

Chapter 147

Emily's pov

And I did.

I showed them that they no longer had to fear this man who sought power and didn't care about them. I showed them that my beast could still feel human emotion. My beast could tell who was good or not as I lunged for Sirius who shifted.

With a loud angry snarl, he launched forward and our claws met in a deadly dance for dominance.

But despite Sirius's experience and cunning to land a blow, I could sense his hesitation and his fear. He knew that he was no match for the force of my feral beast. My beast was wild and aiming to end him.

With a roar of frustration Sirius unleashed furious attacks, each one more quicker and stronger than the last yet did not succeed in harming me in any way. He grew more frustrated and sloppy.

Everyone was deadly silent, watching with hawk eyes as they witness the council leader fall to my beast power.

And before we knew it, he had made a mistake which landed him in getting his sides pierced by one of my beast claws. He whined, growling as he tries to move out of danger but my beast was not having it.

Everyone gasped as Sirius's eyes snapped up to mine. His gaze will haunt me forever as my beast tore his neck from his body.

Years. Years I had run away from this man.

For years I had been scared of him.

For years I thought I'd never be able to win him.

And it only took minutes to take down one of the most powerful wolves in the world. Minutes to take down the enemy. Minutes to take down the man who has hunted me down for years.

Freedom.

As Sirius's lifeless body fell to the ground a very heavy silence pushed around us, broken only by the sound of my beasts wild ragged breathing and the triumph snarl she rang in the air. The weight of what had just transpired hung in the air, a mix of relief, disbelief and victory.

Everyone must be stunned to see their leader dead in only minutes.

" Emily," Shawn said in awe but as my beast whipped around to look at him, he stumbled back.

" My son!" She snarled, now her attention back on our boy now that she had destroyed the power that opposed hers.

Without another words my wolf is moving and is snarling through the air. So many dead bodies littered the ground, evidence of the mercilessness of my beast.

She seem to know exactly where Raiden was because she sped toward the trees, snarling through the air in warning.

My beast moved with purpose, her senses sharpening on finding our son Raiden. I could feel her determination, her protective instincts driving her forward. She was going to find him. I knew she would.

As we shifted through the trees I can't help but feel my heart pound. She still knew who to trust, she had not harmed Shawn or Bryson.

The forest blurred past us in a whirl of green and brown, the wind whipping through our fur as we moved with lightning speed. My mind raced with thoughts of Raiden, praying that he was safe and unharmed.

Why was he in the forest?

Was Sirius sick enough to keep a young child alone in the forest?

Or perhaps my boy was able to escape?

I got my answer when I heard the rushing off feet and the two heart beats. Someone was running.

My son.

I can smell him.

Sense him.

I am close.

We're close.

The scent of Raiden grew stronger, guiding us closer to our son with each passing moment. My heart sped, hoping Raiden was unharmed and okay.

As we drew closer to reuniting with our son, my wolf growled loud, so loud the birds flew away and the rushing footfalls stumbled.

We burst into view and my eyes fell on the little body clinging to a woman as the woman tries to run away. And as she whipped around, I recognized her right away. Kira.

Her eyes widen and she stumbled back, gasping. But her reaction is not what made my beast stop approaching. It was the look on our son's face when he saw us. Terror.