

She's Mine To Claim: Tasting And Claiming His Luna

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4

Emily's pov

I sat down on one of the chairs around the lunch table and dug into my burger. I was hungry and moaned aloud.

"Don't make that sound again Em," Bryson grunted a bit when he sat down on one of the chairs beside mine.

I furrow my brows and turn to him.

His eyes fall to my lips and they darken. I'm stunned by how dark they've become. "You have something on the corner of your..." He trails off and before I can wipe whatever was on my lips, Bryson reached out and brushed his finger on the corner of my mouth.

My eyes fall to his finger and I feel the heat crawl up my neck and settle in my cheeks when I noticed that the tip of his finger was painted with mayo.

With a smirk, Bryson lifted his finger and pushed it in his mouth and, sucked. He moaned.

And my heart leaped.

When he was done, he grinned at me and teased. "You're such a messy eater."

This time the heat took over my entire face. I was certain I looked so red that everyone could spot me from afar.

Bryson chuckled and was about to say something when someone else plopped down on the chair mirroring mine.

"What are you two talking about?" Shawn, Bryson's best friend and also a close friend of mine asked as he dug into his fries.

His eyes gleamed with amusement as they darted between Bryson and I.

He arrowed a fry our way. "Let me guess. You two are flirting like usual."

If it were even possible my face turned even redder. "We we-re not flirting." I splattered out.

Shawn busted out laughing at my expense and from the corner of my eye I can see Bryson staring at me with a huge grin on his face.

Great my friends thought I was a laughing stock.

"Bryce. Did you see how red she got man?! Em is literally the color of a firetruck." Shawn snorted playfully.

I glared at both him and Bryson whose grin widened as he agreed. "Yes. Makes me wonder where else that blush go." There's a heavy tone in Bryson's voice that had a slick electrical feeling zapping down my spine.

"Yuck. Keep the flirting away from me before I barf." Shawn jokes and had me shyly moving my eyes away from both his and Bryson's.

"Who's flirting?" Maya's voice flutters near.

I turn around to see one of her arms slung over Bryson's shoulder as she held him close.

Everyone knew that if anyone had to be Bryson's fated mate, then it would be Maya.

Not only was she of higher rank but she was beautiful and walked with grace.

Bryson deserved a mate as strong as him.

And that mate couldn't be me, because I was weak. An omega and not as pretty as Maya.

Swimming with jealousy, I tore my eyes away from the two.

Shawn who didn't always see eye to eye with Maya, responded sarcastically. "Bryson and Emily. Who else? Do you see any other couple around Maya?"

I shyly peeked at Bryson when Shawn mentioned that we were a couple. He didn't look like he hated it, in fact, Bryson had a charming grin on his face.

Maya removed her arm off Bryson's shoulders and glared at Shawn. "Would it kill you to be nice to me for once dick? And, besides, Bryson and Em aren't a couple. Bryson's going to find his mate soon so you should be careful with your words. His mate might be someone in this room, you never know."

She huffed and went to sit down on the chair beside Shawn who scooted away from her a little.

I looked over at Bryson. That grin on his face is gone and is replaced by a frown.

"What does finding his mate have to do with this now? There's no harm in the two flirting." Shawn grumbles and glared at Maya.

"I'm just saying that if his mate is in the room she might get the wrong idea. It could be anyone, well except for Emily herself. She's an omega so her being Bryson's mate isn't believable." Maya said with a shrug.

There was a bitter feeling in my chest when she said those words. And even though they were absolutely true, it didn't make it hurt any less.

Suddenly a chair scrap backward and I snap my gaze to Bryson who stands up and storms away, leaving the three of us stunned by his sudden departure.

"What's wrong with him?" Maya asked in confusion as she stared at a storming away Bryson who managed to capture everyone's attention.

"Gee I wonder who upset him," Shawn said sarcastically.

I rise to my feet, concerned about his obvious angry mood. "I'll go check up on him," I said.

"No, I'll go," Maya said and rose to her feet. Shawn is quick to wrap his hand around her wrist and stops her.

"No, Emily should go. It's obvious you upset him with your words Maya. I don't think you going to him is a good idea. Let Emily handle it." He grumbles tightly.

Maya frowns but nods and sat back down.

Shawn nods his head, urging me to go ahead. I quickly leave the cafeteria my eyes scanning around the area.

Where could you be Bryce....

I opened the locker room and sure enough, there was the sound of a fist hitting metal.

I rush over to his side, shocked to see him this angry. He's breathing roughly and his canines are out. And when he looked at me, I stare into angry red eyes.

He's shifting and he's trying to fight it.

"Bryce," I said softly as I took a cautious step forward. Bryce was an alpha, a future alpha and they tend to not be able to control their emotions when the day to take over the pack is approaching.

He places his forehead on the locker while trying to control his rage and breathing.

I approached him slowly, cautiously and when I'm beside him, I reach out and place my hand on his shoulder.

He relaxes, breathing out a sigh.

"Did she upset you that much Bryce?" I whispered when his eyes had gone back to normal and his teeth retracted.

"It's her damn words. I hate when she brings up the mate thing." He admits and pushes off the locker only to turn around to face me.

"I don't understand," I whispered. "She's right you know, you'll be finding your mate soon. Isn't that a good thing?"

Bryson's jaw ticked and his eyes shifted in irritation. "How is that a good thing if there's a possibility I can't have the girl I want Em?"