

## Chapter 20

Emily's pov

When we got to the diner, the place was already buzzing with a few kids from our school.

They were mostly human. The rest were a couple were-people.

The place was literally packed.

I squirmed closer to Bryson when a few straying eyes flick over to us. I hated attention.

Bryson ordered for me not bothered at all by the stares he was already used to.

"Cookies and cream milkshake with a few chocolate chips and French toast."

I smiled. He knew me so well that I didn't even have to tell him what I want.

Maya looked at Bryson expectantly. "What about me? What are you going to order for me?"

Bryson shifted away from the counter, sparing Maya an annoyed glance.

"Your tongue isn't tied Maya. I'm sure you can order on your own."

He comes over to me, interlocks our fingers and walks away from a huffing Maya.

The place is so full that it's a struggle to find a vacant place to sit.

Maya is hot on our heels, looking for a place to sit as well. She finds one and calls us over.

There are only two empty seats.....

Maya looks up at me in pity, tilting her head. "Looks like they run out of chairs. Go have a look around Em. Maybe you'll find one close by."

"No need." Bryson uttered, shocking both Maya and I when he reaches out and quickly tug me to sit on his lap.

In seconds I'm burning brightly, my eyes on the table as I blushed from head to toe.

"Bryson-

I began to whine but he wraps a strong arm around my torso and holds me there.

"I don't mind Em." He said hoarsely.

"But-

"No buts. It's not a big deal." He cuts in.

Not a big deal? Did he not see how everyone was looking at us right now?

I can practically feel the stares burn a hole through my head. Stares of envy, irritation and shock.

All made my stomach twist in nerves.

I get that Bryson was troublesome enough to poke the bear.....the bear being the entire werewolf community that didn't see it appropriate for me and him to be so friendly when the day to find his mate was quickly approaching.

But did he have to? Now I was going to be the talk of the entire town, werewolf and humans combined.

My heart raced and my fingers twisted.

I didn't want to cause a scene by fighting to get out of his hold. Not that I think I'd manage to. Bryson was pretty strong.

So I stayed put knowing deep down I wanted to be held like this by him.

Maya on the other hand sent both Bryson and I a sharp glare.

"Em get off Bryson." She hissed lowly.

Bryson hold turns more firm. My heart skips as his chin rest on my shoulder.

This seemed intimate and I was sure looked even more intimate from others point of view.

Rumors are going to spread like wildfire.

Bryson and I were going to be in trouble.

"You'll have alpha Brent furious Bryce."

She was right.

Alpha Brent was just following the rules set in the werewolf community, I know he meant no harm.

He wouldn't want his son to have a bad reputation or screw up his mate bond.

If I were him I'd do the same too.

"I don't care." Bryson grunted annoyed.

Maya shook her head. "But-

"Drop it Maya!" Bryson ground out, using his alpha tone.

Maya submitted quickly, bending her head in shame.

"Bryce I should probably just go in search of an empty chair-

"No," He squeezed me. "You're staying right here."

I gulped, hating that I can't stop my heart from beating for him.

He keeps making it difficult for me to not love him.

I didn't want to make him angry, yet I didn't want to make his dad angry too.

A soft feminine voice cuts through my thoughts.

I looked up. It's the waitress with our orders.

She places them on the table, smiling politely and leaves a few seconds later.

I reach out for my smoothie but Bryce beats me to it. I looked at him confused, only to see his eyes glowing playfully as he brings the straw to my lips.

I raised a brow. "I think I can drink on my own Bryce."

He says nothing, just pushing the straw gently on my lips and smiles.

If I didn't drink, he'd not give up.

With a sigh and a roll of my eyes, I took a sip.

Bryce eyes drop to my lips, staring intensely when I push the straw away.

But he surprises me when he reaches up and brushes his thumb over my bottom lip. With his eyes shinning brightly, he lifts that finger into his mouth and sucked.

The air gets stuck in my lungs as I watch him suck the little bit of mess I left on my lips.

His eyes danced, a smirk rearing on his face.

"You're such a messy eater." He joked, winking.