

There were tattoos on his left chest that rolled down to his left arm. Every vein in his body stood. I felt like touching his skin just to know how it felt under my fingers. My eyes went to his perfect, bow-shaped lips and a moan escaped my lips.

My gray eyes locked with his arctic blue ones. I stopped myself from buckling under the sensual woody and spicy scent that emanated from him. Mixed with his sweat the combination was heady. Liquid heat coiled in my belly and I was sure some juices slipped out of me. It was getting out of control.

His brows furrowed as he glared at me. I saw the tip of his fangs pressing on his bottom lips. I should have felt afraid, but I wondered how they would feel against my skin. Shit. Shit. I think I had officially turned into the most desperate virgin of the world.

Suddenly, Damon let out a furious snarl at me. I snapped out of my stupid trance and scared as hell, I spun and rushed to the bar. I had to gather control over my wits.

On my way, I didn't know how I knocked upon a woman. "I am so sorry," I muttered an apology.

She grabbed my upper arm and yanked me up to my feet. "Bitch!" she snarled. "Don't you know how to walk?" She bared her fangs. I saw that I had dropped wine over her white silk suit. Shit.

"I— I am sorry," I mumbled and was about to leave when she grasped my braid and yanked me back. And the next moment she slapped me hard across my face. A sharp sting of pain shot across my cheek. I glared at her. "I said I am sorry." But she lifted her hand again to slap me and I squeezed my eyes shut. But nothing happened. Slowly, I peeled open my eyes and found a man grabbing her wrist. It was Damon. My throat went dry.

When did he come out of the cage? Something inside me tried to claw its way up.

"Monica." He caught her hand midair. Glaring at me, he snarled, "Stay at the bar and don't come to this side."

I was so shocked that I ran towards the bar without looking back. The cheering started all over again as I tried to duck behind the bar. I slapped my cheeks for the heat to subdue.

"Poppy?" Joey's voice made me jump.

"Gods!" I said, placing my hand over my heart.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, narrowing his eyes. "Were you close to the cage?"

I straightened and brushed my hair smooth. "I—" I didn't know what to say when blood smeared on my face and stained my fingers.

"I asked you not to go there!" he snarled.

"I—I am sorry," I replied. From the corner of my eyes, I saw him going at the back with the girl called Monica. Pure jealousy took over me and I felt like gouging the eyes of the girl. I took some napkins to clean my face.

He handed me a tray of drinks. "Go to that group on the table. Keep your eyes low. Don't look at those shifters, okay?"

I took the tray from him and walked to the table. When I reached there, I rasped, "Shit!" I saw him sitting there with Monica who was all over him. She was cleaning his face with tissues and murmuring something soft in his ears. There were three more shifters sitting with him, congratulating him.

As soon as she saw me, her expressions turned furious. "You!"

I gulped, hoping they didn't hear me. My gaze snapped to him and I found myself getting attracted to him again. He was staring at me and for some reason, he grabbed Monica's waist and drew her closer. He grabbed the back of her head and brought her face closer to his. As I watched them, he pressed a kiss on her lips in the unhealthiest way.

I placed the drinks on the table and rushed back to the bar, praying to the Moon Goddess to end the night soon, hating

the girl called Monica and hating him.

"Joey, may I leave," I said in a shaky voice.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

I wiped my cheeks. "Am I?" I didn't realize that I was crying. I chuckled and repeated my question. "Can I leave? I have History class early in the morning."

"Then you shouldn't have come!" he snapped. He shoved another tray of drinks at me and gestured with his chin to serve it. "Finish your work!"

I busied myself with it, realizing that I had to undergo this humiliation a little longer. After that, I would never come back here.

Two hours later the night finally came to an end. When everyone left, I helped Joey clean the bar and the floor. He handed me a thick envelope of cash. "That's for you kid!"

I bit my lip as I took the envelope, wondering how much was there. I got a lot of tips as well today. Together I was sure I had made about three thousand dollars. That was enough for me to run away.

"Don't talk about this 'event' outside, okay?" he cautioned.

"I won't!" I assured him and then bounced my way back to the dorm. Why couldn't I shirk the ominous feeling that I was being watched? I closed the door with a bang and squealed so loud that Anna grunted inside her comforter.

"Shut up, Poppy," she said and went back to sleep.

I giggled and tiptoed to my room. There I emptied the contents of the envelope and my pockets. I counted it quickly and squealed again. I earned three thousand, five hundred and sixty dollars.

"Are you having sex?" Anna shouted. "Fucking keep it low!"

I pursed my lips and stifled my laugh. I peeled open my clothes and padded naked to the bathroom. When I saw my face in the mirror, I gasped. There was some caked blood on my neck. I took a quick shower and came back to bed, feeling refreshed. All I had to do now was to find a way to get out of Umbra Academy.