

Poppy POV

I was reading the mythology book, sitting under a canopy of oak. Damon and Anna, both had classes and were about to come in the next twenty minutes. It was such a wonderful cloudy day. I peeked at the clouds above as a light wind tousled my hair. It was pretty hot for me and every little wind was enough to cool the heat off my skin. I leaned against the trunk of the tree and stretched my legs in front of me.

Over the past few days, my clothes were getting smaller, especially on my breasts and my ass. It was as if my features got unleashed. Anna's potion was strong. I sweated a lot but it was helping me. Sweat carried a lot of smell and so I made sure that I was nowhere near Nash. His wolf would get at me in this condition. Moreover, I really didn't want to see him either. I heard that even though he had Cynthia with him, he couldn't help his big dick. He was fucking girls around and was rather enjoying it. Every now and then, he would try to show me as to how irresistible he was. By having sex he was sending the message that he was too sexy. Once he even sent me a note through Chris that if I went back to him, he would only have me. Douche!

I focused back on my book because we had a test the next day as I loosened my hair from my bun and then opened the buttons of my collar. There was something inside me that was purring, like it was trying to express itself. I can't say

that I didn't love it. It was a novel emotion and I felt like I missed it when it wasn't there. Damon had said that last night when I was sleeping on him, I was purring like a cat and clawing his chest with the pad of my fingers. Was that my wolf? Gosh, I was so excited! I wanted to give my skin to my wolf. Desperately.

Then there was this discussion about Sinclair.

Sinclair had asked for a private audience with me on the day of his arrival, but I decided not to talk to him. However, two days back, he cornered me and said, "Poppy, this is of utmost importance."

I was going to the cafeteria with Damon. Damon let out a dangerous growl and Sinclair took a step back from me.

"Please Poppy. I have to talk to you."

I sighed and said, "Whatever you have to say, make it quick. I can't let my boyfriend wait. He is very hungry."

Sinclair shot a glare at Damon and then gave a tight nod. When I gave a nod to Damon, assuring him that I was safe, he walked a few steps away next to a rose bush where he could keep an eye on him.

"Poppy, Alpha James wanted to send this message to you that he was considering me to take over his place," Sinclair

said the moment Damon was out of his earshot.

I raised my eyebrows. "Oh!"

Sinclair gave that awkward expression. "That is the truth, because he can't give the reins of his pack to a wolf-less girl."

I felt like smashing his face, but instead I balled my fists tightly. I had already guessed what Sinclair wanted to say and so it didn't come as a surprise.

He waited for my reaction and a flicker of surprise passed through his eyes when I didn't say a word. I glowered at him and noticed that there were purple circles beneath his eyes.

"Anything else?" I said, keeping my voice as nonchalant as possible.

He licked his lips, and I could feel his frustration at me not reacting to this news. In normal circumstances, I would have reacted. I would have confronted my grandfather and also Hilda. I would have cried and cried over it and then sulked at the obvious loss. But at this moment, I decided that I wasn't going to waste my tears on something as pathetic as him. So I stared at him to speak.

"There is," he replied, shuffling on his feet. "I know that it is such a huge blow to you and I didn't want to be unfair about

it.”

“Why? Would you give me half of the Shadow pack?” I asked, keeping my temper down. I reminded myself that I was going to run away from my grandfather, then why should I feel so bad about it? But why was it that now the mere mention of running away unsettled me? It was as if on a basic level, it sounded so wrong to leave my pack.

He let out a nervous laugh. “Alpha James would never divide the pack. But—” he took a shaky breath in as if the next words that would come out of him were of great importance. “I want to be fair to you. So I am ready to marry you so that you are not thrown out of your pack. Mom too wants the same. She will be happy to accept you as her daughter-in-law because she loves you more than me you know!” He chuckled.

“Oh, I see.” And his confession confirmed all my doubts. I studied him for a moment. He spoke those words out as if he was sacrificing his life for me. Bloody hypocrite. Snake. “Well, thank you for your kind consideration,” I replied. “But I am not interested.” And I left him there with a gaping mouth to join Damon. We walked to the cafeteria and I didn’t even glance back at him to see his reaction.

Sitting under the shade of the oak tree, I was restless thinking about Sinclair and Hilda. Sweating as hell, I wanted to go back to the apartment for a bath. My mind was a puddle of fury. All at once someone plucked the book from my hand. Shocked, I whipped my head to see Monica

standing in front of me.

Her lips quivered as tears fell down. She said, "When are you going to stop fucking your way into Alphas' lives? You did that with Gandal, then Nash and now Damon. Are you so desperate?"

Everyone started to gather around us seeing the drama that was about to unfold.

What will happen next?