

Poppy POV

Sinclair's lips parted in shock. All he could do is stare at me for a moment, like checking to see if I was actually serious. "Really, Poppy?" he breathed.

"Really," I replied with a grin. "If you don't have the tea with me, I am going to throw it all in the trash."

"But how can you even say like that?" he said, sounding exasperated. "This tea was made with love by my mom. She is going to feel horrible if she hears that you will throw it. I mean can you imagine the pained look on her face."

Ah, the emotional angle.

I downturned my lips. "I know she's going to be so sad, but she would be sadder if she comes to know the reason of why I threw it." Saying that I got up from Damon's lap and went to pick up the tea pouch. I lifted it and pressed the foot of the bin. Its lid opened and I dangled the pouch over it. "Are you sure you want me to throw it Sinclair?" I asked, blinking innocently at him.

"No!" Sinclair said loudly. "Please Poppy. This will hurt my mom's feelings. A lot."

"Then have the tea with me, won't you?" I argued stubbornly.

He got up from his place and pursed his lips as he looked at others for help, but who would help him? He stabbed his fingers in his hair and turned around. I knew that he was trying his best to control his anger because if he erupted, he was sure that Damon would take two minutes in ripping his throat apart.

When he returned his desperate glare at me, he said, "Okay, I am having it!"

"Great!" I blew a kiss at him. I went back to sitting on Damon's lap who curled his arms around my waist possessively with a rumble in his chest. He gave me the cup of tea. I lifted it and said, "Cheers" to Sinclair and urged him to pick it up. Only when he picked it up, I sipped from it. Seeing that I have taken the first sip, he let out an exhale of relief. I waited for a moment for him to pick it up. When he didn't, I narrowed my eyes on him and said, "It seems you are having second thoughts." I placed the cup on the table and glanced at the tea pouch.

His resolve broke and he picked up the cup. I could feel his anger frothing on the surface. He brought the cup to his lips and then gulped it down his throat as he watched me sipping it. "There!" he said and coughed as he wiped his mouth. He kept the cup on the table with vengeance. "I hope you finish it all now and don't break my mom's heart!"

"I will, Sinclair. And thank you for instilling that confidence in me that you are loyal to me. After all, you are from my pack."

Sinclair's mouth dropped open as if out of guilt, but he managed to nod. "Of course, Poppy," he said glibly. "What are pack members

for?" Then he peeked at Damon. "But I think you are drifting away from your pack."

Damon's chest was filled with a menacing growl and it came out. "What do you mean?" he asked in his lethal voice.

Sinclair was an omega and he was scared to shit. "N—nothing!" he blurted immediately, his omega wolf submitting to Damon's Alpha wolf. "I just mean that she—" he stopped for his mind to search words as I remained quiet, enjoying his hesitation and fear. "That she should call my mom more often!"

"Oh!" I laughed. "I will call Hilda soon. I wasn't getting time, you see. Am too busy." I shrugged.

"Yes, yes!" Sinclair had to agree. He started to rub his chest as if he was feeling stifled. The poison in his mother's tea was working. He gave an exasperated look at the cup in my hand. I was sipping my tea very slowly. And Sinclair wanted to see me drinking all of it. He sat down uncomfortably, shifting in his chair.

Killian and Eliza excused themselves and went to their bedroom, leaving Damon, Sinclair and me.

"So tell me Sinclair," I said. "How is grandfather doing?"

"He is fine," he replied, not very sure of talking about my grandfather in front of Damon.

"Is he still pissed off with me the way he was earlier?" I goaded.

Sinclair was sweating now. He raked his fingers through his hair. "I think so. He wants me to finish one year at academy. He has sent me for a crash course."

"You mean he has sent you for a year of crash course to be an Alpha of the pack?" I chuckled and sipped more tea.

Sinclair snapped his eyes to Damon who was smirking. Damon couldn't help himself and said, "You mean Sinclair would become a 'crash' Alpha of your pack after the crash course? Just because you are wolf less? But now you got your wolf Poppy."

Sinclair's ears became red. He clenched his teeth at the insult but didn't have the guts to say anything against Damon. Rather, he targeted me, "But Poppy shifted only once. It is possible that she won't shift again!"

Damon raised his eyebrow as if assessing the kind of wolf Sinclair was. His grip on me tightened and I was sure that he had a thousand curses, ready to tumble out of his mouth, but all he said, "I see."

Sinclair grew too uncomfortable. He had started shivering, but lightly. He studied my face to see whether I was having the same reaction or not. How could I? Damon had switched the cups very fast with his when he had turned around. I was having whiskey instead of tea.

When he realized that I was calm, he lied, "I think my stomach is upset. I need to go back as I am not feeling well."

"Oh!" I got up. I wanted to ask how it was to taste your own medicine. "Would you like me to take you to the hospital?"

"No!" he shot back instantly. "I will go to my dorm. I'm going to be fine there." Sinclair left but I was sure he would ask me about it tomorrow.

I barked a laugh when Damon hauled me on his shoulder and took me to our bedroom.