

Damon POV

Every night when she came out for a run, I tried to keep myself contained and stalked her from the shadows. I made sure that I remained hidden, but last night things went out of control. Avoiding her during the day was a gargantuan effort, but somehow, I managed. There was no use of her existence in my world, but her scent of roses called me home, reminded me of the rose valley that surrounded my pack.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sounds on the screen. I saw us entering the combat training session through the main door. "Show me only the places where Poppy and I went," I said to Madam Lowe. She was nervous but that was fine. I usually had that effect on people around me. It suited me. My eyes were focused on where Poppy went because I knew where I was. In the course of the events, I noticed that Poppy hadn't hit Monica on her face. Not even once. Then how was it that Monica bled from her mouth?

In the last, Poppy did kick her but that was at the back and if at all anyone hit on the face, it was Monica who had straddled Poppy and was punching her on her head. She had cleverly missed Poppy's face.

"You see, Poppy kicked Monica from the back and she fell down. That must have caused the bleeding. Poppy played dirty," said Madam Lowe in a perfect sycophant manner.

I narrowed my eyes on her and said, "Is that how you judge people?"

Sweat broke on her forehead. "N— no!" she blubbered. "I was seeing what Poppy did, and I do believe that her kick was what caused the bleeding."

I crossed my arms across my chest and leaned back. "It seems you would like to get an early retirement, Madam Lowe," I said in a tone so harsh that even I was surprised.

Madam Lowe's face was a perfect expression of shock and fear. She opened her



mouth and closed it shut for better. I went back to watching the video until the part where I picked up Monica and took her out. As soon as the video was over, I pinched the skin of my forehead with my thumb and forefinger. This was fucked up. A second later, I got up and strode outside her office, leaving her baffled.

"What is wrong?" Killian asked me. I had called him via mind link. He was standing outside and waiting for me.

"Where is Monica?" I growled.

"The last time I checked she was in the lady's locker room."

I gritted my teeth and ran so fast to the locker room that Kilian was astonished. Monica came out of the room just when I reached there. She was wearing the smile of a cat who had just caught the canary. When her gaze fell on me, her expressions changed to gracefulness. I grabbed her upper arm and took her to a corner. I pinned her against the wall. She looked at me with a seductive expression and said, "Out here?"

"Why did you do that?" I growled and she immediately became alert.

"Do what?" she asked me suspiciously.

"You faked that bleeding yesterday in combat class. Poppy didn't hurt you. She didn't go anywhere near your face. Why did you fake it?"

"That is outrageous, Damon," she said, pressing her hand to her chest. "She hit me on my back and her leg came on my cheek."

I raised my eyebrow. Why was she speaking a terrible lie? "You haven't answered my question, Monica."

She clenched her jaw and looked away. I pinched her chin with my finger and thumb and forced her look into my eyes. "Answer me."



"I will not!" she snapped.

And her reaction surprised me. Usually she was very elegant and sweet around me. She was the kind of a girl who would bend backwards for me, but her new attitude was surprising.

"Yes, you are going to answer my question!" I snarled into her face and she winced because accidentally my Alpha aura spilled. She tilted her neck as if in submission.

Her teeth chattered. "She was trying to seduce you, Damon. Can't you see what that wolf-less bitch is up to? She is using the love spell from Anna on you. No one can take away you from me. Damon I—"

"Don't you fucking call my name!" I growled in a lethal voice that vibrated my chest. I wanted to roar.

"What?" Monica blanched.

I left her and stepped back. "I have nothing else to say except that you actually faked it and that Poppy's suspension for two days was unjustified."

"You know what! I did the right thing. That bitch deserved it and this was just the beginning!" Monica retorted.

Rage blasted in my chest like some active volcano. The next I knew was that I grabbed her throat and pinned her to the wall. "Don't you mess with me, Monica!" I snarled, my fangs elongating, my wolf demanding her blood.

She cried and a crowd gathered behind us. I controlled myself before it got out of hand. I left her and she sank to the floor. She held her throat and began crying. I just walked out of that place with Killian following me.

"Where is Poppy?" I asked him. "Ask Madam Lowe to lift her suspension!"

"I will," he said and rushed to the principal's office.

Satisfied that she would attend college soon, I went to my classes. Monica kept a distance from me throughout the day. In the evening, she came to me and apologized. "I am sorry Damon. I was wrong," she whimpered. "I was jealous."

"That's fine..." I avoided her. I picked up my satchel and went to my next class that was advanced martial arts. When I came out, sweaty and spent, my wolf who goaded me to go to my mate. I didn't want to but I was forced to. I needed to take a bath and rest but I was so tired that I couldn't restrain him. He took over and loped to Poppy's dorm to have a look at her beautiful face. However, he couldn't sniff her there. She wasn't in her dorm.

Dread dug its thorns inside me. My wolf followed her smell to the academy's gate and then outside it. Full blown panic exploded in my chest. Had she left the academy?