

## Poppy POV

Flustered, I walked inside my next class even as the professor glared at me for being so late. I just lowered my head, spotted Anna and went to sit next to her.

"Why are you so late?" she whispered angrily.

I sucked in a sharp breath and didn't reply. I just wanted to forget what happened between Damon and me. Get out of my system? I was going to get him out of my system!

I tried to focus on the lecture, but found myself distracted as hell. My mind was flooded with the thoughts of his pecs, his erection that dug in my belly, the delightful tingles that sparked when he touched me, our first kiss... I clenched my thighs harder as a dull ache developed there. I wanted to get over it. Please Moon Goddess, help me get over my heats nicely. My throat was parched dry and I needed water.

As I tucked a loose strand behind my ear, I looked to the left and saw Chris staring at me. He immediately averted his gaze and lowered his head to his phone where he furiously typed something. I looked past him and noticed that Gandal was walking past the corridor. Our gazes met for a brief time and I saw him smiling at me in surprise. I bit my lip to suppress my smile.

As soon as the class was over, Anna picked up her books and laptop. "Where were you, bitch?" she said with probing eyes. "You were late!"

"I need your notes," I murmured. "Give them to me after this class."

"I have a Coven class and it is not for the shifters. So meet me at the cafeteria, okay? We need to talk about something." There was urgency in her voice which I disregarded as too many thoughts were swirling in my mind.

"Okay," I said and picked up my books. I had two more classes back-to-back.

We went our ways and when I was crossing the lawns to go to the next building, two girls came to my side. Monica's minions. "What—" I tried to wriggle myself from there, but they caught my upper arms and steered me towards the thick woods. They took me deep inside. When we were in the midst of a dense thicket, they shoved me to the ground. I fell over dried leaves and twigs and mossy logs. "What the hell!" I shouted. "I have a class and don't have time for this nonsense!"

When I got up from the ground, dusting the leaves and dirt from my shirt, I saw Monica from the corner of my eyes. I froze in my spot. Did she get me here to kill me? What was she up to? And why wasn't she in Damon's apartment? What was I doing in Damon's apartment instead of her? It wasn't

difficult to connect the dots considering our situation. I was sure that she was very angry.

She came and poked her finger in my shoulder. "You are such a wimp, aren't you? A pathetic excuse for an heir of Shadow Pack. You went and complained to Damon about the beating you got from my girls in your apartment, you wuss."

I frowned. I never complained to him. What was she getting at?

She leaned closer to my ear. A low snarl escaped her lips. "If you don't want to get hurt again, then stay away from Damon Lombard. He is mine. We are having a small lover's quarrel and in order to make me jealous, he has brought you to his apartment. So don't get ahead of yourself and think that he likes you. In fact, he hates you so much that he would kill you. We both know you are wolf-less."

A shuddered gasp passed my lips as dread crawled down my spine like a spider slowly trailing down. How did they know?

She chuckled. "In case you are wondering how I know it, then let me tell you a secret." She pulled back and crossed her arms across her chest with a smug expression, with a cat-ate-the-canary expression. "I am Nash Dawson's sister."

That information was like a nail in the coffin. My eyes wide, I looked at her as if I was seeing a horror movie rolling out. Nash Dawson was the heir of the Nascent Moon pack, my

mate, who rejected me. Did he tell Monica that I was wolf less? But he promised me that he wouldn't tell anyone. My hands clenched into tight fists. I was sure that I had blanched because I could feel blood draining.

Monica started circling me. "This is my last warning to you, bloody harlot. Stay away from Damon. He is mine. Girls like you have come and gone in his life, but he has never had more than one night stand with them. You are one of those girls—flavor of the season. So get your ass out of that apartment as soon as possible, else I will announce to everyone that you don't have a wolf! And if you still persist, then I will just have to kill you." She came to halt in front of me. "Nash will be joining the academy along with Cynthia in a few days. If you don't want to be further publicly humiliated, then you better leave Damon as quickly as you can. Do you understand me?" She glared down at me with eyes full of hatred.

My mind was so numb that my tongue had swelled because I wasn't able to think of a word to say to her.

Looking at my condition, she chuckled. She must have been satisfied seeing me so pale and at a loss of words. Suddenly, her hands grabbed my throat and I squealed. She squeezed me tightly. She peeled her lips from her fangs and said, "Don't snitch about the encounter to Damon. I swear I will make you pay for it."

I wrenched her hands away from my throat and sank to the ground, coughing and wheezing for air. She kicked hard on

the side of my stomach, not once but twice, thrice... I was on the ground as pain exploded. I clutched my stomach as tears flooded my eyes, not because of the pain but because of the terror that my secret would come out.

In our world, if werewolves were born without wolves, it was considered an abomination. Wolf-less people were weak, had no position in the hierarchy and were usually omegas who served others. At times, those who were wolf-less were thrown out of the packs and were forced to lead the lives of rogues. Wolf-less girls were the worst. They ended up as whores. They were mentally and physically tortured and mostly never lived past thirty.

I watched her leave with her friends, terror gripping my chest. What if my secret came out?

When I managed to get up, I rushed to our dorm where I managed to make Hilda's tea for myself. As soon as it was in my body, it calmed me. Something that had stirred in my chest, settled, went off to sleep. Hilda said that it would quicken the recovery of my wounds.

I don't know for how long I sat in my room because a heavy knock pounding at the door startled me.