

That Wasn't My Handwriting

Monica POV

When I reached the manor, it was 2 AM. The whole place was shrouded in darkness with only a few lights on, on the front porch. I knew the place like the back of my hand.

Ever since I was a small pup, I had visited Uncle George's house. I practically lived here. So many childhood memories were attached to this place. I was a part of this family until I saw the letter Damon had given me. Did Uncle George not love me even once? Was I always a pawn for him?

No wonder my uncle didn't come once to the Umbra pack for my release. He didn't once negotiate my release from those horrible dungeons. It was Damon who finally set me free. How ironic.

The front door was guarded by two warriors. As soon as they saw me, there was a surprise on their faces. "Monica!"

I chuckled and placed my finger on my lips. "Shh. I want to give a surprise to Uncle George."

"But he is sleeping," said one of them, hesitating to let me in.

"I know. I won't disturb him now silly. I will go to my room and sleep. Where is Nash? I want to see him. And where is Cynthia? We have to

catch up!"

"But—" They looked at each other. "We thought you were dead!"

I paused for a moment as I gulped down the humiliation. That was what Uncle George had told them all. Though anger bubbled in my chest, I controlled myself and gave them a thin smile. "He was the one who negotiated for my release. I guess he just wanted to surprise you all!"

They were still hesitant to let me in. I knew that they wouldn't dare to call him or the gamma of our pack for the fear that if what I said was true, they would be drilled like hell.

I pushed them. "Are you blocking my way? Should I call Uncle and report you?"

That did the trick. Both of them moved to the side. "No. No. We were just surprised about your comeback. But welcome back Monica! It's good to see you." They opened the door for me and I thanked the stars that they didn't search me.

It was very dark inside but thanks to my werewolf vision, everything was very clear to me. I navigated my way through the main hall and went straight to my room. It was just as I had left it. Dust had settled in some places which meant that the room was as badly forgotten as I was. My heart sank heavier when I peeled off a layer of dust from my table.

I removed the jacket that Killian gave me after removing the silver

dagger from it. I was in my slacks and t-shirt. I took the sneakers off and made my way to George's room. I jumped out of my window and landed on the ground nimbly without making a noise. I pressed myself against the wall of the manor and padded my way to my uncle's room which was round the corner. I knew that there were three tall windows in all in that room and the one that opened in the backyard was not guarded because it was always shut.

Using a pin and a long iron wire, I opened the lock and very carefully lifted the glass. It made a soft screech as it lifted. As soon as I opened it, I crawled inside and landed on the cold floor of the bathroom. Taking a deep breath in, I padded to the door and opened it.

Uncle George was sleeping in his bed, without a worry in the world. He had sent the letter to Damon that I was of no use to him. Well, it was evident. As I approached him, I couldn't help thinking and hating him more. While I should have been dying in a few hours, he was surely having a dreamless sleep. I took the letter out from my pocket and threw the crumpled piece of paper on his face. He got up with a jerk and switched on the bedside lamp.

"Monica!" he breathed when he saw me standing right next to him. "H — how did you come? I mean— great! Damon released you! I was waiting."

"Really?" I said, cocking my head. I pointed at the crushed letter. "That says something else."

He whipped his head to look at the letter. "What is this?" he said, furrowing his brows.

"You should read it uncle," I said quietly.

He opened the paper and after reading the words, he paled. "This is not from me!"

I picked up the silver dagger in my hand. "You left me over there to rot. Why?"

"This is absolute bullshit!" he yelled. "You got yourself in that position! Who asked you to go after Poppy when you knew that she was his mate?"

"So you knew that Poppy was Damon's mate and yet you let me go after her?" I took a step closer. He glanced at my silver dagger. There was fear in his eyes. Silver was deadly for werewolves.

He leaned back. "Foolish girl!" he growled. His fangs elongated and so did his claws. "Get off me!" he commanded.

"You never came back for me," I growled back even though his Alpha command was creating a headache. My body had started shivering and sweat beaded my face. "You always wanted me to die!"

"Monica!" he shouted. "I want Poppy to die, not you!"

"Liar!" I growled and before he could force me to submit to him, I lunged at him with a silver dagger. He dodged me and jumped out of the bed. He stumbled to a corner next to a long table.

"Monicaaaa!" he shouted. "I order you to submit to me."

Goddess! His order was like a thousand waves crushing me from all sides. It was impossible to move. If I didn't take action soon, I was sure that he would kill me. But I wanted to kill him first, consequences be damned. So I charged at him with the dagger with whatever little energy I could muster against him.

He smashed the table with his hand, clawed my stomach and tried to push me away, but it was too late. The dagger was plunged deep in his heart. I twisted it and George Dawson, Alpha of the Howlers pack, fell on my feet.

He looked in my eyes and whispered, "That wasn't my handwriting."

I glared at him as he gasped for breath and then died. The doors of the room banged open and Cynthia barged in with several warriors. They overcame me immediately. When I was being led to the dungeons, Cynthia came to me and chuckled, "That letter was written by me." I snapped my head to look at her. Her smile widened.

Did Damon trick me? Was Cynthia with him? Goddess, what did I do?