

## Chapter 44

Emily's pov

"Ahh," I gasped as I fall on Bryson's bare chest, breathing as harshly as he did while he slip out of me.

"That was," I whispered, my heart soaring as my fingers played on his sweaty chest.

"Amazing." He breathed out, his chest rising and falling quickly under my head as he tried to catch his breath.

"It keeps getting better." He groaned, his fingers weaving through my tresses as I press my cheek where his heart beat.

We were now on the picnic cloth he placed on the grass blades.

I nod, agreeing with him as I too try to haul the air into my lungs after that steamy session with him.

If my belly and not grumbled, I believe we would have gone for the third round.

Who would've thought sex would work up such an appetite?

My fingers played over his creamy flesh where the sunlight strained through the leaves to dance on his skin.

We stayed like this in each other's arms until our heart rates went back to normal and our breathing had evened out.

As Bryson played with my tresses a thought jumped into my mind.

"Bryson," I called out his name, my cheek still pressed to his chest.

"Hhmm?" He hummed, his fingers now soothing down my back, creating a tingling feeling that made goosebumps dot on my skin quickly.

"After the rogues attacked you. The next morning." I blushed. "My mom said she heard moans coming from my room. Did we...." I trailed off in embarrassment.

I remember some parts of it, where he was between my legs, rubbing against me in the most delicious way. But this could very much have been a dream.

And if it were not.....

We were not mates then. But two friends that should not have even been this close to each other during those days.

He hums. "She heard those moans huh?"

I stiffen. So we did in fact....

Bryson chuckled. "Calm down baby, we didn't do anything then. Well I didn't, but you on the other hand seem to have been loving that dream you were having."

My eyes widen.

So it was a dream?

And I was moaning out loud!?

And Bryson was there right beside me!

Oh God, did I moan out his name?

"You did." Bryson said smugly as if proud.

I winced. "Did I ask this out loud?"

"Uh hum." Bryson teased.

My cheeks flamed.

Bryson chuckled. "You're blushing right now aren't you?" He questioned, his voice teasing.

"No," I denied with a lie.

"I bet if you look at me, I'd see red cheeks. Even the tip of your nose gets red Em." He chuckled.

I smacked him lightly on his chest, lifting my head to playfully glare at him.

He laughed heartily, eyes dancing on my face before a huge grin emerged on his face.

He lift his hand, finger brushing my tresses behind my ear. "You look beautiful when you blush."

I smiled, rolling my bottom lip between my teeth to bite.

His eyes followed the movement. "Have I told you where else that blush goes?" His eyes flickered up, glinting with amusement.

I gnawed on my lip. "Where?"

He smiled, his hand curving down my back making me shiver as his fingers trace over my bottom going lower until his fingers cup me lightly between my legs.

His eyes flashed when he saw me bite my lip to stifle my moan. "Here."

"But that could just be because I sucked on it too much," He grinned, moving his fingers and smacking me on my butt playfully.

I pouted, missing his touch.

He chuckled lifting himself a little, bringing me with him. "Come here." He whispered.

My palms press on the red and white cloth as I bring my face to his. He kissed me tenderly until my belly grumble again.

He pulled away, smiling. "Let's get you fed baby." He chuckled and reached for the basket that was an arm length from us.

I sat up, not at all embarrassed that we were both staked naked. Hell we stench of sex.

Bryson opens the basket and plucks a grape. He looks at me and brought the grape to my lip.

"Open, keep it between your teeth." He ordered, his eyes hard on my lips.

I nod, gripping the grape between my teeth.

He smiled and leaned forward, biting off the other end and kissing me until I get breathless.