

# **She's Mine To Claim: Tasting And Claiming His Luna**

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## **CHAPTER**

### **1**

Emily's pov

He entered me slowly, the length of him burying inside me deeply.

His fingertips entwine with my hair, his breath mingling with mine on my parted lips.

His penetrating green eyes locked onto mine, pushing into the depths of my soul as he moved in and out of my p\*ssy.

A breathy moan escaping my lips as he moved in deeper.

"You feel so good Em," Bryson moaned on my parted mouth, his lips brushing against mine.

Just as we are about to kiss a sharp buzzing sound pulls me out of my steamy dream.

I woke up, my eyes wide, my chest heaving with the weight of my racing breaths, the remains of desire still lingering in my mind.

It felt so real, his touch, his kisses.....the feeling of his cock pushing between my p\*ssy lips and entering me.

It felt so real....

Yet, it was not.

This wasn't the first time I dreamt of my best friend Bryson f\*cking my brains out. In fact, it has become a very recurring dream, one I'll admit I anticipated every night.

It was the only way I could voice my true feelings, show him how much I have wanted him more than a friend.

I know....it was not possible for us to ever be together.

He was out of my league, and not only in feature wise but Bryson was soon to be alpha and I.....was just an omega.

Our two worlds could never connect in the way I wanted it to.

Yet, in my dreams they do clash.

I sighed heavily, twisting around and putting off the alarm clock.

I groan as I fall back on my back, my eyes on the ceiling.

My body was still buzzing with that ache of desire Bryson left in my dream, an ache I knew only he would be able to stop.

But of course, in my reality, that wasn't possible.

But in my imagination....

I closed my eyes, biting into my bottom lip harder as my fingers trail down my body, between my breasts, trailing lower.

I imagine that it was not mine but his rough calloused fingers that felt good on my skin.

I moaned as I imagine him whispering nasty things in my ear, his body beside me, his hands.....on my pussy.

I gasp as my fingers pushed into my panties, kissing its way down to my throbbing clit.

I imagine his touch, rough, yet tender. His scent. The way he'd kiss me while his fingers rub circles around my clit.

The way his fingers would seek my-

"Looks like you're having fun," His loud voice inches from my ear made my eyes shot open.

They connected with foresty green and a crooked smile. Bryson Taylor. My best friend and future alpha of the Silver Moon pack. The one who have been haunting my restless steamy dreams at night.

He was kneeled down beside my bed so he'd be same height as me. But he still had to lean down so we could be leveled. With his elbows pushing down on my mattress, Bryson chuckled. " Did I interrupt your little session?"

His eyes twinkled with amusement when my cheeks reared an ugly red embarrassed flush. I nearly choked on my saliva.

So lost in my imagination, I had not heard when he entered my room.

I sat up, awkwardly moving my hand out of my panties after realizing I still had them tucked in there. I notice his nose flaring as he took in a long whiff before he cleared his throat and stood up.

" How long have you been here?" I uttered awkwardly, my face hot as I am unable to look at him.

How embarrassing.

Bryson let out a chuckle. "Long enough to see that you were enjoying yourself, Em," He teased.

I groaned throwing the covers over y head, my mortification now worse by his playful taunting.

"Please pretend like you didn't see that," I moaned, burning in embarrassment under the covers.

I can't believe he walked in on me masturbating. Thank God I didn't moan out his name. Though I was so close to.

Suddenly I felt the dip of my bed and fingers prying the sheets off my face.

I peeled my eyes open and sucked in a breath with how close he was to me.

Bryson smiled widely, the dimples in his cheeks going on full showcasing mode. I was breathless. Just like I always got when he smiled. Bryson was the epitome of too hot to handle.

With his green eyes, sharp jawline, dimples, straight nose, perfect brown curly hair, lean yet muscular build and tall height, it's no wonder every female wolf wanted to be his mate.

His eyes drowned into mine, almost like he was peering into my soul. It felt like I was in the dream again, only that this time, I knew it was reality.

The tip of my tongue pushed out of my lips and I brushed it on my bottom lip.

His eyes flickered to my lips, the smile slipping from his mouth and replaced by a serious expression.

The air suddenly feels charged, his gaze darkening and causing my breath to hitch.

"Em-

" Breakfast is ready guys!" My mom yelled downstairs, snapping Bryson out of his haze. He shakes his head, his eyes returning to normal as the grin returned on his mouth.

"I'm sure you're starving after that little session you were having there Em. How about we head down to feed you something. I know it's not what you really want but I'm sure it can help a little." He winked, rising to his full height.

I felt my face heat up even more, the embarrassment of the situation intensifying as Bryson's teasing continued.

"Shu-u-t up," I stuttered. He chuckled, turning around and headed for the door. Before he was completely out, he stopped and teased over his shoulder.

"Might want to put on some fresh panties." With a light chuckle he steps out of the room, leaving me embarrassed and flushed in my room alone knowing he definitely took the scent of my arousal.