

Damon POV

A nurse came inside the room. She grinned at Poppy and then bowed to me. "Alpha Damon," she said, "Would you like me to give her a bath?"

"Alpha Damon?" Poppy asked, jerking her head back. "You are an Alpha?"

My lips curled up. She was so cute. She was under the effect of anesthesia and she had partial memory loss. I was so flustered and nervous about her situation that it was impossible for me to sleep. My mother had come to see her and was very happy for me. She had been extremely worried. After she had called me back to the Umbra pack, I was made the Alpha of the pack in a rushed-up ceremony which was attended by the Elders.

The doctor had informed me that my father had gone into a coma and he wasn't sure when he would come out of it. I was so furious that I wanted to go to the Howlers pack, grab George and his son Nash by their throat to my pack and make a show of them when I killed them.

My mother asked me to take the reins of the pack as soon as possible because my pack members were getting nervous. As soon as I took over, my mother relinquished her position as the Luna of the pack. And then she sent me to search for Poppy.

I appointed Killian as my Beta and let Jack remain the Gamma of the pack. Pike was nowhere to be found and his family was inconsolable.

Finding Poppy had become my priority. I left Killian and Jack back in the pack to take care while I traced Poppy. I came to the conclusion that those who had attacked Poppy could be either the Howlers or the Shadows. And so it was highly possible that Poppy was in their territories. I sent my spies everywhere. They came back to me within a few hours and reported that they had spotted fire burning at night a day back and it was in the southernmost part of the Howlers pack. They had gone to examine the place and found remains of chewed bones and female scent. And when they described the scent to me, anxiety washed over me like piranhas eating my flesh.

The need to unite with my mate was so strong that both my wolf and I were going insane without her by the minute. I let him out because he just didn't listen to me. Along with a dozen warriors, I ran into the dense forest all the way till I found Poppy. But I was shocked to see that she was surrounded by five wolves and Monica was trying to kill her.

Onyx jumped on Monica and I would have killed her had it not been Poppy's scream. She was so terrified that I had to leave her. But I ordered my warriors to get her and I asked them to put her in prison number 15. I was going to peel her flesh from her body. I was going to kill her slowly by making her feel every pain she gave to my mate.

"You are an Alpha?" Poppy repeated her question and I couldn't help laughing softly as my throat choked with emotions all over

again. It was so good to see her conscious. Even her silly questions were like a warm melody to my heart. She was alive. That was all I needed. And the way she looked at me, it was as if she had fallen in love with me all over again.

I said, "You are my Alpha, Poppy," and leaned down to kiss her soft lips again, just to feel them against mine. To remember how they were.

Poppy gasped, not understanding what I was saying. I stroked her hair gently as I let her look at me. "I am always there for you, Poppy," I said to comfort her or rather to comfort myself.

The look in her eyes said it all. She trusted me. And she loved me. "Thank you..." she murmured.

I shook my head. "No. Thanks to you. For coming back in my life." I was going to make all those bastards pay as hell.

She didn't seem to understand and I didn't want to press further, else the doctor would scold me for pressuring her.

After a moment, she said, "How is Silver? I would like to meet him."

"Sure!" I kissed her forehead. "But first take a bath. You will have to meet a lot of people. And you must call your grandfather, Alpha James Vincent."

"My grandfather?" Her body became taut with tension. "I—I have a grandfather?" Her eyes drifted to a blank space in front of her.

I swallowed thickly. I made the mistake of telling her about her grandfather. She was now racking her brain to scour her memories. I corrected myself immediately. "You are stinking a lot! Please take a bath Poppy." That seemed to do the trick. She sniffed herself and scrunched her nose.

I left Poppy with the nurse and went to my mother. She was in dad's room. When I was turning the knob of the door I heard her murmuring, "Do you know our son found his mate? She is just a few rooms down. Get up soon, George. We have to get them married."

I opened the door and walked in. She was holding my father's hand as he lay there unconscious on the bed. I strode to her and enveloped her in my arms. I could understand the pain she was going through. "He will soon come out of the coma, Mom," I murmured as I pressed her against my chest.

"Yes, he will," she said through her tears. She pulled away from me and wiped her tears, moments later. "I have to ask you to do something urgently."

"What is mom?" I asked with a frown.

She gazed at me seriously. "Marry Poppy."

My mouth dropped to the floor. There were so many things to do before that. Like avenging the Howlers.

Her next question threw me off the cliff. "Have you marked her yet?"