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Leilanna's POV

"Oh, Damon! Fuck!"

A moan jolted me awake.

I blinked against the haze of sleep, my limbs stiff from the cold cement floor. My back ached from sleeping upright against the cracked wall of the abandoned building I'd found on campus. I groaned softly, brushing hair out of my face, annoyed at the sound echoing again, louder this time.

"Damon..." the girl whimpered. "Damon... please, more..."

My brows pulled together as I slowly turned toward the sliver of light leaking in through the busted metal door. My curiosity got the best of me, and I crawled forward on silent feet, peeking through the jagged crack of the doorframe.

What I saw made my eyes widen.

There, right against the peeling wall across the hallway, a tall guy with tousled dark hair and broad shoulders was ramming into a girl whose skirt was bunched around her waist. Her nails clawed at his back as she moaned uncontrollably, head tilted, voice breaking.

The guy? Dead silent.

Well, not entirely.

"Keep quiet, bitch," he hissed, gripping her thigh tighter as he moved, his voice low and unaffected. "You're loud as fuck."

No groans. No breathy grunts. Just cool control. As if he was filing paperwork while nailing someone into oblivion.

I scoffed under my breath. Wow. What a fucking welcome party for me. First day at a new school, and I get front-row seats to a live porno in an abandoned building at six in the goddamn morning.

I wasn't even supposed to be here yet.

I arrived stupid early. Typical me. It wasn't like I had a dorm to crash in or friends to wait with. I just needed a place to lie low until the campus started to fill in. So when I found

the forgotten side wing of the old arts building, I figured, hey, quiet, dusty, perfect for naps.

But apparently, I wasn't the only one who thought it made a great hideout.

My eyes darted back to the couple. Her moans echoed again, her voice bouncing off the concrete walls like a siren for the morally absent. The guy kept going, unbothered, powerful strokes like he owned the entire damn world.

He was sin carved into flesh, tall, inked, rich, and probably the type of guy who thought every woman existed to warm his dick.

I tilted my head, watching. Not because I was turned on, but because I was studying him. The ease. The arrogance. The complete detachment. The girl was begging like her life depended on it, and he looked like he was checking his schedule in his head.

Disgustingly hot, infuriatingly untouchable.

Exactly the type of guy I hate.

A few minutes later, it ended. She slumped against the wall, hair a tangled mess, still gasping.

"You can leave now." He didn't even look at her.

The girl froze. Her hands trembled as she smoothed her skirt. Then she tried to smile. It came out brittle.

"Will... will I see you after class?" she asked softly, tilting her chin up like she was still hopeful.

He clicked his tongue. The sound was sharp, almost impatient.

"Your pussy was loose as fuck," he said coldly. "Felt like I was fucking the air."

My stomach twisted.

The girl blinked, stunned, and her smile shattered. "What did you just say?" she hissed, her voice cracking as she stepped toward him. When he didn't flinch, she slapped him hard across the chest, the sound echoing in the empty corridor.

"Just leave me alone," he said, his tone sharper now, more annoyed than angry. He snatched the used condom, tied it, and tossed it into the overflowing trash bin with a flick of his wrist like it was nothing.

The girl's hands balled into fists. Her eyes glistened but she tried to hold herself together. She finally turned and stumbled away, crying silently, one hand covering her mouth as she pushed through the door.

He stayed behind, running a hand through his messy dark hair, pulling out a cigarette like this was just another Tuesday.

I snorted.

His head snapped toward the sound.

Shit.

I froze, but it was too late. He'd heard me.

"Who's there?" His voice was calm, commanding.

I pushed the creaking door open and stepped out of the shadows.

Leilanna Velmor, welcome to your first day of school.

He looked at me, cigarette hanging from his lips, eyes narrowing. God, he was tall. Taller than I expected. Lean muscles under that black shirt, tattoos peeking from his collar. His gaze slid over me like he was dissecting me piece by piece.

"Well," he drawled, exhaling smoke. "Didn't know I had an audience."

I crossed my arms. "Didn't know I'd be watching a live porno when I woke up. My bad."

His smirk widened, slow and dangerous. "Enjoy the show?"

I rolled my eyes. "Please. You looked like you were filling out tax forms. I've seen mannequins with more enthusiasm."

He stared at me for a beat. His gaze swept over me from the hood covering my hair to the scuffed combat boots on my feet, as if taking inventory of everything he could insult. Then, with the lazy arrogance of someone born with too much money and too many women, he let out a low chuckle.

"You should be thankful," he said, tilting his head back against the wall. "Not everyone gets to see me fuck. Consider it your campus privilege."

