

## Damon POV

'Run Poppy, run.' I pulled up the hoodie over my head and started to jog after her. 'You don't have much time to live.'

Poppy Vincent was the wolf-less granddaughter of our biggest enemy, Alpha James Vincent. I was going to kill her because I won't let anyone go near her.

For the past three days, I was stalking her. Her irresistible scent drew me to her. It was so decadent that my nights of debauchery were nothing in front of it. It was so intoxicating that I couldn't let any of my warriors touch her for the fear that they would burn or get addicted to her. I felt desperate with need. Madly. Badly. Obsessed.

And so here I was. Hunting Poppy. Not because I had any wish to do so. But because I had to. I was compelled to.

I kept my distance from her on this silvery night as she jogged through the forest that surrounded the academy. For three nights I haven't been able to attend the parties because my wolf, Onyx, brought me here.

After her.

Like her shadow.

And for these three nights, I did everything in my control not to sink my fangs in her.

I heard her labored breath and her heartbeat which was like a lullaby to me. She stopped in a clearing under the moonlight and I immediately hid in the shadows. As the moonlight fell upon her golden skin, giving a soft halo to her flame red hair that escaped her ponytail, I couldn't help but stare at her.

I could have lunged at her and snapped her head in two, but what was the fun in it. I loved chasing my prey because I was the most dangerous predator.

She snapped her head in all directions as if she perceived something was wrong. But she let out a sigh and sank her knees to the ground. She looked up at the moon. "Please Moon Goddess, let my wolf out..." she said in a voice so soft that it was like a melody to my ears. My chest rumbled with a growl at my irritation for even thinking it was a melody. 'Down boy!' I said to Onyx for he wanted to go to her and fucking lick her.

I could make her mine now, except that I was already betrothed to Monica. I knew that only Monica could be my mate because she was a strong, she-wolf and more importantly, George Dawson's niece. Her cousin, Nash Dawson, was going to be the next heir of the Howlers Pack. I didn't want to start a war with the Dawsons now. It wasn't right for the political climate. A twig snapped beneath my



foot.

Her head whipped in my direction. "Who's there?" she said as she got up with her eyes wide and panic written all over her face.

I wanted to step out and reveal myself, but the next moment she dashed in the opposite direction. I smirked, 'Run little wolf, run.'

She was out of the forest soon while I continued to follow her, keeping my distance until she reached her dorm safely. Poppy was mine and I wouldn't allow a single shifter to catch my prey.

Once again, she stopped right in front of her dorm and whipped her head around to check. As she did that, I caught a glimpse of her slender neck. My fangs grew painfully and so did my cock. I wanted to sink both my fangs and cock inside her. I clenched my fists and my jaw to control my wolf who wanted to shift and go to his mate.

Yes, Poppy Vincent was my mate.

"Damon!" Monica's voice fell in my ears and I realized that I was about to shift. 'Down boy!' I willed Onyx immediately.

She placed her hand on my chest. "Is everything okay with you, sweetie?"

I looked at Monica, my heart thundering. A growl emanated from my chest because my wolf didn't like the interruption. "Monica." I acknowledged her with a cold expression. She blinked at me in fear. I took a ragged breath to control myself and placed my hand on the small of her back to guide her away from here.

Monica was in the academy with me in the same class. We were in our last year of graduation. After graduation, Monica and I were to wed. I was twenty-eight and she was twenty-six. We were perfect for each other. I joined late because my father needed me for the pack. Monica came a few months later after I joined.

"You can't go after her, Damon," she said in a low voice, advising me. "You can't taint your hands with her blood. Let others take care of her." She paused and continued, "Her grandfather is your family's sworn enemy. If he comes to know that you have killed her, he is going to use it as an excuse to start a war."

It had been a few hundred years since the peace treaty existed between all the packs, but with the current political climate, it was crumbling.

"If you like, I can handle her," Monica suggested.

"No," I growled as frustration grew. "Keep away from her." She was mine.



Monica nodded immediately. "I will keep my distance, but you must stay away from that lowly wolf-less bitch."

"Don't try to control me, Monica." My jaw tightened. I glanced at my back. She was gone. Tomorrow night then.

"How about you shift her to the dorms in the south and she will stay away?" she suggested as we headed to my flat. There were only three flats in the Umbra Academy. Two others were leased at a hefty price to the witch coven and shifters.

A low snarl escaped my chest. That dorm was adjacent to that of male shifters. The thought of Poppy next to them made unreasonable jealousy flare in my chest. "No!" I snapped. Poppy was mine to claim.

We reached my flat and Monica closed the door behind her. She gave me a lusty look when I took my hoodie down. She closed the gap between us and nibbled my jawline. She lifted my hands up and removed my sweat shirt. "I think you need to take the steam off you." She held my balls softly with one hand and kneaded them. "I can help with my lips wrapped around that precious hunk out here."

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