

## Chapter 39

Emily's pov

I sighed, laying my head on his shoulder as he held me in his arms. The water curled around us.

"I don't ever want to let this feeling go," He whispered, rubbing his hand down my back.

We were still in the creek, just enjoying each other's warmth and the pleasurable feeling of being in each other's arms.

"I don't ever want you to let me go," I murmured, kissing the spot I'll mark when I turn eighteen.

He shuddered, letting out a tiny moan.

"I won't ever." He promised, kissing my temple. "Not when I've finally got you."

We stayed swimming for a couple of minutes until Bryson said we should probably go eat the stuff in the basket before the ants and the wild animals eat it before us.

My dress clung to my skin like a glove as I stepped out of the water.

"You can dry it over there baby." Bryson pointed at a huge rock. The sun glared down on it.

My dress may dry quickly after all.

"You know, if you wanted to see me half naked, all you had to do was ask." I turn to him, my fingertips on the ends of my dress as I lift the soaked material, revealing my skin inch by inch.

His eyes are instantly on my ass, the second it's flashed in his sight.

I smirked as he bit his lower lip.

"You're asking to get fucked out here Emily." Bryson warned, the tip of his tongue rolling out of his mouth to trail across his lower lip.

My body buzzed. His mark on my skin tingle.

I removed the dress all the way making him groan as I reveal my underwear. They're soaked too, and clung to me like a second skin.

The cool air hit my skin, raising goosebumps in its wake.

"Em," Bryson growled, stepping toward me.

I giggled and run to the huge rock and set the wet dress where the sun hit it the most.

It will dry up in no time.

Hands wrap around my waist and lift me up. I squeal, laughing as Bryson turned me in his arms to playfully nip at my lip.

"You're a naughty vixen. Who would've thought my sweet little Em would be such a tease?" He grinned, rubbing the tip of his nose against mine.

I melt in his arms, my eyes glowing as I peered at him under my lashes.

"Bryce." I whispered, leaning into him, my lips nearing his.

He grunted, holding me tightly and brushed his lips against mine.

Just before he could take my lips in a kiss, he pulls away and set me on my feet.

I stared up at him confused. He smirked, his green eyes gleaming with amusement.

"But you should know, your mate can play games too." He winked, and lifted his wet clinging shirt off his body.

I instantly clench my thighs as a strong pulsing throb tickle the sensitive area between my thighs.

His green eyes drop to my thighs, the tiny flickers of red slowly taking over the green.

His nostrils flared as he breathed in.

"You smell so fucking good." He groaned and I noted the huge tent in his pants.

He was aroused. And I was too.

I watch his toned muscles, the creamy flesh I want to lick all over. It glistened with tiny beads of water.

I can just imagine how good he taste.

I want to taste him badly.

I gnawed on my lips, watching those muscles flex when he threw his shirt on the rock carelessly as he walks over to me.

I shudder by the look in his eyes.

They're dark now. No longer that startling green color.

"Get on your knees." The dominant command had me shivering.

"What?" I murmured unsurely.

"Get on your knees Em." He commanded, his chest vibrating with a growl.

I don't question him any longer, I land on my knees, they dig into the dirt as I looked up at Bryson.

I can't help but get more turned on by his dominant commanding voice.

"Unzip, my little mate. I'm going to give you exactly what you want." He said hoarsely, his eyes now shaded with red.