

## Chapter 145

Emily's pov

The second I peeled my eyes open I knew I was not me. Not because my body felt different but because it felt as though I had taken a backseat in my own mind and I wasn't the driver but something else.

This was either good or bad, but more bad since I had no control of what I was doing.

I got up and the weight of me literally bends the truck I had been placed in. I looked down, well my beast looked down and I am stunned to see that I had shifted into that Lycan form that was revealed to me.

I try to push forward so I'd have full control as the beast got out of the truck but I could not seem to.

Everything next just happened in a blur. I saw Maya get out but my beast had a searing sharp pain of anger in its chest when we sniffed Falcon.

It had gone over to him with a speed I had not prepared for and had literally torn his head from his body in a matter of seconds.

Falcon hadn't even have time to utter a word. Hadn't even have time to plead for his life.

The snarls that came from our jaws were animalistic. A clear indicator that my wolf had fully taken control and would not be willing to give me back the reigns.

This was bad.

This must be what Lucy warned me about. If I couldn't get control of my beast I feared I'd stay in my Lycan form forever.

As I try to push my way through my beast rushes back outside and confronts Maya. Of course she does not stand a chance too and is quickly destroyed by my beast within minutes.

But this is not what is shocking me right now. It's the fact my beast growled out for our son. At least she knows our main goal was to find our son.

However, I cannot have her be in control. There's a chance I'd never return to normal if I do.

I begged her. I tried to. But it feels like I am talking to nothing.

It doesn't feel good being in the backseat. It doesn't feel good that I am quickly losing myself and I am turning fully beast.

As she scans around her I try to make her remember that we have others to save. One being our mate.

I am not sure she heard me. But I saw her head snap to the building they had us in. I can hear a heartbeat and it's amazing how much my senses were more clear and stronger in this form.

She rushed inside and I am forced to adjust to the speed she use. It's so fast, it's like a blur.

I am not sure where she's heading to, but I am making sure to pay attention. She's following the heart beat.

The intoxicating scent. Bryson.

Fear gnawed at me.

In this form I didn't know what to expect with this beast. Would she recognize our mate?

What if she were to kill him?

The fear of this possibly happening had me knocking on the invisible wall separating us, begging her to give me control. But it's like I am going on deaf ears.

As the sinking feeling terrified me, I am forced to stay back and hope for the best.

The scent is getting closer the heart beat louder.

We're here.

She rips the door open, removing it off its hinges and the damn wood fall to the floor with a loud thud. Her eyes aren't on the wood though, it's on Bryson's figure on the makeshift bed.

He seems to be sleeping but with the twitch between his brows, he must be getting ready to awaken.

She's beside him within seconds and the sinking feeling consumes me. God no. Please recognize him. Please.

Her jaw is close to his face, snarling. It's as though she wants to communicate with him. But it feels like me and my wolf, the lycan form, we are two separate beings. We don't know what the other wants or feels.

It's as though she had completely blocked me from being able to know anything.

The thought scared me.

Am I doomed?

Will I be lycan forever?

Stuck in this form?

Her snarls seem to rouse Bryson awake as he shifts and his face twitches more. Then his eyes peeled open and I'm staring into the eyes of the man I love.

At first it seems as though he is unaware of his surroundings and had not comprehended yet what was in front of him. Then I saw the flicker of recognition in Bryson's eyes and I felt relieved.

"Emily?" he whispered, a bit uncertainty in his eyes. It looked like he wanted to reach up and touch the Lycan part of me but his brows draw as if trying to read through the beast who was still snarling.

"Baby," He whispered, his eyes darting between my jaw and my eyes and that's when he pinned me. Well pinned my beast with his stare. The snarls subsiding into a low growl and then a purr. It was odd to hear a beast purr but somehow it eased Bryson and he sighed.

"I know you're still in here," he whispered and reached up, touching the beast without hesitation. The beast surprisingly leaned into his touch and then like wind, it pulls away from him, snarling.

Bryson groaned as he sat up, and reach for me. "Em, baby, you can do it. Come back to me. Come back to Raiden and me baby."

I'm trying.

I'm trying!

I want to scream in frustration.

The Lycan snarled, turning its back on Bryson and I screamed no inwardly, pushing against the barrier. You're not going to leave him. You're not leaving him!

I pushed. I fucking pushed. I slammed. I fucking slammed.

"Emily," Bryson voice is soft and gentle and the beast stop before it disappears. "You're strong remember? You can do this. I need you. We need you."

His words echoed in my mind and roared, scrapping at the edges of the barrier. He needed me. Our son needed me.

I know they do.

The beast knew too.

Yet, the beast shoved me back and I am forced to watch its next move. It run. It run away.

I had promised him. I whimpered inwardly. I had promised him I'd never ran away from him again. I promised I'd stay. I broke that promise. Bryson. Please forgive me.