

Poppy POV

After Damon left, he didn't return. I don't know what I did to him that he felt so offended about. He said he was no more with Monica. But that didn't mean he was with me. Besides, he was policing me. I was terribly confused. Was there anything going on between us? It couldn't be, right?

Tired, I rubbed my neck as Anna shared with the notes for the upcoming test. I would glance at the diamond bracelet on my wrist and then at the door as if waiting for Damon to return, but why was I even waiting? I was a fool. One who was going to fall so hard that it would be the end of me if I didn't check myself now. Damon had clearly told me that he had brought me to his apartment so that I didn't run away. And I wanted to run away from all this at the first attempt.

"I am feeling tired, Anna," I said, shutting down my laptop.

"Me too!" she replied with an exaggerated sigh. "I am leaving, Poppy. If you need me, just call me, okay? I am very worried about you." She lowered her voice, looked around and said, "That Damon Lombard is a psycho. I don't like the way he looks at you. Like a vulture."

I didn't like her assessment of him but I kept quiet. Memory of what we did in the morning bounced in my head and my cheeks heated.

Anna collected her things, stashed them in her bag and got up. "I am going for some good wine and friends with my witch friends. Would you care to join?"

I politely declined, scared that he would come and disrupt our time. Just then the door opened and Killian and Eliza entered, laughing at something. Goddess, I was so jealous of them. They were mates and so much into each other.

"Anna!" Eliza said with excitement. "You girls are still studying?"

"No, we just finished," Anna replied in a boring tone. "Hope you guys had a great time."

Eliza blushed. "Yes, we did!"

I waved at Eliza and Killian. The two walked to the kitchen. We went down and before leaving she hugged me tightly. "See you tomorrow, girl!"

"See ya!" I hugged her just as tightly. She left in her car and just

as I was going inside, I saw a black Mercedes pulling in. I stopped at the door and was pleasantly surprised when I saw Gandal stepping out of it. "Gandal!" I hurried to him, my lips curling up. "How are you?"

He leaned against the open door of his car with his elbow on it wearing black pants and black polo. His golden hair was swept back. The moment I was near him, he held my wrists and an ear-to-ear grin came on his face. "You wore it."

I laughed. "I don't know if I should..."

"You deserve it," he replied, cutting me off. "I was wondering if you could come for coffee with me." When I jerked my head back wondering what kind of coffee he was talking about, he chuckled and added, "At the cafeteria."

I bit my lips and contemplated on whether I should go with him or not, when he pulled my hand and made me sit in the passenger seat of his car. "It's urgent. Please." As soon as he closed my door, he rushed to the driver's seat and started the ignition. He looked at me and said, "I have been waiting for the whole day to meet you. I knew that you were here and I took my chances."

I looked at him with anticipation and then his head snapped

back when the glass vibrated with several loud thumps.

I was startled and jumped up when the door flew open. Damon was standing beside the car along with Killian and Eliza. While Killian and Eliza looked like they could die, Damon seemed like he was short of getting into blind rage. He had balled his fists so tightly that his knuckles were white. His muscles had bulged and his eyes were bloodshot.

"What the hell do you want?" Gandal said in a dangerous voice.

"Please. Step. Out." Damon said to me in a very controlled voice.

"Why?"

"Just come out and don't test my patience," he snarled. He caught my hand and pulled me out of the car and kicked the door shut. I could sense fear and anxiety from Eliza and Killian.

"What is wrong with you?" I snapped.

"You are wrong!" he growled. And it didn't take long for me to figure out that Damon reeked of whiskey. He was drunk to his eyeballs.

Gandal stepped out of the car, his muscles bulging. He cracked his neck as he came towards us. Killian came right in between the two to stop from whatever was about to happen. "Hey, hey! If you both resort to violence, you both will be expelled!"

That made Gandal stop as he bared his fangs at Damon. Damon bared his fangs at him and snarled. And I don't know what was happening. After a few moments, Gandal stomped back to his car. Before sitting inside, he said, "Don't forget to come to the cafeteria tomorrow." After that his Mercedes squealed out of the parking lot.

Killian shook his head with a sigh of relief and then along with Eliza went inside. I was so annoyed with Damon that I poked at his chest and said, "You are interfering way too much in my life. You have made me a prisoner in your apartment, but you can't stop me from dating someone else!"

"Oh, watch me!" he snarled right back at me. "You were in the car with him, doing what? Fucking him?"

"That is none of your business!"

He grabbed my shoulders. "Were you fucking him?" he yelled.

"Hell no!"

He left me and rubbed his face. "I can't stand this." He pulled his hair in frustration.

"Stand what?"

"Don't you fucking sleep with him, because then I will be forced to kill him. I don't care if they expel me. I don't care if I am called back!"

What? My mouth fell to the floor. "I haven't slept with anyone in my life!"

"That's what all girls say!" He whipped his eyes into mine, some of his anger melting away. "Wait. What?"

I walked away from him, blood rising to my cheeks, but he grabbed my arm and twirled me to look at him. "You are a virgin?"

Damon's lips lifted into a smile as he swayed a little on his feet. His entire anger evaporated. He cupped my face and leaned over me. "You are a beautiful virgin."

I pushed him and started to walk towards the apartment. He followed me, but he tripped over the stairs and fell on the grass on his ass and started laughing. I caught his upper arm and helped him straighten up. "Get up!" I muttered. He hooked his arm around my neck and I helped him go to the bedroom. When I helped him to the bed, he fell on his back, pulling me down on his body. I tried to get up but his arms were wrapped tightly around me. My hair fell around him in a curtain. He leaned up until our lips were merely an inch away.