

Poppy POV

Alpha James Vincent was trembling with rage when I caught his deceit which also happened to be the biggest treachery to his pack. He denied them the rightful heir because he was blinded by his mistress.

I shot a glare at Hilda. I hated her from the core of my heart. She had manipulated everyone around her. But I hated my grandfather more than I ever did. He was the one who was responsible because he yielded to Hilda. I wondered how deep their planning and schemes against me and my parents went, but I didn't want to know about them because I was done with him.

He was nothing but a rotten man who believed in controlling his pack by muscle and not by love. When I was here, I knew how the pack members worked. They were so afraid of him, but not for the right reasons.

"Poppy!" Grandfather yelled. "I am still the Alpha of the pack and I banish you from this pack for life!"

I couldn't believe that he had the gall to say that. I didn't have to see my pack members to feel that they flinched when I exposed their Alpha's truth. I could sense how betrayed they felt. I could smell their fear and their desperation. At that moment I decided what would be my next step.

"In that case—" I tipped my chin up as I crossed my arms. "I would like to challenge you for the position of the Alpha of the Shadow pack."

My grandfather's eyes went wide with shock as a murmur of surprise rippled across the warriors of the Shadow pack who were still standing outside the ring of magic.

"Poppy!" Anna warned me. She rushed next to me and said, "Don't be mad, Poppy. You have just found your wolf back. There are other ways to challenge him."

Damon shifted instantly when he heard me. Anna made a face and snapped her fingers. A black leather pants appeared on him.

"Poppy," he said as he cupped my cheeks. "Are you sure you want this?" His heart had sped and I knew that he was scared for me.

"You don't have to challenge him because I can take him down any time. It would be over in a few seconds. I will do that for you, love."

Emotions swirled in my heart and I swallowed thickly. Here my wolf was, standing and protecting me like a delicate flower and a few feet stood my grandfather, a man related to me by blood, who was only interested in eliminating me. I leaned into Damon's large hands and closed my eyes. This wasn't his fight. I had made up my mind.

"Damon," I said softly. "If you will challenge him, I know you will win, but then the pack would be yours by law." When an Alpha killed another Alpha, the pack belonged to the winner. "That is the reason why I want to challenge him. I want the pack because I am its rightful heir." I glanced at Sinclair. "Not him or his mother."

Damon let out a rough exhale. "In that case, go and fight him. I am standing right here. But there is one thing that I have to warn you about."

I frowned with questions in my eyes.

In a low, menacing voice with a sinister light in his eyes, he said, "If I see that he is overpowering you, I will not stop myself from killing him."

I looked proudly at my wolf. "I don't expect anything less from you." All at once a movement caught my eye and I was astonished to see that my grandfather had gone next to Hilda. I charged at them and kicked the bottle of potion that she was giving him. Then I kicked Hilda on her chest. She cried as he skidded on the floor, hitting the dais on which Moon Goddess's statue was.

"Poppyyyy!" My grandfather shouted as Sinclair rushed to his mother. He sat down beside her. The mother and son duo snapped their heads at me with shock apparent in their eyes.

I pointed at the shattered pieces of the glass and the spilled green liquid on the floor and said to my grandfather, "Come on, James Vincent. At least fight with dignity. You were using a potion to fight with me that would give you extra power? Are you so scared of me?" Was it possible that Hilda was giving him potions to stay strong always and because of these potions he was scaring the hell out of everyone in the pack?

He yelled my name and then he burst into his wolf. I gave in to my

wolf and boy she was so happy. Auren dipped her head and let out a low growl. Air rippled around us and I knew that Anna had withdrawn her magic. The whole place was ours to fight. I turned my head over my shoulder and nodded at Anna. She hurled her hands forward and a blinding light encased us. Next instant, I found myself in the woods with James Vincent in front of me and with Damon and Anna standing behind me. Of course, how could Anna leave Hilda? Anna loved the drama and Hilda provided that beautifully.

It was necessary that I fought with James Vincent on neutral grounds otherwise who knew that he would force his warriors to attack me. I wasn't afraid of his warriors. I was afraid that even Damon's warriors had come by then and surrounded us all in a large circle outside the temple. They would come for their Luna and they would have killed the pack members of the Shadow pack. It would have been an unnecessary long drawn fight. Out here, only me and James Vincent were there. It was no longer a fight of the packs. No. It never was. It was a fight between my grandfather and me. And Hilda and me. Whom I would deal with later.

I think I could never call my grandfather, 'Grandfather' after this. He had lost that status forever. He was simply James Vincent for me.

James Vincent dipped his head low and snarled. We started circling each other.