

Damon POV

Rage blasted in my chest and the roar that left my mouth resulted in vibration of the dungeon walls and windows.

Jack knelt on the ground, inclining his neck in submission as Coal winced and scrambled back. When I looked at Coal, I was sure that my eyes were amber for my wolf wanted to come out and rip his throat apart.

Hilda's connivance ran deeper than I thought. I remembered Poppy telling me about Axl Morrison. He used to take sadistic pleasure in whipping her and beating her to pulp. Then Hilda would take her back with her, heal her while giving her the poisoned tea. The two made sure that my mate was thoroughly incapacitated and their son became the Alpha of the Shadow pack.

Another roar tore through my throat. All the warriors knelt on the ground, as the ground shook beneath them.

Coal was pressed against the wall as he looked at me with pure fear in his open eye. He was shivering like a deer caught in a trap. My wolf was pressing against the surface to come out because he wanted to kill him. 'Kill him, Damon!' he growled on the inside. 'Throw his head in the Shadow pack. They should know what you do to those who harm our mate.'

But if I killed him and threw him in the pack, Axl would be alerted.

And I wanted to make sure how deeply James Vincent was involved in it. He was a pathetic loser and was paying for his gigantic ego.

"Should I finish him off?" Jack asked, his head still low in submission.

In anger my Alpha powers had slipped to a great extent and I could feel the force of it on all others around me. I could feel I could quash their heads if I didn't retreat. I closed my fists and willed myself to calm down. Moments later when my chest was heaving and when I had contained most of my anger, I said, "No, keep him alive. I have a use for him." Saying that I strode out of the dungeons and went straight to check on my father along with Jack.

He was still unconscious. Killian was sitting with him and he got up when I entered the room. "How is he?" I asked.

His gaze went to my thighs where my pants were soaked in blood and then to my face. A flicker of concern washed his face. "He is just the same, Damon. But I am sure that since he has Alpha blood, he will heal."

I wanted him to heal. Badly. Desperately. I wanted him to forgive me for what I did to him, for what I was responsible for. I nodded tightly and went to my room. I stripped my clothes and stepped into the shower. My mind was only occupied with the thoughts of my mate. Hot water ran down my body, easing some exhaustion but every muscle in my body was screaming of tension. The warriors who had gone to get Poppy, hadn't returned.

"Poppy..." I murmured her name as I pictured her sleeping on her bed, curled up under her blanket. She was such a lovely girl who had tolerated so much torture in her life. Anyone in her state would have broken down to pieces, gone insane. But my girl— she remained intact. She didn't let her sanity break. "I love you..." I said as I tipped my head up. I was scared that my parents would reject her, but now that I knew that they would accept her with open hands, I just wanted her to come here as soon as possible. The only doubt that I had in my mind was that she would leave the course in the academy in the middle? A wolf could only hope.

After a long shower, I tied the towel across my hips and came out. It was 5 AM and the birds had risen from their nightly slumber. They were chirping noisily outside my window. I padded to my bed and crashed on it. Fumbling for my phone, I thought this was the right time to call Poppy. Though slightly early for my little wolf, I was dying to hear her voice. Her phone rang for a long time, but it went unanswered. A smile ghosted my lips. I was sure that she was sleeping. I opened the picture gallery of my phone and browsed through her pictures. In most of them she was sleeping. She would call me creepy if she saw these pictures. What could I do? I loved watching my mate sleeping in my bed. A warm feeling filled my heart and I kissed her picture. "I can't wait for you to come here," I said.

I placed the phone on my heart and closed my eyes. I woke up with a start when I heard a loud noise. I realized that it was already 7 AM. "Fuck!" I got out of the bed and slipped my shirt and jeans on as I rushed to the hospital. In the car, I called Poppy, sure that she must have woken up by now, but her phone was unanswered again. This time, my mind whirled with a thousand doubts. I called her again and again. She didn't pick it up.

My body became coiled with so much tension that I thought it would explode if I released the tension. I picked up the phone to call her again, but this time called Eliza instead.

"Hello," a man sounded on the other side. "Damon?"

"Who is this?" I snapped. "Where is Eliza?" I wondered if Killian knew that there was someone else with Eliza. He would surely kill that man.

"I am Bob," he said immediately. "I am leading the team of six warriors of the Umbra pack. We have come here to look for Poppy. We arrived only half an hour back."

That eased my anger giving way to more worries. "So why do you have Eliza's phone? And where is Poppy?"

In a careful voice, he said, "Eliza is in the hospital. There is a large wound at the back of her head. She has had a concussion. The doctor has kept her sedated."

"What the fuck!" A bolt of dread ran down my body.