

Poppy POV

Blood drained from I saw who was against us. I looked at him as he raked my body with his assessing gaze. He was surely going to feed me to her just to appease her. He stepped closer to me. A thousand butterflies fluttered in my stomach. Up close, he was even more handsome. His intoxicating woody and spicy scent surrounded me like a caress. His gaze dropped to my shoulder where my shirt had a tear after the fall.

"I tripped," I murmured, too proud to admit that his betrothed pushed me down. After being whipped, tortured, beaten and kicked all my life, I knew my way around the bullies. They felt happy when they saw you hurt. I wasn't here to make anyone feel happy. At least not Damon Lombard.

His jaw clenched and his fists balled tightly. "Let's find them," he said in his deep throaty voice that went straight to my core.

I nodded as I tucked my hair behind my ear. With an unbelievable speed, he charged ahead and I rushed after him, struggling to keep up his pace. I wondered why Monica left me because I was sure that even she had the same note as Damon.

We jumped over the fallen logs and the brook and reached to the south of the woods. More trees were fallen and scattered everywhere. From the corner of my eye, I saw two shifters kneeling on the ground. A shifter and a witch went past me

in a blur. They were chasing their opponents. I saw a few girls glaring at me for being paired up with the sexiest and baddest boy of the academy.

My eyes searched for Anna and prayed to the Goddess that she was safe. She was key to my escape.

After fifteen minutes of following him, we reached a small cave at the mouth of which, Damon stopped. He rolled his shoulders. I watched the muscles of his back rippling as he did that. My traitorous body responded and I clenched my thighs. In a few seconds, my panties got wet. Oh no. No. No. I didn't want him to smell my arousal. Goddess. I looked so pathetic.

His nostrils flared and he whipped his head towards me. I could see a hint of his fangs that punctured his bottom lip and our gazes locked. He turned towards me, his chest heaving. He was merely a few inches close and I could feel his warm breath over my cheeks. He was so tall that I had to crane my neck up to look at him. My own emotions were scattered everywhere. My breath came out roughly making my boobs go up and down without my consent.

When his lips were barely an inch close to my face, he tilted his head. His sharp blue eyes pierced my gray ones and his lips parted. "Is something wrong, Poppy," he growled, warning me.

I bit my lip, feeling embarrassed and scared as hell. He had whiffed my arousal. My gaze dropped low and to my astonishment I found his pants tenting. That was an impressive length. Despite him warning me, I felt like touching his cock. Did it just twitch?

A crash on the side snapped us out of whatever was happening between us. Goddess. This was all temporary, I thought inwardly. This will pass. I am running away tomorrow.

Damon turned and charged inside the cave. I followed him.

The cave was dark. Though I didn't have a wolf, my vision was better than that of humans. I could see through the darkness, but not as nicely as other shifters. I had to rely on my senses. All at once, I heard a movement on my right. A whiff of breeze, a snarl and I knew I was under attack. I ducked and when I looked to my right, I saw Chris crouching with a feral smile.

It was so apparent that they would both target me because I was the weak link. Monica already knew that I was wolf less. It made sense to attack me and weaken me. Before I could charge at him, Chris had jumped at me with vengeance. What was wrong with him?

I was bracing myself for the contact, when I saw Damon coming in between us. In a fraction of a second, his hand was on Chris's throat. With a feral snarl, he grabbed Chris's throat and threw him to the wall of the cave. He crashed, but got up instantly, grunting.

I was staring at Damon's sheer strength when suddenly, a heavy weight crashed against me. I was tossed some ten feet away from Damon and crashed on the ground on the same shoulder that I had fallen on earlier. Monica was playing dirty. Quickly, I got up and dodged her next attack but she was stronger. She pinned me to the ground in a second, straddled me and punched my head. Stars burst in my

vision. Desperate to get out, I lifted my knees and hit her on the back. She growled as she was stumbled to the side. I got up but she grabbed my ankles and pulled me down.

From the corner of my vision, I saw that Damon had punched Chris with a heavy blow and the wolf was sent groveling on the ground, all breath whooshed out of his lungs. Some people never understand.

Monica let out a hiss as she kicked me on my injured shoulder. I screamed in pain and got up. Angered as hell at the way she played dirty with me, I punched her chest with all my strength. She stumbled and was about to punch me back when with a feral snarl Damon lunged at her and pinned her to the ground. His expressions were murderous. He lifted his fist in the air and I was sure that he would punch Monica when she cried. "I bow to thee, my Alpha," she said and spat blood. And then she passed out.

I was aghast. How did she bleed?

I looked at Chris who was kneeling on the ground.

Damon snapped out of his fury. He stared at Monica who had blood smeared around her face and was unconscious. "Fuck!" he rasped and looked at me as if asking for an explanation. I had punched her chest, but didn't touch her face. I shrugged. There could be only one explanation. She must have bit her cheeks inside.

With a growl, he got up and lifted Monica in his arms, giving me a hateful glance. He walked out of the door. Chris and I followed them. I knew I would be disqualified.

It didn't matter. I was escaping tomorrow night.