

## Damon POV

Anna and Poppy hugged each other so tightly that it made me smile. Killian and Eliza were standing on the door. They had a date in the town and were going to spend the whole day together. It was already 10AM and they were getting late.

"And you must be Eliza?" Anna said as she gave her hand to shake.

"I am," Eliza took it to shake with a warm smile. "How are you, Anna?"

"I am well, Eliza," Anna said politely. After seeing Anna's usual badass attitude, I never expected her to be all girly and sweet.

"Let's catch up when I am back," Eliza suggested. "I hope you will be here?"

Anna gave me a side glance and said, "I am going to be here for as long as I can be."

She was going back in an hour. That was all the time I could

give her to send with Poppy. After that Poppy was mine. Poppy was on heats and she needed me, not Anna. Yes, you can call me a psychotic obsessed male who would sever ties with her friends and then show her that only I was the one for her.

My face was stone hard when Anna glanced at me. I crossed my arms across my chest as if to accept her challenge if she didn't leave soon.

After Killian and Eliza left, Poppy took Anna to the living room where they both sat and started chatting, ignoring me completely. Had Poppy forgotten so soon what happened between us in the bathroom? She was practically grinding herself on me to chase her orgasm. And I was left with a big set of blue balls as usual. How was this justified? So, yes, Anna only had an hour with Poppy. After that she was going away. I hovered around them but at a distance. It shouldn't look so apparent.

"You look like a bulldozer ran over you, bitch!" Anna said with a suspicious glance at me over the railing of the living room which overlooked the main room and the dining room. I opened the refrigerator and took a beer can out. I sat at the table with the two of them in my clear vision. I picked up a book and started flipping the pages.

Poppy blushed. She raked her hand through her wet hair with her long fingers. "I am fine," she replied, ignoring her question partially.

Anna settled herself on the couch opposite to her. She dug her satchel and took out a shiny box from it. "Gandal gave it to me, saying that this was a special gift for you."

Poppy blushed again. And my eyes went to the silver box. Rage bubbled inside me. All I wanted was to take that box and shove it up Gandal's ass.

"Oh my god!" Poppy exclaimed.

"Go ahead. He said that he wanted to see your face when you opened it." Anna took her phone and was ready to click a photo.

With her shaky hands, Poppy removed the wrapping of the box and pulled the paper out, revealing a blue velvet box. She opened it and gasped. My inner wolf was sitting upright, restless as hell. 'What has he gifted to our mate?' he growled. The growl was so ferocious that my chest rumbled with it. My fangs lengthened.

Poppy took out a rope of shimmering diamonds that sat

snuggly on a gold bracelet.

"Gandal," she whispered his name. And I seethed. That was it. Gandal had sealed his fate. Tomorrow I was going to punch his face so badly that he would never recover.

Anna clicked her pic with a giggle. "I knew you would like it!"

"I do like it," she said, holding it in front of her face with an expression of... awe? "But this is a lot. I can't accept it." She shook her head. "I haven't known Gandal for even a week. And such a gift can't be given unless we are dating. We aren't even dating!"

Anna shrugged. "He said he wants to date you. Officially."

Poppy blinked her eyes. Her gaze traveled to me and I narrowed my eyes on her daring her to accept that gift. The only gift she would ever accept would be from me. But that was a distant possibility because I was in the phase of getting her flushed from my system.

Just then her phone rang. "Gandal!"

Perfect timing. The beer can in my hand was about to get

crushed as my claws elongated.

“Poppy,” he said sweetly from the other side. Did the bastard not know that I had a very strong hearing power? All shifters had that kind of an ability.

“Gandal, I can't accept this gift!”

There was a pause on the other side. “I thought you would say it. But I kind of searched for it in the human market and when I saw this, I knew that there was only one place where it belonged to: Your wrist.”

Poppy was bereft. I think she stopped breathing. I stopped breathing too, but for different reasons.

“No one has ever given me such an expensive gift...” she said in a soft voice full of emotions.

“Please wear it for me,” he said and waited for her confirmation. When she didn't reply, he said, “Tomorrow is a big day for me. Can you come to the cafeteria tomorrow, wearing it?”

She couldn't resist his request. “I will wear it tomorrow,” she said. The beer can in my hand crushed as my claws sank in it

and the beer oozed out with a fizz all over my shirt and pants.

"Thank you, Poppy! I am glad that you like it."

Poppy and Anna's head snapped to me as I threw the beer can across the room. I got up and stomped out of the apartment in order to get some air. In order to shift and run into woods and let my steam off. So I opened the door, stood on the porch with my hands on my waist. Puffed out a few labored breaths to control my wolf. Tried my best to tone down my temper. And then turned back and got inside. How could I shift and run when my mate was wearing a gift from someone else? I got my phone out and texted Killian.

When I looked up at the girls, I saw the bracelet on Poppy's wrist. Before I could stop myself, I was running upstairs, taking two steps at a time. I stopped right in front of Poppy and grabbed her wrist. "Where has it come from?"

She pulled her hand back saying, "It is mine."

I wanted to say that you are mine. Without taking my eyes off, I said, "No, it isn't yours."

"It is a gift from Gandal," she replied, her eyes on my face.

My expression must have morphed into rage. "He is a bloody dimwit!" I said. "Do you have an interest in him?" My voice rose with every question.

Poppy tried to pull her wrist from me, but I had grabbed it almost bruisingly. "He wants to date me and—"

"Date you?" I was so angry that I could feel blood on my face. I was trying my best to keep my temper under control.

"Yes," she said, lifting her face in that stubborn way.

"Sounds like you love to—"

Her jaws tensed. "Love to what?"

"Nothing." I left her hand and stabbed my fingers in my head. Pissed as hell, I turned away. I hadn't slept because of her because I was watching her sleep all night. My eyes were hurting, my balls were hurting and my wolf was hurting. I really wanted to do something about it. I don't know what. So once again I stomped out of the apartment.

Half an hour later I was sitting in the underground room of the cafeteria where only Joey was there. There was a bottle of Dom Perignon on my table and I had drunk half of it. What was I

doing? What did I want? My gaze slid to the cage where I would be having a match with the Norse God. I would beat him to pulp. That was my first and only thought.