Poppy POV

Dread blasted in my chest and I started shivering as the two powerful Alpha heirs stood in front of each other in a battle of authority and dominance.

"What is your problem, Damon?" Gandal growled. "Stay away."

"My problem is you!" Damon replied, snarling back at him.

"Poppy is not your property!" Gandal poked Damon's chest.

Damon clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles were white. "Remove your finger unless you want it to be broken into pieces!"

Gandal removed his finger. He stepped back. Turning to me, he said, "Poppy, this is your only chance at freedom from him. You know that, right?"

Damon glared right through him and when his eyes landed on me, I shuddered. "Poppy?" he said.

I wanted to run away from this situation because I didn't know what was happening. The logical part of my brain said that Gandal was right. This was my chance of getting away from Damon but this wasn't the right way. He was going to fight him. But why was I bothered with Damon? It just didn't make sense. The whole thing left me insane. While Gandal was so polite and sweet, Damon left me confused, angry, extremely irritated and hot and needy. Everyone in the academy knew that Damon was too unpredictable. Right now he was on the verge of going volatile.

I closed my eyes and lowered my head, unable to make my decision. When I looked up, I glared at Damon but addressed Gandal, "Gandal, you can't fight to win my freedom. This is wrong. I don't want you to get hurt."

"It is not in your hands now Poppy," Gandal replied and it was at this moment I comprehended that this was a matter of his ego. But why? "If I win, you are coming to stay with me," he added, his voice very firm.

Damon's chest rumbled with a growl. He sneered, "I won't let you win." Before Gandal could say anything, Damon turned to me. "Let's place a bet, Poppy," he said.

I jerked my head up to look into his arctic blue eyes that were

flickering with gold around his irises. It was as if his wolf wanted to come out. "What bet?" I said, my voice a whisper because I didn't like where this conversation was going. My heart thundered in my chest.

Damon's lips lifted in a smile. "If I win, then you will live with me in my apartment permanently till your course is over at the academy."

My mouth dropped to the floor as my glare turned to... stare. I weighed his words as they came crashing down on me. "What?"

"You think very highly of yourself. I won't let you win!" Gandal interjected in a menacing voice. "You are going to lose!"

Damon ignored him and continued to gaze at me. "What do you say Poppy?"

When I didn't say a word, still too shocked, Gandal intervened again, "What will Poppy say? Talk to me asshole!"

A snarl. A gust of wind. My hair flew. Damon moved in a flash and the next moment a fist flew. It contacted Gandal's jaw and he went tumbling down. Gandal got up, grabbed Damon's waist and within a few seconds the two got into a bloody fist-fight.

Shit. My heart was going to explode. What were these wolves doing? "Stoppp!" I shouted, nervous. "Stoppp!"

They halted and got up from the ground with bruised faces, snarling at each other with their chests rising and falling. Their muscles had bulged and their fangs had elongated. It was as if they were going to rip each other to shreds.

"I don't want to get into any bet!" I shouted without realizing that my cheeks had become wet. "This is absolutely insane!"

"There is no backing down now!" Gandal glowered at me, wiping blood from his forehead with his sleeve. "If I win, I am going to take you with me to my dorm!"

"And he won't win!" Damon rumbled. He repeated, "You are going to stay with me in my apartment till the end of the course in the academy. You have to accept my bet, Poppy. Or are you afraid?" He challenged me, narrowing his eyes.

"What if you lose?" I asked, hating those words. "And I am not afraid of you." Lies.

Damon's eyes locked with my gray ones. A muscle in his jaw feathered. "I won't," he replied.

I was so shaken by the bet that my body buckled. I grabbed the side of the chair as my eyes went to Gandal who was giving Damon an angry stare. I closed my eyes and cursed my luck. What the hell have you put me into, Moon Goddess? Why me? What have I done to you? Why do you test me every time?

Suddenly, Damon was right in front of me. He placed his hand on my cheek and said, "Who did this to you?"

I snapped my eyes open and tipped my head up to look at his face. I realized that the makeup must have run down because of my tears and the mark of fingers that I got when Monica slapped me must have become visible. My lips quivered. I didn't want to snitch on Monica because it wasn't like that he would go after Monica and confront her. And what if Monica denied? I would look like a fool.

He cupped my cheeks with both his hands. The moment he did that, another wave of heat crashed through me. Despite what was going on, my traitorous body gravitated towards him. "Tell me who did it!" he said in a slightly louder voice as if he was losing control.

I changed the topic. "Okay, I accept your bet." I wanted him to stop thinking about it.

His brows knitted together. "Good." I tried to move away from him, but he didn't let me go. "Now tell me who did this to you."

Gandal moved closer as if he wanted to peel Damon away from me. When his eyes flew to my face, even he was shocked. "That is one horrible mark, Poppy!" he rasped. "Let me know who did this to you."

"She won't snitch!" Anna's voice came from the door. She looked at me and said apologetically, "Sorry, I had to butt in. I was getting worried about you." She studied the two wolves in front of me. She came to stand beside me but Damon refused to step away from me. It was as if he wasn't tolerating Anna's nearness to me. "I will let you know who did that to Poppy if you win from Gandal."

"Deal," Damon hissed.

Tonight was going to be added to the list of one of the worst nights of my life. Would this bet affect me permanently?