

Chapter 73

Emera's pov

There's a coldness in my heart the more distance I put between me and Emily. I find myself looking through the rearview mirror every second even though I was a long distance away from her.

My heart hurt and tears blurred my vision.

She was my baby girl, my only child and I had to let her go.

Not only for her safety but for the pack that welcomed me with open arms.

If she had stayed here, Bryson, would wage war on the council to protect her. Winning.....would not be on our side. Not when pure white wolves needed to be together to gain more strength. She would be all alone and my baby wasn't a killer.

Her father, her real father would be a better fit to help her and protect her.

The council will no doubt try their upmost best to hunt her down, their selfish reason would be because of Maya. But when they do find out what Emily truly is, they'd not spare her for a second.

They'll be vicious, they'll tear her apart.

Her kind should not still be here. Her kind should have been destroyed years ago.

If they find out she's a pure bred white wolf....

I swallowed, speeding on the gas to make sure I'd move away from the train station I left her fast enough.

I was certain Bryson and Brent were on the look out and there was a huge possibility that he had moved past his territory in such of her.

My mate had long gone stop mind linking me, which worried me too. We knew this would happen, but we chose to protect Emily no matter what.

Memories of Emily's childhood flashed through my mind as I continued to look out the windshield.

Her first steps, her laughter, the way she would curl up next to me whenever she came home upset. My heart ached at the thought of not being there for her in these critical moments.

But I knew, it was the only option to keep her safe. To keep them from killing her before my eyes.

The road stretched before me. There were no cars on the road, only me. Darkness cloaked around me except for car lights that lit up the path on the road.

It was silent too, except for the engine's hum that created a steady background noise to the sad thoughts in my head.

As the miles passed, I found myself replaying the moment I left her at the train station. Her pained expression was etched into my memory. The last memory I would have of her.

I tried to fight back the tears, but they rolled down my cheeks.

I could have easily gone with her, but I knew I would only keep her back. Besides, someone had to keep the council busy until Emily was safely with her real father, Lamar.

I also couldn't leave my mate behind, the man who loved me even when I was pregnant with another man's baby.

He stayed back to inform me of what was happening, he sacrificed his safety for Emily and I, I couldn't just leave him there.

It felt like I had been on the road for hours as I continued to move further and further away from my daughter.

And that's when I caught the sight of it.

Well them. A huge blur running through the trees until they didn't bother concealing themselves and run beside my car.

I can recognize all three.

Bryson.

Brent.

And Sirius.

Sirius huge wolf sneer and bumped its huge shoulder on my car door, causing me to skid to a stop.

My hair curtain around my face, my heart picking up pace. I blow the strands from my face and lift my head.

The car lights flash on him, angry red eyes. Bryson.

"Uh!" I grunt, twisting my face away when the window shatters and a second later I feel the rough grip of his fingers around my arm, pulling me out of the car roughly.