

Chapter 21

Emily's pov

Rumors were quickly spreading like wildfire in the school the second we got there.

Maya interlocks our fingers and pries me away from Bryson.

Bryson looked at her annoyed.

She sighed.

"We're just heading to the bathroom Bryce." She uttered, giving me that look that told me I better agree.

I gave Bryson a reassuring smile and left with Maya after he relaxed.

Her grip hardened the second we rounded the corner.

"I love you Em. You know I do. But I can't help you if you keep putting yourself in these kind of situations." She muttered through tight lips.

I furrowed my brows, drawing my hand out of her hold and rubbed the spot her fingers had tightly wound around.

"What are you talking about Maya?" I questioned.

She stopped, turning to me with a sigh.

"You can't be that slow Em. I'm talking about you and Bryce. It's clear that for some reason he's hell bent on feeding those rumors about you two. Bryson is an alpha, no one will disrespect him. But you on the other hand, you're practically human Em." She shook her head.

"The pack will chew you and spit you out. They will make sure that their future Luna feels safe and not threatened by you. They will not care if they have to hurt you in the process. You're an omega, you hold no weight. Bryson can't fight every wolf in our pack to save you Em."

I swallowed.

I guess she was right somewhat.

But that didn't mean her words didn't hurt.

They stung.

I blinked and her eyes drop to my wrists. She reaches out and rubs her fingers over the slight discoloring.

"I love you Em. And I don't want you to get hurt. Which is why I have to feed you the truth. Our pack must remain strong, we can't afford to have an omega come between our future leaders."

I gnawed on my lips. I understood where she was coming from. She was just looking out for the better of the pack.

Something I should be doing instead of hopelessly craving something I know I am not destined to have.

I nod. "I know."

She raised her brow. "I'm not telling you to not talk to Bryce, but maybe stop being so close? You've heard the rumors, the humans think you're fucking. The werewolves think you two are about to screw up a sacred bond."

After telling me how much of a bad idea it was to provoke the pack and our alpha, Maya leaves me alone in the hallway.

I hugged myself, feeling the intense stares of everyone as I make my way to the bathroom.

There were voices coming from inside the bathroom and by the scent of them, they were human.

"That girl who always hangs out with Bryson...are they together? That Emily girl." A feminine voice utters.

I stop, leaning against the wall as I listened.

Another female voice laughed loudly. "No I just think they're fucking. I mean have you seen the guy though? Why would he settle for someone like her? She's not even pretty. He must be only using her as a quick fuck."

The other snorted. "You're right. A guy like that is unlikely going to settle for someone as ugly as her."

They were human, but their words stung deeper than the words Maya told me earlier.

I turned around, tears welling in my eyes because I know they were kind of right. Bryson would never settle for someone like me. Not only because I was far from his league but I would never be his destined mate.

I sniffle, lifting my hand to rub my eyes when I knocked into something hard.

I stumbled but hands quickly reach out to hold me.

A fire courses in my body, so intense my eyes quickly snapped up. I'm instantly connected with green swirls.

Bryson.

My heart squeezed.

He eyed me worriedly.

"Em what's wrong? Are you hurt? Did something happen?" Bryson asked in a rush, palming my face.

I shifted out of his hold, my eyes dropping to his chest as I murmured softly. "We're alone, we can't be seen together."

My words may have stunned him because he pulled away like I had burned him.

I took his shock as an escape route and swiftly run away from him. My heart squeezed in pain the farther I am away from him. I felt his piercing stare on my back as I disappear from his sight.

A part of me wished he'd stop me from walking away, but another part knew that it would be best if he didn't.