

Poppy POV

Goddess. I needed him more than he needed me. It was my heats that wanted him to continue. I was barely able to stifle my whimper. I was in so much pain with my need that I was ready to offer myself to him. Why was it that I didn't feel the same for Gandal? Although he was cute and patient and so understanding.

I closed my eyes for Damon to take me as I savored his kiss. To do as he wished. I was ready at that moment. Just when I was about to say yes, he clenched his shut and pulled away. "Not like this," he said against my lips. "I want to take you madly, but not like this. I can't..."

He let go of my hair and my waist and slumped back on the bed as he looked at him with hooded eyes. I stared at him with my arms against his chest, with a ragged breath. I studied his face—those swollen lips, those lusty eyes and red in his cheeks. I was getting madly in love with him? 'No, Poppy, no. This is just infatuation and wrong in so many ways.' I chided myself internally. I blew out a slow breath to calm down the raging emotions that swirled in me because of my heat.

I slipped off his body. Damon was looking so hot and lusty that I couldn't trust myself for not jumping over him. So I stepped out of the bed in order to go and sleep in the main hall on the couch, but the moment I was on the door, Damon jumped from his bed, lunged at me and picked me up.

"Damon!"

"You are sleeping here," he growled and then tossed me gently on the bed. The mattress bumped softly under my weight.

Damon slid beside me, pulled me against his chest and spooned me. He slid one hand below my arm and covered my breasts with it. He buried his face in my neck and after a few ragged breaths, his breath evened out. Damon had slept with me in his tight grip as if he was daring me to leave his bed.

What was going on? I needed answers. I had questions. I was confused.

I woke up next morning and managed to crawl out of his tight grip, surprised that he didn't leave me even once all night and shocked that I slept so peacefully. I walked to the kitchen where I opened the fridge and took orange juice out. As I poured it in a glass, I heard yelps from Killian's room. Eliza squealed, "More. More. Faster!" I bit my bottom lip as blush rose to my cheeks, feeling uncomfortable. After a ragged breath, I gulped down the juice and was about to go back to the room to get ready for the

classes when I heard rushed footsteps down the stairs.

A very flustered and panicky Damon appeared at the landing. Our gazes locked and he relaxed visibly. I rolled my eyes. "Don't worry I am not running away." I walked past him, remembering last night's encounter. I hoped he didn't see the blush rising on my cheeks. I needed a way for me to get out of his apartment. Because around him I couldn't trust myself. My gaze went to the bracelet I was wearing and I think I got an idea. Damon followed me inside. He wanted to speak with me, but I avoided him. It was getting awkward as hell. And why was it that with him around me, the waves generated by my heat resembled a tsunami.

I took a shower all the while listening to moans and creaks and banging against the wall of the room below. Gods! Killian and Eliza were mad. When I came out, Damon was still in the room, crowding my space. "I have to change," I said.

"So, change," he replied without budging from his place. He was sitting on the bed with his arms crossed behind him against the headboard.

He was so shameless.

"You can wait outside!"

"No." He replied without an iota of shame. "It's not that I haven't seen any part of you."

My eyes widened and my cheeks were crimson. How could he say something like this? Angered, I stomped to the closet and took out a pair of jeans and black shirt and went to the bathroom to change. When I emerged, he had a lopsided smile on his face. He had worn jeans, but no shirt. His body was perfectly chiseled and did something to me. I clenched my thighs to stop myself from dripping.

And then I dropped the bomb.

As I brushed my hair, I said, "I am planning on moving in with Gandal."

The temperature of the room dropped below zero I think, because there was chilled silence in the room. I didn't want to look at him because I could feel the chill down my spine.

"What did you say?" he said in a cold, lethal voice that reeked of murderous energy.

Mustering up enough courage, I said, "I want to give myself a chance with Gandal."

Damon, who was sitting like a king on the bed, jumped out of it and came to stand right behind me, looking like God of Underworld. He glared at me as if he was going to kill me right now. "What did you say?" he said in a low possessive voice, making me shiver.

"How many times do you want me to repeat it? I am going to talk to Gandal today and move in with him. It makes—"

He picked up something and smashed it against the wall. I continued to brush my hair in the same manner without giving into his temper tantrums. All I knew was that I had to get out because whatever was happening between us was very, very wrong. He stabbed his hands in his hair as he walked and leaned over the table behind.

"Are you trying to run away, Poppy?" he asked in the same frigid voice.

"No, you very well know what I mean," I said, picked up my satchel and walked out of the room.

Damon came rushing behind me. When I was about to leave, he grabbed my hand and turned me around. "No you won't!"

I yanked myself away from him. "Whatever is happening between us is not right," I reasoned. "You are betrothed to Monica and as far as I see, we can't be together. You are from the enemy pack. The Shadows and the Umbras—they can never be together!" I opened the door and stepped out on the porch. Cool wind slapped my face and I welcomed it. I wanted to run to the academy, so I took off.

Moments later when I hadn't even covered fifty meters, I heard a motorcycle revving up behind me. Damon had come and he was wearing a black leather jacket over his jeans, that was open. His naked chest was exposed with those muscles rippling underneath.

"Sit down," he ordered me. I hopped on because I didn't want to create a scene. I curled my arms around his chest. A low rumble emanated from him making me needy all over.

When he dropped me off at my class, he watched me intensely until I entered the class.

After the class I went to see Gandal.