

Damon POV

A day back.

It was impossible for me to stay in my class after I had offended Poppy. My wolf was not letting me sit in peace. After the last encounter with Poppy ending on my chest, I had lost it. She had crawled to me in the night as I watched her sleeping.

I think I was turning creepy by the day. Seeing her sleep so peacefully made me want to watch her. I don't know why it calmed me. I was afraid that if I closed my eyes, she would not be here, like last night. And this time just to keep a watch on her I was afraid of winking sleep.

During the night, she had crawled over me and I was bewildered. The feel of her body against me, how snugly she fit into me, like two pieces of puzzles— it was surreal. I tried my best to remove her from me, but my wolf didn't let me do that. He wanted to shift and cradle his mate. It took everything in my power not to shift. I had curled my arms around and lifted my knee as she snuggled her face in my chest and turned slightly. Her left knee was on my shaft and the left one was sprawled across my leg. She had clutched my chest with her wee fingers

as if clinging for her life.

In a matter of minutes, I was rock hard. I couldn't budge even an inch because I didn't want her to wake up. If she woke up, she would slide down my body. However, it was my constant erection that created havoc on me. I would slowly grind myself on her belly for some relief but the more I grinded, the harder it became. Me, Damon Lombard, had never had this kind of a situation in my life where I couldn't release my cum when I wanted to. And here I was — I had blue balls within an hour. And I had to spend the entire night with them.

When she woke up in the morning with her drool over my chest, I retrained myself for not pinning her and taking her down on the mattress. To sink myself so deep inside her that I would lose the sense of time.

When I reminded her that it was a Sunday, she was surprised. But my lips lifted into a smile because I knew that for the whole day she was going to stay in my apartment.

Killian and Eliza woke up early and they prepared a lovely breakfast for us. Eliza was a great cook and one of the benefits of her staying with Killian was that I got to eat a lot of good food.

Poppy came down in cut-off shorts and a tank top for breakfast and... barefoot. She had pinned her golden hair in a messy bun as usual, baring her long, slender neck which made my fangs grow instinctively. I knew until I sank my fangs in her, this torture would continue. But I won't. I had to flush her out of my system.

"I have to go to my dorm," she said quietly without looking at any one of us.

"You can't," I snapped instantly before I could check myself.

She jerked her head up to look at me. I raised my eyebrow as if to challenge her saying those words again.

"I have to meet Anna. Or she can come here. The choice is yours," she said in a very firm voice and put her spoon down as if she was challenging me to counter her.

Wasn't she afraid of me? Especially after I threatened her that I would expose the truth that she tried to run away?

We were into a staring contest for a minute when I weighed my options. "Okay, Anna can come here," I said. That was all I would allow.

Poppy took an exasperated sigh and got up from the table with her plate. She washed the plate and after thanking Eliza, went up to the bedroom. I was about to follow her feeling content when she came out with her satchel and her laptop.

A growl rumbled in my chest. "Where are you going?" Killian and Eliza winced.

Killian opened his mind link with me and said, 'Damon, don't scare my mate!'

I ignored his words, shut my mind link and glared at Poppy. My wolf was enraged that my mate wanted to leave us despite the fact that it was a holiday.

She rolled her eyes. "I am sitting in the living room," she said and walked to the living room without looking back.

My throat went dry when I saw the lower swells of her curvy hips swaying excessively as she walked. They were exposed and so luscious that my cock shot north. Siren. I looked at Killian and found him staring at her. My claws elongated and another growl ripped my chest. Killian instantly snapped his gaze away from Poppy. My wolf was enraged that others were seeing his unclaimed mate. I propelled forward to shield Poppy from leering men. She was just too beautiful and curvaceous to roam

around like this.

I stayed with Poppy for the whole time, unable to leave her guard for a minute. I think I had to kick Killian out of the apartment. Why was it that I never felt like this about Monica?

All the while I was with her, I continued to glance at her wondering if she needed my help. She didn't. But I knew that her heat was making her uncomfortable. Her skin was flushed and there was sweat on her forehead. She would lick her lips and was resisting to touch herself. Goddess. I wanted to go to her and lick her pussy. Her arousal was so strong in the air that I was drunk on its scent.

Suddenly Poppy's phone started ringing. "Gandal!" she squealed. "How are you?"

I felt like taking her phone and smashing it. How dare she talk to Gandal? I clenched my fists, as my claws dug in my skin.

"I am well!" he said excitedly. I could hear his voice easily because we shifters had a great sense of hearing. "How are you, Poppy? I haven't met you in a while. I went to look for you at your dorm and Anna said that you are at Damon's! Am I listening wrong? I hope I am. I hope you are not in his place!"

She rolled her eyes and glanced at me. My eyes were on a stupid magazine but my ears were on the conversation.

"I am at his place," she said in a monotonous voice.

"Oh! Do you want me to come and pick you up?"

"No... I am fine. I will be meeting Anna in a few minutes though. She said she would be here soon," Poppy informed him.

"I see." There was a long pause. "I have sent something for you. Please wear it for me and come to the cafeteria tomorrow?"

"Gandal!" she protested. "I can't accept gifts."

"Please Poppy, it is nothing. It is something very small and I would really like it if you wear it. Please," he almost begged her.

I was fuming. How dare he even thought of gifting her?

"Okay!" she giggled.

"Thank you," he replied softly.

That was it. I was going to smash the phone and shatter it into a million pieces. I was about to get up when Poppy looked up at me and smirked "The magazine you are reading is upside down."

My gaze snapped to the magazine and I think I blushed. Fuck.

A call from Joey saved me. "There's an upcoming match, Damon. Would you like to fight?"

"When?"

"Tomorrow. "

"Against?"

"Gandal, the heir of the Norse Pack."

My lips curled up in a sinister smile as my thoughts turned sinister. "I will be there." I was going to gouge Gandal's eyes and serve them on a plate to Poppy. I was going to beat him to pulp.