

Damon POV

Poppy held my chest tightly as she hid her head behind my back while I drove the motorcycle to the campus. Her breasts were pressed against my back and her thighs tightened around mine. My body combusted. I was hyper aware of every part of her body and all I could think of was to stop the motorcycle and take her somewhere in the woods that surrounded us.

I don't claim to know how to sweet talk, preferring to be straightforward and blunt. But with her on my back, I was dumbfounded. My cock was hard as shit, worse than morning wood. Her scent surrounded me. She smelled excited, scared and soft like fresh from the oven and it was because she was on heats. Her essence floated everywhere around me.

Ever since I brought her back from the train and the encounter with the hunters, I was shaken from the inside and I don't know why. If I had been aware earlier, I would have kept her safer. I shuddered to think what could have happened if the bullet hit her instead of the tree behind us. And the taser...

I let out a rough exhale. What the hell was going on?

She was my mate but I had to reject her. I was surely not in

love with her. I had never been. Monica should have been here instead of her, but Monica made a big mistake. She cheated in the combat class and the whole blame came on Poppy. My wolf growled when I thought that, my chest rumbling with it. My knuckles went white as I gripped the handle tighter and before I knew the motorcycle picked up speed. She grabbed me harder. Monica made another mistake—she sent her minions to hit Poppy. That was it. She faced my wrath and I asked her to leave my apartment. Little did I know that I was going to get my little wolf in with me.

I had brought her to sleep with me and as she slept, I watched her sleep. It gave my wolf a sense of peace that our mate was safe. But it was impossible for me to wink an eye. When she woke up, I closed my eyes tight because I didn't want to appear creepy. She got up and left and even though I wanted to stop her, I didn't. My wolf's anxiety splashed through me like a large angry wave on the cliff. He clamored on the inside to make her stop, but I didn't.

When she was gone, I did my best not to think about her, but my wolf was blaming me. What if she tripped and fell on the ground? Hell, she could die. Not like this. No. No.

I had to do something with this constant urge to protect her and be with her because it was getting on my nerves. If I had to eliminate her, then I had to get over her, with this attraction, with my constant need for her. I had to get her near me so that I could understand her behavior, so that when she was vulnerable, I would get rid of her.

in a very dangerous voice said, "I will be there when you go back. Don't attempt to run." Yes, that was the main purpose of my threat. Saying that I grabbed her upper arm and pulled her to her class. I was least bothered how all looked at me but I wasn't going to let my little wolf stay out of my eyes now. I needed to get over with her, and needed to flush her out of my system. And this was the best way. To get bored of her. 'She is in heats,' my wolf reminded me.

When I reached the Shifter Statistics class, I saw Monica. She was sitting at the exact same spot where she used to. Beside me. Giving her a fleeting glare, I went to sit near Killian and Eliza. Monica made her way through the students and came to sit next to me. "I am sorry," she said in a low, soft voice, touching her ears as a gesture. "I should have been more mindful. I didn't behave as the future Luna, but I behaved like a jealous teenager. Please forgive me." She tugged at my sleeve.

And suddenly the words, 'future Luna' slammed inside my heart like they opened some wound. Her words repulsed me. My wolf and I couldn't think of anyone other than Poppy as my Luna.

Fuck. Fuck. I had to control this urge.

"It's fine," I said in a cold voice.

"Then can I come back to you?" she added immediately. "I miss you baby." She curled her arm around mine.

"No. It's better we remain away from each other for some time," I said because I wanted to understand the dynamics between Poppy and me. And Monica had no place between us.

She cried, "Damon... I miss you so much that I can't sleep at night. I know you are angry, but I have already apologized."

The professor entered, saving me from her. As soon as the class was over, I collected my books and got out, my thoughts running wild as to where Poppy would go. Before I knew it, I was standing in the lawns in front of her class, waiting for her. She came out with Anna five minutes later and the moment her gaze fell on me, she halted with a surprise. Her face was flushed red and I knew that her heat was on full swing. I could smell her sex from here and my eyes were hooded. I couldn't let my female go anywhere like this.

From what I knew, she-wolves in heat wanted to mate with their mate. Badly. Desperately. And I was her mate.

"You?" she snapped.

"Your next class is on the second floor," I said and came to stand in front of her. From the looks of her, I wondered if she would make it to the second floor. Someone stop me.