

Poppy POV

I called Anna and asked her to come to Damon's place. I don't know why Damon was keeping such a hawk eye on me. It's not that I was going to run away. Though given half a chance I would. But the way he was hovering around me made little sense. It was as if I was too strong to fight against him. He was so strong that if he wanted, he could crush ten people like me in one go.

The waves of heat were crashing inside me. I felt like I was in the oven. There were cramps in my belly. I clutched my arm across my belly and closed my eyes. I needed some pain killer or anything that would help me to reduce it. How many more days would I suffer, I wondered. I put my laptop on the side table and walked to the bedroom because I wanted to lie down. When I sensed Damon following me, I gritted my teeth and walked to the bathroom.

There I leaned over the counter and gazed at myself in the mirror. My eyes were red, my face was like a puddle of tomatoes and there was sweat on my brows. The wave intensified and I groaned in pain as I doubled over the counter, pressing hands on my tummy. All I could think of was Damon. I

wished to grind myself on him. I wanted him to wrap his arms around my body and I wanted much more than that. I wanted him to fuck me. Hard.

"Goddess!" I rasped. What the hell was I thinking? My infatuation had grown into something dangerous. Was I getting obsessed with him? Images of him fucking me from behind bounced in my head and I clenched my thighs.

Suddenly, the door of the bathroom flew open. I jerked my head over my shoulder and found him on the door with his eyes watching me intensely. "Gods above!" I shouted in a hoarse voice. "Can't a girl have privacy?" Instead of turning away, he came towards me, every step resembling that of a predator. "What are you doing?" I said as I gathered every kernel of stamina and rose slightly, holding the edge of the counter.

He came to stand behind me and pressed himself to my back. He wrapped his arm around my shoulder and another around my waist. When he had pulled me against his body completely, I could feel his hard shaft against my back. It was so hot that it was like a brand against me. I had this crazy urge to grind myself against it and so that's what I did. I moaned and rubbed it with my back.

A rumble vibrated in his chest and the next moment he picked

me up and made me sit on the counter. He wedged himself between my thighs. "Damon..." I said, panting so wantonly that I was hating myself. I was so needy and probably he could see right through me.

He brought his lips so near to me that if he moved a little more our lips would brush against each other. His warm breath was falling on my cheeks and all my senses tossed out of my mind. All I became aware was of his nearness, his warmth, his touch and his sensual woody and spicy scent. A ragged breath escaped my lips as my gaze fixed on his lips. He had the most beautiful set of lips. They were full and soft and as if that wasn't all, I saw a hint of fangs. Before I knew he crashed his lips on mine and I circled his neck with my arms. My fingers entangled in his soft and silky dark hair and I moaned in his mouth. I surprised myself when I desperately opened for him to explore my mouth.

Our kiss turned into a game of dominance. He wanted to dominate me and I wanted to dominate him, but soon I gave way to him and accepted his dominance. He explored my mouth with his tongue and entwined his tongue with mine. I was little aware that his fingers dug deep in my hips. With a moan I ground myself against him, chasing something. I loved the feel of his swollen cock on my belly and I had this strong urge to grab it and feel it.

I don't know but somehow, he had gotten his hand inside my waist after opening the buttons of my shorts and against my thin panties. He moved those fingers in circles, in small tight circles. And then his hand slipped between my thighs and he cupped me through my panties. My panties never felt so thin in my life.

My breath lodged in my throat as a sharp sensation swirled low in my belly and my chest felt heavy, achy. He pulled away from my lips and I cried reluctantly. He lowered his face to my neck and whispered. "Don't make a sound now. Else they will come inside and discover our secret." I snapped my mouth shut.

His voice was a hot whisper against my skin as he pressed me against him. A deep rumbling sound came from him when his fingers got coated with my juices. And my juices — they were overflowing.

"No one has any idea that I am touching you inappropriately." He started rubbing his finger over the center of my sex. A wave of damp heat flooded me. I bucked, and my thighs spread giving his access to myself. My pulse was pounding, my heart was thundering in my ears as he rubbed me.

The friction of his fingers. "Oh!" I gasped when suddenly his fingers reached inside my panties.

"You are so wet for me, Poppy," he said in a decadent voice.

My hips rolled, seeking his fingers. His chest rumbled again with the delicious sound of approval. It was so raw and primitive that I wanted to hear it more. My hips started moving as fire built in my body. His fingers started circling my swollen bud furiously. I bucked my hips as I moaned loudly. He cupped my head at the back and pressed my face to his chest so that all the sound I made was stifled.

He continued to circle his fingers on my nub and then without warning his finger reached my core. He pressed it hard and I squealed. But my squeal stifled in his chest and I ended up biting him over his shirt. Liquid heat was coiling, coiling, coiling inside me. He removed his fingers from my core and suddenly pinched my clit. I shattered. I shuddered. And I came with a scream. The scream that was stifled in his chest. I bit him hard as I grabbed his hair and pulled them.

At the end of it, my eyes dropped to half-mast and I rested my head on his chest, so tired that I felt as if a bulldozer had run over me. I heard him say, "Your first orgasm belongs to me, Poppy. Remember that."

And I found myself saying, "I want to build a nest soon."

When I looked at him, he was bringing those fingers to his mouth, ones that were coated with my juices. He put them in his mouth as he watched my reaction. I should have gasped but I felt like I wanted more. My lips parted.

Yet another rumble in his chest sounded. I was picked up from the counter by my waist and brought in the room. He made me lie on the bed and I went off to sleep.

"Poppppyyyy!" Anna came with a bouquet of lilies and poppies. She squealed and hugged me the moment I opened the door for her. I squeezed her tightly in my embrace. It was so good to be with my friend after... one day.