

## Jealous

### Poppy POV

We paid a visit to Damon's father, Kevin before leaving. Mary was already there and she was holding Kevin's hand. Kevin hadn't come out of his coma and every time I saw him, I would feel so guilty.

"Kevin," Mary said softly. "Your son has come with his mate to see you. Don't you want to say hello to them?"

I swallowed my tears. Mary was such a lovable woman that I don't think I could get luckier in my life. I really wanted to get close to her but my own inhibitions restricted me from being friendly with anyone so soon. I had grown up without a mother and was abused as hell. It would take a few months for me to get used to all the love I was surrounded with.

Damon hugged his father and I kissed his hands before leaving. Mary hugged me. "Stay close to him and come back with a pup."

I blushed and let out a rough exhale. What was it with Mary and grandchildren?

Along with Kilian and a few more pack members we came to the beachfront property that my mother had left for me. We stayed in a small hotel while Damon and Killian finalized the buyer. I was surprised when the buyer told us that he would give cash and even

more surprised when Damon refused it. He asked the buyer to wire us the money.

The buyer loved the property so much that he insisted that we finalize the deal in a day. After all the legal documents were processed, the buyer transferred the money to Damon's bank account and from there, he wired all the money to my account. For the next twenty-four hours, both Damon and Killian made sure that every person whom the Shadow pack owed was paid with interest.

"You've done a wonderful job, Poppy," Killian said, leaning against the couch as he finished the last transaction. I had brought two cups of coffee for both of them.

"It is you both who have done so much for me," I said, sitting next to Damon. "I am forever in your debt."

"Anything for my Luna!" Killian said. "This is nothing. Your pack is our pack because *mi casa, su casa*."

I laughed at Killian's words, shaking my head. He was always a sincere kind of a wolf and rarely ever joked. It was nice to know that he had one funny one in his body.

Killian drove us to the town from where we took a flight. I was surprised to see that Damon had got my passport and visa done already. He winked at me when I gaped at my passport that he handed me at the airport. "How do you do all this?"

He chuckled and kissed my temple. "That's a mystery you can never

unravel!"

I giggled as we got in the line at the immigration. When we had checked in, Damon had become a hot favorite amongst the girls. The more the girls flirted with him, the harder I gripped him, feeling jealous. At one point of time, he ran his fingers in his hair seeing a bunch of girls ogling at him. I smacked him hard. "Ouch!" He rubbed his hand over his upper arm. "What was that for?"

"You deserve it!" I growled and pulled him away to a different location with bag and baggage. Seeing that there was hardly anyone there, I settled in a chair. However, there was no peace. Yet another bunch of girls came after him. They stood next to him and started laughing and giggling and glancing at him all at once. When Damon peered at them, they even blushed! What the hell. I was so jealous that at first, I went to sit on his left to block their view, but when they didn't stop, I crawled in his lap and kissed him on his lips, like I was claiming him. While I left Damon breathless, I shot a glare at the girls. Aghast, they walked away from there.

"Baby that was... wonderful!" he breathed as he looked at me for more. His cock was already hard in his jeans.

"Good!" I growled and pressed his cock with my hand. He hissed, his hips bucking towards me. "Now be a good boy and stay like this."

"No!" he retorted. "I am taking you somewhere."

"Damon!" I didn't know that my little revenge against the girls would put me in this problem. Damon dragged the luggage and me to a secluded bathroom. He made me lean on a counter and dragged my

pants down. I heard a tear and then his cock was inside me, pounding me hard. Goddess. I haven't had bathroom fuck. And that too at the airport? Could it get any wilder? As I looked at our reflection in the mirror, I saw his lust laden eyes boring into me. His hands were on my hips as he pounded inside me. Soon he shot his release inside me and slumped on my back.

"Kiss me again like that, Poppy," he rasped. "And I am going to fuck you on every surface available."

I laughed beneath him and he joined me. The beginning of our honeymoon was nice.

We boarded the plane where the airhostess fluttered her eyelashes at Damon. I rolled my eyes. We sat in the first class. The airhostess turned out to be a pest. In the end when I couldn't tolerate her, I said loudly, "Lady, this man here is my husband!" I showed her my middle finger but I wanted to show my ring finger. The airhostess was so perturbed that she didn't disturb us after that.

Damon let out a soft chuckle. "It looks like you are jealous."

I grunted. "I am not jealous, but she should maintain the decorum. Can't she see that we have wedding rings on our fingers?"

"I get it. I get it," he barked a laugh, putting his hands up.

The plane landed at Auckland Airport in the morning. After a long flight, I was jetlagged. Damon and I somehow managed to get out of the airport, sleepy and tired. Once we reached our seven-star hotel, we

both crashed on the bed.

