

Poppy POV

Another wave of heat crashed in me the moment his lips were near mine. I clenched my thighs as hard as possible not to let my traitorous juices slip out. His erection swelled immediately and it fell against my belly. It was so hot that it could burn my core.

My lips parted as my gaze darted to his eyes. His expression became suddenly serious and his eyes were focused on my lips. He leaned up a little more and our lips brushed. A voice came out from somewhere and I blushed realizing that it was my moan.

No, I couldn't allow this to happen. So many things came to my mind. He had a fiancée who was my enemy and who hated me a lot. But the flood of emotions and lust that had filled my body was trying to claw back my reasoning. My throat went dry when his tongue darted out and licked my lips. "Virgin..." he said again.

I snapped out of my reverie and pushed against him. "Damon, go away!" I said.

But Damon held me so tight against his body that I had to stop struggling. When I stopped squirming over him, his fingers stroked my back gently while with one hand he still kept me pinned. His fingers reached my hips under the shorts and he cupped them. Shit. My juices flowed out like I was peeing.

His nostrils flared. His words were slurry when he said, "You have beautiful hips. Perfect for my hands. His fingers were dangerously close to the rife between my hips. An inch more and he could dab them with my moisture. "I have this sudden urge to remove your clothes."

I swallowed thickly because I imagined what it would be to be naked with him. And to my horror, I grinded myself against him because I needed to. A shiver ran down me and he groaned. Both his hands flew to my hips and he grinded me against his shaft.

No, Poppy, no. This is wrong. I tried to reason. Why was I not stopping? Someone, stop me, please. This would be a disaster. He continued to grind himself against my belly. I was losing all my sanity. I resisted kissing him. He leaned up further to seize my lips, but I leaned away from him. This had to be stopped even as I was moaning.

I wanted to cup his erection and rub it. I wanted to wrap my lips

around it to taste it. I wanted him to go down and devour me. My breasts were so heavy that my nipples were taut against the fabric of my lacy bra. With the last bit of an effort, I pushed against him and my gaze fell on something shiny on my wrist. The diamond bracelet.

"No!" I rasped and then pushed against him with all my effort.

"Fuck Gandal. He can never satisfy you that way I would!" he snarled.

I slipped off him and closed my eyes for a moment, thanking the goddess that I could reason even though my heat was crashing inside me like a storm tossed sea. I looked at him. "Come on, let me help you with those clothes and get inside the bed."

"Yes, you get me out of my clothes and I will get you out of yours," he grinned.

The thought sent a shudder through me. "It seems you have drunk a lot."

He smiled. "Yes, I have had a lot. A gallon of whiskey." His hand went to the waist of my shorts to open my button.

I swatted his hand away. I helped him get up and pulled his shirt over his hands. He reached for me and grabbed my wrists and pulled me against his hot body. Goddess. He was smelling of wood and spice and whiskey and sex. A lethal combination. I pulled my wrists out and helped him remove his pants by yanking that belt off. The belt was looped in my neck.

"I would love to tie you with my belt, gag you and then fuck you till you forgot your name, Poppy."

I let out a rough exhale.

"You better watch out tonight, Poppy," he warned. "I am going to be so rough that you would shout my name to the rafters."

"Shut up, Damon," I said as I pulled the quilt over him. By the time he was under the quilt, he had passed out.

I closed my eyes and tipped my head up, letting out a breath of relief. Then I went to take a bath because I needed cold water on my body. The tsunami of heat was roaring inside me. I changed into one of his polos. It dropped to my thighs and went to sleep on the bed as far away as possible. However, what happened next was totally unpredictable.

He came behind my back in a flash and tightly curled his arm around my waist. He pulled me to him and buried his face in my neck. Dear goddess, the man was only wearing his boxers and his body's heat was radiating like furnace,

"Damon?"

He grabbed my hair and tangled them around his fist and yanked my head back. He peppered kisses on my neck and grazed my pulse point with his fangs. I stifled a yelp. He unclasped my bra. I really wanted to stop myself from squirming but I squirmed in his grasp. He spooned me and his cock pressed against my hips. His cock was grinding against my hips and I knew that the only thing that kept him from getting inside me were two layers of fabric—his boxers and my panties.

Damon made me turn to look at him. His eyes were half mast as he waited for me to give him permission. When I didn't, he leaned forward to kiss me. His fingers were still in my hair and he had tightened his hold almost painfully. My head was immobile in its place. My heart was thundering so loud as if a boom box was fitted outside my ribcage. His lips hovered over me and then he seized them. He forced his tongue inside and I opened to him. His fingers slip to the hem of my polo and then he slipped them inside my panties. A hiss left his lips when he

felt my moisture. "Fuck!" he bucked his hips. "I will go mad, Poppy," he said, wanton as hell. "I need you."