

## Chapter 19

Emily's pov

I gasped as I woke up, my heart jamming in my chest.

I blinked as the sunlight streamed into my room, nearly blinding me.

I stared at the empty spot beside me. Where he laid last night.

I reach out and touched the spot.

It's still warm which told me Bryson had just left.

I touched my cheek, shaking my head with a smile when I felt some of his saliva still on my cheek.

Of course he left me a parting gift in his Bryson old fashion way.

But the smile leaves my face when I realized the spot between my neck and shoulder was still tingling.

So was it not a dream after all?

Did it really happen?

I shivered by the thought of Bryson and I-

A loud knock to my door interrupted my thoughts.

"Emily, you're going to be late for school!" Mom's voice filtered through the door.

I winced.

"I'm up!"

I shout as I throw the sheet off me and rolled out of bed.

When I got downstairs, mom was in the kitchen, whipping up some pancakes.

She looks up when she heard my footfalls.

Her eyes narrowed at the booty shorts and tank top I had on.

"You did not seriously just sleep in that." She shook her head.

My brows drew together.

Since when does she have an issue with the way I go to bed? I've been going to bed like this since forever.

Our body temperature didn't exactly help my case either.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Sleeping beside an unmated wolf without a bra and shorts that barely cover your bottom isn't a good look."

She wasn't exactly judging, but I could hear the mild irritation in her tone.

But then her words registered and I flushed when I realized Bryson and I were caught.

"We never had that problem before." I uttered lowly as I stepped further into the room.

She sighed, as if she was tired of talking to a child.

"Em. I love you. And I love Bryson. But there are rules in the pack you must follow. Especially when an alpha's reputation is concerned."

She shook her head as she got out the pan.

"He'll find his mate soon and things will change. I just don't want you to get hurt baby." She said softly.

I gnawed on my lips, knowing she was right.

Tearing my eyes away from hers, I mumbled. "I know. I'm sorry."

She let out a breath.

"I won't tell your dad. But you should probably put some boundaries between you and Bryson for now, okay?"

I nod.

"That means no sleep over and none of that noise." She warned.

My eyes flicked up.

"What noise?"

Mom looked rather embarrassed to respond.

"I heard moaning in there. Whatever you two were doing. It better not be what I think it is."

My mouth parted.

Was the dream somehow true after all?

I shook my head.

It was impossible.

It felt like a dream.

"I- I think you heard wrong mom. "

She gave me that look that showed she didn't believe me.

"I'm no teenager Emily. I think I know what I heard. Just be glad your dad didn't hear. This stays between us."

After a few more lectures mom told me to get ready for school.

I was happy to get out of there, the more I stayed, the more embarrassed I got.

I got ready for school, throwing the strap of my bag over my shoulder when I heard a car horn.

Bryson.

He's here to pick me up.

I raced down the stairs, taking two at a time.

"I'm off to school mom!"

"Aren't you going to have breakfast at least!?"

"I'll get something on the way. See you later!" I yelled as I got out the house.

I rush down the steps, bounding over to Bryson's car.

His tinted windows are up, but I can smell someone else was here with him.

I opened the passengers side and freeze.

Maya?

She grins at me.

"Alpha Brent told me to tag along with you two from now on."

I looked over her shoulder at Bryson who looked annoyed with his jaw ticking.

"Get in the back Maya. I want Em to sit beside me."

He didn't spare her a glance as he spoke.

But his words seem to not sit right with her.

Her eyes gleamed with frustration.

"I'm already here Bryson. Em can sit at the back it's not the end of the world. " She retorted with a smile on her face.

"Maya," Bryson growled.

I should stop them before they argue.

"It's fine Bryson, I won't die. " I giggled to cut the tension as I walk to the backseat.

I got in and Bryson's eyes met mine through the rearview mirror before he started the car.

They spoke something private to me. Something only I should know.

My belly took this moment to growl.

"Did you have breakfast Em?" Bryson asked in concern as he drove away.

I smiled sheepishly.

"No."

He nod.

"Let's get you something to eat then."