

Poppy POV

Anna looked at her back before getting up and I heard her gasping. She was too excited as she rushed out of the cafeteria with me. "Goddess!" she said in a hushed but animated voice. "Do you know what that was sitting behind us?"

Of I knew. How could I forget my encounter with him? "Who?" I feigned ignorance. Back inside when I was having my breakfast, I sensed that I was being watched. I tilted my head and saw him sitting a table away from us. When he came in view, my heart skipped a beat and then started racing wildly, uncontrollably.

I'd know those arctic blue cold eyes and that handsome face anywhere. Those were the eyes that could haunt your dreams. Heat flooded my cheeks and spilled into my entire body till it reached my belly. And when our gazes locked, it was enough to break my defenses. I bit my bottom lip to stifle a whimper and asked Anna to leave.

"Poppypy!" Anna squealed, was bubbling with excitement. "That was Damon Lombard! The future Alpha of the Umbra Pack and the heartthrob of all the girls in the campus!"

"I see..." I managed to say through my dry throat. The man was too handsome and hence the attraction. I wasn't the only one who was attracted to him irrationally.

"What do you mean by 'I see'?" Anna chided me as if I was committing a crime. "That wolf is the hottest wolf in the

Umbara Academy! Almost every girl out here wants to be in his pants despite the fact that he is betrothed to that hoe, Monica."

"Betrothed?" My voice came out raspy.

We had crossed the garden and were about to enter the corridor that led to our History class that was located at the end of it.

"Yes! And before that he had never been known to stay with one girl longer than a night."

"What a jerk!" I found myself saying out of pure jealousy and anger.

Anna giggled. "Nope! He is just too hawt!" She fanned her face. "However, ever since he was engaged to Monica, he has stopped his dalliances."

"Who is she?" I asked, curious to know about her. She was all over him like a snake draped over an apple tree.

"She is the niece of George Dawson, Alpha of the Nascent Moon pack."

For a very few precious seconds, I was frozen when I heard who she was. It meant that Nash Dawson was her cousin. I inwardly cringed, dreading this piece of information. Thank the goddess that Nash Dawson wasn't here. It would have been superbly embarrassing. And I hoped that Monica didn't know about me. Nash had promised that he wouldn't reveal my weakness. Moreover, I was going to be here only for two more days. In the cafeteria I was convincing Anna to help me run away. We were so engrossed in our little discussion that

we hadn't even paid attention to our surroundings.

I shoved the thoughts of him and Monica and said, "We are getting late, Anna. Hurry up!"

"Why are you so bothered about the class?" Anna asked. She leaned in towards me and whispered, "You are running away, aren't you?"

I smacked her arm and she giggled. "So you will help me, right?"

"I will," she said with a smile. "Let me find out about how to bribe the security."

I squeezed her shoulders. "Thanks Anna."

"You were the only friend I ever had. Will you abandon me just like that?"

"Come with me!" I said.

We had reached the class and we were just about to enter when a deep throaty voice called us. "Anna!"

She turned on her heels sharply. "Gandal!" she exclaimed and hugged him. "How are you?"

Gandal was... very handsome. With a square jaw, a perfectly straight nose, he looked like walking straight out of a fashion magazine. Beneath his large glasses were bright green eyes that sparkled. He sandy blond hair, that were swept off his face to accentuate his strong brows. He had a muscular frame and Anna appeared so small in front of him. I appeared smaller.

"I am well," he said while looking at me.

Anna rolled her eyes and introduced me to him dryly.

"Gandal, this is Poppy. Poppy, Gandal Voldroff."

"Hi!" I extended my hand to him which he grabbed instantly.

"Hi," he shook my hand like it was a rusty spigot.

"Gandal is the son of the Alpha of the Norse Pack in northern England," Emma said. "And he is the captain of the hunting team of the academy. He is a final year student."

Bloody hell. I just had a conversation with the most powerful werewolf heir of Europe. I had heard the Norse Pack was filthy rich and their ancestors were the Viking gods. What would he do if he came to know that I was wolf-less?

"Are you joining us for History?" Anna asked, raising her eyebrow, as Gandal didn't remove his gaze from me.

"I—" he seemed at a loss of words and his gaze intensified to the level that my cheeks heated.

I became uncomfortable and I found myself comparing him with Damon. While Gandal was taller and had muscles, Damon had a lethal aura around him. It was as if one could be friendly with Gandal but had to keep their distance from Damon.

"I have Psychology. But see you in the combat session!" he said, unable to peel his gaze from me. I pursed my lips and looked away.

"Yeah, okay," Anna said and then grabbed my arm. "We need

to go!"

"It was nice meeting you, Poppy," Gandal said with a cute smile. Then he looked at Anna. "Are you coming at the Zeta Chi's frat party tonight?"

Anna scrunched her nose up. "I will come if Poppy comes with me."

"What? No!" I protested. "I don't know anyone out there!"

"You know me!" Gandal was quick to say. "And Anna," he added a moment later. Despite my protests, it was decided that I will be going to the frat party where I didn't know a soul.

We sat on the last bench of the hall. I smiled at Chris, the shifter boy who sat behind us every day and who had fought against Damon. A mess of curly black hair and hazel eyes. He smiled back like a viper.

And all the time while Professor Nag taught us about the history of shifters, we whispered about what all to do about my escape. I had thought I won't tell it to Anna, but she was resourceful. I could depend on her.