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Emily's pov

"What?" I breathed out, my heart rate kicking up a notch.

Bryson voiced. "I can't sleep. I desired to see you-"

That word. Desire....

He probably should not use it in a sentence when it involves me.

He stops, and under the moon light I swore I could see the faint color of a blush. But that could just be my imagination.

He clears his throat and lifts his hand in his hair where he scratches behind his nape. "I want you to join me for a run Em. Let's go to our special place." He murmured.

I looked around. It really wasn't a good idea to be here with him, especially since in a few days he'll be mated.

This wasn't appropriate, especially the time. Before it would not have been a problem but I didn't want any of the patrolling wolves to notice us outside together, alone. 1

"It's pretty late Bryce and the creek is a good few miles from here. I'll be back in my bed by morning." I pointed out and crossed my arms under my chest because of the sudden cold wind that brushed against my shirt.

I don't normally sleep with a bra on and I didn't have one tonight. So when that cold wind smacked against the material of my shirt, it managed to bead my nipples.

I really hope Bryson doesn't notice it. That would be so embarrassing.

"Come on Em I can't go without you." The plea in his voice caught me and my shoulders sagged in defeat.

The corners of his mouth lifted into a dazzling smirk that had my stomach twisting with butterflies.

I rolled my eyes, playing annoyed when all I wanted to do was giggle at the boyish look on his face.

"I knew you couldn't resist my charms." He joked winking and wiggling his brows.

This time I can't stop the giggle that fluttered out of my mouth.

"You think so highly of yourself." I joked only for my eyes to widen and for me to choke on my spit when Bryson suddenly starts to unbutton the khaki pants.

"Wha-t are yo-u doing?" My words come out like a jumbling mess as I can't help but make my eyes roll down his masculine alpha male figure.

Bad idea.

Because now I'm fighting off my arousal and hoping he

would not pick up on it.

If he does, I will have to make a quick lie and say that I was masturbating in my room prior....

No that lie was way to ridiculous.

Think about toads Emily. Think about their rough skin and how slimy they feel when you touch them....

Think about anything other than Bryson's broad chest. Or his toned six pack. Or the little fine hairs trailing from the bottom of his navel to disappear in those khaki pants he was currently unbuttoning.

I whip my eyes up quickly, blushing furiously when his eyes are already staring at me deeply into my soul. ¹

Great he caught me looking.

But instead of teasing me like I expected him to, his mouth only tilted into a grin and he joked.

"Well I have to get rid of those," He tugged at the khaki pants, his eyes dancing with mirth. "So that I can shift into my wolf Em."

Oh right.

How embarrassing, I forgot.

Bryson lips spread into a teasing smirk. "Or did you think I was removing it for something else?"

I stuttered and that had him chuckling at my expense. Glaring at him, I huffed and turned around.

"You're annoying. Has anyone else told you that before?" I asked and bit the inside of my cheek as I fight the urge to turn back around when I hear the fabric that covered his lower half fall to the ground.

"You. Many times." He snorted. "But how can I take those words seriously when you know you love it when I'm 'annoying'?"

I rolled eyes and waited for the air to shift.

And it does a few seconds later. I feel the aura of his wolf strike through the air powerfully as he growled.

Then the bones cracked and then a growl emerge from his throat.

Seconds later his snout nudges my bottom and I swear he had done it on purpose.

'Get on'

He demanded through our mind link.

Even though my wolf has yet to awaken, I could still mind link others from the pack. I still had werewolf genes after all.

I turned around and now face my best friend who is staring down at me through the pupils of his wolf.

I reach up and run my hand through his thick soft brown coat. "You're such a cute handsome pup," I joked, knowing he hated being called a pup.

"Bryson!" I gasped seconds later when he snout nudges between between my thighs, forcing my legs to part.

Then his entire head gets between my thighs before he raises his head, causing me to get off the ground and slide down to his back.

"Bryson Taylor!" I snapped, my face burning up.

'And that's what you get for calling me a pup'

He snorted through the link.


I twisted around so that I would face front instead of facing the back. "This just proves how annoying you are." I murmured, not even having the courage to argue with him about what he had done.

'Since you think this is annoying, I'll have to do this quite more often'

He joked.

The blush on my cheeks got hotter and I'm thankful that the wind was extremely cold tonight. It would help cool down my cheeks.

Bryson grabs his khaki pants in his jaw and then straightened up to his full height. He was nearly his father's

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size and was the biggest amongst our peers.

Well that was expected seeing as he was from an alpha bloodline and they were usually the biggest and strongest in the pack.

'Hold on tight bab- Em'

Bryson demanded, his wolf rumbling under me as he took a stance to get ready to race through the thick foliage.

I gripped his thick brown coat, marveling at the softness.

'One two-

Bryson darted and I squealed, gripping his coat harder. He laughs through the mind link and joked.

'Still not fancy of fast rides?'

With the way he said it, I knew that there was a secretive meaning behind it.

'No, I rather slow. That way I can enjoy it more'

I said through the link, knowing exactly what I was doing and how he would take it.

His wolf growls under me powerfully.

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