

Chapter 67

Emily's pov

I frowned.

How was I supposed to find refuge with my real dad, if he didn't even know I existed?

How are we even so sure he was still alive too?

So many questions were ringing through my head.

Mom sighed, as if sensing my thoughts. " He'll know you're his daughter Emily once he sees you."

Even with her words, I didn't feel reassured.

" How am I even going to find his place alone, if the council can't even find it?" I questioned.

She cracked a reassuring smile. " I know of the place Emily. I will instruct you clearly. "

"How are we even so sure he is still there?" I whispered unsurely.

Many things could go wrong with this plan.

The council could find me before I get there, I could get lost trying to find this place and my real father could not want anything to do with me.

So many possibilities.

Mom replied. " I know he's still here Em. I just know it."

I nod, taking her response as her not actually being a hundred percent sure.

As the night stretched on, we drove in silence, with me trying to figure out everything.

The pain on my neck is a constant reminder of what I have lost.

And every time I think about it, my heart tears all over again.

" We're here," Mom uttered after a long stretch of silence.

We've been driving for hours now, I hadn't counted but by the numb feeling in my bottom, I would say it has past three hours.

She slows down to train station and the stench of sadness envelopes the small space of the car.

She kills the engine, turning to me with a sad glimmer in her eyes. " This is where I will leave you Emily. I'm not sure we will cross paths again," Her voice cracked as she reached over and cupped my cheek.

Her eyes were filled with tears and it becomes hard to breathe.

" I want you to know that I am so proud of you baby. From your first step until your last. We may not ever cross paths again but know that you'll always be in my heart." She brushed her thumb over my cheek and that's when I realized I was also crying.

" I'm so glad to be your mother Emily and please don't ever forget me or your dad." She pressed her palm to my chest making me sob. " Keep us here with you always okay?"

I nod and she pulls away to open the compartment where she takes out a sticky note and pen.

" I'll write down the directions to the cabin, follow it and that will get you there." She said as she scribbles something on the blue sticky note.

She gives me the paper afterward and takes a wad of cash she had in her jean jacket.

" This should pay for the train ticket and if you need anything else." She says shakily.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I clutched the sticky note and the money in my trembling hands.

My heart ached at the thought of parting ways with Mom, the woman who had raised me with so much love and care. But deep down, I knew that I had to do it. I had to flee not for me, but for Bryson, for the pack.

"I love you, mom." I managed to say, my voice choked with emotion.

She hugged me tightly, and I buried my face in her shoulder, inhaling her comforting scent, trying to etch this moment into my memory forever, knowing that this may be the last time I would be this close to her.

The pain was excruciating.

"I love you too, Emily," She whispered, her voice breaking.

My throat felt impossibly tight with emotions as I cling to her.

This was the last time I'll hear her voice and I can't bring myself to let her go.

"Can you, can you make Bryson know that I love him?" I croaked out, tears blurring my vision even more when she shook her head no.

" I can't do that Emily."