

## Chapter 26

Emily's pov

His darkening gaze bored into mine making me squirm.

"You look-

He started but he was cut off by Shawn's loud tone.

"Oh damn this is my song, come dance with me Em!"

Before I could protest, Shawn already clutched my hand, pulling me away from Maya and Bryson.

I tried to keep up with him while also trying to not trip and fall in those heels.

"Shawn I don't feel like dancing." I protested, my gaze dropping to the grass blades.

There were only a few wolves dancing around. And they were only mated couples.

It would be embarrassing to dance among them.

"Oh come on Em, tonight is a big night for all of us. We're not only going to get a new alpha but hopefully a new luna. Let's enjoy ourselves," He said, stopping and turning around.

His words made my tummy knot. I hated that he reminded me what would happen in a few.

He hold my hands, staring at me with a smile as his eyes flashed.

I know that troublesome gleam in his eyes all too well.

I narrowed mine. "What are you up to Shawn?" I accused.

His grin widened and he pulled me into his arms. "Nothing. "

His hands press against the middle of my back.

My eyes widen. This was rather intimate.

"Shawn,"

"Shhh. I know what I'm doing." He uttered, staring behind me.

I narrowed my eyes on his face. "What are you doing?" I asked, stressing on the word are.

Shawn grinned playfully. "Just you wait."

His words made me grow even more confused but just seconds after he let them out, a gruff voice uttered behind me.

"Let go of her Shawn," Bryson's voice made me freeze.

Goosebumps raise on my skin where his eyes burned on my back.

Shawn smirked, winking at me sneakily as he let me go. I finally understood what he was trying to do. I glared at him and he only chuckled.

Raising his hands up in surrender, he utters. "She's all yours alpha."

Shawn steps away, making me turn around to face Bryson who's still glaring at Shawn. Maya is beside him, mouth lined into a frown.

"You can't dance with her Bryson, everyone's watching." She warned, looking around.

She was right everyone had their eyes on us. But Bryson seemed to not care.

"Oh don't be a party pooper Maya. Come I'll dance with you if you're that lonely," Shawn chuckled, stepping toward her.

She scowls. "Don't even think about it." She warned him off.

I shook my head at the two, but still aware of Bryson's eyes on my face. And then, he takes a step forward, causing me to hold the air inside my lungs.

He reaches out for me, his warm long fingers brushing along my wrist, his husky voice calling my name. "Em,"

But as soon as his fingers make their way around my wrist a man's voice cracks through the intense air.

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

Approximately fifteen minutes until Bryson turns eighteen and is passed down the alpha title.

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 one of the tracking wolves.

Maya scurries away from Shawn to stand beside me.

Shawn being troublesome, 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 title at eighteen. But there's one thing he should be excited for. I'm sure the moon goddess 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 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.

I should've been there beside him like I had promised. But I pussied out because I couldn't stay there when he got his mate.

I hope he'll forgive me.

I swallowed.

For a few I listened to alpha Brent words, trying to distract myself from my depressing thoughts.

Time was ticking.

It was getting closer.

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.