

Damon POV

"Can I slap you?" my mother growled. "So what if she belongs to the enemy pack? After she is mated to you, she will stay here. I know that bastard, James Vincent. He can go to hell from my side. Your father would have said the same thing if he had known that she was your mate."

My jaw practically dropped to the floor. I never ever, in my wildest dreams, expected that kind of a reaction from her. "A—are you sure?" I still asked.

"Do you want it in writing?" She sounded impatient.

I couldn't help letting out a breath of shocking relief. It was as if a truckload of tension had lifted off my shoulders. I leaned down, grabbed my mother's face and kissed her forehead. I rested my forehead on hers and murmured, "Thank you. Thank you."

She covered my hands with hers. "Damon, I wished that you had told this earlier. We would have been cautious."

"I—" I just didn't know what to say.

"It's okay," she rubbed my hands. "We will salvage this situation." She moved away and sat beside me. She said, "I am sending our warriors to get her here. I could have allowed you to go there, but right now you have to take charge of the situation in this pack."

George Dawson is very angry and if his attacks are not quashed in time, it will become ugly. As for the Shadow Pack, trust me, I am going to go after James Vincent myself! But—" she stopped and gave me a side glance. "Poppy may not like what I do to him."

I chuckled. "In fact, she will like what you do to him."

A frown came on her forehead. She cocked her head. "I don't get you."

My jaws clenched as I tried to control my temper. I hated James Vincent from the core of my heart. "He abused Poppy ever since her parents left her. He thought that she was wolf less and would beat her regularly to get her wolf out. Things were really bad. In the end, he shoved Poppy out of his pack by throwing her into the Umbra academy." I sucked in a sharp breath and told her everything.

When I finished, I saw my mother's eyes flickered amber. Her wolf wanted to come out. She squeezed my hand. "Damon, do you want me to get that bastard, or do you want to go after him?"

My lips curled up. My mother was surely the most balanced she-wolf. No wonder she ran the most powerful werewolf pack alongside my father so well. "I am going to quash him for now. We will see later what Poppy will do."

"Wonderful!" she chuckled.

I patted her hands. "I want you to go and rest for some time. I am

here with my father. It is already late at night. We can't do much. So you should take a nice sleep and leave it all on me."

She rested her head on my shoulder and nodded. "My son is back..."

At night, while my mother slept soundly, I increased patrolling of warriors on our borders. I had left Killian with my father because I didn't trust anyone at the moment. I was also too worried about Pike because they still hadn't found him.

When I was with Monica, she would often talk to me about her uncle. That gave me some insights about George Dawson. He was a sneaky bastard and more importantly, he had an ego the size of an elephant. It was not uncommon for the Alphas to have egos, but George Dawson beat us all. It was said that he often gave illogical decisions just to satisfy his ego.

I was sure that he was going to attack us even though my mother had taken measures that his pack members were pushed back. And just as I had predicted, his people attacked. But that wasn't a surprise. The surprise was that Nash headed the attack. I had gone to the frontier with my warriors and was shocked to see him.

He was in front of his warriors when he came across me. And it crashed on me that he was there only because Poppy rejected him. He couldn't take the rejection and so he was getting the lives of his wolves on the line. My voice turned low and threatening, as every breath I took out was blazing with fire. "You've been a shitty mate. You have brought a lot of pain to not only Poppy, but also your own warriors. Both you and Monica! I am going to tear you in

pieces if you don't leave right now!"

Nash snarled. "Not before I tear you into pieces! And Poppy—" He let out a humorless chuckle. "She is beyond your reach."

Then everything happened at a lightning speed.

There was a wild snarl, followed by a cracking and crunching and sudden rush of wind as he lunged at me and I at him and as every warrior lunged at each other. With my claws and fangs elongated, I went for his chest and tore it down to his navel. He let out a blood curdling scream. He slid on the ground and kicked me on my shin and then sank his claws in my thighs. I grunted as pain lashed. I grabbed his hair and yanked his head up. "Where is Poppy?" I snarled.

He spat blood. In the next instant, he grabbed my waist and head butted me. That was it. I kicked his chest and then yanked him up. Next, I elbowed his jaw. Blood sprayed from his mouth. He whirled, leapt in the air and swung his leg to my stomach, but I caught his leg midair and twisted it. A cracking sound later, he was on the ground, with a scream in his throat. I booted him on his chest. More cracks followed. "Where is Poppy? I am asking you for the last time!" He didn't reply. Only smiled weakly. Furious as hell, I was about to boot him on his thick skull when his warriors drew him out. They rushed away with him and disappeared into darkness.

"Next time I see Nash—" I shouted. "I will kill you first and then say hello!" Anxiety bubbled inside me about Poppy.