

Chapter 18

Emily's pov

My breathing comes out in short pants, labored as he takes my breath away.

I peered into his eyes and they burned into mine.

I should push him away. I know I should.

With his birthday coming and the ripe age to get his mate nearing, Bryson was obviously controlled by hormones.

There was no other explanation.

Which is why I should push him away before I get selfish enough to see how far he would go with me.

But before I could push him away, Bryson's hand crawled under my bottom, moving all prior thoughts of pushing him away.

He gripped the mound, pulling me up against him so I could feel him more.

His eyes locked on my features, waiting for my reaction.

I could only moan.

Embarrassingly so.

He seemed satisfied with my reaction because he dipped his head in the crook of my neck and darted his tongue out.

The tip brush against my neck. That sensitive spot that strangely tingled.

I grabbed his shoulders, gasping when his hips rocked forward and his entire hard length rub against my core.

He felt so huge.

So hard.

So good.

And I felt wet.

And I was so sure he could smell it.

And perhaps that's why he growled so low in his throat, his canines so sharp, tracing my neck.

"Do you feel me Em?"

I moaned, nodding.

Oh God this is so wrong.

We were not mates. And this was the first time we were so intimate.

This shouldn't be happening.

Bryson just couldn't handle these new emotions.

He'll regret it if anything were to happen.

Push him away Emily, before you fuck up your friendship.

My mind roared in my head, reminding me how fucked up this would be if I let him do what I want him to do.

Of course those words faded out the second Bryson rolled his hips, dry humping me and groaning.

This was so damn hot.

But so wrong.

Yet.

My legs locked around his hips and I pushed myself up, rubbing against him too.

The heat of his cock kissed against my wet core.

Bryson hips rolled faster, harder, until he was doing a thrusting motion.

I bit into my bottom lip, a scream curling up my throat as pleasure mounts in my body.

His grunts were sexy. The way his hand squeezed my ass was hot while the other crawl up my body sending shivers down my spine.

The air crackled around us.

And all we could hear were the sounds of our pants bouncing off the four walls of my room.

Until he groaned my name and said those words.

"Em."

" Fuck."

" I want you."

I froze.

It wasn't him who really growled those words out. It was his wolf.

Which led me to believe Bryson wasn't really in control of himself. And as I had feared, his wolf hormones overpowered his senses.

I swallowed, blinking.

I retract my hands off him, the fire in my core sizzling down as I uttered softly.

"Stop. This isn't you."

My hands are flat on his chest to push him away, but I can't seem to go through with it.

My fingers were touching his hot skin and I could feel how quick his heart beat in his chest.

It was just as fast as mine.

When Bryson heard my voice, it was enough to make him stiffen in realization of what we had done.

He slowly pulled away. Reluctantly as though he really didn't want to.

He removed his head from my neck, his face coming into my vision. His eyes are almost back to normal and I'm so ashamed of what I had done that I tore my eyes away from his.

He doesn't like that and growled, pinching my chin and bringing my head to face his once more.

" Don't hide your pretty eyes from me again."

His voice is husky, making the air catch in my throat.

But then he said those next words that completely catches me off guard.

"And who said this isn't me? What made you think I didn't want to do exactly what I just told you? Em," His head lowered, his eyes still connected with mine as he continued to take my breath away with his words.

" I don't want to only fuck you Emily. I want to make love to you."