

Poppy POV

"Damon," I said with a smile and blush that I was trying to suppress. "You have to let me go."

Over the last three days, which was the time of his suspension from the academy too, he had used most of it in the bedroom with me. My core was still throbbing with all the morning sex we did together.

He squeezed my hips and growled. "I am half tempted to take you back. I am not finished."

I poked my tongue in my cheeks as my blush refused to recede and turned away. He was just being so demanding. Not that I didn't like it. In fact, I loved it. But I had classes to attend. After Nash had come, Damon wasn't leaving my side at all. He would loiter around in the academy and be there when my classes would be over, giving me very little time for interacting with anyone.

He curled his fingers beneath my chin and turned my face to him. "Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately?"

I don't know what was happening to me, but after having the antidote that Anna had given me, my body had started glowing. I could feel that my breasts had become plumper

and my ass had rounded more. My hair had a beautiful shine. And mentally, I was more positive than ever. It was as if my body was reforming. Anna said that now that all my toxins were slowly getting out of my system, my true identity was coming out.

"I look at myself daily, Damon," I replied with a pout.

"Not the way I look at you." He held my hair and wrapped them around his fist. "You have become all the more beautiful." He lowered his lips to trace my jawline with his lips. "Your skin shines, your hair shines and you are curvier. How do you expect me to leave in the midst of all these shifters? They will pounce on you the moment they see you alone."

"You aren't leaving any room for me be alone, Damon," I said, my eyes closing at his ministrations. Oh, why was it that every time this wolf enticed me, I felt myself getting into his trap voluntarily?

Suddenly, he pulled back and a cool breeze hit my face. I was surprised but when I saw what he was staring at, I followed his gaze and found Nash in the parking lot, only a few meters away in only his black jeans. His chest was naked and I gasped. Hunter pulled me against his chest tightly as a lethal rumble vibrated his chest. "What is he doing here?" he put his anger into words.

I couldn't tear my gaze from Nash as a shiver ran down my

body. His eyes were fixed on me and all I could feel was how he was eye-fucking me. He took his hand to his lower lip and brushed it with his thumb. I swallowed thickly as the damn attraction set in. The next I knew was that Damon grabbed my hand and pulled me to my class, muttering curses. I could feel Nash's gaze drilling a hole in my back.

When the class was over and I came out, I saw Damon standing for me only in his black leather pants, looking hot as hell. I couldn't steer my eyes anywhere other than his chest, the muscles of which rippled beneath my admiration for this beautiful and sexy man. "You can take me to the bedroom and do whatever you like!" I offered it to him. Damon, the sly wolf, took the opportunity and picked me up in his arms and kissed me in the corridor of the academy in front of all students, like he wanted to set his claim on me. When my lips were swollen after his demanding kiss, he put me down and I leaned on his chest. But why was he just in his leather pants?

"Come, let's go to your next class," he said with a cocky smile. When we started to walk in the corridor, hand-in-hand, I noticed Nash coming along with Cynthia, wearing only his jeans. He wasn't wearing his shirt. Goddess. Were Damon and Nash in some contest to look seductive?

Nash looked unbelievably attractive. As soon as my eyes landed on his chest, he expanded it further and gods above, he had a broad chest. With his blond curls falling over his forehead, he looked like a God.

Damon's growl broke my ogle and I felt my cheeks becoming pink. Immediately I lowered my eyes. But when I went past him, the damn tingles in my body started to work all their way down.

"Bitch!" I heard Cynthia muttering and that word was enough to snap me out of my reverie.

Damon was too angry by the time we reached my next class. He didn't say his goodbye and went away. I was feeling terrible but I could understand his anger. It was directed at me more than at Nash.

"Why don't you fucking reject that piece of shit?" Anna said, nudging me.

"I will..." I replied.

"Do it soon, girl!" She chided me. "He is not worth it!"

"I know. I will accept his rejection at the right time." We settled in our places and started to take our laptops out when my phone buzzed.

"Poppy!" she said in an excited voice.

"Yes Hilda," I said, trying to keep my anger at bay.

There was a momentary silence. "Are you angry?" she asked, sensing my tone.

"No," I said. "Just busy. My class is about to begin."

"Oh!" she said. "Sinclair is delayed by two days. You see, Alpha James asked him to join the council meetings!"

"I see," I replied with the same nonchalant voice.

"He will be there tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay."

"I think you are really busy. Call me when you are done. If you like I can send you homemade cookies. Sinclair would love to get them for you!" she said excitedly.

"No, I am fine," I said, as something stirred in my chest merely out of anger.

"Oh okay," she said immediately. "Did you have your tea? I know how snappy and irritated you get sometimes. Only that tea helps you."

I wanted to get inside the phone and kill Hilda. But what purpose would that serve? "I will have it," I said and disconnected the phone.

Anna's hand curled my upper arm. "Poppy, I am so sorry about all this. That poison affected your wolf a lot, but now that your toxins are excreting, I can see that she wants to come out. So whenever you feel like shifting, let me know, okay?"

"Yes," I murmured and then hugged my friend. "I love you, Anna."

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