

Chapter 65

Emily's pov

I looked at my mom with surprise. "What did you do to him? Is he going to be okay?"

"I inject him with a sedative," She said, her eyes focusing on the road. "He'll be fine. Just a temporary deep sleep. It should give us enough time to get away."

I nodded, feeling extreme pain the further we drove away from the pack. We were not out of the territory yet and I was scared of the pain I would feel when we were no longer in the territory.

but I knew it was the only way to protect him and the pack.

As the car drove deeper into the night, the silence between us was filled with unspoken emotions and unanswered questions.

Until I broke it.

" You said you'd tell me everything."

The car stills with silence for a pregnant moment before she started talking.

" I should probably start at the beginning." She whispered before sparing me a quick glance.

" Can you take the oil in the compartment first though? The one with the dried herbs inside."

I nod, opening the compartment and caught sight of a small little bottle filled with oil. I detected some herbs inside and took the bottle out.

" Put some of that oil on your palms, rub and spread it over your skin." She instructed as I eyed the bottle.

I looked up at her, confused. " Why?"

" It's a masking oil. It's supposed to mask your scent. We can't have Bryson finding you quickly or the council. You may also have to reject the mark Bryson gave you as soon as we cross the border."

My heart tore to shreds.

I bit my lower lip, sinking my teeth deep until I could taste the copper.

Not only did I leave him without a word, I would have to reject his mark too.

I would no longer be his luna. His mate.

Pain coursed through me and I whimper as I clench the bottle in my hand.

" I know it hurts Emily but you're doing this for him to. Bryson loves you deeply, if the council finds out you're a white wolf, they'll end you. He will obviously not make that happen and would go into fight mode, risking the pack for your safety. This would lead to the pack being demolished and who knows if you two will come out of this alive." Mom said softly.

I know she was right. But it didn't make it any less painful knowing I was leaving the guy that i love. My mate, my soulmate.

This shouldn't have been the ending of our story. It should've been when we got older by each other's side.

Not this way.

Tears leaked out of my eyes and trailed down my cheeks. The saltiness run down my upper lip, running down to my bottom as I nod. " Okay," I croaked, trusting the woman that birthed me.

My mother reached out with one hand, the other on the wheel as she gently wiped away my tears with her thumb, offering me a sad smile.

"It will be okay baby, I promise you it will."

With a heavy heart, I followed her instructions, rubbing the masking oil over my skin, trying to suppress the scent that tied me to Bryson.

Each stroke felt like I was erasing a part of our connection, and it tore at my soul.

I couldn't smell him anymore on my skin and I'm torn. My heart is torn, I am in pieces.

"Once we cross the border, you must remember to reject the mark he gave you," She explained gently again, her own eyes welling up with tears as she spared me a glance.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself. I knew she was right, but that didn't make it any easier.

"I understand," I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

As we continued driving, my mind was filled with memories of Bryson and me.

The way he smiled, the sound of his laughter, the warmth of his embrace. They were all etched into my heart.

Every single one of them.

I couldn't bear the thought of losing him, but I knew I had to be strong for both of us.

When we reached the border of the pack's territory my heart squeezed. This was it. No going back now.

The invisible barrier that separated us from the outside world loomed before us. I felt a mixture of relief and anxiety, knowing that once we crossed, everything would change.

"Are you ready, Emily?" My mother asked, her voice soft but firm.

I nodded, taking a deep breath to steady my nerves. With trembling hands, I reached up and touched the mark on my neck, our bond. It tingled slightly, a reminder of the love we shared.

I closed my eyes, trying to gather the courage to sever that connection.

"I'm sorry, Bryson," I whispered, my voice choked with emotion. "I love you, but I have to do this. Maybe one day you will forgive me."

With a surge of determination, I focused on the bond, on the mark, and began to reject his wolf, him and his soul tie.

I felt a sharp pain, both physical and emotional, as the bond resisted. It was like tearing a piece of my heart away, but I knew it was necessary.

I was sure he could feel it too.

I pushed harder, my vision blurring with tears, and finally, the mark started to fade. The connection between Bryson and me weakened, and I knew that soon, it would be gone entirely.

As the mark vanished, I opened my eyes, feeling a mix of emptiness and pain. It was done. I had severed our bond.

We were no longer tied.