

## Poppy POV

His confession stirred inside me so violently that I felt it wanted to come out. I swear I wanted it to come out too, but I felt too weak to let it out. I gasped as sweat beaded on my forehead. I clutched his shirt as if to support myself. Damon sensed that I was not well. He picked me up in his arms and brought me back to the bed.

"Poppy!" he said in a voice filled with worry. "Love!" He leaned over me as he crawled over me. "What happened? Tell me, love?" His face was scrunched with so much worry that I wanted to reach out to him and allay his fears.

Shaking my head, I said, "It's nothing. Please don't worry."

But he didn't leave me. He sat beside me and stroked my hair to calm me down. His mother came to the other side. She took my hand and said, "I am so sorry Poppy. I didn't mean to make you feel bad..."

"It's fine, Mary..." I murmured. She didn't do it intentionally. I think she did it out of love for her son.

She patted my hand. "Please get well as soon as possible. We all need you here."

Her words brought so much reassurance that my lips lifted into a smile.

Mary glanced at her son with guilt in her eyes. "He is going to stay with you from now onwards until you've recovered. At least for the next fifteen days."

My cheeks heated as I pursed my lips. "It's not necessary..." I said.

"It is absolutely necessary," Mary insisted. She looked at her son and ordered him. "Do not leave her side. She is too fragile, okay?"

Damon took a deep breath in. "I will stay here, mother."

"Good," she replied. "I am going back to your father and after that I have to do a lot of stuff. Mainly I have to arrange for the wedding!"

"Wedding?" I blurted.

Mary chuckled. She gave a knowing glance to Damon and then left, leaving me with a large number of questions.

Damon comprehended my dilemma. He said, "Poppy, don't worry about my mom. She is just too enthusiastic about the fact that I have a mate."

"Why didn't you tell me that I am your mate?" I charged at him with my accusatory glance.

"I didn't want to trouble you, love," he said as he stroked my cheek with his knuckles. "I have just found you and I can't—" His Adam's

apple bobbed. "I can't let you slip into more pain than you are already in."

Words came to the tip of my mouth but they evaporated. I placed my hand on his hand as our eyes locked. The connection between us was crazy. He leaned over me and when he was just an inch away from my mouth, he said, "You want to meet Silver?"

Every thought in my mind vanished instantly. My lips parted and my tongue darted out to lick his lips. He lowered his lips to mine and brushed them softly. My cheeks heated when I realized that a moan escaped my mouth. Gently, he took my bottom lip in his mouth and sucked it. I opened up to him like a flower opened for sun and he delved his tongue inside. There was a rumble in his chest as I moaned. His touch, his feel, his proximity was electric, addictive. I didn't want to leave him ever. When he pulled himself away, he rested his forehead on mine. His large erection pressed against my belly and shameless me— I grounded myself against him.

He warned me, "Poppy, you better behave, else I won't be leaving you for the next few days because I am going to spend my days with my cock planted inside you."

I gasped at his dirty words but was so turned on that my thighs clenched. He got up and I missed his body's weight as cool air brushed my skin. "Let's go and meet Silver before I do anything stupid to harm you," he said.

Silver's room was down the corridor. There were a few men already standing outside. As soon as they saw Damon who had his fingers intertwined with mine, they bowed to him and peered at me

with excitement. One of them opened the door for him and stepped aside for us to enter.

I noticed that the room was smaller than mine. There was one bed in the center with a man lying on the bed, covered with sheets. There were several tubes running out of his hand. He had an angular face with a scar that ran down from his right eyebrow to his right cheek. His salt and pepper hair were enough to tell me that he was an older wolf. "Silver!" I rasped. So this was him. My savior in the forest.

He opened his eyes. "Poppy!" he said in a cheerful voice. "Come here!"

I closed the distance between us and stood at the edge of his bed. He grinned at me. "I am so glad to meet you finally, Poppy. I am Pike, Alpha Kevin's Beta."

"Pike? Alpha Kevin's Beta?" I jerked my head to Damon who was watching me. "H—how did he reach that forest?" His revelation added another layer of mystery to my already clouded mind.

Pike was stunned seeing my reaction. Damon pinched the bridge of his nose. "Poppy, I know you have many questions, but right now I will tell you just one thing— Our pack was attacked by another pack in which Pike went missing. He found you accidentally."

But why was it that he didn't kill me? Why did he save me? Did they know my grandfather James Vincent? "How do you know James Vincent? And does he know I am here?" I had so many questions

that I was sure that my head would explode, but I needed answers.  
Now.

"Poppy, Alpha James Vincent is your grandfather and since he is an Alpha, every other pack would know him. He doesn't know you are here because—" He pursed his lips.

"Because?" I pushed him.

"Because even his pack attacked us."

I stumbled back.

"Poppy!" Damon came right beside me and grabbed me by my waist.