

Poppy POV

Nash looked at me with an intense stare and I tensed. My damn body started feeling the same attraction for him even though he betrayed me. Something inside me cried for him, begged for him to come to me. I let out a whimper and immediately regretted it. He had rejected me and here I was standing in the midst of the class, with a choked throat.

Nash looked like a God. With his blonde curls and that sexy body, all I could feel was lust. And it all felt so wrong. My eyes went to the glow on his heart. It was blue. I wanted to scream and get away from here but my traitorous feet made me stand right over there. "Wh— what are you doing over here?" I managed to ask in a hoarse voice.

He took a step towards me and in a deep cello-like voice that sent shivers down my spine, said, "I couldn't stay without you... After I rejected you, my wolf— it just made my life a living hell. It wanted you. So I listened to my heart and my wolf and I came to you." He came closer to me and before I knew it, he took my hand in his. A thousand butterflies burst into my stomach. I hated his touch but my body reacted in a strange manner.

"You— you've taken admission in the academy?"

"I am a past student of this academy. I have come here to

complete a course on Advanced Astrology. I had to leave it in the middle and go back to assist my father. I didn't have to, but I needed to. Because of you." He looked with hope at me.

My chest was heaving up and down as delightful tingles ran down my body from the point where he was touching me. But I remembered how he was fucking Cynthia in front of me and right after that, he rejected me. I snatched my hand away from him. My gaze landed on the glow over his heart. "What about Cynthia?" I asked, wondering if he dumped her.

He pursed his lips and looked away. When he gazed back at me, he said, "Poppy, I just can't live without you. My wolf years for you. It's like I have this need for oxygen and only you are my air. I want to be surrounded by you."

I took a step back unable to believe that he had made this three-sixty turnabout. "I— I cannot—"

"Please don't say no," he cut me off. "I need to satisfy my wolf. He is raging inside me."

"But you rejected me!" I cried.

"I know and I am here to mend the ties. I can't live without you."

There was something off. Something very, very off. "Where is Cynthia?" I asked. I don't know why this question suddenly

popped in my mind.

He took a ragged breath. "She is here with me. You know I— I can't marry you, but I can't live without you. And I am going to make sure that you come and stay with me."

"What the fuck!" I shot at him. "What the hell do you think I am?"

"Calm down, Poppy," he said, taking another step towards me. "We must talk about it. You see the three of us are going to be fantastic. I am an Alpha and I have needs!"

I felt like slapping him across the face. "Don't!" I retorted. "I don't want to listen to this bullshit."

He jerked his head back. "Poppy!" he grabbed my hand and pulled me towards him. "You can't stay away from me!"

All at once, the whole place shook as a dangerous growl emanated from deep woods. The next moment a blur of movement was there and Damon emerged from the trees. His claws and fangs were elongated and he looked like he could murder Nash. "Step back from her," he snarled.

"Damon!" Nash growled. "Don't come in between us!"

Damon clenched his teeth as he looked at me. I was sure that he would think what a traitor I was. I shook my head

slightly. I was already being labeled as the academy's slut and now this had to happen.

He dug his hands in the pocket of his leather pants and took out a chit. "We are opponents," he growled.

And then my gaze went to the glow over his heart. It was red. Monica came to his side and there was a red glow on her heart too. How was this possible? We had to pair up with a senior. Nothing made sense. And how could I fight against Damon? And that too along Nash's side. Goddess, what were you doing when you made me? Did you go to pee when you were writing my fate? Did you mix up the fates of several shifters and wrote for me?

Monica was beaming with happiness. "Nash!" she rasped. "So nice to see you! We have to catch up after this class, okay."

Nash nodded at her and then his eyes locked with Damon's. I tried to step back, but Nash caught my hand and stopped me. That was the beginning of all hell breaking loose.

A sudden roar sounded and Damon lunged at Nash. Out of the corner of her eye, I saw a huge fist connecting with Nash's face. Damon was in a killing rage.

I heard the crack of bone just before Nash flew across the trees, landing in the brook. I was sure that his collarbone had cracked but Nash got up the next moment to face Damon.

Nash let out a feral snarl as his eyes flickered golden. Damon's fangs and claws lengthened a bit more. Neither of them could turn into their full beast form because of the rules. They were both on the edge of it. But they had already broken so many rules. I started to walk to them to stop this nonsense, when Monica stopped me in my tracks. "Don't even think of getting between them."

"But this is insane!" I said.

"You are wolf-less. One punch from them and you will die. Let them fight," she said, looking at them with a gleam in her eyes. It was as if she was liking it. "Moreover, you have to fight with me. Come on, get ready!"