

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

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Emily's pov

His words stunned me and my heart leaped.

Did he have someone in mind he wanted as his mate?

It sure sounded as though he had someone he liked.

My heart throbbed.

I know I shouldn't feel this way, Bryson after all would obviously be attracted to girls...

A big part of me wanted him to be attracted to me but that was just wishful thinking.

Bryson was way out of my league, in looks and ranking.

It's actually laughable that I was so deeply in love with an alpha male who would never be mated to an omega like me.

Bryson sighs and rakes a hand through his hair. "The closer my birthday comes the more agitated I get. I'm fearful of who I'll end up with knowing that the one I really want might not-

He groans and shakes his head. His eyes lift to mine and they connected. It feels like electricity is zapping around us as he holds me in an intense stare.

"In a few months, you'll be turning eighteen to Em. Aren't you afraid of who you'll end up with?" He asked, staring at me deeply.

I tore my eyes away from him.

I've thought about who the moon goddess must've chosen for me and my mind always wraps back to maybe an omega or low-ranked male.

Omeegas have never been mated to any higher-ranked wolves, it's not like I'd magically be mated to one now.

"I've thought about it a lot actually. And yes I'm terrified of that day." I admitted.

I'm terrified that we won't have the same bond we have now.

Your main focus will be on your Luna and I'll be stuck with someone I have to force to fall in love with even though my heart belongs to you.

But instead of saying the truth, I sent him a shaky smile. "But I figured the moon goddess won't fate me to a higher ranked wolf so I suppose I have nothing to fear of. You know how you higher ranked wolves are more maintenance." I joked trying to ease the tension.

But it does the opposite because Bryson's brows knot into a frown and he grumbles. "Right."

He stares at me with an emotion he was quick to mask and then clears his throat. "I guess we'll just have to wait and see who we end up with huh?"

I nodded grimly.

I didn't want to end up with anyone else other than Bryson. I was in love with him and I was afraid that even with a mate that's not him, I'd never be able to get over him.

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"You better take your time today," I warned him as I buckled myself.

Bryson shoots me a grin and winks. "No promises."

I gripped the door quickly as he drove off.

"Bryson Taylor!" I yelled in anger.

He roared with laughter and then slowed down. I turn to shoot him a glare.

"I swear you're just trying to piss me off."

The corner of his mouth lifted into a smirk as he spared me a glance. "You're hot when you're pissed off, I can't help it." He joked but there was something weighing in his tone that made it a bit hoarse.

Again, his words always seem to make me stop breathing for a few. But then I always remember that Bryson was always a teaser and he loved to tease me. Those words had no real meaning behind them. They were just that, words.

Even though I wanted them to mean so much more.

With a raging blush on my face that I failed to hide, I rip my eyes away from him and focus on the road while I murmur. "Shut up. "

He chuckles and the sound sent a warm rush of tingles fluttering in my stomach.

When we got to my place Bryson said he'd much rather warm up the food in fear that I'd 'burn' down the house.

"Whatever," I said and rolled my eyes.

I left him and went upstairs to freshen up.

When I got back upstairs, Bryson is already seated on the sofa, his feet kicked up on the coffee table.

"Aren't you supposed to have a meeting with your dad today about the alpha ceremony?" I asked as I approached him.

Not only was Bryson turning the age of eighteen in a couple of days, but he would also be passed down the alpha title. He will now be the alpha leader of the pack.

Something he's been training for relentlessly.

He looks up at me and I didn't fail to notice the way his eyes dipped for a few seconds on my breasts area and legs.

I blushed and he clears his throat while reaching over for the remote. "Like I'd leave you home alone Em. I mind linked my dad, we'll talk about it tomorrow."

I winced.

Brent Taylor, alpha of our pack, was a bit more stern. Especially when it came to pack business.

"Was he upset?" I winced as I plopped beside him.

I let out a tiny breath when his arm slings around my shoulder and he pulled me closer to his side.

"Nah not really. He understood. It's really not a big deal Em. Alpha duties can come after, you'll always come first."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. When he says words like that it makes me want to beg him to kiss me at least once before he'll never be mine again.

But that wasn't a possibility. We were best friends and he only saw me as his little sister.

"I just don't want to be the reason you're missing out on your duties Bryce. You'll take over the pack in literally a few days." I whispered and peeked at him under my lashes.

I hear his sharp intake of breath when our eyes connected and furrow my brows when he rips them away quickly.

"I have enough time Em. Now stop being so worried." He whispered and switched through the movies and picked one I liked even though he didn't like that kind of genre.

I smiled and lay my head on his shoulder.

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A few hours had passed and now it was dark out. The only light in the house was coming from the television.

We had eaten a few hours ago and now I was exhausted.

I yawned, my eyes fluttering closed until sleep washed over me. It was only when I felt myself being lifted did my eyes slowly fluttered open.

In my hazy mind and vision, I spotted Bryson's eyes staring down at me. "Go back to sleep Em, I got you." He whispered and my eyes followed his command.

I can hear his footfalls as he walked up the stairs, feel his arms hold me protectively to his chest. Hear the steady beating of his heart in his chest.

And then soon, I felt the soft covers under me as I sank into the mattress. He fixed me and pulled the covers over my legs to my midsection.

But when I thought he was gone, I felt the hovering presence of him above me then felt the softness of his lips on the corner of my mouth.

"Goodnight baby." He whispered, his lips lingering there.