

## Poppy POV

Damon's glare had the power to burn your body. He squeezed my hips so painfully that his fingers dug in my flesh. It hurt me, but I welcomed the pain because my heats were more painful... mentally. And my core clenched. I tipped my chin up to meet his eyes in defiance.

He lowered his voice an octave and said, "Dove, you will be ruined for anyone else and I will make sure of that. After today, no one will dare to date you."

My mouth opened in the shape of an O at the way he said it as a challenge.

As I stared at him, he continued, "And if someone dares, I would be happy to give them the same treatment that I gave to Gandal. Or worse." He wrapped his other arm around my waist in that possessive way and pressed me closer to his naked chest. "So be careful who you become friends with. It is going to be the death of him."

His warning should have brought fear in my heart but why was I feeling thrilled also? Gods above! I was so twisted. I replied with my chin still up, "How long are you going to be in the academy, Damon? As far as I know you would be there for a year only." I removed myself from him and he growled, as if not liking it. I walked to the basin and washed the towel

with water and wrung it hard. I narrowed my eyes on him and said, "After that I am free!" And I slapped the towel on his chest.

He grabbed the towel on his chest. "Then you don't know me dove. I am going to stay in the academy for as long as I want."

"And all this just to punish me?" I asked, gritting my teeth. "Why is punishing me so important to you?"

He didn't reply and there was a long silence between us in which I wiped him clean. My hair had fallen over my cheeks. He brought his hand to remove them but I leaned back. Stubbornly, he tucked them behind my ear disregarding the distance I wanted to keep with him. His gaze dropped to my cheek and said, "Who did that?"

I ignored his question and instead said, "Damon, you are betrothed to Monica. And I think that by the time we get out of this bathroom, a scandalous rumor must have already started about us. That will affect your relationship with her and your family."

He clenched his jaw, cupping my cheek in his palm. He caressed his thumb over the red mark. "Who did it?" he asked again.

I stepped back. "You are clean." I closed my eyes. "I don't want to get between you and Monica. This is just so wrong!"

This all is incorrect, sinful, inappropriate and forbidden!" I shook my head. "You have to understand that whatever is happening, it's—" My words were cut off when his lips crashed onto mine. The next thing I knew was that he had picked me up and made me sit on the counter as he devoured my lips, my tongue and my mouth. With one hand he cupped the back of my head.

He took my hand with the other to his raging erection. "Stroke it," he rasped.

"Are you fucking mad?" I said with my trembling lips as images of his cock in my mouth flashed. With a lot of willpower, I pulled my hand away and pushed him hard, but it was like pushing against a wall of bricks.

He curled his fingers beneath my chin, pinching it. "This is what you do when you are around me."

"This is what happens to you when you are around any girl!" I pointed. "I have heard rumors about you. Every girl in this academy wants to be in your pants! But remember Damon, I am not every girl and I certainly don't want you in my panties!" Goddess, what was I speaking? My juices had wet my panties like I had soaked them in water.

His lips lifted into a sudden smirk as he backed a little. "Lies," he said. He wedged himself in between my thighs. I pushed against his chest. He caught both my wrists and pinned them at my back with one hand. My breasts

puckered up were now pressed against his chest. His lips brushed mine as he said, "Your body says something else, Poppy." His nostrils flared. "You are aroused by me."

"I am not."

His lips seized mine once again. He slid his tongue inside me and kissed me so hard as if punishing me. He sucked the oxygen out of me and didn't leave me. My face was red and my head was dizzy. I heard a moan and was terrified when I realized that it was from me. My thighs had clenched around him. No. There was more. My legs had wrapped around him. When our kiss ended, I was boneless. I rested my head against his chest, panting, gulping air. He rested his chin on my forehead, heaving heavily.

A sudden knock on the door brought us back to our senses. Damon turned sharply and growled, "Who's it?" I took advantage of the situation and jumped off the counter.

"Killian!" He knocked on the door again. "Come out! Monica is waiting for you outside and is furious. She wants to talk to you like now!"

I closed my eyes, dreading the situation outside. I leaned against the counter. Without looking at him, I said, "Please leave, Damon..."

Several seconds ticked by when the silence between us reached a deafening level. I heard his footsteps towards the

door. He opened it. "Where is she?" he asked.

"Right there," Kilian said.

Damon closed the door of the bathroom and I sagged. What do I do goddess? Please start liking me. I had lost the bet and now I had to stay with him. A few questions popped in my mind:

1. Damon, the future heir of our enemy pack insisted that I lived with him. Why?
2. He was betrothed to Monica, yet he was flirting with me. Why?
3. He fought with Gandal in a furious cage fight for a bet over me. Why?

Surely, he didn't love me.

"Ah!" The heat crashed inside me with so much force that it punched the air out of my lungs. The pain was intense. "Anna!" I muttered even though I knew that she wouldn't hear me. I needed something. I needed to curl up in my bed and let the wave go. I needed to make a nest. Like now! And I wanted him in my nest.

With my hands on my stomach, I opened the bathroom door. There was a lot of commotion outside. Ignoring it, I dashed to his apartment. To make my nest.