

Poppy POV

"What are you even talking about?" I growled.

Monica wiped the tears from her left cheeks with the back of her hand. She sniffled and cried, "You have snatched the love of my life. You are so pathetic that all you do is climb into the beds of all the Alpha males and entice them. I am sure that you have taken a potion from your witch friend, Anna, that has made you beautiful!"

My emotions stirred up like a tornado. All the time this woman was belittling me. How much could I take? "You are insane!" I growled. My body heated up all the more and I felt like removing every cloth from my body, rip them to shreds and just fucking attack her.

"Insane?" she cried. "I am not insane. You are the one who is driving me to the edge. Why are you doing this, Poppy? Are you taking revenge from me only because your mate Nash rejected you?" She looked at the crowd who was up in numbers now. "I am Nash Dawson's sister and just because my cousin rejected you, you have enticed Damon? I have been so patient to you always, begging you to return the love of my life back to me and you are just being so nasty. You continue to wrap Damon around your little finger. Please, Poppy, please, I can't stand it anymore!" A sob wrecked her shoulders. "I accept defeat. You can go back to

Nash. Nash is ready to take you back."

I was aghast to see her drama. Everyone around me started murmuring terrible words.

"Oh God, Nash was her mate? The heir of the Crescent pack? And he rejected her? Surely there's a flaw in her that an Alpha like him rejected her?"

"She is the academy's slut! She is such a cunt!"

"She has stolen Monica's love so cleverly just to get back at Nash."

"Shit man! I didn't know that a submissive girl like her could be so deceiving."

"I pity Monica. She is such a sweet girl."

"Well, Damon is the academy's playboy. He will drop her soon enough."

"Yes, Monica should have more patience."

"Girls like Poppy are the scum of earth."

Monica glanced at all of them and added, "Nash came back for you. He couldn't see my misery. But you have to

understand why he rejected you."

Something inside me unlocked, raising its head. And whatever it was, it was breathing fire. For so many years I remained silent, submissive. I allowed people to do and say whatever they wanted to me. But all that caught fire and, in this moment, burned down. I looked around at all the people in the crowd. Their hatred was palpable. I took it all. I took their distrust, their hate, their disgust and let it swell inside me. All their emotion along with mine, fueled my rage as if a match was being lit.

"I am not the one who stole your love, Monica!" I snapped. "Why are you telling me? If Damon has come to me then maybe you should question yourself and not me!"

She let out a loud wail. "I didn't know that you were a viper when I met you. You have been raised in a pit of vipers called the Shadow pack and you are likely just as poisonous as the nest you have grown up in. I was so sweet to you all the time. I allowed you to get close to me and you— what did you do? You stole my fiancé right from under my nose!"

There was a gasp from the crowd. From the corner of my vision I saw Sinclair coming up. He didn't even come to help me, rather, he stood behind the crowd as a mute audience even though Monica called my pack a den of vipers. If he was the Alpha of the pack, he would have launched an attack on her already. Even, I was feeling so agitated. I had this suspicion that I was seconds away from something very dangerous. "Don't you say a word about my pack. I am the

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heir of that pack and I won't hear a word against them. Because if you do that again, I will come at you!" I almost snarled, feeling my lips peeling back. I could feel my canines elongating. I felt like I was losing control.

There was complete silence. I swear I could hear the susurruration of the leaves.

"Are you threatening me, you whore!" Monica snapped at me. "You are nothing but a discarded piece of shit!"

"Monica!" Nash's voice came from the side. "What are you doing? Please let her be." He came to her side and helped her get up. He looked at me and said, "I have come back for you, haven't I? What else do you want? Please let Monica have Damon. I am ready to take you back. Ready to nullify my rejection."

"Yes!" Monica added through her tears. "He is ready to take you back."

My gaze darted to Sinclair who appeared shocked. His eyes wide, he stared from Nash to me as if trying to understand what really happened. His mouth opened and now in the shape of O. I was sure that he would talk about it all to his mother and Hilda would run to my grandfather to report it. Or she won't.

I snapped out of my thoughts when Monica said, "Nash rejected you for a reason. You are wolf less. How could he

accept a bride who is wolf less? He is such a powerful Alpha and you are..." she looked at him. "You are nothing in front of him! You should be happy that he is taking you back."

Nash's lips downturned as he patted the back of crying Monica. "She is wolf less," he said aloud. "And she is jealous of you Monica. I am so sorry that because of me all this happened to you. But you know what, she hasn't accepted my rejection which means that she still wants me."

The air around me vibrated with rage. My senses swelled to their maximum and a growl came out of my throat. A feral growl. I saw Damon and Anna coming towards me. Charging through the crowd as if to protect me. No more. I needed this rage to do something. To tear the cousins in front of me because I have had enough.

In a voice I didn't recognize as my own, I growled, "I, Poppy Vincent of the Shadows pack, accept the rejection of Nash Dawson, future Alpha of the Howlers pack."

Nash's jaw dropped with shock and then he fell to the ground as excruciating pain blasted in his chest.

And then—