

Chapter 28

Emily's pov

His words had fire swimming in my belly. And the way he pressed into me, I could literally feel the length and swell of him.

He felt impossibly huge and I felt my panties drenched by my own arousal that was swirling in the air around us.

Bryson groans, his head dipping to take my mouth again. "You taste as sweet as I imagined Em."

He nibbled on my lower lip, his tongue soothing the sting he left behind.

I arched my back off the bed, pressing my breasts to his chest.

He feel like a beast above me and honestly, the way he was breathing so roughly let me know he was on the verge of shifting.

And I'm even more aroused by the thought of his beast taking his feel of me too.

Bryson's hands tickle up the length of my thigh, fingers brushing my sweaty skin.

I'm trembling with desire and need as tingles burn my skin wherever he touched me.

It feels so good.

So so good.

I gasp when his hand go up the length of my body, up the side of my stomach, under my breast, until he gripped the firm mounds.

My nipples peaked. Tingled furiously under the heat of his palm.

Even with the material of the dress in the way, his touch, his heat, seeped through to kiss my skin and raise goosebumps in their wake.

Suddenly his fingers curled the top of the dress, dipping until his knuckles brush my skin and until he gripped the fabric.

The sound of tearing soon followed after.

I gasp when my breast is exposed. Bare for him to see and touch and feel.

His hand comes quick to shield my bare breast from the cold, his palms pressing down my peaked nipples.

I gasp, my fingers tangling in his hair and gripping it when he started to massage the mound slowly, gently.

Bryson peels away from my lips and I want to protest, but he's quick to put those pair on my jawbone, trailing down to my neck.

His breathing is rough, and unstable as he kisses down my neck.

I shiver when he reaches that sensitive part of my neck where he is supposed to sink his teeth into and claim me.

I feel the peak of his teeth, brushing along the sensitive skin. His beast growls, the sound possessive.

His hand gripped my breast firmly and then when I thought he'd sink those teeth inside my neck, he doesn't. He moves lower, his teeth tracing my skin lightly.

Until his mouth got to my exposed breast.

His lips replace his hand and they wrap around my peak, sucking it into his mouth. His canines had retracted back into his gums.

"Bryson," I moaned, fingers gripping his brown curls harshly as his tongue circled around the hard peak.

He's groaning, hissing when I gripped his hair harder. His other hand gripped the top of my dress, ripping the other side to expose the other breast.

He moves his lips away, his tongue licking around my nipple and then planted a kiss on my areola before shifting his mouth to my other breast.

I'm panting in his ears, my eyes tightening shut, my thighs trembling. I'm not sure how I'll last long if he continues this kind of sweet torture.

"I can't wait to taste your pussy Em. I've been dreaming about dipping my tongue inside for a taste for so long." Bryce groaned around my nipple, nipped the tip and blew his hot breath on the rosy flesh.

His words felt like they just licked me without him having to touch me.

My pussy throbbing, aching for him to do what he wanted to do.

Bryson detaches his lips from my breasts and rises a bit to stare down at me.

His eyes feast on my breast, they are burning with desire. His tongue darts out to lick his bottom lip, his eyes meeting mine briefly to murmur.

"You're absolutely beautiful Emily. All that I pictured, it doesn't come close to the real thing."

His words had me shuddering.

I can't believe, Bryson, my best friend was now feasting on my body.

I don't care that this was not supposed to be possible. I don't care that there's a party going on for him in the backyard.

I don't care if others hear me tonight.

I only care about Bryson and only Bryson.

His fingers clutch the dress and then he starts to tear the fabric until I am naked before him. Well, sort of. I still had on my panties.

Until his fingers seize the panties and the sound of him tearing the material swirled in the air.

I shiver under his stare and the mere chill that runs down my spine.

He's looking down at me like I was a feast he couldn't wait to taste.

And I couldn't wait for him to.

His fingers grab my waist, digging into my skin. It's burning where he's holding me.

His eyes roll down my body until they halted on the throbbing flesh between my thighs. My pussy.

I was soaking wet.

So wet that I was sure my juices had begun to flow down the crack of my ass to the covers beneath me.

"You're soaked baby," Bryson growled, his eyes flashing with a fiery desire that had my toes curling into the sheets.

His fingers left my waist, trailing over my skin slowly. Where he touched, burned with thousands of prickling tingles.

The bond was growing stronger. I could feel it.

I arch my back off the bed when his fingers grow closer to my thighs and then part them.

I open to him like a newly bloomed flower, trembling at the intensity of the fire crackling through the air and in my veins.

His eyes penetrate me, feasting on the sight of my wet folds.

And then he positioned himself, right between my legs, his breath hot, uneven.

My chest rises and falls as it gets difficult to breathe.

I looked at him between my thighs.

Our eyes connected.

It's strange, yet felt normal at the same time.

This was the same guy who I'd been dreaming about for years. But was also the guy I called my best friend.

And now, he was right between my thighs ready to feast on me.

His lips drew closer, his eyes darkening as he breathed in my scent. "I've pictured you like this many times Em. And now..." His lips brush on my sensitive flesh.

"I'm tasting what's mine." His beast growled.