

## Bring Monica

Damon POV

It was 11 PM when Killian came back with George Dawson's answer regarding his niece. I opened the folded letter and read it.

'You can do whatever you like with Monica. She is of no longer any use to us. She is as good as dead!'

— George Dawson

I crushed the letter in my hands and pocketed it. This only meant one thing — George wasn't in a mood to negotiate at all. I moved to plan B. Without looking at Killian, I said, "Get Monica out of the cell. Make her take a bath and give her clothes to wear. I want to talk to her."

Killian was surprised. "Damon," he rasped. "Why would you want to meet Monica? She is of no use to us as well. Let her rot in the prison for all that she did to Luna Poppy."

I turned my head over my shoulder. "Just do as I say."

Killian wanted to protest more, but he pressed his lips in a thin line seeing my stubborn attitude. When he opened the door to leave, I added, "Get her here in an hour." I didn't have much time. After he left, I started pondering over the whole situation. There was something

that I was missing. Why would Nash head such a large contingent of warriors against me when he knew that he would be defeated.

Attacking me was like putting your hand knowingly in the lion's lair. I had more allies than George. Was this just his ego? Or was it that George was playing a game with me?

Along with Killian, the spies came back to me with reports on the two Alphas who didn't want to join my alliance against George. Henry said, "They are also in talks with Alpha George. Those two also like Alpha George because he has promised that their daughters would marry Nash."

"Both their daughters?" I asked, raising my brows. That was shocking. Was Nash mad? Why would he have two Lunas? Or was it that he was going to have one Luna while using the other girl for sexual gratification? And the two Alphas were crazy, thinking that they would form an alliance like that. In fact, it was absolutely ridiculous.

"Yes!" Henry breathed, clearly confused.

I turned to Killian. "Send the two Alphas a letter that we will sever our alliance with them if they didn't participate in the attack with us. If they will go against the treaty we have amongst each other, I am going to attack them as well!"

Killian's lips curled up this time. He chuckled. "I will send the letter immediately." He signaled the two spies to get out of the room. As soon as they left, he said, "I don't trust George at all. There is something sinister going on."

"I have the same feeling, Killian," I said to my Beta. "He is up to something more dangerous and it is boggling my mind." There was a silence between us as both of us were trying to figure it out. In a way I was happy that Poppy wasn't here with me. She was away and protected because Nash had focused his attention on me. He didn't know that Poppy had left. Or did he? "Where is Monica? Is she ready?"

"I will have to check!" Killian said, his reverie breaking.

At 12:30 AM Killian brought Monica to my library where I was studying the terrain and map of the packs that surrounded mine.

Monica had become too thin. Her hair was cropped and she was wearing black slacks with a black t-shirt. I felt like snapping her in two for all that she had done to my mate and for all that she had triggered between two packs, but I had one last work from her.

"Damon," she said as soon as she entered the room and knelt on the ground. Her eyes flooded with tears. She clasped her hands in front of her as if pleading. "Please Damon, leave me. Spare my life. I heard that you will behead me at sunrise today." She started wailing. "I promise you that if you leave me, I will disappear. I will never show myself to you ever again. I will return to my home and won't even come out of my pack's territory. My uncle must be so worried about me."

I chuckled and tilted my head. "Do you really think that Alpha George Dawson is worried about you?"

She nodded vehemently. "Yes, I know that he is worried about me. He

may not be showing it on the outside, but he is! After all, he is my maternal uncle."

I let out a humorless laugh. I leaned forward on my table. I placed my elbows on it and steepled my fingers on which I rested my chin. "You have a very high opinion of your uncle. He left you to rot in these dungeons and yet you love him? You really trust him a lot."

"Have you ever told him that I am in your dungeons? Because if you would have, he would attack you and take me back!"

I tipped my head up as I laughed at her. She was so stupid and thick in head. Thank the goddess that I met my mate and didn't end up marrying her. When I stopped laughing, I said, "Don't you think that George already knows that you are here?" She opened her mouth to say something but I put my hands up to stop her. I took the crushed letter out of my pocket and threw it at her. "Here, take a look. Do you recognize this handwriting?"

She wiped her tears as she blinked at me with astonishment. Then she opened the letter and her face morphed into fury. She read the lines again and again to believe it. "This can't be..." she said finally in an angry, defeated voice. Shock rippled through her at the clear betrayal.

"This is true. He has no use of you, Monica. Now what are you going to do?"

Monica sat on the floor, numb. I rose to my feet and approached her. I sat down in front of her and said, "I am going to free you. You can do whatever you like after that. Your pack would never take you back and

I will make sure that no other pack takes you in. You will become a rogue and only because your uncle would never take you in." After that I looked at Killian and nodded once. Killian grabbed her arm and pulled her up. He took her out and did exactly what I had ordered.