

## Chapter 56

Emily's pov

White.

White snowy fur.

My throat burned, my skin tickling.

I clench the earth, looking back at Maya.

I didn't think I'd be finally shifting into my wolf when I was in danger.

I always thought I'd have Bryson by my side, coaxing me that everything was going to be okay.

I thought I'd be feeling free when I finally shift into her.

"Never seen a wolf with white fur." Maya said nastily, glaring at my arm.

"I think I change my mind on this being a fair fight." She grumble, her feet crunching up the leaves under every step she took as she stormed toward me.

I leapt into action, rising to my feet to get away from her.

But of course, she reaches me before I could and tosses me into a nearby tree.

My back hit the bark and I snarled, feeling my canines pushing out of my gums.

Maya's eyes widen in surprise when she hears the snap of my bones going back quickly into place.

I know why she was surprised.

No wolf has ever healed so quickly. Not even an alpha.

But rage was taking over my thoughts and I couldn't even question how this was possible.

"You're not supposed to be healing so quickly." She let her thoughts wander out loud.

She was right, not only was it impossible to heal completely in just a second but that sedative she gave me to cut the mind link between the pack should have weakened me a bit.

If not, completely.

She eyed me strangely before her eyes widen.

"You're a white wolf," It's like something finally clicked in her head and a strange gleam of panic roused in her eyes.

"I don't want to fight Maya." I whispered as I got up on my two feet.

I was more than certain Shawn was on his way and perhaps Bryson too. I just had to stall her for a bit.

"I'll kill you before you shift." She sneered, completely ignoring my words as she bounds over to me quickly.

I didn't have time to react until I felt the woosh of the wind around me as she knocks into me.

But this time, I clung to her.

Surprising us both when I snarled and used my long sharp nails to drag across her face.

She growls, wiping out her own nails to scrap across my stomach.

I yelped, pushing away.

"You're weak. I bet Bryson felt pity for you. I bet that's why he accepted your bond. He knew you wouldn't be able to live if he rejected you. I bet he doesn't even love you and regret accepting you as his luna."

Maya doesn't back away and relentlessly tries to tear through my clothes to get to my skin.

Her sharp nails accomplished the brutal piercing in my skin, digging into my flesh until they draw out blood.

I hissed, nails growing longer.

I could feel the tingling at the beginning of my nail, feel the tingling in my gums where my canines flashed.

And feel the pounding of fury quickly consume my mind. And I lashed out.

I wasn't sure what came over me or how I managed to even harm her.

But I did.

As she gripped my neck, I gripped hers. But I didn't exactly grip to choke her. No, my nails digging into her neck, tearing and piercing through flesh.

I felt the warmth of her blood dripping down my nails, see the way her eyes popped out in shock, not expecting me to retaliate.

I snarled, my nails digging into her neck even more until the grip she had on me loosens, and the life slowly drain out of her eyes.

Then I tore.

I tore her neck, blood gushing down until it paint her dirty clothes red.

She gurgles, the little life in her eyes staring at me before she slumps.