

Furious as hell, I glared at Damon Lombard. I was sure that my cheeks were flaming. I was so embarrassed by his words that the feeling was warring with my anger. When my feet couldn't move because of the emotions surging inside me, he looked over his shoulder and said, "Now carry that cranky ass of yours up unless you want me to haul you over my shoulder and take you. I have done that also earlier."

My mouth fell to the floor. How could he speak like this? Did he have no brain to mouth filter? I glanced at Killian and Eliza who were standing poker faced as if Damon's behavior was no big deal but I was sure that the two must be laughing at me on the inside.

Totally annoyed, I blurted, "I am not the type of girl you usually encounter. I don't offer myself just because you are an Alpha heir. I will absolutely not get into your pants if that's what you are thinking!" What was I even saying? Where was my filter?

He tilted his head as a smirk formed. "I think you are planning on having sex with me," he said those words like a challenge.

"What? No! Never!"

"Then come, unless you want me to carry you on my shoulder." He scratched his stubble and took a step down, intimidating me. I took a step back, intimidated. Then grudgingly, I did as he commanded. I followed him up to his bedroom.

His bedroom was cozy and luxurious. A king-size iron bed with a soft mattress and pillow that were covered with bland blue sheets was in the corner. There was a study table with a lamp on, a TV and built-in cupboards. A small pot with a palm was kept near the window.

"Take a shower," he said, pointing at the bathroom. "And get ready for your classes. I will be waiting downstairs."

"You don't have to wait for me," I snapped.

"And give you an opportunity to run away?"

I let out an exasperated breath. It won't be true if I said that I wasn't thinking of better plans to run away, so I remained quiet.

I stood under the shower for long, letting the hot water and body gel wash away all my anger. It was a luxury to take a bath in a non-communal bathroom. My thoughts went to what really happened over the last couple of hours.

Honestly, I was trying to wrap my mind around it. How was it that from running away from the Umbra Academy I came back to be the captive of the Prince of Umbra Academy?

The door opened and I jumped. "Who's there?"

"Damon."

Goddess! I covered my breasts and crotch with my hands

even though we were separated by a curtain. "Get out!" I squealed.

"You forgot to get a towel, your cream and your clothes," he said. "I got them for you. They are kept on the shelf."

"You scoured through my things?" I snapped. There was no answer. Instead, I heard the water running in the sink and him shaving.

I peeped out of the shower curtain. "Get out!" I shouted.

Without turning to look at me, he said, "I have to shave before I go to the class."

"If you are thinking that you can come near me and do hanky-panky, trust me, I will gouge your eyes and serve them for dinner!"

"I am not interested, little wolf," he smirked.

I waited for him to go, frozen in my spot. Did he do the same thing with Monica? Or maybe more. The thought made me nauseous.

Why was I affected? Infatuation. I reasoned.

But the thought was enough to make me feel terrible and suddenly, another wave of heat crashed in me. I pressed my

palm to my forehead, my neck, my cheek and they were hot to touch. My skin felt raw. Now I wanted to run cold water over my body. If only I could stop thinking about him and Monica. I turned on the cold faucet and let the water run over me, tucking my arms around my waist.

My throat felt dry. I was basically irritated and unsettled and wanted to get out of my skin. I needed Hilda's tea.

I wanted to punch Monica and cry at the same time. I wanted to kick Damon for having Monica instead of me.

Infatuation, Poppy, infatuation. As my breath labored, I heard the water faucet in the sink closing. Damon lingered there for a moment and then slowly walked out, closing the door behind him.

And then, music floated in the air, flooding my ears. It was a soothing Litvinovsky. It was... beautiful, relaxing. I tipped my head up, letting the water cascade over me, letting the pretty tune wash over me. Tears flooded my eyes. I let them roll out as I listened to the music, not thinking about the future or my heat. I stepped out of the bathroom, towel-dried and walked in the bedroom. He wasn't there, which meant he gave me some personal space.

I came down with the music still floating in the apartment. The heat was making me sweaty and even though it was cold outside, I was in pants and a loose cotton shirt.

I saw Eliza ready with breakfast. She beamed at me and

called me to the dining table for four. I really wanted to ask about Monica, but refrained. She should have been here. Damon and Killian joined us and we had our breakfast in silence. I could feel Damon's gaze on me every now and then.

"What class do you have now?" Eliza asked, breaking the silence.

I dug my fork in the scrambled egg. "Shifter Relations."

"Oh, that is on my way. I can drop you there," she offered.

"No, I will drop her there," Damon stated as if that was the order and no one could dispute it or challenge it.

Killian jerked his head back and stared at Damon for a while. He shook his head and then started eating.

When I finished eating, I got up and walked outside with Eliza. There were two Porches and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle parked in the parking area.

I was thinking about Anna, itching to go to her when I glanced over my shoulder. I saw Killian standing with Damon and looking at me. They were talking in whispers and I wrapped my arms around me, feeling awkward.

Damon grunted and scoffed and then came to me. He handed me a helmet. "Wear it." While strapping his helmet,

he strode to his motorcycle. In the next five minutes, I was behind him on the motorcycle, grabbing his chest for my dear life as he sped through the campus towards my class.

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