

Poppy POV

"Poppppyyyy!" Anna shouted as my phone kept on ringing one after the other call. "Pick it up or I am going to slam it down!"

I jerked my eyes open from a very bad dream about amber eyes watching me and a wolf howling. I reached for my phone through the layers of my comforter and saw Eliza's name flashing on the screen. I turned it off and went off to sleep when just after a few minutes there was a loud banging on the door. I muttered curses as to who it would be and who was not allowing me to wallow in my misery for the day.

Anna got up and opened the door. "Eliza, what on the earth has gone wrong?" She sounded so irritated that I feared she might change Anna into a statue for the day.

Anna pushed past her and strode all the way to my room. "Poppy, what are you doing?" she yelled. "Why the hell are you here?" I removed my comforter and saw that she was towering over me. Her eyes were red and swollen which meant that she was crying but didn't look like it. Did she just wake up? She was still in her skimpy lingerie.

"What's wrong, Eliza?" I asked up as I got up with a dull headache.

"Damon has gone berserk! He has thrown everything around him, destroyed it and is not listening to us. The apartment looks like it has been run over by a bulldozer. The doors are hanging from their hinges. When Killian tried to talk sense to him, he punched Killian. The two were in a fierce fight before I had to get in between them. It's impossible to talk sense in that Alpha wolf. He is not talking to anyone but every time he sees a wall, he punches it." His knuckles are bleeding and after the fight with Killian, he is sporting so many bruises." Her eyes became red with tears.

"I don't know what is going on," I said, blinking my eyes at him.

"That's pure bullshit!" Anna said, entering my room.

I knew that Damon would be upset with me but this— I wasn't prepared for this.

"You know what is going on!" Eliza said in an accusatory way. "Please tell me that you two didn't fight yesterday? Why are you here and— and—" she stabbed her fingers in her hair. "Honestly, I am scared. I have never seen Damon in a fit of rage. He was always so controlled. In fact, back in the school, he was so contained and calm that his father thought he would make the best Alpha in the world because he thought from his brain and not his heart."

I could smell fear in her voice and her body. And those glossy eyes made me spill the truth. "If I would have woken

Never Seen Him Like This

him up and said goodbye, I would have never had the courage to leave him."

"I can't believe it!" Eliza whined. "There is much more than what you are saying. Do you know Poppy that Damon Lombard has gone bat-shit crazy. He has been calling your name and finding you everywhere. He barged open the door of our room and came in asking if we knew where you were." She sat beside me and grabbed my hands. "You should see how he looks. With his fangs and claws elongated, he looks like he could kill anyone. I have never seen him like this, Poppy. Never."

"He has pulled the doors out of their frames. He has clawed the couches and thrown them against the window. He ripped the sheets of the beds and he saw his reflection in the mirror, he shattered it with his punch. There were tiny glass pieces jutting out of his knuckles. Half of the doors in the apartment are now hanging from their hinges. He has been calling you but why aren't you picking. Poppy, what have you done? Why did you leave him so suddenly?"

I lowered my eyes as tears stung the back of my eyes. "I don't want Damon to get into this murky and dark world that surrounds me. So I came."

"Call him now, please," Eliza requested. "Tell him that you are here."

"How did you know I was here?" I asked.

"I called Anna."

I looked at Anna and shook my head. She shrugged and went to make coffee.

Eliza took my phone, turned it on and then dialed his number. She gave it to me and mouthed, 'Talk to him.'

"Poppy?" he answered in the first ring, his voice full of anger and worry. "Where are you?"

"In my dorm."

I took a deep breath in and stayed silent for a long time. Neither of us spoke and the tension grew so thick between us that it could be cut with a knife. He finally spoke, "Why did you leave me? You were here with me last night. We made love and when I woke up this morning, you were not there. Why?"

"I think it is best for us to stay away, Damon," I said in a low voice full of pain.

"Wh—why?" he sounded surprised. "Did I hurt you?"

"No! You never hurt me!" I said quickly. All at once there was loud banging on the door.

Eliza got up and opened the door. There he was— standing

with the phone in his hand, his knuckles still bleeding. He walked in my dorm barefoot leaving a trail of bloodied steps. I got up as panic bubbled in my chest. He came to kneel on the floor right in front of me and placed his hands on my thighs. He looked at me with those beautiful blue eyes that were full of pain. From the corner of my eye, I saw Eliza leaving and closing the door behind her.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked, searching my eyes. "I don't remember much, Poppy. Please tell me what did I do to make you leave? Did I—" he swallowed thickly. "Did I take advantage of you?" He sniffed the air around me and then his eyes went wide. "Did I come inside you?"