

Damon POV

I watched Poppy leaving the frat party with Gandal. It took everything in me to keep my wolf in check. My mate was on heats and in werewolves only a mate could smell the heats of his mate.

This was the time to claim, to mark. My wolf was howling on the inside to be released and go there with her, but I had to growl and shove down his requests because Poppy was the granddaughter of our worst enemy. Our enmity ran through generations. Shadow Pack and Umbra Pack were always a war against each other for control, for dominion. The territory of the shadow wolves had shrunk a lot, but not their egos.

Poppy's mother, Erica, belonged to our pack, whom James Vincent never accepted as his daughter-in-law out of pure enmity and age-old hatred. Erica was thrown out by him from the pack. She had gone moon mad without her mate and had taken off to the hills. Nobody was able to find her ever.

My grandparents saw Erica turning moon mad very closely. It had affected the mentality of the pack members a lot. Nobody turned moon mad so easily. Mates were so rare to find and the bond wasn't easy to break. And that was what James forced Erica into. To break the bond between her son and her. After that painful incident, my grandfather banned everyone from visiting the Shadow Pack or mingling with them.

"Damon," Monica's soft voice came to my ears and I snapped my attention back to her. I focused on her as she swayed to a soft dance with me, her arms wrapped around my chest. "This is not right..." she said. "She is 'danger' personified. Don't you understand."

I clenched my teeth hard. Yes, she was 'danger'. And thank the goddess that Monica snapped me out of the stupidity I was about to do. I took a ragged breath in and closed my eyes as I continued to sway with her. I had to get things under control, before I went moon mad. I had to kill her or break the bond in some way to stay sane. Why was it that the Moon Goddess mated me with the daughter of our enemy?



"I am sorry, baby," I apologized to Monica. However, as I danced with her, all I could think of was Poppy's body pressed against mine. Her supple breasts fitted into my chest. Her hips tailored for mine and her beautiful red lips would perfectly swallow my cock. My Adam's apple bobbed at the mere thought of it and my shaft became painfully hard.

"Ah!" Monica rasped when she felt my hardness and pressed herself against me. "I think you need to take that steam off," she said seductively. "Should we go to our apartment?"

"Yes," I said as I glanced at Killian and Eliza. They looked so perfect with each other. They were in their own world, wrapped in each other's arms. Both of them belonged to the Umbra Pack and were childhood sweethearts. When Eliza came of age, she realized that Killian was her mate. They were the most adorable couple. Why couldn't I have the same fate?

We walked out hand in hand to my apartment where Monica offered me another blow job. I think when I shot my release in her mouth, I growled Poppy's name. I am not sure, but Monica seemed tense, though she didn't say a word to me. She had gone to take a bath and I slumped on the couch. This was the couch where I had brought girls every night. Almost every girl wanted to be in my pants. Sometimes there were two or three.

I heard Monica taking a shower and going to bed. Normally, I would go back and have more sex with her, but I didn't. My thoughts were consumed with Poppy. The hurt in her dove eyes was gnawing my insides. My wolf was growling on the inside, pushing me to release him. Onyx wanted to go to his mate. I went upstairs and checked upon Monica. She was texting her friends.

"Damon!" she said and hid her phone behind her. "Come over!" she said as her face flushed red. "I was waiting for you."

"I am fine," I replied and closed the door behind me. I walked out of the apartment to let my wolf out. I goaded him to go towards the woods that surrounded the academy, but Onyx loped towards Poppy's dorm. 'Onyx!' I scolded him. 'We cannot go there.' But Onyx had taken over and he was in no mood to listen to me. A few minutes later my wolf was standing at the window of my mate, guarding her, protecting her.



And then as if that wasn't all, we sniffed her arousal. Fuck. I remembered that she was heats. My wolf was so turned on that he let out a howl to the moon. He wanted to go inside her dorm and lick her, sniff her, bury his nose in her pussy and stay there forever.

The curtains of the window drew back and we saw our mate. Goddess, she looked beautiful and sexy. Wrapped in just a towel, she was peeping out of the window. Her creamy complexion turned golden when the moon rays fell on her. Her thick hair was spilled all around her shoulders in waves. Her lips were swollen like that of a child and her eyes were full of lust. Was she touching herself?

My wolf took a step towards her and then another. He was careful not to scare her. He wanted to communicate with her that he wanted to be with her, but Poppy was scared. She bolted back to her bed and my wolf let out a whimper. We stayed there until it was morning. I urged Onyx to go back because I didn't want people to see me near her window. Things would have become too complicated.

Monica had already left for the classes. Somehow, I dragged myself to take a bath. But there was something nagging my mind. After what Gandal had said to me, I wanted to check the videos of the combat session. It wasn't because of Poppy it was because of my satisfaction. So instead of attending the classes, I went to the principal's office. Madam Lowe was shocked to see me. "Damon!" she rasped. "What can I do for you?"