## Honeymoon (1)

Poppy POV

I woke up refreshed. Damon was still sleeping next to me without a care in the world. All these days we had been so strung up that coming for our honeymoon was perhaps the best thing that we ever decided.

I propped myself up on my elbows as my lips curled up, seeing Damon. He looked like a young carefree boy. His hair was tousled. Lightly, I brushed away his hair from his forehead. He stirred a little and then went back to sleep. My husband was so gorgeous that even while he was sleeping, I could feel my toes curling. I was very lucky that he loved me so much despite the fact that we started as enemies.

After placing a chaste kiss on his forehead, I slid out of the bed and headed for the bathroom. When I came back, he was still sleeping. I chuckled. "Get up, sleepy head," I said, going to him and kissing his lips.

He opened his eyes and grabbed my waist as soon as he saw me. "How can one get up when they catch a wife wrapped only in a towel?" He pulled me over him as I squealed. "I need to peep behind the towel," he said and in one swift move removed it from me even though I protested and pushed off his chest to run away. But my wolf was too strong. It was impossible to get out of his grip. He clamped my waist with one hand as he removed my towel. "Not so fast sweetheart," he growled.

"Damon!" I swatted at his chest. "Don't we have to go anywhere?"

"Why should we? We have come on our honeymoon," he said as if reminding me.

"Don't you have any plans to visit places?" I said, bewildered.

"I have only one plan which is to visit your pussy again and again. Maybe I will live inside of you for the entire honeymoon because that is what honeymoon means!" he smirked.

I shot him a glare. "Alpha Damon Lombard. Get up and get ready. I am famished!"

His chest rumbled with a delicious rumble. "Then by all means, eat me."

My cheeks heated till my ears. I could feel his erection tenting against my belly through his pajamas. Goddess. My wolf was so shameless. He looked at me salaciously. "So what do you want?" he asked. "Eat me or be eaten."

I narrowed my eyes. "I will do as I please," I replied with an attitude. "But after that you are going to take me out for an adventure."

He crossed both his arms beneath his head and said, "Depends on your performance."

"Ah, I see." He threw a challenge at me and I picked up the gauntlet. I lowered myself on his body while maintaining his gaze. When I

reached his erection, I stroked it over his pants first and then lowered his pajamas. It sprag out, thick and heavy and loaded. "Watch me," I said. All his muscles were taut with tension as his eyes darkened. I kissed his balls and then swallowed his erection in one go.

He hissed as his hips bucked in my direction. I licked him, sucked him and flicked his slit as I pressed his balls. Damon's eyes rolled into his head, his chest vibrated with a menacing rumble and he brought his hands to grasp the back of my head. I sucked him till my throat. "Ahh!" he growled. "I can't hold," he said in a strained voice. He grabbed a pillow and placed it on his face when he shot his release inside me with a muffled snarl.

I licked every last drop of his cum and watched him. When he removed the pillow from his face, he was panting. "How was the performance, Lord Lombard?"

He had a silly grin on his face when he pulled me and kissed me on my lips, tasting himself. "I love it when you call me lord. Do that again and I shall reward you."

"Oh, so you liked the title?"

"And your performance was excellent," he added with a chuckle. After that he made me sit on his face. I had to grab the headboard as he devoured me till I came so hard that my limbs were jelly.

Breakfast was great with a variety of food on the table for us. We had gone down to join the buffet. Damon had booked a winery tour of Waiheke Island for us. When we reached there, we were shown the process of how to make wine and were given several flavors to taste. I



bought a crate of six bottles and ordered them to send a few to Damon's business office in the human world.

It was almost 4 PM when we finished the tour of the winery. Damon had arranged for a ferry to take me to the nearby islands where I did a lot of shopping. I was finally satisfied with my shopping at 8 PM when I saw Damon carrying about ten bags behind me, dragging himself with a grunt. "What's it with women and shopping?" I giggled. This was my first ever shopping spree and I didn't want to waste it.

He took me to a restaurant near a beach at 9 PM. The sea food was so delicious that I made dirty sounds as I enjoyed it. Damon watched me intensely as I made those sounds. "It seems you want to be fucked right here, Poppy," he said in a deep throaty voice.

I shrugged. "I won't mind if you like others to watch you and me in that act."

He gritted his teeth. "Wait till I spank you for that. I am going to make your ass so fucking red and numb that you won't make those sounds again."

I bit my lip. "Promise?" My juices flowed at his words.

His nostrils flared. "Fuck!"

How was my fault that my husband was always thinking of sex? I was just a poor little girl in this big, bad world. I fluttered my eyelashes. He narrowed his eyes. I pulled out my right foot from my sneakers, lifted it and slowly trailed it up to his thigh. In, in, in, until I reached in

between his thighs and stroked his erection with my foot.

