

I knew shifters rarely had issues about nudity, but this was outrageous. My cheeks heated because I had never seen anything like it. The Umbra wolves were surely primal.

"You must be Poppy!" A pushy voice sounded from my left. When I snapped my head in that direction, I saw a tall, lanky man. "I am Joey." He pointed to the bar at the back of the room. "Go there and start working," he barked.

I nodded and hurried to the bar when all at once, I got the same feeling. I swear I was being watched.

"Hi!" I waved at the shifter at the bar. He was handsome as hell. "I am Poppy, Jacky's replacement." His chocolate brown skin was like silk over his perfect muscles.

He gave me a stern glare with his deep brown eyes as he shook drinks in a cocktail shaker. "Kelvin," he said with a tight nod of acknowledgement. He looked at his partner. "Clyde, this is Jacky's replacement. Give her the list."

His partner, a shifter with sandy brown hair and green eyes, beamed at me and said, "Welcome to the chaos, Poppy!" He handed me a tray with three drinks. "Table 6!" he said, pointing to the right.

The job couldn't be so difficult, right? I made my way to the crowd. Every time I served them with a drink, I was offered generous tips. I ignored how Umbra wolves didn't care for the world while they sat nude over each other, bouncing off

their steam or drank and watched those who were on the dance floor or had sex.

It had been an hour of nonstop running and I was dead tired. But the moment I looked at my tips, I was delighted. I stashed the money in my apron and ran for my next order.

"This time you have to go to the room in there," Clyde said, motioning to a door that was guarded by two heavily built shifters.

I gulped. "What's in there?" I asked in a squeaky voice.

"Just go inside and don't speak a word. Do your job silently. You won't be allowed to come out until the 'event' is over."

I hated the way he said 'event' so mysteriously. "What is going on out there?"

"Something very illegal."

"Don't send me to the place where they do drugs, Clyde. I haven't done drugs and I won't be able to handle it!" I was shaking in anticipation.

He chuckled. "No drugs, but I can't tell you anything here. Just go in and do your job like you did now." My hands got clammy when he shoved the tray in my hand. "Go!"

Nervous, I licked my lips and walked through the maze of bodies to reach the door where two men who were guarding it narrowed their eyes.

"I was sent by Clyde," I said in a voice like that of a mouse. "I am Poppy."

One of them lifted my hands to the side, swept my body for concealed weapons and then opened the door for me.

The room I entered this time was dingy with most shifters around an elevated dais that was surrounded by an iron cage. I heard a thwack and then someone falling in the cage. A loud cheer followed. "Damon! Damon!" It seemed like a boxing arena.

Through the labyrinth of the crowd I walked to the bar away from then where only one man was standing—Joey. He handed me five drinks and leaned forward. "Do not speak, okay? That is Damon Lombard and he can get dangerous." I nodded nervously. I knew who Damon was. Future Alpha of the Umbra Pack and the cruelest werewolf in America.

I took the drinks towards the maze and could feel the excitement that was palpable in the air. People took their drinks as I glanced at the cage, hoping to catch a glimpse of Damon Lombard. I neared the cage and saw a man standing calmly in the cage while another was being lifted and taken out, beaten to pulp. I craned my neck and found a very muscular man's back with a corded neck and rippling

muscles.

He snapped his head in my direction and his arctic blue eyes locked with my gray ones. I froze in my place, as warmth radiated from my core and I felt I could never stop staring at him. I was entranced. The shirtless man in front of me was like a Greek God. I felt like I was punched in the gut and was falling from a cliff. What the hell was wrong with me?

His aura was so captivating that I felt like I could merge in it and never wanted to come out. My breath lodged in my throat as I had this sudden urge to run my fingers on his chest. Dark hair dashed the center of his chest, and a fine line of black trailed down to his navel and lower.

My starving senses drank him in. Dear Goddess... Damon Lombard was so... beautiful. The connection between him and me was... bizarre. His gaze was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Damon!" Someone called him and he tore his gaze away from me. I stumbled back as the invisible thread that was holding me with him, severed.

The emcee announced another fight. "This time we have Chris Jenkins against Damon Lombard. Chris is the future Beta of the Oriental Pack and today he is challenging Damon. Do you think Chris can beat him?" There was silence. "Place your bets now. You can earn a lot if you place your bet on Chris, but you can lose a lot as well!" he laughed.

A murmur broke in the crowd. As soon as the bets were placed, the emcee shouted again, "So hold your heart ladies for the panty dropping sexy Damon Lombard. He is coming back in the ring!"

Damon turned to look at me again. When our gazes met, my teeth started chattering for the desire that coursed through me. I could see the veins of his neck popping as he clenched his fists so tight that the knuckles were white. I gulped, sure that he was furious at me. But why?

The bell rang and the fight started. And for the first time I saw how cruel Damon could be.

He punched Chris on his face and then on his chest. The guy didn't get a chance to recover from his punches when Damon lunged at him and kicked him on his knees. A loud sound occurred and Chris roared in pain as he sank on the floor. Damon threw his punch on his temple and Chris was on the floor, unconscious.

When the blood splattered on my apron and face, I realized that I was holding the iron bars of the cage, my head tipped up as I stared at him, entranced. He stepped over Chris and came near the mesh of the cage, right where I was.

Up close, he looked... even more beautiful, ferocious, primal. My lips parted, feeling his gaze raking my skin all over like a caress.

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