

## Poppy POV

I had closed my eyes and scooted to the far end of the bed, feeling as nervous as I was the last night. My thoughts went to the events that took place in the last few hours. Nothing was making sense.

My heats.

My attraction for him.

My arousal when I saw him.

Monica, not staying here.

And most of all, me, sleeping in the same bed as Damon Lombard who was the heartthrob of every girl at the Umbra Academy.

Twenty minutes later, I heard the water shut off and I heard the door opening. Damon walked out with a towel wrapped around his hips. My breath lodged in my throat when I saw that he had tattoos. They were beautiful. Right from the left side of his chest, they curled to his bulging shoulders and down the arm. There was a line of script on his right arm on his forearm. My throat went dry when I wondered what it would be to kiss those tattoos and feel the skin beneath them. Suddenly, I wanted to run my fingers over them and explore them.

Every muscle in his body was well defined. The faint line of dark hair in between his chest traveled all the way down

beneath his navel. His body was perfectly chiseled to the V. Why did he look so flushed?

As my gaze studied each line of his tattoos and traveled up, I saw him looking at me with intense eyes. My cheeks heated till my ears, for being caught ogling at him. "Did you take your fill?" he asked in a deep timbre voice. My gaze dropped to his towel which was tenting. Shit. I turned to my back immediately away from him. I heard him stroll to the dresser where he took his towel off and wore a pair of boxers. He switched off the light and got in the bed beside me. This was awkward. I had to get out or he had to.

I turned and all the questions in my mind vanished. The rays of full moon on the outside cast shadows across his face making him look ethereal. How could one be so handsome and yet so cruel?

He raised an eyebrow. "What?"

I licked my lips because my throat had gone dry. I said, "You will be sleeping in this bed?"

"Yes, this is my bed too," he replied and then crossed his arms beneath his head. He cradled his head on his arms and closed his eyes. "And you can't sleep on the couch downstairs. So you are stuck with me."

With an exasperated sigh, I turned away from him, gathered and tucked the blanket behind me so that he would understand boundaries and also wouldn't be able to smell my stupid arousal. I had no idea why my body would react like this in his presence. It made no sense because I had a mate who rejected me. Why would I feel like this with him? I



closed my eyes and reminded myself. 'You are infatuated, Poppy. Infatuated!'

Moments later, he said, "Trust me I hate this arrangement as much as you do. And don't worry, I won't pounce on you."

I didn't argue. I didn't want to argue. I heard a rustle of fabric and then there was warm breath over my ears. He whispered, "Good night, little wolf." His warm breath mingled with his scent, pebbled my skin with goosebumps and I was sure I was blushing. I closed my eyes tightly. But images of his body etched in my mind and they were on a constant rotation.

Sleep came and this time when the nightmares came, they were chased by a large black wolf who seemed to caress my skin and stroke my hair in my dreams. I snuggled into the wolf, dug my fingers in his soft fur and stopped dreaming.

I heard a shrill noise and groaned. "Ugh!" I said and snuggled closer to the warmth. When the voice didn't fade, I tried to reach my hand towards it. I searched for the thing that was emitting the sound and patted the surface when I realized that I was patting his chest. I jerked open my eyes and lifted myself up only to find myself on... Damon. He was watching me with hooded eyes, his hands on either side, clenched into tight fists.

And something was poking me on my belly. Something very, very hard and very hot. His penis. A sudden wave of heat crashed inside me. My mind going blank, I grinded myself into him.

"Poppy..." he moaned.

My reverie broke. I was on top of his body. Grinding myself on his erection like a slut. "Eeee!" I shrieked and jumped off his chest.

He groaned in pain. Did I hurt him? "I— I am sorry! I don't know how I crawled over you. I swear I never do this kind of thing. I have never ever done that. I have never slept with anyone. This is—" I closed my nonstop nonsense mouth shut when he raised his hand.

I got up, pulling the blanket around me. In the process the blanket got pulled away from him and I saw his whole body. His erection was so hard and tenting his boxers that it could burn a hole in it. I had this strong urge to free his erection and wrap my lips around it. How would it taste?

Damon turned and hit the top of the clock to snooze the alarm. And that broke my indecent stare. I smacked myself internally for drooling over a man who didn't belong to me. "That alarm is like that of a howling wolf," I said. "It woke me up."

"That's what alarms are meant for," he said, returning his gaze at me. His erection bobbed with his movement and I had a hard time not looking at it.

"I need to go!" I said and jumped out of bed.

"Where are you going?"

"To go and take a bath and then go to my classes!" What a stupid question that was.

"Today is a Sunday," he reminded me.



I bit my bottom lip as I halted on my way to the bathroom, feeling stupid. "I have to go to my dorm."

"You can't," he said as he propped himself on the pillow and watched me with a smug smile.

I turned to look at him, rested my hands on my waist and asked the question that hung in the air like a sword. "Why isn't Monica here and why isn't she protesting me sleeping in your bed?" I think that came out wrong. "I mean not sleeping with you, but in your bed."

"I am not with her anymore."

Not with her anymore? "But yesterday she—" I closed my mouth shut as I glared at him. "In that case you better tell her because she doesn't know!" No wonder she attacked me last night. Saying that, I walked to the bathroom leaving him with a frown. I stripped down to enter the shower. Then again I opened the door, poked my head out and shouted, "I have to go to my dorm to meet Anna." Before he could say anything, I closed the door.