

Poppy POV

When Damon offered his hand, the Shaman sliced it in the center with a knife. Blood dripped out from it and Damon didn't even flinch. The Shaman demanded the same thing. I offered him my right hand and he sliced it with the same knife. Then he joined our hands and lifted them.

Blood from our hands flowed to our wrists. I drew my breath in sharply when it lifted in the air and swirled all around our hands. I heard the audience gasp at this incident. I could feel my skin stitching back in place but I also felt something strange. It was like I was infused with a lot of power. I closed my eyes as my tendrils of thoughts started pouring in my mind. Soon the soft tendrils turned into an explosion of thoughts. Tremendous pressure clamped my mind.

I grasped Damon's hand to not buckle under the pressure. A thin sheet of sweat covered my skin. Mary had told me that this would happen and I had braced myself for it, but I didn't realize that the intensity was going to be so high.

Those tendrils of thoughts were the way I was joined to the Umbra pack and to my mate Damon.

Knowing fully well about my situation, Damon caught my waist until the sensation passed through me. It took an eternity before I opened my eyes and nodded at Damon. He released me just enough so that I was standing on my feet without shaking. Once

he was sure that I was fine, he released me completely.

“Oh, thank the goddess!” Mary rasped and rushed to us with the velvet box. She opened it and there were two very beautiful gold bands sitting inside.

Damon picked up one and slid it on my ring finger. “Wife,” he mumbled and I could feel his hands shaking. His breath was lodged in his throat when I took the other ring and slid it on his finger. I lifted my eyes to look at him and found him gazing at me.

“Now, you can kiss the bride,” the Shaman said.

Damon lifted my veil delicately. He cupped my cheeks and leaned down to kiss me. “Goddess,” he muttered. “I would have died if I hadn’t kissed you now.” And I opened up for him like a flower opens for the sun. He delved his tongue in and our kiss heated up.

When he pulled, he rested his forehead on mine and said, “Welcome to the Umbra pack, my beautiful wife.”

The Shaman stepped in the middle. He held our hands and picked them up into the air. “I give you the Alpha and the Luna of the Umbra pack, Poppy and Damon Lombard!”

There was a cheer and whoop in the pack members. They showered us with more flower petals and rice. Anna, Eliza, Killian—they all hugged us together. Mary was jubilant. She embraced me tightly and said, “Do you know that for the first time in the history of Umbra that the blood has swirled around the hands of the

mates during the wedding?"

Oh. That was a startling revelation. As I stared at her with surprise, she said, "And do you know this has happened because the two Alphas are mates which is very rare. The main reason why I wanted you to marry my son under this full moon was because this moon was the strongest in the year. Even Moon Goddess couldn't have stopped this union."

I pursed my lips as my cheeks heated. I shook my head. "I am not even—"

"Shhh..." Mary quieted me. "I know about your state, Poppy. It will all be well in a few days." Then she looked at Damon with pure motherly affection. "I am so happy that the Umbra pack has found its Luna. Take Poppy to your room. She must be tired. I will handle the guests here."

"But mom I have to meet the Alphas," Damon sighed.

"Oh yes!" she chuckled. "I forgot. "You have to introduce Poppy to them as well."

Damon took me on a round to meet all the Alphas that had come to meet us. According to Damon they were all our allies. One of them, Alpha Janson of the Pine pack, had a big smile on his face when we reached him. He looked older with crinkles at the corner of his eyes. He beamed when he said, "You were not even three when I saw you last. Your father was deeply in love with your mother and—" he bit his lip. His face flushed. "He wanted to come to my pack and join me. Unfortunately, your grandfather didn't

allow him."

I gulped. "You knew my father?"

"Of course!" Alpha Janson said. "He was a fine warrior, but in love madly."

"I— I would like to know more about him," I said, almost pleading.

"Sure Poppy. How about we meet tomorrow? I am going back the day after," he suggested to which I nodded vehemently.

Damon took me to our bedroom after meeting the Alphas and Lunas of other packs. Our bedroom was beautifully decorated with pink and white flowers. Arcs of pink roses crisscrossed the entire ceiling. White and red rose petals were sprinkled all over our bed. Damon scooped me in his arms and carried me to the bed. When he made me stand in front of the bed, he said, "I've been desperately waiting for this moment, Poppy." He pulled me towards him, gripping the back of my neck, trying to bring her closer. "Gods, you make me crazy, Poppy. I will fuck you until you beg me to stop."

He removed my veil and opened every pin and clip in my dress fast. Then he hoisted me up and I wrapped my legs around his waist. "Goddess, you are so perfect against me, wife." His mouth was trailing a path of hot kisses down my neck. He slid his hand inside my gown, preparing to tear it off.

"Don't," I said. "I want this forever as a remembrance."

He dropped me to the ground and yanked up the hem to toss it away. "This time I am going to be taking it properly but next I will tear everything off you." With that he seized my mouth. Goddess, I wanted this so much. "You are mine," he said in between the kisses. "I will never, ever let you go."