My jaw tightened. "Wow. A privilege. I'm honored."

He grinned, eyes glinting. "Well, too bad. Watching's all you'll ever do. I don't fuck ugly chicks in huge hoodies."

I tilted my head, let a slow, lazy smirk crawl across my face. If he wanted to play ugly, I'd play meaner.

"Guess I'll survive the disappointment," I said sweetly. "Besides, from what I saw, you don't exactly look like a god in bed. More like a bored cashier scanning items."

His eyes flashed. The smirk wavered just enough for me to see the crack underneath.

"Maybe," I added, leaning closer, "if you stopped acting like a machine, the girl wouldn't have to fake half those noises."

The arrogance on his face turned sharp and cold. In one sudden, fluid motion, his hand shot out, fingers curling around my neck. He slammed me against the wall hard enough for the plaster to rattle.

"What the fuck did you just say?" he hissed.

His body blocked out the light, towering over me, his grip hot and unyielding at the base of my neck. His eyes weren't playful anymore, they were a dark, dangerous burn.

Pain flared where my shoulders hit the wall, but I didn't look away. My palms pressed against the cool cement behind me, and I forced my voice to stay calm even though my pulse was hammering.

"Touchy," I said, a low laugh escaping my lips. "Did I hit a nerve?"

"I don't like people running their mouths about me," he growled.

I tilted my chin up into his grip. "Then maybe stop giving them material."

His eyes flicked over my face, like he was trying to decide if I was insane or just bluffing. Something in him shifted. His grip loosened just enough for me to breathe deeper.

"You're either brave," he muttered, "or stupid."

"Why not both?" I shot back, still smirking even though my heart was sprinting.

For a long, tense second he just stared at me, thumb pressing against the hollow of my throat, like he was trying to feel if I'd flinch. Then, with a sharp hiss through his teeth, he shoved himself back a step, releasing me.

"Stay out of my way, bitch," he said low, his voice almost a snarl. "Or you're going to find out how bad I can get."

I straightened, smoothing my hoodie like he hadn't just pinned me to the wall. My neck still tingled where his hand had been, but my mouth curled into another smile.

“You already look pretty bad from where I’m standing,” I said calmly before I turned on my heel.

No time for arrogant assholes. Not today. Not ever.

This was supposed to be a clean start. New school, no fights, no suspensions. Keep my head down, get my credits, graduate. That was the deal I made with myself on the bus here.

“Fucking bitch,” he muttered.

I rolled my eyes.

Let him rage in that crumbling hallway like a spoiled prince thrown from his throne.

I stepped out into the pale morning sun, the concrete warming under my boots as I walked back toward the main part of campus.

I still had half an hour before first class. So, I searched for silence.

The central lawn was already buzzing, students with designer backpacks, coffee cups, perfect hair and filtered smiles. I didn’t belong there. But near the edge of the building, past a line of overgrown hedges, I spotted a tree. Old, wide-branched, mostly hidden from view.

Perfect.

I dropped my bag on the grass and leaned back against the trunk, knees drawn up, hoodie sleeves tugged over my palms. Birds chirped somewhere above, and the breeze rustled the leaves like a secret. For thirty minutes, I let myself close my eyes and breathe.

Until my phone buzzed with a reminder.

First class: Advanced Political Theory – Room 3B.

Let’s get this over with.

The hallway outside 3B was already packed. People clustered in little groups, eyeing me as I passed. Not subtle about it either like I was a dog off-leash.

I ignored them, pushed through the door, and stepped into the classroom.

Everything stopped.

Conversation dimmed. Heads turned. Eyes locked on me like I’d walked in dragging blood.

I just scanned the room.

Most seats were taken, except one near the back. The desk beside it was occupied by someone in a black hoodie, slumped over with arms folded, head down, probably asleep.

I made my way toward the chair. The silence behind me grew thick. I could feel their eyes, feel the weight of it, like the entire classroom was holding its breath.

Until I heard one soft gasp, then another.

“No way she’s doing that,” someone whispered.

“Yeah, she’s the transferee, right? I haven’t seen her before.”

“Poor girl. She has no idea who she just sat next to.”

The words weren’t meant for me to hear. But I did. Every syllable.

I dropped into the seat beside the black-hoodied sleeper without a second thought.

I was halfway through pulling out my pen when the hoodie lifted slightly and a slow turn of the head.

My pulse kicked up. It was him. The bastard from earlier. The one I’d caught screwing some whore in that rotting building like the world owed him pleasure.

