

## Chapter 115

For the first time in my life, I felt powerful. Every member of the pack had bowed to me in submission and inclined their necks. I lifted my chin up as I inhaled a deep breath in and it smelled of victory.

Damon came to stand next to me, his hand on the small of my back. His chest was filled with pride. He leaned over and kissed my temple. "Do you know how happy I am, Popp?" My lips curled up as I closed my eyes in his vicinity. His touch was like a balm to me. He said, "Go to the Shaman. Your pack members want you to be the Alpha of the pack now."

I knew they wanted it. They were looking forward to the moment I showed them James Vincent's head. Steeling myself for the next venture, I walked to where the Shaman was and gave him the severed head. He took it from me and offered it at the feet of the Moon Goddess.

Everybody watched us in silence. My gaze swept to where Hilda was. Standing with her son, she looked.. old and tired. However, my eyes caught a movement and I saw her rushing over towards Damone. She jumped at him and shifted into her wolf midair. Damon was caught by surprise. There was a scream, a gasp and then what I saw was shocking.

Damon had grabbed Hilda's wolf by her neck with one hand and lifted it in the air. His lips had peeled back in a ferocious snarl. Hilda whined and yowled as her limbs dangled in the air. Damon let out a menacing growl and hurled her on the wall opposite to him. She crashed on it so hard that I was sure I heard bones cracking. Sinclair rushed to her but before him, two warriors reached her and they picked her up to take her to the dungeons. Sinclair rushed after his mother which in a way was good riddance. I was going to deal with both of them soon.

The Shaman shook his head, muttering, "Old habits die hard. That woman tried till the end." He extended his hand to me. I placed my palm in his. He gestured to Damon to join me. When he came to stand beside me, the Shaman bowed to him. "I know that you both are mates and married. It is a very sacred union. I want

both of you to stand beside each other when Poppy ascends to the position of the Alpha of the Shadow pack.”

Damon nodded with reverence as I looked at him with worry in my eyes. “I am well,” he said, opening his mind link with me. “That wolf was nothing in front of me.”

Of course, Hilda wasn’t anything in front of my powerful Alpha mate, but nonetheless, when she charged at Damon, my hackles raised.

The Shaman took my palm and with a knife that was placed at the statue of the Moon Goddess, he slashed it right in the center. He pulled me towards the statue and let the blood from hand drip on her feet. I was surprised that my blood drops were absorbed in the white marble statue so smoothly that there was no stain. “The goddess also accepts you as the Alpha of the Shadow pack,” he said with satisfaction on his face.

The Shaman lifted my hand in the air and announced, “ I hereby declare Poppy Vincent as the Alpha of the Shadow pack.”

Every warrior who was present over there cheered loudly. They looked up at the sky and howled and beat their chests. When the cheers died down, the Shaman lifted Damon’s hand in the air. “I hereby acknowledge Damon Lombard as mate and husband of our Alpha, Poppy Vincent. May they be blessed with sons and daughters of great caliber and may the Moon Goddess always shower her blessings upon them.”

The whole place was filled with more cheers and howls. Damon looked at me with a grin on his face and I threw myself in his arm. He tipped my head up and crashed his lips on mine. When he pulled away, I let out a reluctant groan. “Welcome to your pack, Poppy,” he said and when he wiped the tears from my face, I realized I was crying.

Damon picked me up in his arms and carried me out of the temple. The pack members bowed to us all the way. Jose, who was my grandfather’s gamma, showed us the way. He guided us to his car, and drove us all the way to my house. With my head buried in Damon’s chest, he carried me to my bedroom.

He sat me on the bed and sat beside me. He said, “How are you feeling?”

“It’s homecoming for me, Damon,” I replied, my voice hoarse when I scanned my room, the things that once belonged to me. My gaze landed on the pictures of my parents. “I wish I could find my father...”

“I am going to send my warriors to find him, don’t worry,” he assured me.

My heart twisted when I saw my mother who was grinning in the picture. James Vincent killed her out of hatred. What a bastard. I was sure that he did at Hilda’s behest. I was going to make Hilda pay for what she had done to me and my parents. I was going to suck the life out of Sinclair, the way she did with me.

“What are you thinking?” he asked softly, tucking my hair behind my ear.

“Feels like a dream...” I mumbled. “I had never imagined that I would be able to reclaim my pack. Without you and Anna and Killian and-” I jerked my head back. “Where is Anna?”

Damon shook his head. “The last I heard she was that she was asking where the pub is.”

I giggled. Typical Anna. “I hope she finds a good pub!”

“I hope she doesn’t turn wolves around her into squirrels in her drunken stupor!” He rolled his eyes.