." I was feeling weak.

"I can understand..." he said in a hoarse voice, thick with emotions.

"How long did I sleep?" I removed a strand from my face and tucked it behind my ear only to feel a bandage wrapped around my head.

Gently, he removed my fingers from there. "You were sleeping for the whole day and night."

"Oh! I think I need a bath!"

He chuckled. "You don't, because you smell so good."

My cheeks heated till my ears. "You are flirting a lot with me, mister. Your girlfriend won't like it."

"But you are my girlfriend," he insisted.

"I don't even know you. How can I be one? But I would love to be your girlfriend." My skin flushed till my neck at this confession.

Damon gazed in my eyes in that heart melting way and my panties soaked. His nostrils flared. "You are aroused by me, aren't you?"

I was so embarrassed that I didn't have the courage to admit it. "Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked instead. At the same time, I wanted to smother his girlfriend.

"I do," he replied cockily.

My heart sank. "Oh!"

He waited for me to say more, but I turned my face away, afraid that he would read my emotions. He curled his fingers beneath my chin and turned my face back at him. "You are my girlfriend, Poppy," he said with a smile. "No one else can be."

I... melted all over again.