

## Chapter 30

Emily's pov

I can't wait to feel him deep inside me.

I've been dreaming about this for so long. He wasn't the only one who craved this.

Bryson is slowly pumping his finger in and out of me, massaging my walls with his digit.

And then he adds another, causing me to squirm at the alien feeling of being stretched by his two thick, long digits.

He coos. "Relax baby, I just need to get you ready for me. I don't want to tear and hurt you. I'm a little on the bigger side and you're so fucking tiny and tight."

I sighed, trying to relax my muscles around his finger.

"Oh I know how big you are," I breathed out through my slightly parted lips.

Bryson looks at me between my thighs, his eyes gleaming, his canines flashing.

"Then you know how much I'm going to stretch out that pussy tonight." His tongue swipes over his lower lip, his fingers pumping in and out of me.

I press my head into the pillow, moaning as I bunch up the sheets in my hold.

Bryson dips his head lower, his hot breath fanning against my bud.

He opens his mouth and suckles on my little bundle of nerves.

I cried out, my moans lacing through the air and bouncing off the walls.

"Oh Bryson." I panted as he continued to plunge his fingers in and out of me while still continuing to suck me.

He humphs, sucking harder and finger fucking me harder until I contract around his fingers tightly.

Was I cumming?

I think I was.

I shuddered, trembling as I called out his name over and over.

By the time I was done, Bryson's name was printed on the walls because of me.

He crawled up, kissing my stomach, my navel up to my breasts. He licked between the two, his hand cupping one while his thumb rolled over one nipple.

"You're so beautiful baby," Bryson whispered huskily while his tongue trail over my breast.

I shivered, my chest rising and falling, my skin dotting with little goosebumps as I consumed every bit of pleasure he was giving me.

"You," He sucked my skin, surely leaving his mark.

I can feel his wolf. I've been feeling him for days actually.

But I didn't think of it as anything. Usually it was normal to feel an alpha's presence right before the title is passed down to them.

But this...Bryson's wolf was different. I could feel him....I could always somehow feel him more than I do for others. And those few days....it was worst.

Now I knew why.

My body already knew I was fated to him before the clock struck twelve tonight.

"Bryson." I moaned when his warm lips wrapped around my nipple.

He sucks the rosy bud, making it get impossibly harder. My body was still shaking from the aftermath of cumming just seconds ago. If he keeps this up I might be cumming for the second time.

"I want you to know," I gasped, sweat coating my brow, my skin buzzing with ant ticklish feeling as he ruins my nipples.

"That I dreamt about this too. You. Me. Us." I moaned when he groaned.

His torturous lips moved off my breasts and tickle up to the curve of my neck.

His fingers brush over my hips, to my stomach.

His lips pressed against my jawline, curving up to my lips where he took them with his own.

I moaned, my arms wrapping around his neck to bring him closer.

Bryce kisses me for the longest, branding me until I can remember the taste of his lips.

And when he pulls away, it is only to remove every bit of clothing he had.

Now he stood at the edge of the bed, facing me with his powerful naked form.

I clenched between my thighs, my heart rate rushing in my ears as I gawk at the sight of him.

He didn't lie.

He was massive.

Jerking and pointing straight at me while the tip glistened with pre cum.

I licked my lips and Bryson growled, eyes flashing as his beast returned.

He comes to join me quickly on the bed, settling between my thighs.

This was it.

We were about to cross that line.

And I couldn't help but be both excited and scared.

But all thoughts quickly got out of my head when his tip nudged at my entrance.

"Em," Bryson moaned, holding his weight using his elbow.

One hand go between us to wrap around his length and I shudder when he rubs the tip along my wet slit.

I wrap my legs around his narrow hips, raking my nails down his back. His muscles stiffen.

"I love you Emily." Bryson whispered, his forehead resting on my own, his eyes staring deeply into my soul.

This feels intimate and my heart pounds.

And just as I am about to say those words right back to him, he enters me. Slowly.

My lips part, gasping as his meaty head pushes between my folds, pushing in until he was halfway and brushing my hymen.

I'm trembling under him already, stretched so much by him.

Bryson groans, kissing me briefly before pushing all the way in.

Before I can let out a scream, his soft lips land on mine, stealing the sound right from my throat.

I whimper, tears burning the corner of my eyes as he settles deep within me.

Bryson pulls his lips away, resting his forehead on mine while he sighed on my lips. "You feel like heaven Emily. Even better than I imagined."