

Have I Burdened You?

Poppy POV

Cynthia took a shaky breath in as she sat on the couch opposite to us and held her head in her hands. She didn't speak for a long time as Damon watched her like a hawk. From what I knew about Damon, I was sure that he wouldn't let Cynthia go scot-free.

When she didn't speak anything, Damon looked at Killian. He nodded and said, "Cynthia, we have framed charges against you which are as follows:

- You have sent your warriors disguised as rogues to create unrest in Poppy's pack, unprovoked.
- Nash Dawson, who was your betrothed, used silver in his claws with your knowledge along with his warriors. Using silver is banned amongst the werewolves and you broke that rule.
- You abetted Monica Dawson to kill Alpha George Dawson. This note here is a clear mimicry of Alpha George's handwriting and was sent by you to Alpha Damon Lombard. Alpha Damon had asked Alpha George if he wanted his niece back. You had stolen that letter and sent us back this letter, imitating his handwriting.

Cynthia snapped her head to look at Damon. "You were party in it!" she accused.

"Was I?" Damon shrugged. "Then prove it."

"I will get Monica as my proof," Cynthia warned him with a growl. "You gave her the silver dagger!"

Damon chuckled. "By all means, please go ahead and use her as the proof that I gave her the silver dagger."

His confidence was so high that Cynthia's resolve wavered a bit. "If I am going down, Damon Lombard," she snarled. "I will take you down with me!"

Damon got up and growled so loudly that the windows and the doors of the house started shaking. I heard wolves howling in distance because when an Alpha is this angry, there is no way that the pack members are not affected. They must be experiencing headaches.

Cynthia winced. She cowered and appeared to have shrunk. Damon's aura was too strong for her handle. After all, now Damon was her Alpha as well.

"You dare to threaten me like that!" he snarled. His fangs slipped out of his gums. "It was you who wanted to kill Alpha George and it was you who gave Nash false hopes that he should become the Alpha of the Howler pack when the

Howler pack already had an Alpha. Both you and Monica were thick heads who brought this pack down and manipulated Nash who thought with his penis instead of his brain." He took a step closer to Cynthia who scrambled back. "Had you not gone after Poppy, things would have been the same. But you dared to go after her and I will not spare anyone who comes after my mate. I am going to destroy them so badly that it would become an example!"

Cynthia whimpered seeing Damon in so much rage. His wolf wanted to come out and kill her. His claws had slipped out and if he wanted, he could have ripped her to pieces. She started crying. "You are using your Alpha power on a poor woman. This is so unjust!"

I was taken aback. Now she was playing a victim card? Before Damon could speak a word, I got and slapped her across her face. She squealed and was half-lying on the couch. She turned her head towards me as she pressed her hand to her cheek that had my fingers marked on it. "How dare you?" she whimpered.

I narrowed my eyes. "You went ahead and gave silver to your warriors to kill my people. Didn't you think of being a poor little woman that time? Now you are playing a victim card?" My chest was rising and falling at all the fury that was surging in my body. I didn't know what came over me, but I shouted, "Guards!" Two hefty warriors came running inside the main hall. "Take her to the dungeons and see that she is not given any food for the next two days!"

"What?" Cynthia yelled as she got up. "How can you do this to me? You are no one! You have no right to punish me. You are nothing but a slut!"

That was it. I slapped her again on the other cheek and she was sent flying to the floor. "Take her before I allow my husband to rip her apart into pieces," I ordered the guards with a deathly calm.

Even as she protested, the guards dragged her to the dungeons and I watched her go. When she was out of sight, I turned to Damon. He came to me and hugged me in his arms. I let myself feel him because he was the only wolf who calmed my nerves. I allowed myself to calm down, smelling his scent. He stroked my hair softly until my breath evened out. Once I felt quieter, I pulled away, but he didn't leave my waist. I cocked my head to Killian and said, "Do we still need to go to the tribunal?"

He chuckled. "Not until anyone slaps a case against Damon. And then also we have an upper hand."

I grinned. Damon cupped my cheeks and kissed my lips. "I am so proud of the way you handled Cynthia. That's like my Luna. You can't let people stomp over you ever again."

I grinned wider. "Then let's go home."

"Of course. But there are a few things that I have to do here before we head home," he said.

I understood what he meant. The Howler pack was the second largest pack in America and it wasn't a child's game taking it under the Umbra pack. There were way too many things that Damon had to sort out. It was good that the Howler pack was about an hour away from the Umbra pack and that was hardly a distance.

It took a week for Damon to settle things at the Howler. No. It was now the Umbra pack. When we returned, Damon had to settle matters with the Shadow pack.

"Have I burdened you?" I asked him one evening after I had thrown everything that was in my gut.

He gave me light orange juice and said, "The only burden I feel is that my pups aren't getting enough food!" He rested his head in my lap and kissed my belly. As I giggled, he addressed his pups, "My lovely little pups, your dad is here. I won't let your mama starve you!"