

## Poppy POV

Damon made a quick work of removing his hand and then grabbed my waist, lifting me up. He grinded his cock in my stomach, wrenching a moan from me. "My cock is so hard and painful to get inside you. But I love this ache, Poppy. I love you."

Soon my back pressed against the mattress as his heavy weight was on me. I let out a breathy moan when his hips thrust against me and when he sucked on my neck. His hands slid up to my chest where he cupped my breast. It fitted in his hand like they were made only for him. He kneaded them and pinched my nipples. I cried out of pain and pleasure and his cock twitched on my belly.

"I am going to fuck you, my Luna. You are going to ride me until you come so hard that you see stars in your vision."

"Yes," I whimpered. "Oh goddess, yes."

He leaned over and kissed me passionately, as if he was trying to convey a message to me. As his tongue explored my mouth, he rubbed his cock in between my thighs and I hoped he could feel how wet I was. "Damon, please," I begged.

"Fuck you are so wet. And I am driven to the edge of my control already!"

Marked and Claimed  
"Damon, please," I begged him again.

"I love it when you say my name like this Poppy." His hand slid to my breast and then to my throat where he wrapped his fingers. He leaned over my nipples and sucked them hard. My body arched and I cried, but I was pinned to the mattress by his fingers around my throat. He kissed the lower swells of my breasts and then went to my navel which he sucked making me a puddle of emotions.

His limbs trembled when he found my slick wetness of my pussy. "Goddess, you are so wet for me." I closed my eyes when he slid his finger inside me and wrapped his mouth over my clit, grazing the area with his fangs. He started pumping his finger as I writhed under him, as I started chasing my orgasm. All of a sudden, he bit me lightly over there and I shattered into a thousand pieces with a cry as the orgasm hit me hard. Damon lapped every last drop of my juices. When he got up, he rumbled, "I am going to come inside you and then mark you."

I was breathless but I nodded. On an instinct, I turned my head to the right, exposing my pulse point for him. I didn't know what was about to come. His fangs had elongated and he licked them, coating them with his venom.

"Spread yourself for me," he ordered. I opened my legs for him. He stared at me for a while. His chest vibrated with a rumble. He positioned himself and in one swift move, he was inside me. "Goddess!" His thighs shivered when he hit me to the hilt. His eyes were raw with emotion. "This is the best place for me." He started increasing his pace. My core stretched as he swelled more inside me. I arched my body and then matched his pace. The room was filled with our moans and noise of flesh slapping against flesh. I

wanted to touch him, etch myself in his skin.

My hands roped around his shoulders and my nails dug in his flesh at the back. He let out a growl as I scratched his entire back with my nails, his pace increasing. In a guttural voice, he said, "I can't last longer than this. Come for me, Poppy!"

On his cue, I let go and waves of orgasm hit me, each one stronger than the last. At the same time, with the speed of a viper, his fangs sank in my neck and Damon came inside me, snarling. His cock pulsed as he released his cum, as he held me in place with his fangs, as I orgasmed around his cock, screaming in pain and pleasure. He didn't remove his fangs from me and continued to thrust until he was spent. "Mine," he snarled. "Mine forever."

Marked and claimed by Damon, I couldn't move as I was trapped between his fangs and cock. Pain and pleasure mixed. Tipped over the edge of the cliff. Falling, falling down in an abyss called Damon from where I didn't want to come out.

Damon removed his fangs from me and licked my mark. The venom that he had injected in me made me near euphoric now that it started affecting me. He continued to thrust inside me even though we were both spent. "I can practically live my entire life inside you, Poppy," he said, his face buried in my neck. My hand went to his hair where I stroked them carelessly. I kissed his temple and then closed my eyes. I was tired.

It was 11 PM and our helicopter was ready. We were standing on the helipad. I was wearing black leather pants and black fitted shirt while Damon was in his black leather pants matching boots. He

refused to wear the shirt because he wanted to flaunt the marks on his back where I had scratched him while he marked me. Damon kissed my cheek and asked, "Ready?"

I nodded as a knot formed in my stomach. We had got married only a few hours back and he had marked me and here I was, going with him to my pack where I was sure that we would be met with a lot of hostility. But I had to go there. Apart from Damon and me, there was Anna, Killian and the pilot in the helicopter.

As the helicopter took off, I looked down at the Umbra pack that was lit like fairy land because of our wedding festivities. I heard the servants saying that there was a royal wedding after a long time.

We reached the Shadow pack in one hour, exactly as we had time it.