

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

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CHAPTER

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Emily's pov

After I put on some fresh panties and washed my hands clean, I made my way downstairs. I found Bryson in the kitchen with a piece of bacon nearing his slightly parted mouth.

When he noticed me, he sent me a crooked grin that showcased his white teeth. "Were you trying to finish what you started?" He teased, pushing the bacon in his mouth.

I glared at him, my cheeks hot. He chuckled, clearly liking that he was embarrassing me further with his teasing.

I ignored him. Well tried to.

I looked at my mother who was preparing breakfast. Her blonde hair similar to mine was whipped into a very high sloppy bun that was on the verge of collapsing.

"Morning momma." I said, walking into the kitchen slowly.

She turns to look at me over her shoulder and beamed. "Good morning Emily. Did you have a good sleep?"

"She definitely had a great morning from what I saw and heard, " Bryson snorted under his breath. With my advanced hearing, I picked it up quickly.

I glared at the side of his face and when I do join him, I smack him behind his head while answering my mother. "Yes I did."

Bryson jerks forward dramatically and rubs the back of his head and hisses.

I rolled my eyes and took a seat beside him, stifling a laugh when I saw how he pouted. For being the next alpha in line, Bryson sure is dramatic.

Mom turns around with the frying pan in her hand and starts throwing some of those bacon bits on a clean plate.

"I'll be doing over time tonight Emily so I will be a bit late. You'll manage to make dinner for yourself and your dad?" Mom asked, blowing out some of her blonde locks from her vision.

I wasn't the best chef and usually can't even cook Mac and cheese from the box properly, so it's no wonder Bryson couldn't hold himself back from snorting out a laugh.

I sent him a death stare but he only laughed even louder. Even mom joined in. It was like they were mocking me.

"I hate you two." I grumble, reaching out for the plate mom had set the endless pieces of bacon on.

"What I meant is....I have left some overnight chicken and some rice in the fridge. All you have to do is warm it up for dinner. Can I trust you with that?" Mom teased, turning around to place the frying pan back on the stove.

Bryson snorted. I rolled my eyes.

"Sounds super easy." I answered through clenched teeth.

"Don't worry Mrs. Snow, I'll not have her burn your precious house down. You can count on me." Bryson made show of placing his hand on

his chest and sent me a wink that may or may not have made my heart leap.

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"For the love of God Bryson slow down! At this rate, we'll be dead before we even get to school." I yelled as the wind whipped against my dirty blonde locks harshly.

Bryson spares me a glance, grins and slows down a bit....by a bit I mean, barely.

"You need to live a little Em. We're werewolves, we won't die so easily." He snorted, turning the steering wheel.

The sunlight that peeked from the huge branches above, treasured his face and left me in awe until he turns around to glance at me. I tore my eyes away quickly not wanting to be caught staring.

I crossed my arms over my chest and answered. "Doesn't mean we are immortal. Besides, you're an alpha, you're practically almost immortal with those super quick healing. And I'm just an omega practically human, still heal up quick but not quick enough." I pointed out.

I hated mentioning how different we are. Bryson was a leader and I was at the bottom of the food chain. In fact, it was strange for an omega and alpha to be this close.

But Bryson never cared about our differences and nor did he care about the judgemental stares from the other pack members.

We got a shit tone of weird looks, especially seeing as I was known as the wolf who couldn't shift.

So why were Bryson and I practically glued by the hip? I have no clue. And I'm still trying to figure out why he even spared me a second glance that day.

flashback

You can do it, Emily, it's not that high. I reassured myself as I looked up at the monkey bars. They were high and my little skittish self backed away a little until I hit something hard.

I turned around to stare up at Giovanni. "What? Are you a scaredy cat!?" He sneers.

Giovanni wasn't a higher rank per se but he was ranked higher than I.

He and his friends laughed at my expense.

Since I was the lowest ranked one here and the smallest, he and his friends always picked on me.

I thought I could show them how tough I was by doing something they always mocked me I couldn't do....

But it seems that my hands cannot stop sweating and my heart won't stop beating so loudly. I was afraid of heights. Wolves were not supposed to be afraid of anything, yet I was afraid of heights.

"Yeahh!" I heard a loud yell from a few distance away.

I turn to face the commotion. It was a boy my age, cheering on another boy my age who held a bat in his hand. They were playing cricket. And they were the higher ranked wolves.

I squinted as I watch the boy with the bat. I knew him....

I blushed brightly when he caught my eye and sent me a smile. I rip my eyes away, blushing furiously. He was the alpha's son. Bryson Taylor.

He was one of the few that didn't care about his status and mingled with the lower ranks. Many times I've seen him in the halls playing with a few lower ranks but I never got enough courage to say hello.

Suddenly, I got a boost of confidence as I still felt his eyes on me. In my stupid mind, I thought that I'd look cool to him if I did do the monkey bars.

So I did. I gathered enough courage to do it, but forced my eyes to stay ahead and not on the ground. But then Giovanni's stupid mouth had to open.

"She's shivering like a scaredy cat! Look at her!" He laughed.

He managed to draw my attention to him and his friends.... and to the ground that seemed way higher than I thought. And now way blurrier.

I felt my fingers slip and felt the harsh cutting on my knees as I fall to the ground. I stayed down on my knees, and in quite a shock I actually fell. I couldn't cry even though I was in pain.

But then I heard his name, a yell. "Bryson!" And then heard the rattling of the fence as he jumped over it and raced over to me.

"Shut your mouth asshole!" He sneered at Giovanni who had been laughing at my expense and pushed him roughly until Giovanni fell to the ground.

"Mommy!" Giovanni cried, getting to his feet and racing out of there with tears flowing down his cheeks. His friends run after him, calling out his name.

I almost giggled because they all looked like dogs with their tails tucked between their legs.

There and then, I looked at Bryson as my hero but then when he helped me get up and dust myself while smiling down at me, I developed something I was afraid I'd never be able to stop.