

## Chapter 57

Emily's pov

My chest heaved as I tried to collect enough air into my lungs.

I had just....killed Maya.

I didn't understand how it happened, or come to terms with the fact that I managed to kill her.

She had the upper hand.

She was stronger.

She had everything.

Yet, just one pierce of my nails in her neck and she was now dead.

The weight of just killing the only female friend I thought I had made me crumble to my knees before her.

With trembling hands I reach out for her, noting how my nails had gone back to its regular size and the white fur that peeked out of my pores were no longer there.

If the blood was not gushing out of the tear in her throat, I'd think that I was hallucinating about my sudden half way shift.

But it was clear, the red dancing in the soil, her eyes dead.

A choked sound came from my throat as I looked down at her, my heart beating, my mind racing with panic.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

This should've been impossible.

The sound of paws hitting the earth and the loud growls near me.

The cracks in the air sounded seconds later and Shawn's panic voice reach my ears.

"Em."

His feet crunched the fallen leaves under his weight as he dashed over to me.

I lift my teary eyes up, my throat clogged up as my eyes connected with his.

I don't acknowledge his naked form.

His eyes widen, and fall on her limp form on the ground. His eyes shift in surprise and quickly snap to mine.

"Emily?"

I shook my head, my throat tightening and burning. God, I didn't mean to kill her.

My chest heaved, my fingers shook as I stammered out of my lips. "I-I-

I swallowed the lump in my throat, coaxing myself to at least speak up.

A tear slid down my cheek as Shawn rushed over to me and pried me away from Maya.

"Bryson's on his way. He sounded panicked so I'm sure he's close by."

My lower lip wiggled. "I didn't mean to. I don't know what happened, one minute she had the upper hand the next, I'm tearing through her throat."

"You tore through her throat?" Shawn had a tiny pinch of confusion in his voice.

I nod. "Yeah. I- I think I was shifting Shawn. Everything hurt, I- fur, teeth, I saw things-

"Shhh," Shawn cooed, moving me away from Maya's body.

"You'll tell Bryson everything when he gets here okay Em?" He made me stand beside a fallen tree, and I just realized it was the same tree Maya tossed me to.

I looked down at it in surprise.

Did I do that?

If so, I should not have been healed right now.

"I'll go check to see if she's really dead or not." He whispered and smiled down at me gently. "You did good Em. You held your own with her and won."

I suppose I did, but I can't even fathom a relieved smile that I wasn't the one dead right now.

Shawn walks over to Maya limp body and crouched. He places a finger under her nose and checks for a heart beat.

He just wanted to be sure even though he couldn't pick up on any heart beat from her when he got here.

When he looked back at me, he nod, confirming that she was indeed dead.

I know I was stupid for feeling pain in being the one to kill her. Maya had been my friend for years.

Unfortunately jealousy and the need for power made her turn into this evil person who wanted to get rid of me.

I can't say I can rejoice her death, or praise that I am okay and well.

I didn't know what to think right now. Or feel.

I sank unto the earth, digging my fingers through the cracks of the leaves and scrunch them in my palm.

I picked up on the sound of paws hitting the earth, and it's not only one. There are more than three wolves.

I can smell him though.

My mate.

Bryson.

The relief finally hit me when I see his huge wolf appearing out of the trees, darting towards me in powerful strides.

He shifts mid way and rushes over to me, pulling me into his arms. I could feel his heart race under my ear as he presses my head to his chest.

"Thank God you're okay baby." He whispered, just as four wolves appeared after him.

Two I recognize.

Brent and Maya's father, Beta Cole.

But the other.....he was not familiar but his presence reeked power.

Even more than Bryson did.

One look at Maya's limp body and her father howls, pawing over to her as whimpers left his jaws.

My heart pains and I'm unable to look at them.

Brent shifts back into human form and assesses the situation.

"Are you okay Emily?" He asked with worry, as his eyed how tight Bryson held me.

I can't nod, nor speak, but my heart drops when beta Cole shifts into human form and looks over at the unknown wolf.

"She killed my daughter Sirius!" He roared with rage.