

Damon POV

Ever since I came back from the campus health center, all I wanted was to go back to my little wolf and here she was talking to Gandal, letting him take her home? Last time, I hadn't been able to talk to her, but I intended to finish the conversation. Preferably on her way back home when I would draw her into an alcove and sink my cock deep inside her until I had her moaning my name. I was the heir of the Umbras and was far from being a gentleman. Even if I wasn't able to sink my cock and fangs in her, it didn't mean that I would allow her to go home with someone else and seek pleasure. Poppy Vincent was mine and it was well past time that she realized it. I took in a deep breath and my nostrils flared with her arousal. No, it wasn't just arousal. I think Poppy was on heats. Fuck. The desire to claim was a nigh higher.

My wolf clawed me to come out so badly that I used everything in my control to put him down. Down boy. I had to kill this girl in order to take my pack's revenge. Not yet.

I was the strongest wolf in North America, stronger than my father, and yet in front of Poppy, my wolf was... whimpering.

I was drawn to her like Icarus to sun. There was this scent emanating from her that made my wolf stand up and looked at her intently. Why was he drooling so much? If I allowed him to come out, I was sure he would be all over her, wagging his tail.

"I am telling you, Damon," Gandal's irritating voice fell in my ears. "She wasn't at fault and even if she was, you must excuse her because she is very new here."

Ignoring him, I said to her, "What will you do for two days of your suspension?" Because I intended to take her away to the woods and get over with this stupid urge to claim her. Or maybe, take her to my apartment. Basically, I wanted to take her away from Gandal.

She licked her dry lips again. "I don't know..." an emotion of guilt passed through her eyes. "But I am not sorry," she added. "I didn't do a thing. I have no idea how Monica bled."

I would have to deal with Monica or better, I will take a look at the videos. Maybe, the professors came to a conclusion too early.

"She's right, man!" Gandal chipped in. I hated this wolf and I wanted to take my mate away from him as far as possible. My wolf wanted me to do it. Not me. She was on



heats and when any she-wolf was on heats, she wanted to have sex badly, madly. And this was my mate.

My wolf was seeing Gandal as a threat or for that matter every other male who was in her vicinity. He needed to be with her. It was taking everything to control him and not let him come out because if he came out, I was sure I was going to kill a few men out here. Moreover, my mate was wearing the sexiest dress ever. She wasn't wearing a bra and her tits were pebbled, standing out against the fabric of her dress.

The music started to play inside. Before I knew, some words spilled out of my mouth. "Would you like to dance with me?"

Her mouth fell to the floor, but I didn't give her much chance to think. I grabbed her hand and pulled her inside for a dance. There were way too many couples dancing, but they made their way when I came to the dance floor. I knew Gandal watched me with loathe and shock. Who cared?

When I circled her waist, she said, "I am not much of a dancer." She was extremely flustered. Good. I had to purge her out of my system and this was the first step towards it. My hands slipped to her hips and I grabbed them possessively as my chest rumbled with a growl.

"Just follow my lead," I said. Her cheeks were red like a tomato basket and I could smell her sweat mixed with arousal. The mixture was intoxicating, heady. My eyes went to a half mast. My wolf wanted to muzzle her down there.

I could hear her heart thundering in her chest. I turned her and slipped my palms over her waist, pulling her against me from behind.

"I don't want to dance with you," she said, her voice full of desire and her body going against her words.

She was almost a foot shorter than me. I could see her cleavage my vantage point. I inhaled her hair. "Then stop me, dove." She tried to break free from my grasp, but I spun her around to face me, locking my gaze with gray eyes. She didn't speak a word as I led her into the dance. I pulled her closer to me, digging my fingers in her hips, digging the hard length of my cock into her belly, persistent and ready.

"This is wrong," she rasped, but her head rested against my chest.

I swayed with her, bent with her, danced with her, all wrapped in our little bubble, without the care of the world that existed around us. There were too many eyes boring into her, but I didn't care. She was mine and I had to claim her. It wasn't me. It



was my wolf who had laid his claim on her.

I don't know after how long, but Monica's voice slithered in. "Slumming in with a freshman whore. That's pathetic even for you, Damon!"

Our bubble snapped as my attention went to Monica. When did she come? She wasn't looking that pale. A low growl of warning emanated from my chest for Monica. But it came a tad late. Poppy snatched herself away from me and rushed out of the apartment, feeling extremely humiliated. Her eyes became moist.

My eyes followed her all the way out. I saw Gandal standing there, leaning against the door, watching me with his green eyes. As soon as Poppy went there, he placed his hand on the small of her back. My clenched my fists because I was surely going to rip that hand off his body now. My wolf wanted to challenge him.

"Damon!" Monica's voice brought my attention to her. The music had stopped. She looked very angry. But the next moment, she closed the gap between us and wrapped her arms around me. "I missed you and followed you here."

Others were staring at us. Eliza and Killian rushed towards us, watching me with a wary look. The music started once again and the awkwardness faded away. Monica started to sway with me with her arms still wrapped around my torso. My wolf wanted to peel himself away from her and go to our mate. But how could I? She was my betrothed and I had just committed the biggest mistake of my life.

"That girl isn't your type, Damon. Stay away from her."

