

## Chapter 51

Emily's pov

"Morning," Bryson smiled down at me boyishly, brushing his thumb over my cheek tenderly as I blinked away the sleep from my eyes.

I smiled. "Morning."

His finger run down to my arm, scanning over my skin softly.

He looked at me, his eyes flickering with a bit of concern. "Is it still irritable? Or is it tolerable now?"

"I don't feel a thing anymore," I admitted, moving off his chest to sit up and look at my arms.

Strange.

The redness had disappeared completely. I thought I'd take another full day to fully heal.

"Not even a slight sting. Guess that balm your mom gave me worked." I smiled happily, looking down at his relieved expression.

He grinned. "Don't tell her that, you'll have her yapping about her medicinal capabilities for an entire month."

I laughed and he pulled me back down to kiss me.

When our lips parted, his fingers run through my hair. "Willing to go to school today?"

I nod. "Uhhum. The humans will have a field day with trying to figure out when we ended up together. "

He grinned. "I've been dreaming of this day. I couldn't wait to show you off and finally I can."

I smiled, poking his cute dimple.

They deepen as his smile widen.

I yelp when he smacked my ass, squeezing. "Now let's get ready. I have to drop you off at your house to get your clothes right?"

I nod.

He sighed. "Bummer. I like you in my clothes." A small cute pout on his lips tempted me to kiss him.

But I knew that if I did, we wouldn't be able to stop, so I peeled away from him and hopped off the bed.

His pout deepened and I laughed.

"Come on, if you be a good boy I'll make you join me in the shower." I blushed, but grinned seductively as I peel his shirt off my body.

His eyes brightened, twinkling as that pout was replaced by an excited happy expression.

"I'll be a good boy." He answered quickly as he practically leapt out of bed and ushered over to me.

I laughed, sprinting to the bathroom with him hot on my heels.

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"Oh you look like you're glowing Em! Let me guess Bryson gave you his own medicine?" Shawn winked as he entered the classroom.

I flushed and rolled my eyes. "Shut up."

Shawn snorted, eating up the distance between us. "At this point you two are like bunnies."

"Oh my God Shawn, can you stop?" I grumble as I dig my hands in my hair in embarrassment.

He laughed and took a sit.

"Where's our alpha? I need to talk to him." He asked, looking around the room.

I was the first one in class, per usual, but someone from the pack was here also.

"Had to speak to the principal about shifting classes or something." I furrowed my brows, frowning slightly.

I'd love for Bryce to be beside me every second of the day, but gosh he won't let me out of his sight not even for a second!

What if I had to go to the bathroom, would he come with me!?

He was scared something would happen to me after last night and was taking precautions. But was he taking this a bit too serious?

I mean the only reason he left me here was because the other wolf from our pack who sat a few seats down, was a warrior. And Bryson had made sure to tell him to keep his eyes on me.

"Ha he's so obsessed with you. Doesn't want to leave your side huh?" Shawn snorted out a chuckle.

"Not with what happened last night, no." I shrugged.

The smile on Shawn's lips disappeared and he frowned. "Yes, last night. I'm so sorry Emily-

I shook my head. "How many times will you apologize for something that was not your fault? How would you have known there was wolfsbane in the pool?"

Shawn let out a heavy breath. "Still, I should've made sure everything was safe before calling you and Bryson over. You're now our luna and we should have protected you more."

I smiled softly, reaching out to squeeze his hand. "Forget about it Shawn, I'm not upset with you. No do you need to keep eating yourself up about what happened. It happened but I'm okay. See, even my skin is back to normal," I showed him my creamy skin and he looked relieved.

"That's good that you've healed up so quickly." By the tone of his voice, I could make out that he was still feeling guilty.

His eyes lift to mine. "By the way, I want to talk to both you and Bryson about something important."

My brows creased. "About what?"

Shawn lowered his voice. "About Maya. I suspect the culprit is her."