

The Deal

Damon POV

As soon as Killian left Monica on the borders of the forest, he came back to me. He gave a nod and I knew that the work was done. Now it all depended on Monica. This was a gamble that I had to play to get at George.

Sleep was nowhere near me and soon all my thoughts were consumed by Poppy. I wondered how she was doing. The warriors that I sent to her hadn't called and that increased my anxiety. They usually called me every day and reported to me about her wellbeing.

On top of that the Howler warriors had gathered in large numbers outside the Umbra pack. It was as if the war between the two packs was apparent. The only thing that I couldn't understand was what Nash and George were playing at.

Two hours later, I began anxious and began pacing the room. I opened my mind link with Killian and said, 'Prepare for the war. I want you to prepare all the warriors to attack the Howlers at sunrise.'

Killian was with Eliza. He got up and rushed to my library. I was avoiding my bedroom these days because everything reminded me of Poppy. My mother was goading me to be with her and get her here. She wanted us to be together but I wasn't going to be the first one to initiate that step. Poppy had to understand that what she did was wrong. She was just being too stubborn.

"Are you sure you want to attack them so soon, Damon?" Killian asked me.

"Yes! Better we attack them first and take them by surprise."

"Okay! I will gather all the warriors," he said and started to leave.

"Did you receive any update from the Howler pack?" I asked, my heart thudding against my ribcage. It was very important for me to know what was happening there.

"No," he shook his head. He closed the door behind him and left. It was 4 AM and I was getting desperate. At 4:30 AM I let out a rough exhale as I stabbed my fingers in my hair. It didn't work. My gamble went down. I shook my head feeling resigned when all of a sudden, my phone buzzed. It was Cynthia.

"George Dawson is no more," she said and disconnected the call.

A wave of thrill ran down my body and for the first time in so many days, I smiled. My trick worked. Monica killed George.

It all started in the academy when Cynthia came with Nash. She was in love with him but he had his eyes for Poppy. She hated it so much that she would cry a lot when she was alone. She had discussed it with Monica but Monica never supported her. The reason was simple. Monica wanted Nash to seduce Poppy so that she stopped seeing me. Monica's selfishness had put off Cynthia.

One day when Poppy was attending her classes and I was free, I had gone to a secluded spot in the gardens of the academy and was reading a book when I heard soft sniffles. My ears pricked up and I padded my way to see who was there. Surprise blasted through me when I saw that it was Cynthia. I asked her, "Did Nash beat you?" She looked so vulnerable that I pitied her immediately. Though she wasn't the right person for me to talk to, she hadn't even done anything to me. In fact, I liked how she stood with Nash all the time.

"No, he didn't..." she replied, wiping her tears. "But he is doing worse than that." She lifted her eyelashes and gave me a hateful look. "Why can't you take Poppy away from here and leave Nash for me?"

I chuckled. "Because Poppy has to finish her course. Besides, it's not my fault if Nash is such a bastard!"

She pursed her lips and looked away. "I hate Poppy. I hate Monica more. I just wish that Monica hadn't called Nash. I mean why can't she understand that you are over her?"

I went to sit on the bench opposite to hers. "Why don't you persuade Nash to go back with you?"

"I tried!" she whined. "But he is too stubborn and smitten by Poppy. Or maybe he can't accept that she has chosen you over him."

I was surprised that amongst all the douchebags of Howlers, Cynthia actually had brains. "What do you want to do, Cynthia?" I asked.

"I want to get rid of Monica!"

After that we carried on to talk more. She opened herself to me and I realized that had we not been enemies, she would have been a great friend. She had her head on her shoulders. We exchanged numbers. In the end she requested that I don't reveal about this conversation to anyone.

"I won't," I said.

She started to go when she stopped and said, "I know it's a long shot, but would it be possible for you to help me to get rid of Monica?"

I cocked my head. "That can be arranged but you have to make a deal with me."

The deal was paid in full price today. Monica killed George. Not only did I take care of Monica, I took care of the vermin, George. And this was all because of Cynthia. When I had sent the letter to George, Cynthia got hold of it. She was sure that George might try and negotiate the deal. So she came up with the plan. She mimicked George's handwriting and sent the letter to me which I showed to Monica. Rest was history.

I strode out of the library and sprinted to Killian who was gathering the warriors in the packhouse. "Alpha George Dawson is dead!" I said with a victorious smile.

Killian stared at me with surprise and then laughed. "Great news!"

"Prepare to attack the Howlers!" I ordered. "We will march in one

hour!"

Every warrior out there listened to what I said and a wave of excitement rippled around us. The news gave us the much-needed confidence.

However, what happened next was something very unexpected.