## Honeymoon (2)

Poppy POV

"What are you doing, Poppy?" he hissed as he widened his legs for me to stroke him.

I smirked. "Can you define what I am doing?" There were a few more people sitting around in the restaurant and I could tell that they were all giggling or laughing softly at us. We were just being shameless.

He took a rough breath in as he fought for control. "If this happens, my pants would be a mess."

I removed my foot a little and he almost caught it. "No, that is not the definition of what I am doing."

His lips parted as his wolf clawed inside him. His eyes flickered golden and I knew that his wolf was on the edge. His chest rose and fell. "What do you want, Poppy?" he asked almost desperately.

I touched his very hard erection with my toe and brushed it lightly. "Define what I am doing in words that are not dirty."

"This is going to be tough," he gritted. I started to pull my foot away, but he grabbed it and said, "Continue."

I cocked my eyebrow. "I would love to." I picked up a cheery, dipped it in chocolate sauce and licked it with my tongue, twirling it all around before putting it between my lips. I let him watch me sucking it and draw it inside my mouth.

He started in a very low voice, "You are playing a very dangerous game that involves balls." I inched my foot towards his balls and stroked them. His cock twitched and I knew that his balls had tightened painfully by the expression on his face. "There's a tree growing in the grassland which is extremely thick now."

I giggled at his explanation and started stroking the said, 'tree.' He hissed, his eyes dropping to a half mast.

"The tree is about to be felled by a woodworker in a way that it would burst with seeds," he said in a very low, barely audible voice.

"I wish the seeds burst in me," I added as I picked up another cherry and had it in the same way.

"Poppy..." he put his hand down on the table over his crossed arms, trying his best not to thrust his hips. My foot went to his balls and I pressed them lightly before going to his cock and stroking it again. Soon, his tree burst and the seeds erupted all over his pants. Damon bit his hand to stop himself from roaring in a restaurant that was now teeming with people. When he looked up, I could feel that he was spent. "You will be the death of me," he said with a smile.

A waitress came, fluttered her eyelashes at him and with a grin said, "Would you like anything else?"

Damon nodded with a smile at her as my jealousy grew. "Yes, can you serve my wife on a platter, please?"

The waitress gasped as I laughed. I got up and, in the process, banged the table a little so that the glass of water toppled and fell on his pants. His sin was washed in the water. He hissed when cold water contacted him but the next moment, he barked a laugh. In front of the waitress, he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me closer to him. "I will always remember this sexcapade, Mrs. Lombard." And then he crashed his lips on mine. The waitress rushed away from there.

That night when we reached our hotel, we were extremely tired, but none of us wanted to sleep because we were both a tangle of limbs and tongue and teeth till early hours of the morning. Damon was relentless. He took me at least five times, each session lasting longer than before and he tried so many new positions. My wolf was a real playboy. He knew how to keep me happy and satiated.

Our next two days were full of fun. He took me to Mt Eden to watch the sunset and we explored the many beaches. I wore my bikini and sprawled under the sun after Damon would lather me with sunscreen. We took a swim together in the ocean, sometimes going deep inside despite the warnings from the beach guards. And of course, we had sex in the middle of the ocean.

Only a day was left before our return, when he asked, "Would you like to go for a whale and dolphin cruise today?"

My eyes became wide like saucers. "You can do that here?"

With a smirk, he said, "Yes. And I have already booked it for us."

"Gee!" I was ecstatic. I hadn't seen whales or dolphins in my life.

The cruise was awesome! There were many pods of dolphins jumping and I found myself clapping hard. Damon had grabbed my waist from behind as I watched those amazing creatures. Whales were solitary but we spotted one with a baby and it brought tears to my eyes. As soon as they were gone, I was gripped with numbness. I clenched my teeth and my head fell on Damon's chest.

A vision flashed in my mind. Of pups. They were swimming with the baby whale and clapping their hands as they laughed. It was such a beautiful vision that I wanted to grab it and eat it forever.

Then someone called me from a distance. "Poppy! Poppy!" It was of an angel. I placed my hand on his cheek. "Are you okay?" he asked with worry etched on his face.

I realized that I was in his lap and he was sitting on the deck. When I nodded, he picked me up in his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he carried me inside where the captain gave us a bottle of mineral water. I gulped it all down and took a deep breath in.

"Poppy?" he said as he stroked my back. "How are you, love?"

"I am well, baby," I said with a weak smile. But I knew that something wasn't so well. I got up and kissed his cheek.

Damon didn't allow me to go back to the deck and stayed with me all the time until we reached the hotel. He was quiet and tense. As soon as

we reached our room, he said, "Should we go to a doctor?"

I chuckled. "What? No. I am fine. Really."

"But you look pale," he said, cupping my cheeks.