Damon POV

The nurse had given Monica a sleeping draft because she said that she was very stressed. Fury bubbled in my chest when I saw Monica bleeding and that too because of Poppy. There was no reason for Poppy to attack Monica and I couldn't understand how Poppy could injure a strong wolf like Monica. Well, whatever. I was going to make Poppy pay for this.

"I am so sorry about this, Damon," said Madam Lowe with a shaky breath. "I have suspended her for two days. This won't happen again!"

Onyx clawed inside me, trying to say that our mate was not at fault, but I willed him to go down. He behaved madly and didn't see Poppy's mistakes at all. I nodded with a grunt. Monica was fast asleep. The nurse had said that she would wake up in the morning and that I could go back to my room.

"Frat party, Damon!" My friend, Killian Logris, who would also be my future beta, reminded me. I had crashed on my bed and had gone off to sleep after pushing down the urge to go and check on Poppy. I knew it wouldn't be right. Killian lived in the same building as mine, but in a different room with his mate, Eliza, which was on the ground floor.

I got up with a jerk and my gaze landed on the clock. It was already 9PM. "I don't want to go," I grunted, picking up a pillow and putting it on my head. My wolf was clawing me on the inside to go to his mate. His demands to see his mate were fucking up my mind and my body. There was not a minute when my cock was not painfully swollen when memories of her rosy lips and pert breasts and round hips flashed across my mind.

"Come on, Damon!" he chided. He was the only one allowed to scold me but then he too knew his limits. My wolf was so Alpha that he hated if anyone challenged him. He was ready to pounce on whoever had that attitude and Killian was no special. But over the years of friendship, Onyx had come to like Killian. "The Zeta Chi guys have called you time and again!"

"Yes!" A shrill voice sounded. And this was Eliza. "I want to go but Killian won't go without you," she whined.

Clenching my teeth, I dragged myself out of the bed and glowered at both of them. They were a pushy couple. Killian was my age and Eliza was only twenty. She was a sophomore.

Ten minutes later, I was walking to the car in my black tank top and jeans with Killian and Eliza behind me. She was giggling and draped on his arm like he owned her. Well, he owned her and I was jealous of the bastard for being with his mate. I was planning on slipping out of the party and going to see Poppy.

We reached the venue, which was a large apartment of a final year student, Beowulf. He clapped my forearms and cupped my shoulders in the usual way. "Damon!" he said with a broad smile. "All the girls are waiting for you!" He waggled his eyebrows at me and I rolled my eyes. But I wasn't ready for what I saw as soon as I entered the room.

Poppy was standing alone, looking outside towards the balcony. Blood drained from my frontal cortex when I saw how beautiful she was looking. "Fuck!" I growled. There was a deep V at the back of the dress and I freaked out. There was so much skin showing. She needed a jacket. I gulped as my gaze traveled down. Her legs were... Her skirt was too short. Her legs ended in silvery heels. I imagined how they would look wrapped around my hips when I thrust my cock into her. I was sure that I was going to get into a serious fight the first five minutes I was here if I didn't make her wear a jacket. This night was going to suck.

All of a sudden, someone entered my vision and handed a glass of wine to her. My wolf let out a dangerous growl when he saw that it was the heir of the Norse Pack, Gandal.

It wasn't that she was standing with him, it was how she was standing with him. She curled her arm around his She looked up at him and he looked at her with... lust? My hands balled into tight fists until my knuckles were white. Onyx wanted to rip him limb by limb. He brought his fingers to touch the skin of her back, and fury blasted in me. I strode towards him to kill him when suddenly a hand stopped me.

"Damon," a sexy voice sounded. A girl from my class stopped me, putting a hand on my chest. I growled at her and she winced. "How is Monica? I am so sorry for what that bitch did to her."

Poppy turned her head over her shoulder and looked at me. Her lips parted as if in surprise. She turned her head away from me and whispered something to Gandal. He turned his face to look at me. He placed his hand on the small of her back, just above her hips and guided her out to the balcony. Jealousy and frustration began to burn a hole in me.

"Damon?" the girl's voice came again.

"She is fine," I snapped at her, my eyes at the door of the balcony where she had disappeared. A bolt of pure rage streaked in my body.

The girl hooked her fingers in my jeans and said, "Umm... would you like to come up with me upstairs? There's a room where I can—"

"Pass!" I snarled at her. She winced again as blood drained from her face.

"I— I am sorry, Damon. It's just that Monica has asked a few of us to entertain you when she isn't around."

"Get lost. Now!" Sometimes, I found Monica twisted. The girl fled from there with her tail tucked in between her legs. I began to walk towards the balcony when Killian stopped me.

"Damon?" he said. "Are you mad? That freshman has already been punished. I understand that you are angry with her but you cannot go after her at this party! Let her be. She has to finish her course and go back to her pack."

I gritted my teeth because he didn't know what Poppy meant to me. He motioned to Eliza to bring us wine. She left quickly as he stood guard over me.

All the girls in the room gave me lustful glances. Some tucked their hair behind their

ears, while some blushed, some stared at me in the hope that I would call them and talk to them, but my only interest was in the girl who had ignored me and gone to the balcony with another wolf.