

## Chapter 29

Emily's pov

His lips part, his tongue dart out and then...

"Oh my God Bryson!" I squealed as he licked my slit to my sensitive nub.

Bryson groaned, pressing his tongue harder and then kisses my pussy softly.

And he does it again until he slowly starts to roll his tongue around my tingling lips.

"Hmmm." He hums as he sucked my pussy lips and then growled in possessiveness.

"You're so fucking sweet Em. I can feast on you forever." He grunted, suckling my pussy.

I moan arching my back off the bed.

When did he learn how to suck so-

I gasp, grasping his silky strands in my hair and tugging it harder. He growls, his power radiating off of him.

"Mate mate mate." He growled, sucking my pussy lips and dipping his tongue into my hole as he growled. "Mine. All mine!"

My ragged breathing roughly bounced off the walls. "Yes. Oh yes." I moaned, my trembling bottom lip pushing between my teeth as I bit down.

My best friend was eating my pussy like this was his last meal. Or perhaps I should say first. He was feasting on me like I was the quench of his hunger...his thirst.

Bryson's tongue darted into my wet folds, flickering like a whip against my slit to my pussy lips. He's lapping at every bit of juice that slicked out of my tiny hole.

And I'm panting like I had just run a mile.

His mouth opened on my pussy, his upper lip brushing against my throbbing tingling clit. He purposely lets it stay there as his tongue licked my slit and swirled at the entrance of my hole.

"Oh Bryson," I whimpered, tugging at his roots. He suddenly stops, pulling away from my pussy and I whined.

His head lifts from between my thighs and I want to force him back down. But the concerned look in his eyes stopped me.

"Am I doing something wrong? I heard you whimper," He asked in a curious tone. His lips were glistening with my juices, dripping down the corners. I'm amazed at how wet I was.

Bryson's tongue pushes out between his lips and licked the wetness.

I moaned at the sight while answering him breathily. "No silly, that was a good whimper. You were doing everything right,"

The small grin that emerged on his lips took my breath away. "Oh, I thought I was doing something wrong," He admitted sheepishly and then dived back between my thighs.

His tongue did not wait for another second to drive into my pussy lips and dipped into my hole where he pushed in and out. So slowly like he was imagining that his tongue was his cock, deep inside me.

My stomach cramped, heat so hot had me melting under him.

We were burning together, like an un-tameable fire. No one could quench this heat.

No one but us.

"Bryce," I gasped when his tongue lapped at my pussy and I heard the hungry groan slipped from his mouth.

He pulled out his tongue, only for it to attack my tingling throbbing clit. I buckled, my thighs trying to close.

Bryson grips my thighs, his wolf growling.

"Allow me to feast on your juicy sweet pussy Em. Keep your legs open for me." He growled, kissing my clit.

My legs opened like a newly flower, allowing him to do whatever he wanted to me.

He said he wanted to feast and this he did do. I was like food on a platter, easy for him to do whatever he wanted.

He wasted no time and sucked my pussy lips into his mouth, moaning at my taste.

"You're so wet Em. And so fucking sweet. I can't get enough." He growled, dipping his tongue back in.

I arch my back off the bed, my eyes flickering shut.

This feels so good.

I grip his silky strands harsher and suddenly I feel his finger tickling my entrance, where his tongue was dipped into.

He pulled his tongue out and my eyes peeled open in a powerful gasp when his finger replaced his tongue.

"So fucking tight," He pants, drawing his finger out only to plunge it back in. He curled it, and the tip rubbed against a sweet spot that had my toes curling.

"I can't wait to claim you Em. God I've been dreaming about this for so long. I'm so hard for you." He moaned, pumping his fingers in and out of my slick walls.