

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

Author: Demiah13

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Emily's pov

"Bryson, what are you doing here?" I whispered, looking into his startling green eyes that shone with love.

I must be dreaming. Why was he staring at me with so much love?

Bryson takes a step forward, his eyes darkening with lust when they fall to my parted mouth.

I let out a gasp of air from the intensity of the fire of desire swirling in his foresty gaze.

His eyes cause my body to burn with heat and I bit my bottom lip to stop myself from moaning out loud.

I'm like a flickering match under the weight of his stare and when he spoke in a husky tone next, I burn alive.

"Em, I want you," He groaned, his eyes darkening until they swirled with red.

His wolf was aroused too.

It wasn't only him.

"I've wanted you for so long. I want you Em. I want you so badly it hurts." His hands reach up and he bunches his shirt in his hand. Where his heart beat.

I can hear it. I can hear the organ beat as furiously as mine.

I sucked a very sharp breath, stumbling back a step when his words registered.

He wants me.

His canines jut out from his gum and he takes a powerful step forward.

"I want you and I'm going to claim you. I'm claiming you as mine Em. You're mine." He snarls and finishes the distance between us and pulls me in his arms.

He holds the back of my head, forcing me to look up. Our eyes connected and tingles rake over my body and swirl in my veins like the fire he had flickered already inside me.

"Bry-son," I gasped, my eyes widening a little.

He grins, showcasing his canines that were still on display. "I knew it. I knew you were mine. You're my luna-

I gasped, my upper half snapping up in a sitting position. I gripped the covers around my body as I try to relax my pounding heart.

I'm trembling and lift my hand to brush through my hair shakily.

Great Em, now you're dreaming of your best friend claiming you....

You can't be any more obsessed than this.

I let out a shaky breath and licked across my lower lip which felt dry.

Pang.

My brows furrowed.

Pang.

What the hell?

Another pang cracks the silence in the room.

I look over at my window. There wasn't a tree or a branch close by that can make that kind of sound.

The only person or should I say wolf who would do this was none other than my best friend. The boy I just dreamt about.

Pang.

I was right. He was throwing tiny stones at my window.

My heart starts beating like it normally does when he's near.

I gripped my shirt where my heart beat in my chest.

Calm down, heart. Stop making it obvious.

When the organ had finally settled, I throw the covers off my body and padded my way over to the window.

I slid it open, welcoming the cold air to beat against my cheeks.

I looked down and sure enough, Bryson is standing just under my window, his arm up ready to sling another pebble at the glass.

I stop him before he could.

"Bryson!" I hissed getting his attention. He stops, throws the pebble down, and grins up at me.

"You caught me. I will forever be indebted to you, my lady." He joked, keeping his hands up in surrender.

I rolled my eyes yet smiled. I had noted that he had no shirt on and only khaki shorts.

He had been in wolf form and run all the way here.

I turn to look at the beating red numbers on my nightstand clock. It's two a.m in the morning.

That's the latest he had ever come here.

I furrowed my brows in confusion. "What's wrong Bryce?" I whispered in a worried tone that he caught.

"Jump," He answered.

I shook my head. "It's cold out, and it's inappropriate to be outside at this hour with my future alpha."

He knew I was bullshitting him. Even if I had yet to shift I still had wolf genes which made my body warm even in the winter times. It was difficult to get cold.

After that dream I just had, I didn't want to be face to face with him so close.

Bryson looks irritated and moves out of the shadows a bit. The fadish light from the moon beamed down on him, eliminating his green foresty eyes.

"And as your future alpha, I ask that you get your pretty ass down here this instant." He cocked a challenging brow. "Or would you rather I come up there and take you myself?"

Oh damn, he was serious.

Sighing in defeat, I opened the window wider and crawled onto the ledge. I looked down, pinning him with a look that told him he better catch me.

He grins boyishly and winks. "I'll always catch you Em. " He promises, his eyes shining with honesty.

If I fell I wouldn't necessarily die. It wasn't that high off the ground and I could still heal. Slowly yes, but I'd heal nonetheless.

But that didn't mean I'd take the chance to actually fall and perhaps accidentally break a bone or two in the process.

I held the air in my lungs, counted to three, and jumped.

"Oomph," I said when arms quickly wrap around me, catching me before I could land on the ground.

Bryson's arms wrapped around me like a band of hard steel, tightening around me protectively.

For a few moments, we stay like this, just me in his arms and him holding me so closely.

I slowly looked up at him, only to remember that his upper half was naked.

A furious blush spread on my cheeks hotly and I squirm and wiggle for him to put me down on my feet.

"Okay you can put me down now," I said, avoiding his gaze and very thankful that I left my hair down messily, so it would help to veil around my face and block his sight from my reddened cheeks.

"Oh right," Bryson said sheepishly and awkwardly place me on my feet.

I fixed my oversized shirt and brushed my hair in a way that would block my cheeks.

Looking up at him, he's already staring at me in amusement.

"Now can you tell me why you're here so late?" I asked, trying to move his attention away from me.

"I came here for you."

