

Damon POV

I offended her. But it was true that I wanted to flush her out of my system so that I could go ahead in my plans to reject her and then eliminate her and get Monica back in my life. But however I tried, I came back to square one. When I didn't find her in her last class, neither in the cafeteria, my wolf dragged me to her dorm, sniffing her scent. He was restless all the time that I offended her.

She opened the door and a growl escaped my lips when I saw her tear-streaked face. There were bruises on the side of her cheeks and her hair were matted with dust and dry leaves entangled in them. "Did someone attack you?" I asked as I pushed my way in.

She remained quiet and walked to her bedroom. I followed her, grabbed her upper arm and yanked her to look at me. "Did someone attack you?" I repeated my question as rage built inside me. My wolf wanted to tear up the person, rip him or her into shreds for touching our mate and assaulting her.

"I fell," she murmured.

I glared at her. She was telling lies and I did know why. I leaned closer to sniff her, to get the idea who attacked her, but other than the smell of dry leaves and damp ground and

tea, I couldn't smell anything else. "I know you are speaking lies," I said, rage bubbling inside me.

Her face flushed so red that it looked like a puddle of tomatoes. I knew that another wave of heat crashed inside her. She needed me and I— No, my wolf, needed her. She yanked her hand away from me. "So what?" she snapped. "What are you going to do with the person who did this to me, huh? And why? As far as you are concerned, you are simply keeping an eye on me so that I don't run away and nothing else, right?"

I stared at her for a long time unable to discern the emotions she was going through. "Why did you come here?" I growled. "You should have gone to my apartment."

"I came here to have my tea..." she murmured. "It calms me down."

I left her and strode to her kitchen. There I found a box that had tea sachets. I closed the lid of the box and brought it with me to her. "I have got it. Now come," I ordered. "And whatever you need from here, you are going to ask Killian or me or Eliza. You will stay at my apartment only. Is that clear?"

She let out an exasperated sigh, shaking her head. I could feel that she was reluctant, so I grabbed her wrist and took her to my motorcycle. I didn't stop anywhere until we reached my place. Once she was inside my room, my wolf

calmed down.

"Do you want to take a bath?" I asked. Her clothes were also very messed up. I was surely going to find the person who did this to her.

She nodded and went to the bathroom murmuring, "I have to submit a project tomorrow."

"About what?"

"About Shifter Relations in the nineteenth century."

"I can help you," I said before I could stop. "I have got an A+ in it." I couldn't resist my smug smile.

"Whatever." She closed the door while I waited for her. By the time she came out, I had my previous project file ready on the table. When I looked at her to flaunt my preparation, my mouth dropped to the floor. She was wrapped in a fluffy white towel and her hair was wrapped in a small towel. Her skin was so creamy and soft that my throat went dry and my mind went blank. The smell of her slight arousal hit my nose and all I could think of was to unwrap her and sink myself in her so deep that she wouldn't know where I started and she ended. My cock shot north. Painfully hard and almost above the waistband of my jeans. Her gaze dropped to my cock and she blushed. She turned herself away from me immediately.

"Do you have different colored pens?" she asked in a low voice.

"Top drawer," I said, pointing at the night table.

She opened the drawer and she was startled. She must have seen my packets of condoms over there. Avoiding the packets, she picked up three pens and closed the drawer hurriedly. I think my lips curled up at the sides. "Those are a lot of condoms," she murmured.

"It is necessary," I shrugged.

"Yes, of course," she said in a sarcastic voice. "Especially if you need one girl per night!" Then she cocked her head and added, "Please don't stop yourself from getting the girls because of me."

Was she jealous? My wolf preened inside me. His mate was definitely jealous and he wanted to groom himself to look better. With my chin I pointed to the table. "That's my project file. You can use it for notes." Why wasn't she changing into some clothes? If I sat beside her like this, how long would I be able to control myself? She was in heat. I could smell her arousal from miles away. Sitting in the same room with her was a torture. How was I going to flush her out of my system?

She walked to the table and sat down. I pulled another and sat beside her. I turned pages of my project's file and

discussed important points with her. She noted down a lot, chewed her pencil a lot, got a blue mark from pen on her cheek and inserted another pen in her hair that she had opened and tied in a loose bun. At the end of two hours she declared, "I am done. I can't understand a word now. Nothing is registering!"

"Okay," I said and helped her wind up all the books and files. And all these two hours I was painfully hard. Even if she noticed it, she ignored it. She had thankfully changed into shorts and a tank top but without a bra. She was going to be the death of me. I got up and walked to the bathroom for a cold shower. From the corner of my eye, I saw her sliding beneath the quilt and pulling it over her head. Goddess, how was I going to survive this?

Under the shower, all I could think of was her soft lips on me, her moans and whimpers when she pressed that body against me. How hard she mashed her tits against my chest in the bathroom. She was so wanton. Her arousal was so enticing. She wanted to have it with me. She needed it from me. I began rubbing myself. The thought of Poppy's breasts jiggling inside the towel—jeez. I came hard, my cum splattering on the tiles.

Goddess, a few minutes of necking with Poppy Vincent was perhaps the most intense sexual experience of my entire life. And I had fucked quite a few females. My dick had been sucked so many times, I've got hand jobs and all of that was enough to blow my steam. But it had never been like this.

I just wanted to be inside her so bad that I was desperate.
But— I had to flush her out of my system. I was not certain
this time.