Now he was here like a ghost I’d accidentally summoned. The same sharp jawline, the same cold, dangerous stare that made my spine straighten instead of shrink.

“You’ve got some fucking nerve,” he hissed, voice low and sharp like broken glass. “Sitting next to me like you didn’t just make a damn spectacle of yourself.”

I turned slowly to meet his eyes, calm and cold. “Keep talking. Maybe one day you’ll say something that matters.”

I rolled my eyes and focused on my notebook.

But he wasn’t done. He leaned closer, elbow on the desk, fingers brushing his jaw.

I looked up, my eyes like knives. “Just so you know, if you touch me again, I will break your fingers.”

“Well, well,” he murmured. “You’ve got balls.”

I stared back. “Good. You look like someone who needs kicked in them.”

His eyes darkened instantly. That shark-like grin slipped, replaced with something sharp, something that didn't like being challenged.

"You little..." he muttered under his breath, and before I could blink, he kicked the leg of my chair.

The entire seat jolted out from under me, and I gasped as the floor rushed up to meet me.

I crashed down, elbow slamming against the cold floor, my pen skittering across the tiles. A breath tore out of my throat, stunned pain blooming across my ribs and knees.

The classroom went dead silent.

A few gasps. One stifled laugh that was quickly shushed. Desks scraped as students leaned away from the scene like it might catch fire.

He stood, towering over me, jaw clenched, fists curled at his sides like he hadn't just lost his temper in front of thirty people.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?!" he hissed down at me. "You're new here, aren't you? Walking around like you own the place? Like you've got the fucking right?"

I sat up slowly, my hoodie falling back off my shoulder, hair in my eyes, hands scraped red from the floor.

Pain throbbed in my side, but the fire roaring through me was louder.

I looked up at him.

Dead in the eyes.

And without a single word, I pulled my fist back, and punched him square in the jaw.

The sound echoed like thunder in the stunned silence.

His head snapped sideways. His hand flew to his face, staggering back a half step. The class erupted in gasps and yells.

"Don't you ever fucking kick me again," I spat, shaking out my hand. "You arrogant piece of shit."

Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth as he looked back at me, eyes wild with fury.

The psycho laughed.

Low and slow, the sound curling from his throat like it enjoyed being hit.

He took a step closer, looming over me. “You’re just another transfer, another loud-mouthed nobody. You’ll be gone in a month like the rest, expelled or crying your way out. You don’t belong here.”

“That all you’ve got?” I asked quietly. “Blood and insults? You sound like every other boy who thought he was a king until someone punched him in the face.”

The muscle in his jaw jumped. His fingers flexed at his sides. “Watch your mouth or I’ll make you.”

I took a single step closer so we were chest to chest, his shadow falling over me. “Try it. See how that goes for you—”

His hand shot out, fingers closing around my throat. He slammed me back against the wall with a sharp thud. The impact rattled up my spine, a hiss of pain escaped my lips before I could stop it.

“You don’t get to talk to me like that,” he hissed, face inches from mine. “You’re new here. You’re nothing here. And if you think you can defy me, you’re—”

Before he could finish, my knee came up, hard, connected squarely with his crotch.

A strangled sound burst from his chest and his grip on my neck loosened instantly. He doubled over slightly, one hand flying down to protect himself, the other braced on the wall for balance.

“Goddammit…” he choked out, jaw clenched, eyes squeezed shut.

My fist snapped up, catching his cheekbone a second time. The crack of skin on skin echoed in the stunned silence of the classroom like a gunshot.

He staggered back a step, groaning again, face twisted with pain, blood now running from the split in his lip. He bent forward slightly, still clutching his groin with one hand, breath coming hard and fast.

“You…” he wheezed between clenched teeth, glaring up at me with something wild and unreadable. “You crazy—”

“You ever touch me like that again,” I snapped, “and I won’t stop at one kick.”

“What the hell is this?!” a voice roared at the front of the room.

Our professor slammed his folder on the podium, eyes wide with fury behind thick glasses.

“It’s the first day of school!” he bellowed. “The first goddamn day! And I already have a full-on fistfight in my classroom?!”

I sighed heavily as I looked at the asshole still hunched over beside me, one hand gripping his crotch like it owed him money.

He glared at me like he wanted to carve my name into a gravestone.

“You’re gonna fucking regret this, bitch,” he spat, breath ragged, blood still trickling from his mouth.

I smiled.

“I’m excited,” I said sweetly, tilting my head. “Been a while since someone promised to make my life hell. Let’s see if you’re the one who finally delivers.”