

Poppy POV

Killian chuckled as Joey glared at Damon. Joey said, "This is not your regular fight, Damon. You better take it seriously!"

"What makes you think that I am not taking it seriously, Joey," Damon replied as he looked at me.

I was standing with Anna ten feet away from them. My stomach was knitted into a thousand knots. The whole basement was filled with so many people that I was shocked. Last time there weren't so many people. We were kind of standing elbow to elbow. I think some wolves from Norse packs were also here. It was as if they were waiting for a war to break out. A bloody war. And for what? For me? I shoved the thought quickly out of my mind and prayed to Moon Goddess to end this quickly. I hated being the center of attention.

There was no one standing on this side of the room because this was where the contenders stood. Gandal was glaring at Damon. When his glance flicked to me, his anger dropped and a smile curled his lips up. I smiled back at him which I think Damon noticed and he growled dangerously. Seriously, what was his problem? Why was he so hell bent upon taking me as

his prisoner and that too permanently?

Killian chimed in. "Damon, I have a lot of money invested in this fight. You better kick his ass!"

"I would kick his ass even if you hadn't placed your bets on it!" Damon replied with a rumble in his chest. He was bursting with lethal energy.

I looked at Joey who grabbed the megaphone and walked inside the cage where the fight was supposed to take place. He put it to his lips and looked at the spectators, most of whom were drunk and many girls were looking starry eyed at Damon or Gandal. Joey announced the fight and said, "You can place your money on these two for the next five minutes only. After that the fight starts!"

Damon and Gandal entered the cage and I couldn't shake off the ominous feeling I had ever since I had come here. My gaze locked with Damon's. He was staring at me intensely as if he wanted me to melt under his hot gaze. Gods above! The heat cramps crashed inside me again. I wanted to tear the iron cage and go and grind my pussy against him till I came and came with his name on my lips.

A smirk came to his lips and my face heated. Killian pulled both

Anna and me against the wall beside Eliza. "You both are going to stay here," he said as a warning. "With Eliza. If you see that the crowd has erupted into a fight, Eliza is going to take you out safely. Is that understood?"

Anna raised her eyebrow. "Don't talk like that to a witch," She pointed her chin towards the other end. "Can you see that group?" Our eyes darted to the group of four boys and three girls. "They are future witches and wizards in the making. If anyone messes with my girl here, they are going to face the wrath of us!"

Killian and Eliza were both surprised when they saw that the entire group was looking at us. They raised their beer cans as if to say cheers to us. Killian shook his head as he chuckled. "You are awesome, Anna!"

Anna flicked her hair to the side. "I know. It is a burden sometimes." I couldn't help giggling at her sassiness.

Soon the place got filled with more students and we were bumped and elbowed and shifted more away from our places. The room was tightly packed as people cheered and whistled both Damon and Gandal.

I looked inside the cage where Gandal was lightly jumping on

his feet impatiently. Joey exited the cage, locked it from outside and shouted, "Start!"

Gandal rushed towards Damon and landed his first punch on him. I shrieked and then slapped my hand on my mouth when Anna glared at me to stay quiet. My heart was rattled in my ribcage. Gandal punched him again and I sensed that Damon was actually letting him punch him. Was he mad? When Damon's face whipped to the side, I could feel Gandal's strength. The two were very strong but why wasn't Damon defending himself?

Gandal landed punches on his face one after the other. I wanted to step forward and shout out at him to give him back, but Anna grabbed my hand and stopped him. "Why isn't he retaliating?" I asked with irritation in my voice.

"He is giving Gandal a chance," Killian said, his eyes focused on the fight. It was as if Killian knew all his moves.

Damon turned to look at Gandal with blood on his teeth. He gave him a grin. "Is that all you have?" he challenged Gandal.

For the fifteen minutes, Damon matched Gandal's speed and punches and instead of defending, he protected himself. And in those fifteen minutes, Gandal was exhausted. He had started sweating and he was panting more so because of all the

excitement and the euphoria that Damon couldn't even defend himself.

All at once, Gandal jumped in the air, swirled and tried to land a kick on Damon's chest. But Damon caught his foot mid-air and twisted it. Gandal landed on the ground on one foot. His other foot was still in Damon's hands. He was losing balance but Damon was holding him straight. Damon lunged at him, knocking his nose with his elbow with such force that we heard the crack. Gandal groaned and tried to free himself, but Damon lifted his leg higher and stretched it and then pushed him back with force. Gandal was tossed like a paper bag on the other side of the wall, colliding with the iron bars which rattled noisily upon impact.

Shocked, Gandal stood immediately with blood flowing from his nose. With a roar he launched himself on Damon, landing punches on his chest and his lips. Damon's lips split and more bruises were added to his face.

I winced. What is going to happen now?