

Chapter 31

Emily's pov

He stilled inside me, pulsing and hot.

Pulsing with each beat of his heart.

I'm trying to catch my breath, trying so hard to not focus on the pain of his intrusion. He was so huge, stretching me until my walls stung.

He knew his intrusion hurt me and kissed the lone tear away. "I'm sorry baby, if I could've made it easier for you, less painful, I would in a heartbeat." He whispered, his voice heavy with agony.

His nose brushes against mine, his eyes still penetrating through me. I smiled.

We were connected in every single way possible now.

Something I dreamt about, something I hoped for even though the odds were against this actually happening.

And now.....I finally got him. The guy I loved for years with every inch of my pumping heart. My best friend and now my mate.

This pain was nothing. I would go through the fires of hell, be in the worst pain possible if it meant to finally be connected with Bryson.

I lift my hand to his face and he breathed out a shaky breath through his parted lips. The air hit on my mouth and my smile widened when he leaned into my touch.

"I can handle it Bryce. Give me everything you have." I whispered on his lips, lifting my mouth to brush my lips against his.

He kissed me slowly, running his tongue between my lips, dipping in his tongue to glaze the tip over my teeth and then deeper until he brushed against my tongue.

The warmth of his mouth on mine, the warmth from his body as he buries himself inside me, it feels impossibly good.

I wrap my legs around his narrow waist, pulling him even further into me. We both gasp and Bryson shudders on top of me.

He grabs my hips, his head dipping so his breath fans against my cheek.

"You feel so good baby." He moaned when I clenched around him.

I moaned, he was stretching me out painfully, yet I cannot deny the pleasure I felt while he was sheathed deep inside me.

But I wanted more.

I wanted him to make me his.

I wrap my arms around him, raking my nails down his slick back.

"I want to feel you Bryce. Please, make love to me," I pleaded, biting my bottom lip to stop from screaming when his cock jerked inside me upon hearing my words.

Bryson lifted himself to stare down at me.

He stays there for a moment, staring at me with a look of concern and worry.

"You sure baby?" he asked, his big body shaking as he held back from moving.

I nod, feeling butterflies flutter in my belly as his eyes penetrate through me.

"Yes," I whispered. "Please move. I want to feel you."

He bent his head, the tip of his nose brushing against mine, the taste of his breath on my lips as he sighed and began to move.

Slowly he pulled out, drawing a whimper out of my mouth. He stopped, staring at me with worry but I sent him an encouraging nod and he was back to pumping in and out of me.

The gasp that tumbled off our lips, the smell of sex in the air, everything felt intoxicating.

He felt so good. Hot and hard.

"Oh Bryson. Yes. Oh yes," I moaned, running my fingers through his now messy hair.

Bryson's chest vibrated with a loud growl as he slams his lips on mine, swallowing my strained cry of pleasure.

He pulled out, to slam right back in me. My walls suckled him instantly as I mewled. His tongue lashed in my mouth, sucking my tongue and biting it teasingly.

I shudder, moaning when the tip of his cock brushed a tender spot that drew me closer to the edge.

"You like that?" He whispered on my tongue, thrusting his hips forward so that the tip of his cock brushed the exact tender spot.

I nodded quickly, whimpering when he rammed into me, hitting that spot over and over until the scream came out of my mouth.

My nails dig into his back, racking down his skin. "Please," I whimpered, getting even more turned on by the sexy erotic sounds that came from his throat.

"What do you want baby? I'll give it to you." Bryson grunted, gripping my hips as he angled his hips to dive in and out of me deeper.

"Harder. I want you to fuck me harder."

Bryson didn't need to be told twice.

He grabs my hips, moving harder until a strangled sound came from my throat and my eyes rolled at the back of my head.

I stretched around him as he forces me to take him deeper inside.

"Stay with me baby. I need to see you when you cum around me. I don't want to miss the moment." Bryson groaned, moving within me so quickly I was convinced he was branding me with his cock.

I fluttered my eyes open, trying to keep them on him while he loses himself inside me.

"Oh Bryce," I sighed, carving my nails into his shoulder blades.

"That's right baby, keep those eyes on me." He cooes, driving into me.

I tighten around his huge cock, panting as he feeds me his cock over and over until my vision paints with tiny white dots.

Oh God.

I shake, moaning loudly as I grip him, my walls suckling him to stay still as I'm right on the edge.

"Oh fuck Em, oh God you feel so good." Bryson shakes on top of me, also seeming to be consumed by the pleasure of our flesh.

"I'm going to-

I gasp, my eyes widening, my body jerking as I cream around him, shaking violently.

Bryson roared, his eyes shifting, his canines sticking out of his gums.

I scream as I cream around him again when those sharp teeth pierce through my skin, on my neck, where he was supposed to mark me.

I claw at his back, calling out his name like a song as he pulsed inside my walls.

And then I felt it, his hot release, bottoming inside me and filling me up while I cream around him for the third time.

He groans, his pumps going slow as he cums inside me, marking his territory in every way possible.

I'm still clawing at his back, shaking under him, breathing roughly when he retracts his teeth from my neck. He looks down at me with a loopy smile that made my heart stutter.

His hand lift and his fingers brush my strands off my sweaty forehead. "You're finally mine, Em."