

## Poppy POV

As I passed through the corridor, my knees buckled as the air filled with rich scent of oakmoss. My thighs clenched and I had to lean against the wall to control the tsunami of emotions that swirled inside my body.

I don't know what was happening to me, but I was getting attracted towards the scent like a moth to the flame. My throat went dry and my eyes drooped to a half-mast. Suddenly, I wanted to touch myself or be touched.

When I reached the room where I was directed to by the guards, I heard a soft moan. "Ah!" she gasped. "Deeper! Faster!" The air punctuated with heavy grunts and flesh slapping against flesh.

I placed my trembling hand on the knob. My heart thundered in my ribs as blood thrummed in my ears. I had to grit my teeth to halt the surge of wave of primal need sent through me.

With hesitation, I opened the door of room. My blood froze when my gaze connected with Nash Dawson, son of George Dawson, future Alpha of the Nascent Moon pack. And according to my grandfather, he was supposed to be my destined mate.

There was a girl with him who was bent over the desk with his dick inside her. With a roar, Nash tore his shirt off, revealing his thick muscles and tattoos on his chest and piercings on his nipples. Without breaking contact with my

eyes, he worked on her, sinking deeper, his hand fisted around her hair, and other hand gripping her waist.

My stomach twisted into a thousand knots as my vision became blurry and a sharp pain stabbed in my chest. I slapped my hands on my mouth to stop gasping. Next instant I closed the door behind me and ran away from there. This was my first meeting with Nash Dawson. As I rounded the corridor, I heard a brutal roar with my name on his lips. "Poppppyyy!" I ran as fast as I could away from here. I felt like dying and I don't even know why.

I reached the main hall of the Dawson manor and grabbed the backrest of a couch to steady myself, to calm my heart. Betrayal tasted bitter.

Moments later I heard my name. "Poppy?"

I whipped my head and saw him standing behind me with narrowed eyes that had such a cold expression that another dagger was sent through my heart. This was the first time I was meeting him and my reaction towards him was absurd.

Nash Dawson was hot. With blond curls and piercing onyx eyes, he was a piece of art. He had a square jaw that must be having a five o' clock shadow. Over six feet, the twenty-five-year-old, towered above my five feet four frame easily.

The girl in whom he had sunk his balls deep was standing right behind him, watching me warily with her dark eyes, her dark hair mussed up, her lipstick messed up.

I stopped my teeth from chattering and with my chin up, I looked at him. The girl murmured something in his ear. He nodded and then motioned her to leave. She gave a hateful

glance at me and walked out of the hall leaving Nash and me alone.

Nash closed the gap between us slowly. "Please sit," he said coldly.

"I need to go..." I said through my clenched teeth, my whole body shivering in pain.

"You may, but after I talk to you," he said with his Alpha aura.

I rounded the couch and sat on it. He sat opposite to me, his shoulder drawn back in tension. "Are you wolf-less?" he asked, his gaze locked on my expressions.

Blood drained and my eyes widened as I stiffened at his first question. It was our family secret. One, which was so well kept that I wasn't allowed to go to the parties or attend events because pack members were starting to sniff around and asking questions about my wolf.

My grandfather would whip me, insult me and throw me in the dungeons to push me to the edge to let my wolf out of its cage, but nothing worked. I was waiting for my mate who would take me out of this hell hole because I had heard that the mates... cared. They loved. They cherished each other.

I stifled a shudder as I refused to answer his question. "Why are you asking?"

His dark eyes flickered amber as his wolf wanted to come out. His chest vibrated with a rumble and he growled, "Because my wolf sense you as his mate and he doesn't sense your wolf."

"My mate?" I whimpered. My world stopped. So that was why I was so fiercely attracted to him? Wasn't he attracted? He had a wolf too. His attraction must be... fiercer.

I couldn't stare away from the man who was my mate and fucked another girl in front of my eyes. And despite all this my body was desperate for his touch. Desperate to be surrounded by his smell.

"You can't tell this to anyone," I requested, gathering my wits.

After a moment of contemplation, Nash said coldly, "I won't, but on a condition."

Was he trying to demand money? Blackmail me?

But what he said was worse. "I can't accept a wolf-less girl as my mate and Luna. Your grandfather sent you with a lot of dowry but unfortunately even if he gives me the world, I won't accept you. I have a reputation to live up to. I am not so desperate. Cynthia will be my mate." At his words, Cynthia, the girl who he was fucking, came out.

She scoffed and went to stand behind Nash. Stroking his hair, she murmured, "You are doing the right thing, Nash."

He got up and my eyes followed his movement, my chest tightening, feeling something ominous was about to happen.

His gaze filled with nonchalance, he said, "I, Nash Dawson, future Alpha of the Nascent Moon Pack, reject Poppy Vincent of the Shadow Pack as my mate."

Rejected, a gasp escaped my lips as my dreams shattered

with a deafening sound. Sharp pain stabbed my heart and I felt I was falling in a never-ending abyss. Before I knew I was on the floor, clutching my stomach and doubling over. As if the whipping I had received from my grandfather last night for protesting to see Nash wasn't enough, this pain lanced through me.

My last vision was that of Nash standing over me and watching me with his signature cold expression. He said, "I will keep your secret as long as you stay quiet that we were mates."

My mind and soul numbed to the extent that I let out a howl before I succumbed to darkness.

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Hi all! Welcome to my new story at iReader. I hope you enjoy it as much as you enjoyed "No Escape From My Ruthless Alpha".