

Chapter 101

Emily's pov

We stay sedated for a while in each other's arms. I listened to his beating heart, my head resting on his chest as he run a hand through my messy tangled hair.

" I did not kill Maya on purpose," I suddenly blurted out, making Bryson stop his actions.

" I know that baby," he responded, soothing his fingers down my naked back.

I sighed, knowing that this was the perfect time to tell him everything when we both were calm. " That night after you left. My mom showed up. She looked scared and she tugged me upstairs."

I can still remember the night like it was yesterday, remember the last words we said to each other before she made her return to the pack.

I wondered if she was okay. She promised me she would look after Bryson for me. I bet she was home baking her cookies while dad read through the newspaper.

I shifted my head to face Bryson and he looked down at me. "My mom," I whispered. " Did you punish her for helping me escape?"

Bryson swallowed and looked away. When he didn't answer I lift myself off him, sitting upright while I peer down at him. My heart began to race as I thought of the worst.

Did he hurt her? He wouldn't right?

The very thought made my throat ache and I swallow.

I gripped his arm, my heart pounding in my chest painfully, hoping that my thoughts were not true.

" I should've stopped her," Were Bryson's grave words as he brought his eyes to mine. They are filled with sorrow and knocked the air out of my lungs. My finger tips dig into his skin as my heart sped up.

" Tell me Bryson," I croaked, my voice cracking as tears welled in my eyes.

He swallowed, his face contorted with pain. " She," he gulped. " She killed herself when we caught her."

The words hit me like a giant wave, a crushing pressure that swept away any remains of hope I had left. My hands shook as I clung to Bryson's arm, trying to process what he had just revealed. The room seemed to close in on us, and the air felt heavy and suffocating.

My vision blurred and I found it hard to collect air into my lungs to breathe. I couldn't breathe.

"S-he, sh-e what?" I managed to stammer, my voice barely above a whisper. My throat burned so bad, everything feels so crammed into my tiny body. Every painful feeling.

The tears that had welled up in my eyes, blurring my vision fell freely, crawling down my cheeks. It was as if my world had shattered into a million pieces, leaving me in a cold dark pit. Like the pit of hell.

Bryson's eyes were filled with remorse and he reached out to cup my face, wiping away a tear with his thumb. I sobbed, my chest feeling tight.

"I'm so sorry, Emily," he said, his voice quivering. "I tried to stop her, but I was too late. "

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. My mother, the woman who had always been there for me, the one who had sacrificed so much to help me escape from the council, had taken her own life. The guilt and grief washed over me like a never-ending flood.

I knew she killed herself because of me, that much was clear. She didn't want them to know where I had run off to, and distracted with her death.

She sacrificed so much for me.

My lower lip tremble as I sobbed. This wasn't fair. This life, it wasn't fair at all.

Bryson held me tighter, his arms a lifeline in the weight of emotions that raged within me. My grief, guilt, and pain swirled together and form a storm of despair. The room felt like a prison, closing in on us, and I wished I could escape from this nightmare.

" You're lying," I whispered, hoping the words that flutter out of my mouth were the truth and not his.

I shook my head, my lips wobbling as tears soaked my cheeks. Bryson sat up and pulled me in his arms, hugging me as I press my mouth on his shoulder to choke out the scream of pain that tried to fight to come out.

In Bryson's arms, I tried to deny the painful reality that had been revealed, to pretend that what he had just told me was nothing but a lie, a nightmare from which I would soon wake up from.

It was a nightmare. This wasn't real.

Even though my words rang in my head, my heart knew that his words were true. I clung onto him wailing as my tears soaked on his shoulder.

Bryson held me close as my sobs intensified, the tears soaking his shoulder.

The weight of my mother's sacrifice pressed on me, and it was a weight that I would never escape. She had given her life to protect me to ensure my safety and freedom, and here I was. Back in Bryson's arms, and on the verge of telling him everything that would put him and the pack in danger.

My heart pumped viciously in my chest.

Would my mom's sacrifice be in vain now that I was about to reveal everything to him?

I cried. " What about my dad," I croaked, my nails digging into his skin. Despite that, Bryson does not stop me. " Please tell me he is still alive. I have lost one already, I can't bear the thought of-

I broke down when Bryson held me tighter. He didn't have to answer, his actions already told me.

I cried for all three of my parents I lost, feeling like I was truly not worth their sacrifice.

I was not sure for how long I cried but when I was done my voice was hoarse and I did not have the power to remove myself from Bryson. It was like he was my lifeline and if I pulled away from him I'd be dead.

What good would I be for Raiden when I don't have strength to fight anymore?

Bryson run his hands through my hair, cooing at me and kissing my head. As he continued to soothe me I realize that I could no longer do this on my own. This pain. Bearing all this weight on my shoulders.

I grew angry. The pain was now anger.

Angry that the council was the cause of this. If my mom did not have to keep me safe she would still be here. My dad would still be here. Both my dad's would still be here.

The council was the root cause of my suffering.

They were the root of evil. And I had to dig them out.

Pulling away from Bryson, I pulled in any painful feeling and carved it into fury as I told Bryson everything.

By the time I was done Bryson was silent, but his eyes shifted from red to his usual color. And then he pushed me off him and stood up. The next second was like a blur.

Bryson gripped the night stand, lifted it and flew it across the room. It makes a loud booming sound as it crashes against the wall.

Fear tickled up my spine as I watch him breathe viciously, fighting his wolf. Every rise of his shoulder showed how painful it was to not give into his wolf.

" Bryson?" I whispered softly.

At the sound of my voice, he whipped around and I curled back at the pure more beast than man look as he snarled.