

Chapter 64

Emily's pov

My head was spinning, and the weight of all this information felt like a crushing force on my chest.

My real father?

A pure white wolf?

It was all too much to take in, and I struggled to find my voice amidst the turmoil of emotions swirling within me.

"I don't understand," I managed to stammer out, my heart racing. "Why didn't you tell me all of this before? Why keep it a secret?"

"I was protecting you. Well I thought I was. I didn't think you'd be Bryson's mate. I didn't think you'd be a luna and the council would come here. I didn't think you'd be a pure white wolf."

I run my fingers through my hair in frustration as I try to comprehend everything she just told me.

Suddenly a knock sounded down stairs and mom rushes over to the window to look down. "It's Shawn."

"Bryson sent him over to look after me until he gets back."

Mom turns around, looking frantic. "We need to escape him Emily. He can't know anything. I'll go downstairs and invite him in. I'll tell him you're upstairs taking a nap and he shouldn't disturb. You'll pack your bags and get out through that window okay. You can do that can't you?"

My heart skipped. "Mom, I don't know if I can leave Bryson-

She rushes over to me. "Emily, please. You're doing this to protect him too. I will explain everything on the way I promise. But we're running out of time and this might be our only chance to escape."

I nod grimly, my heart shattering as I come to terms with today being the last time I'd see Bryson.

The mate bond will be broken in three months of us being apart and me not marking him.

Pain sliced through me and I'm unable to breathe properly.

"Meet me in my car. As soon as you see Shawn step into the house, get your things ready and get to my car quickly. Okay?"

I nod, unable to find my voice again as everything became all to real.

She looks at me sadly. "You're doing it to save the pack Emily. To save Bryson."

I nod, tears blurring my vision. She smiles sadly and steps out of my room.

As soon as she leaves, I shakily draw in a breath, my heart hurting as I picked up the duffel bag and started throwing anything my hands could reach for in the bag.

My hands trembled as I stuffed clothes, and essentials into the duffel bag. Each item I touched felt like a piece of my heart, a reminder of the life I was leaving behind. A life I wasn't certain I'd ever come back to.

But my mom was right. This sacrifice was for the greater good, for the safety of the pack, and for Bryson's safety.

My sheets still lingered with Bryson's scent and I took it and threw it in my belongings too. I knew the scent would fade over time but I would still hold on to it as long as I can.

I glanced at myself in the mirror, my eyes red and puffy from crying. Taking a deep breath, I wiped away my tears, trying to muster up the strength to do what I am supposed to do now.

With the bag slung over my shoulder, I made my way to the window.

I was just about to go through the window when something caught my eye on the dresser.

It was a picture of Bryson and me. He was kissing my cheek as I smiled at the camera. There was also one with my parents. And one with Shawn, Bryson and me.

I rushed to the dresser and took all three frames and pushed them in the bag before making my way out of the window.

The night air was cool, and the full moon cast a silvery glow over everything.

I made sure to not make much noise to alert Shawn downstairs. I also tried to keep my heart steady as I jumped.

The grass crunched under my weight, the duffel bag heavy.

I took one last look at the house I had called home, feeling a mix of nostalgia and sadness.

I guess this was it.

With tears running down my face, I turned around.

As I hurried towards the car, parked a short distance away, my mind was flooded with questions and uncertainties.

Where would I go?

How could I escape the watchful eyes of the council?

What would happen to Bryson? But my mother had promised to explain everything on the way, and I trusted her.

When I got to the car I'm surprised to see her already in the driver's seat, her hands gripping the steering wheel tightly.

I climbed into the passenger seat, and she started the car without wasting any time.

"How did you manage to keep Shawn from seeing me?"

She spared me a glance as we drove off into the night, leaving behind the life I had known.

"He'll be out cold for a couple of hours."