

If I Were You

Monica POV

I stared at Damon without blinking my eyes. He said that he would set me free? Despite all that I did to him? Even though I would become a rogue, I had a chance in the human world. But he would free me when my own uncle said that I was as good as dead? More tears welled in my eyes.

My mind was numb with the words that I read in the letter and the fact that Damon would release me from his captivity and give me a chance to live but my uncle wouldn't want me back in his pack.

Killian grasped my upper arm and lifted me up. "It's time you leave, Monica," he said and dragged me out of the library as I continued to stare at Damon whose gaze was locked on me. My uncle's betrayal pierced like a sharp blade in my chest. Killian closed the door behind us.

Cold wind gusted around us, lifting my hair. Goosebumps pebbled my skin, not because it was cold, but because I had this feeling that I was alone. There was no one in this world who would take me in. Not even my uncle, Alpha of the Howlers pack. A shudder ran down my body and a whimper escaped my lips.

I turned to look at Killian who I used to stay with once upon a while. He was a good friend until Poppy came into the picture. He removed his leather jacket and handed over to me. "Take this Monica," he said.

"From here on you are alone."

I was moved by his kindness. He had no use for me and he could easily take me back to the dungeons but he was loyal to Damon and he wouldn't do that. "Thank you," I murmured as I wore it, the feeling of my uncle's apathy biting me hard. "What will I do?" I muttered, looking at the dark forest in front of me.

Killian looked away and when he saw me again, he dug his pants pocket. My eyes went wide when I saw him taking out a silver dagger. It glinted in the moonlight. He held me by my upper arm and pulled me all the way to the boundary of the forest that was beyond the packhouse. "Killian," I said, scared as hell. "Damon said that he was setting me free. Are you going to kill me?"

Killian let out a rough breath. We stopped beneath a willow. He gave a cursory glance towards the packhouse. In a very low voice he said, "Monica, this is all I can offer you to survive. However, if I were you, I would have gone to my pack and asked them to take me in. No. I would have taken my revenge somehow. George Dawson had no right to say those words. He always treated you like a pawn."

With my body shaking, I caught the dagger by its hilt. My eyes went to him with questions, with gratitude and tears. Killian was giving me a chance to make this right.

"Do you know that when George Dawson heard that Damon had dumped you, he also knew why he had dumped you. He knew that Poppy was Damon's mate," Killian added with a sigh. "He could have stopped the drama by calling you back, but he didn't. You think that you called Nash to deal with the situation, but it was George who sent

Nash. And what did Nash do? He worsened the situation. It was all intentional. They just hate you so much that they didn't want you to come back but how could they call you back just like that. It would have looked bad. You ended up provoking Damon a lot and all the time George hoped that Damon killed you, but see how it turned out? You are still alive." Killian placed his hands on my shoulders as whatever he was saying was twisting my heart a little more. "Monica, you must go back to Howlers pack and demand your space. George Dawson played you all the while."

I squared my shoulders. "I think you are right," I murmured.

He dug his pockets again and took out a small bag. "This contains meat for you. Eat it to regain your strength."

I was overwhelmed. Stashing the dagger in my jacket, I started to walk towards my pack. I turned my head over my shoulder and said, "Give Damon my sincere thanks."

"I will," Killian gave me a tight nod.

I started walking in the forest and soon was running towards my pack. I had to give a surprise to my uncle. After an hour of running, I sat down near a brook and ate steaks that Killian had packed for me. I resumed my journey, feeling better. Half an hour later, I saw that there were many black tents in a clearing. I sniffed the air. They were warriors of the Howlers pack. What were they doing here? I had to be very careful in weaving my way through these camps. I could circle the area but I didn't know how deep they were in the forest.

Still, I made my way towards the perimeter of the tents and tread as

softly as possible. While most of them were sleeping, a few were sitting around bonfires. I heard their drunken brawls and conversations. I stopped to listen to one of the conversations between warriors.

"Where is Nash Dawson?"

"Who knows? He was supposed to head us, but he is nowhere! He was here for an hour."

"After that hour, he has vanished!"

They all laughed.

"It seems that he has gone back to his father's protection."

"What a wuss!"

"Alpha George hasn't come to lead this war. He has sent his son and his son is also missing. I don't know whether we are war or not?"

There was another round of laughter and a bottle of whiskey was passed on.

So George was planning an attack and Nash was heading it? But what was the reason? They didn't want me. It was clear from the letter George wrote to Damon. And Nash was not even interested in leading the war. It just didn't make any sense. I shrugged because it didn't matter to me now and padded towards the pack. My destination was

the manor of the Alpha of the Howlers pack.