

Poppy POV

Ugh! The day started so bad. I was brought back to Damon's apartment and now I have this head making my body do strange things. It crashed inside me as waves in a storm-tossed sea, one after the other. I swallowed thickly when I realized that he knew where my second class would be. Just because I didn't want to make a scene in the corridor where half of the peeps were stealing glances at us while the other half were pretending to not look at us.

"I can take her with me," Ann intervened, clearly very angry with Damon. But Damon ignored her completely like she was non-existent.

"Yes, I will go with her," I managed to say in a hoarse voice and licked my dry lips.

Damon flitted a glance at Anna. "Your class is on the opposite end, Anna. You will be very late for it. I am escorting Poppy." He didn't say it as a request. It was a command. An Alpha command.

Anna winced. She gritted her teeth and looked at me with pity in her eyes. "I will wait for you at the cafeteria," she said and left unable to go against his order.

I nodded and headed upstairs. Damon was beside me. Every step I took was like an effort. I wondered if I would be able to go to the second floor, let alone to my class. "I need to go to the toilet," I said as a matter of urgency. My body was so hot that I had to wash my face. My core was clenching hard and my breasts felt heavy. My nipples were traitorous as they pebbled against my shirt and made their appearance quite prominently. I was sure that my thighs were wet with my juices dripping between them.

Goddess. Damon would have definitely smelled my stupid arousal. I needed to distance myself from him. I rushed towards the bathroom. I opened its door and closed it behind me, thanking the goddess that there was only one girl inside. She gazed at me through the mirror and continued applying her mascara. I walked to the basin and splashed my face with cool water. She gazed at me again, closed her bag and walked out. As soon as she walked out, I heard heavy footsteps and jumped when I saw Damon entering the ladies' bathroom. He locked the door from inside.

"What are you doing?" I blinked. He came to stand next to me. Something surged inside me, something so potent that it rushed through me and my belly fluttered.

He took a deep inhale and I tensed. So did he. "You smell like freshly baked bread."

My mouth opened like that of a fish out of water. I sniffed my clothes. They smelled of laundry and fabric softener and

of course my arousal and sweat. "I don't smell anything."

He closed his eyes, inhaling the scent. "I do." He opened his eyes and glared at me with frustration. "Maybe, you should go back to the apartment."

"No," I replied past the tight chest. "I have a class."

He brought his fingers to my cheek and caressed it with his thumb. His touch was like electricity. Every part of my body came alive. His gaze raked my forehead, my cheeks, my eyes before finally settling over my lips. So close to him was creating havoc in my mind. What was he doing? Why was he touching me? He shouldn't. He was betrothed to Monica. This was all wrong. I wanted to jerk away from him but I couldn't. Next to him made me feel like I was sitting on a jetty in a stormy sea.

The way my body was responding to his touch was shocking. My belly fluttered as thousands of butterflies inside decided to wake up from their nap. My nipples rubbed against the cotton of my shirt. The muscles of my core clenched and the lips swelled. I pressed my thighs together so hard that I grasped the edge of the counter tightly until my knuckles blanch white. This was bad, dangerous and stupid. And something inside was stirring. Was that my wolf?

It was the moment.

Damon turned me to face him completely. He curled his

fingers beneath my chin and lifted it up. Then he leaned down and brushed his soft lips against mine and the moment he did that, everything else in the world faded. A simple touch from him was more than enough to ignite fire inside me. It brought forward that need of intimacy that I always missed.

He drew his nose alongside my head and inhaled deeply as if committing my scent to his memory. He pulled me closer and my hands landed on his chest. I didn't know what was getting over me, but I wanted to flow with it.

My heart thudded in my ribcage. The air around us was charged with electricity. My fingers moved up his chest and I could feel his heavy breaths on my face. His chest ruffled under my touch. His fingers traced my jawline, my cheeks, my neck, as if he was learning my body.

I was pressed against the counter's edge by his thighs. I didn't have to look down to see that his jeans were tented because I could feel his rock hard cock against my belly. He picked me up and settled me on the counter. He leaned down and then pressed a kiss to my lips, eyes closed. A firm, needy and hot kiss. His hands were around my waist as he stood between my thighs.

I couldn't help running my fingers down his bulging arms, his forearms and his knuckles. My fingers traveled all the way up to his chest, to his neck where his tattoo was peeking out.

He nipped my bottom lip with his fangs and something inside me burst. I opened my mouth for him and he slid his tongue inside. The moment he did that my fingers dug into his muscles. His chest rumbled and he groaned in my mouth. His tongue explored inside my mouth hungrily, greedily. He sucked in all my air and I was sure my face was red due to lack of oxygen, yet I didn't want him to pull away. My first kiss.

We were both panting when he pulled away. "You taste so good, Poppy," he said. "Let's go back to the apartment and get this out of our system."

Yes, that was what I needed. I needed space from him. I needed to think so that I could put my head in place. Wait. What? Get this out of our system? When my brain wrapped around those words, I felt like smacking myself. I could hear a rubber band snap in my head.

Goddess. I was making such a fool out of myself. My eyes wide, I looked at the self-conceited bastard in front of me who was trying to take advantage of my heat? A snarl escaped my lips. I was so enraged by his words that I wanted to slap him. So I slapped him.

His face whipped to the right. I pushed him and hopped down the counter. I opened the door of the bathroom and was out of it, stumbling my way up to the next class. I wiped my lips with my shaky hands. He must have rushed behind me but I rushed ahead to put distance between us, angry at myself for allowing myself to be enticed by him.

"Poppy!"

"Get away!" I hissed and ran inside my class, blaming my heat.