

## Damon POV

Two days later.

Ever since I had seen her watching my fight with blood splashed all over her face, the reaction of my body had been uncontrollable. My wolf clawed me inside to go to his mate and mark her. According him, she was fucking beautiful. And he was restless because he was afraid that someone else would get easily enticed by her. She was like my unclaimed property, loose in the campus.

That night when I had kissed Monica in front of her, I wanted to watch her reaction. Did she feel the bond? There was hurt all over her face and I loved it even though Onyx clawed my skin to get out.

That's what I wanted. I needed to hate her as much I needed her to hate me, so that when the time came, I could reject her easily. But my wolf! Down boy.

Every night after that Sage would take me there. He would circle her dorm in order to protect his mate. I had resisted myself from shifting but Sage was a strong wolf. He wouldn't listen to me. Tonight I intended not to shift and keep myself under control from this unhealthy urge to go and see her all the time. I knew it was the bond talking.

"I hate this!" Monica growled as she tossed her clothes in the laundry. She had spent the night with me and after I had released my shot down her mouth, she curled in my chest only to wake up in the morning. She hated doing her laundry

or for that matter of her work. Well, why not? She was a princess. There were a few shifter girls who sucked up to her always and did her work. Today they weren't there.

I glanced at her as I got ready for my combat class. She pouted and said, "Won't you wait for me baby? I will get ready in less than thirty minutes."

I rolled my eyes and headed for the door. Monica loved to do a lot of makeup. And that meant at least an hour. "Meet me for the History class," I growled as I closed the door behind me. I needed a strong cup of coffee after circling her dorm for the night. Sage was going to get me killed one day only out of pure exhaustion.

The cafeteria was abuzz with activity when I walked in for my usual cup of coffee. The whole place fell into silence when they saw me. Strong smell of roses wafted and I whipped my head to the right only to find that Poppy. She was sitting with Anna, her roommate, enjoying her breakfast while talking to her animatedly. There were at least five werewolves sitting around her and watching her talk. Jealousy flared its ugly head and a dangerous growl emanated from my chest. I stifled it.

Trying to look as unaffected as possible, I took the coffee from the scaredy cat at the counter, pulled my hood up and padded my way to the back of the cafeteria where she was. As soon as the other shifters saw me approaching, they looked away from her. My wolf wanted to shift and shred them to pieces. Poppy was mine. To hate. To protect. To kill.

I sat on one table away from her and she didn't even realize that I was there. While every other shifter was

uncomfortable in my presence, she was blissfully unaware and chirpy.

"You have to help me, Anna!" she said in a low but excited voice.

"Don't be mad!" Anna chided her. "You will get caught. And if you get caught, you would be dead!"

"Trust me, I won't be," she replied sipping her coffee. In doing so, the whipped cream smeared all over her upper lip. She darted her tongue out to lick it. The action was so fucking sexy that my cock shot painfully north.

What was she up to? I narrowed my eyes.

"Poppy, this is not a game," Anna said in a serious hushed voice. "What you are asking for is so dangerous! Do you even realize it?"

She clasped her hands in front of Anna and made a puppy face that could melt anyone's heart. "Please Anna. I swear I will owe it to you."

Anna huffed. "Okay..." she said, gritting her teeth.

"How about tonight?" Poppy pushed her.

"Are you insane?" Anna almost squealed in anger. Many started to look towards her and then their gazes met mine.

"Why?" Poppy's lips downturned.

"Because it is too fast. I can't arrange that fast. You have to give me at least two days!"

Poppy's hopeful expression deflated. "Okay..." she replied sullenly. "Tomorrow night then."

What the hell was she up to? I don't know but I was feeling like something was very wrong. I sipped my coffee as I watched them keenly finish the breakfast. Suddenly, she tilted her head and her gaze locked with mine. My mind went blank. I forgot to breathe. She was so fucking beautiful that being so beautiful should be a crime.

"Ah there you are!" Monica's voice snapped me out of my reverie. She leaned over me and pressed a kiss on my temple. "Gods, I missed you!" she said in a seductive tone and sipped coffee from my mug. She shot a glare at Poppy and twisted her mouth in disgust.

My gaze landed on Poppy. I found her cheeks red. Immediately she lowered her gaze and drank the remaining coffee.

"Let's go," she said to Anna and got up. She picked up her bagel and along with a confused Anna, she walked out of the cafeteria.

I clenched my jaw as Monica sat in front of me. I needed to stalk Poppy because I knew that she was up to something. I had to know her plans because I had to reject her.

"Do you know we have to combine our combat class with the freshmen?" Monica said, disgust apparent in her voice.

"With the freshmen?" I raised my eyebrow.

"Yes, apparently, Professor Reyna is pairing us up with them!"

Before I knew, I had picked up my satchel and was walking towards my class. The combat class was only a few hours away.