

Chapter 17

Emily's pov

I'm clutching Shawn's fur as he races through the thick trees to my house.

I sighed.

'You sound depressed,' Shawn snorted through the mind link.

I buried my head in his thick coat.

'I got Bryce in trouble with his dad. Of course I will be.'

'I think Bryce has a mind of his own Em. He knew the consequences to seeing you alone, especially at night. It's not your fault.'

Shawn tries to ease my worries.

He slowed down when my house comes into view.

'Don't eat yourself up about it. Alpha won't punish Bryce, he loves his son.' Shawn uttered through the link as he came to stop just below my window.

I nod, sitting straight up as he lowers to make me get off his back.

"I just," I sighed heavily, feeling my chest tighten. "Don't want him to lose the respect of his pack.....because of me."

Shawn's snort nudges my leg in a comforting way.

'He won't. And I believe Bryson would rather choose you over the entire pack.'

I run a hand through my hair, my heart clenching painfully.

"And that's exactly what I fear Shawn. I don't want him to choose me over the pack."

Shawn nudged my thigh again.

'Don't give yourself a headache Em. Bryson would kill me if he finds out I dropped you off and you suffered a headache.'

I laughed and nod.

Shawn and I spoke for a few before he left when I got safely into my room.

I debated if to leave the window open or not.

I didn't want Bryce to get into more trouble with his dad because of me.....yet I didn't want him to be even more upset tonight.

With a sigh I decide to leave the window open as Bryson instructed me.

Changing out of my wet clothes, I strut to my bed and settle under the covers.

I tried to stay up to wait for him, but I ended up dozing off.

I rouse awake when I felt a strong arm wrap around my body and pull me flush against a toned hard chest.

I breathed in his scent, the scent of pine and mint comforting me.

I let out a breath, curling closer to him as his mouth touched my forehead.

"Sleep Em. I'm here." He whispered, running his hands through my hair.

If anyone walked in and saw us in this position, they'd think we were way too intimate to be considered only friends.

But the thing is.....Bryson always held me like this and it had become normal.

I bring my nose to his chest, breathing in his comforting scent as I dozed off into a peaceful sleep.

The next time I woke up was when Bryce tried to get off the bed without waking me up.

It was already dawn, the sun was just about to peak out. The faintish yellow glow beamed in my room.

Bryson cursed lowly when he noticed that I was awake.

"Sorry Em. I didn't want to wake you."

I smiled softly, pushing myself up using my hands, my lids still a bit heavy with sleep.

I looked at him playfully.

"You're so damn huge it felt like an earthquake was happening while you were trying and failing to roll off the bed." I joked.

His green eyes narrowed and before I could move out of the way, Bryson lunged for me.

I squealed as he cages me between his arms, caging me by pressing his body between my legs.

His weight on top of me makes me shudder in pleasure, his scent overtaking all of my senses.

My heart began to jam in my chest.

His green eyes were darker, the irises swirled with the presence of his wolf.

"You want to know what else is huge Em?"

His eyes were now noticeably darker, flickering with fire.

He growled lowly, pressing his lower half between my legs until I felt the unmistakable feeling of his hardness rubbing against me.

My eyes widen and I gasped.