

Monica POV

I wanted to end her life but what would that have done to me? Damon was so attached to her that he would have gone mad and in his mad rage, he could end up killing me. I owed retribution. To her. The blood didn't need to be in my hands. And I knew the perfect machine that would be able to draw the blood. Nash. My cousin who rejected his mate because of his own inflated ego.

I won't deny that the blood would be spilled because of me.

I stopped in front of Poppy who was with Anna and her coven of sisters. I stared at her with my heart burning with rage and jealousy. Over the past few days, we hadn't got enough money for our drugs and it was taking a toll on Nancy and Gloria. Not that I cared, but if they died unnaturally, our secret would come out in the open.

Poppy lifted her head to me. There was... coldness in her eyes. And... a challenge. She was throwing the challenge at me. My wolf strained against my skin. She wanted to kill her. My chest vibrated with a rumble. I had to contain her because if she came out of me, she would go teeth snapping at her and tear her down. She would kill Poppy, consequences be damned. So I clenched my fists and shoved down my wolf. With a shaky breath, I turned round the corner to avoid her.

My mind was buzzing with too many thoughts on how to tackle her for the past two days after we met her and tried to drill sense into Damon and tried to threaten her, but the bitch— she gave me very smart answers. She didn't get trapped in my bait. I didn't know that Poppy could be such a badass. She was too submissive when she came here. What changed?

I was going to meet Nash alone. I didn't want Cynthia to come. She was a detrimental factor. She loved Nash and was too ambitious to become the Luna of the Howlers pack. I didn't like the way she looked at Poppy. It was as if given a chance, she might kill her. I couldn't allow her that now. At least not now.

According to Nash, if Poppy had a wolf, he would have married her, but even though Cynthia wasn't his mate, she was stronger than Poppy and that was what his pack needed.

No. The truth was that he wanted his pack to see him as a perfect Alpha with a perfect Luna. Even if that meant sacrificing his mate.

I opened the door of the small library at the south end of the academy and smelled the air. Cynthia wasn't there. Good. I smelled the old and musty leather, the wood and... Nash.

"What is it that you want to discuss with me?" he asked, irritation lacing his voice. "I don't want to talk about Poppy."

He walked to a bookshelf and took out a book on mythology. He came back, opened the pages and sat across from me.

I sighed and tossed my purse on the chair. Nash was also living in an apartment and so we had a lot of privacy. I had heard that Damon had trashed his apartment, but I didn't know why. I speculated that Poppy must have peeved him. He was a wolf who needed a lot of sex and loved to release his steam. I was sure that Poppy was unable to give him that.

"I have come here to talk about Poppy," I replied, crossing my arms across my chest. Over the past two days, he was also not able to carry out his threat. How could he? Poppy had threatened us back that she would announce to everyone that she was his mate. That was something Nash wanted to suppress.

He looked away, gnashing his teeth. "That girl is beyond reasoning!"

I took a deep, slow breath. "Nash," I started. "I realized that we are not doing the right thing."

A deep crease formed in between his forehead. "What do you mean?" he asked, turning his eyes to me.

"You have to entice her. She hasn't rejected you, which means that she still has that feeling for you in her. It is possible that she still wants to come to you," I encouraged

my foolish cousin who mostly thought with his dick.

My words caught his interest. He was definitely quite a pro in that department. "Entice her?"

I nodded. "I think you are not putting enough effort."

"She is my fucking mate!" he growled. "She should be feeling that attraction between us. The same way I feel for her!"

"But you forget that she is wolf-less. Her attraction for you must be at least a hundred times lesser." Or maybe less, because he had rejected her. The fact that she hadn't accepted his rejection was what I had to play on.

Nash took a deep, frustrated breath in. "How is she controlling herself? It is really beyond me."

"That's what you have to see," I reasoned. "You have to entice her so that she comes to your side and leaves Damon. You know how important this alliance is with the Umbra pack. So do your best. Get that thorn out of my way and take her away where she belongs. In your harem! That's the reason why I called you a month earlier Nash. Can you see how serious the situation is? Can you see that if I fail, things would go spiraling down for the Howler pack?"

He closed his eyes and tipped his head back. "I know," he breathed. He shook his head as if to shake negative

thoughts from his mind.

I had to hit the hammer when the iron was hot. I knew that he craved her. "That is the only way left. You have to do something. Maybe gift flowers."

His expression changed and he smirked. "No, flowers won't do."

Our conversation ended soon and I left him in the library alone to think how he would handle the situation.

When I saw him the next day, I couldn't help but chuckle. I saw Cynthia glaring at him and he— Nash was sitting on his motorcycle in the parking lot with just his pants on. His eyes were on Poppy who for some reason was looking even more attractive than earlier. She was standing with Damon who had crowded her space with his large presence. His hands were lying on her buttocks possessively as he gazed in her eyes dreamily. Something he never did with me. Bloody cunt!