

## Chapter 66

Emily's pov

As we left behind the life I had known, I couldn't help but look back one last time.

In the distance, the moon illuminated the territory where I had grown up, where I had fallen in love with my best friend.

I said a silent goodbye to the life I was leaving behind, hoping that someday, somehow, fate would bring me back to Bryson.

" It will get easier Emily."

I don't think it ever will.

This wasn't just a mate bond to me. This was a love that bloomed without needing one.

This was a love that would only come once in a lifetime.

A love, I was leaving behind...

" Your father just mind linked me that Bryson is frantic and even Brent can't control him," Mom whispered sadly as she stepped on the gas.

" Which one?" I whispered, looking out the window to stare at the endless sea of darkness.

I know I sounded bitter, but I was a bit slightly angry.

" I'm sorry, Mark. You know you can still call him dad right? He raised you as his own Emily. He sees you as his daughter. "

I sighed. " Can you now tell me everything I need to know? We've been driving for the longest and its like you're avoiding the conversation."

A pause.

Until she utters. " Thirty years ago, the council waged war on the few pure white wolves that were still alive. They feared their power and believed they were a threat to the delicate balance of the supernatural world. They thought of them as an abomination to our kind because they were somehow stronger than alphas and the council members combined."

She spared me a quick glance.

" Your real father, Lamar, was one of those pure white wolves. They were hunted down ruthlessly, and many were killed. But your father and his mate, managed to escape and find refuge in a cabin hidden high on the mountains. The council could not find them there. "

She swallowed. " I was about twenty years, a lone wolf looking for her birth mother. I got injured fighting a rogue off and your father so happened to have been there at the right time. He carried me up all the way to his cabin on the mountain. He only lived here with his baby daughter, his mate had just died of childbirth and he was coming down the mountain to find some wild flowers his mate had once loved to bury her."

She takes in a shaky breath, her fingers gripping the steering wheel tighter. " He was older than me, but there was just something about his caring nature and the way he took care of me, a mere stranger to him, made me feel drawn to him. "

She cleared her throat. " Fast forward a couple of months, we gave into our desires. Life with him and his daughter were one of the best times," She cracked a smile and then it disappeared. " But I could not get the longing feeling of knowing who my real mother was go. One night I ended up leaving a note for him and left."

Mom's voice held a touch of sadness, her memories clearly still vivid even after all those years. I could sense the weight of the past in her words, and my curiosity grew as I listened intently.

" The journey to find my real mother continued with me not knowing I was pregnant with you. I stumbled on Alpha Brent's territory and he welcomed me to his pack with open arms. And that's where I found Mark. He was my mate. He was an omega but was treated fairly in the pack. I didn't care about positions and only him. He accepted me even though I was pregnant with another's baby and raised you as his own."

Her story had my heart squeezing and I wasn't sure if it was because of the pain I felt or the beautiful way she met both my real dad and the one who took me under his wing.

" What about him mom? What about dad? You left him to fend for himself at the pack? Why didn't you bring him along?" I whispered.

She shook her head. " You have it wrong Emily, I'm not going with you. I have not left Mark to fend for himself, I'll return as soon as you board that train. We have to distract the council and Bryson until I am certain you've made it safe to your dad."

I perched up, looking at her stunned. "What?" I asked breathily.

" You're going to stay with your real father Emily. Where no one will find you. He'll keep you safe, I know it."

I wring my hands together nervously. " Does he, does he even know about me?"

Mom spared me a sad smile. " No."