

## Chapter 14

Emily's pov

I'm staring into the mirror as my mom fixes one of the curls in my hair. She bends down and her eyes met mine through the mirror.

"You look so beautiful Emily." She smiled.

I stare at my reflection in the mirror, trying to see the beauty she was talking about.

She had lightly brushed some dark brown eyeshadow on my lids to create a wing. She also put on some mascara which made my blue eyes pop out.

My lips were red and my cheeks had a light pink blush. She curled my dirty blonde hair to perfection and added some pearls through the tresses.

I did in fact look beautiful.

I smiled.

"Thank you mom," I thanked her.

She beamed and kisses my cheek. "You're welcome beautiful. Now let's hurry up and head to the alpha ceremony. We're getting a new alpha today."

She chirps, straightening up with clap of her hand.

I nodded, my stomach twisting nervously.

Today it is. Today I'll no longer hold hope that Bryson and I would ever end up together.

I blinked, hoping I didn't start crying and ruin the mascara. Mom would kill me if I do.

"Your dad must already be waiting downstairs for us." She giggled and soon left my room, leaving me alone in my depressing thoughts.

I move off the seat and walked across my room to the lengthy mirror.

I was donned in a pretty silver dress that fit me snugly. It showed a little bit of my cleavage since it dipped a bit between the breasts area. But it was lengthy with the ends brushing against my ankle.

Those silver heels I had on matched well with the dress and honestly I look pretty good.

This was the first time I went all out to look pretty. Because tonight was special. Not only was my best friend was going to be hailed as the new alpha of the blood moon pack but was also going to hopefully find his fated one tonight.

"Emily! Come on we should be on our way by now!" Mom yelled from downstairs to get my attention.

I sighed, looked at myself one last time before walking over to the dresser to grasp my silver purse and head out.

Tonight was the last time to say goodbye to my feelings for Bryson. Tonight all my hopes will shatter.

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I stepped out of the car, lifting my gaze to the lit up pack house.

The ceremony was being held in the huge backyard where earlier I was helping set up.

I'm nervous.

I can literally feel it pore out of my pores.

"Why are you so stiff Emily?" Mom asked as she hooked her arms with mine. Dad comes to stand beside us while fixing his tie.

"For the love of God Mark, stop playing with that damn tie." Mom slapped his hand away from the tie.

"Emera that dang thing isn't right. I'm trying to fix it before I look like a fool amongst the others." Dad grumbles and looks at me.

"Sweetheart can you fix this for me? I have a feeling your mom won't do it." He grinned at mom.

I giggled, loving the way my parents playfully banter. I went over to fix his tie, smiling when mom grumbled something about him being hopeless under her breath.

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"Em you look so pretty!" Maya squealed coming over to me with her arms opened wide.

"Thank you," I tried to snile but the more time passed the more nervous I become.

She pulls me into a hug and let's me go to stare at my dress. "And that dress was definitely made for you." She smiled and looked over to my parents.

"Do you mind if I steal Em tonight?" She asked with a chirp.

Mom shook her head and wrapped her arm around dad's midriff as she rest her head on his chest.

"You two go on ahead and have fun." She winked.

Maya takes this as a good opportunity to grab a hold of my hand and tig me away.

"Wait, I have heels on. Do you want me to break my ankle?" I giggled as I try to catch up.

She slows down. "Oh right. Forgot you're not use to wearing heels. The boys are at the front."

My heart picks up speed.

I wasn't sure if I can face Bryson tonight even though it was inevitable to see him.

I gnaw on my lips as we make our through the throngs of chattering people. Most had a glass in their hand.

I was sure they had to add a bit of wolfsbane so that they can achieve getting drunk seeing as wolves don't normally get drunk off of alcohol.

When we got to the boys, my heart slammed so hard in my chest I thought it was on the verge of ripping out.

"Hey guys look who I've found!" Maya chirped.

The boys who were talking to each other secretly, whipped around when they heard Maya's voice.

Shawn whistled. "You clean up nice Em!"

I smiled faintly. "Thanks."

His eyes are setting my entire body on fire as they pierce through the side of my face. I can feel his gaze on my skin as they roamed down.

"Em," He said hoarsely.

I sweep my gaze to his, the air catching in my throat when I saw the look he gave me.

It's raw, and it's-

"Bryson, it's almost time. Your dad needs you up there." His mouth cuts through my thoughts and successfully had Bryson tearing his eyes away from me.

Approximately fifteen minutes until Bryson turns seventeen and is passed down the alpha tittle.

The ceremony was about to begin.

My stomach knots and I want to barf as Bryson nods, looks at me one last time and follows after his mother.

Shawn comes to stand beside Maya and I. All three of us staring at Bryson's tensed back.

"He's a nervous wreck." Shawn grumbles.

"I would be too if I'm being passed down the tittle at seventeen. But there's one thing he should be excited for. I'm sure the moongoddess gave him a powerful beautiful mate." Maya whispers beside me.

I want to vomit. I feel sick to my stomach.

"I'll uh, I need to use the bathroom." I excused myself before they can say another word and rushed into the empty pack house.

Everyone was outside. Except for me.

I skipped the stairs two at a time and found myself in his room. It wasn't the best idea but I would be able to see the backyard from his terrace.

Even though I knew I couldn't stomach seeing him with his mate, I wanted to be present for him.

My fingers curl around the railings as I look down at every wolf. There must have been more than a hundred of us in the Blood Moon pack.

My eyes sweep over to the alpha family and my stomach twisted.

For a few minutes it's just alpha Brent chanting our laws and what's the purpose of being an alpha to his son.

I bit into my lips.

Time was ticking. It was getting nearer.

And then...

Alpha Brent takes the silver knife, held his son's hand, turning it so his opened palm was visible and then...brushed the knife over Bryson's palm until crimson tickled out.

He walks Bryson to the open small fire pit, everyone on edge, including me.

Bryson was seconds away from being our new alpha.

I held my breath when Bryson's hand turn and gripped the railing when the blood dripped into the fire.

A sizzling sound span around the air followed by howls as everyone celebrated their new alpha.

My heart slams.

Did he find his mate yet?

Did he sense her?

I want to cry but held it in as I stare at him fixedly.

And then....

Bryson's eyes lift, connecting with mine sharply. He looks like he's breathing in, his eyes darkening.

I feel numb.

No it cannot be.

That was impossible.

Yet I felt it. I felt the fire in my heart. The tingling on my neck where he's supposed to mark me.