

Chapter 63

Emily's pov

My heart skipped a beat at my mother's words, and I couldn't fathom why she was suddenly so panicked. "Run away? What are you talking about, Mom? What's going on?"

But as my question unfolded, my mother's eyes rouse with more panic. "Emily we really don't have much time," She said with urgency, turning around, still gripping my hand tightly and pulled me upstairs in a rush.

I could barely catch up with her.

"Mom, you're scaring me." I admitted, my heart pounding.

I have never seen her such panicked before. Never see her eyes glimmer with fear so strong.

She barged into my room, letting go of my hand and headed for my closet. She swung the doors open, and began to pull out some of my clothes while sparing me an urgent glance.

"They're not going to make you come back here alive Emily," She whispered.

My heart sinks. Fear gripping behind my spine, making me stiff as a statue.

"Who mom?" I whispered, fear on my tongue as I looked at her frantically throw my clothes on the bed.

She looked up, her eyes troubled. "The council. Sirius. I overheard them talking in the infirmary. They won't let you go free for killing Maya."

My heart pounds painfully, my entire body numb despite already having a feeling that they would not have made me go free.

My throat feels tight and my head spin. "Bryson-

She shakes her head, her eyes misting. "Unfortunately, Sirius is the head of the council. If Bryson attacks him, the council will wipe out the entire pack. The council are the heads of the werewolf community, they are powerful. Bryson, we....won't stand a chance."

Her words made my heart sink into my gut. It felt like the ground beneath me was crumbling, and I was desperately searching for something solid to hold on to.

"You need to run away Emily, far away where they won't find you. You're doing this for Bryson too, you're saving him from fighting the council that would've only led to the pack's demise." She urged, looking around frantically to make sure she had everything.

"I- I don't-

"Emily," She looks up, seeing the frightened look on my face.

Everything was just piling up at once, it was hard for my brain to adjust to so many situations.

Mom rushes over to me and cups my cheeks in her hands. That's when I noticed that I was shaking like a leaf.

"Em. I know baby. I know that you're scared. But you have to go. That's the only way I can save you." Tears streamed down her cheeks.

She searched my eyes and whispered. "There's also something you must know. You must not only hide from the council because they want to kill you because of Maya. But you must also hide from them because of what you are."

Her words only added to my confusion and fear. "What do you mean, what I am? What are you talking about, Mom?"

"What color was your fur?" She asked, seeming to hold her breath.

My brows furrowed, confused on how she knew I partially shifted when I didn't tell her everything during our phone call. "White. But I couldn't really be sure. I didn't shift fully."

She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself amidst the turmoil of emotions. "You're not just an ordinary werewolf, Emily. You're rare. A pure white wolf. Your kind are supposed to be extinct."

She sees my growing confusion and elaborates. "Pure white wolves are stronger than three alphas combined, they're stronger than the entire council. You can now understand how dangerous it is for you here."

She looked at me sadly. "I thought, you wouldn't be like him, I thought, perhaps it skipped a generation. But I do remember him mentioning that pure white wolves get to shift when they have mated."

She shook her head. "I'm so sorry Emily. I thought here would have been safer for you."

"Mom," I whispered, my mind jumbled with everything I have just learnt in a span of a few minutes. "Who's he?"

She let me go and took a step back, her eyes glimmering with shame. "Your father."

My eyes widen. Dad wasn't a white wolf-

"Your real father."