

## Chapter 74

Emera's pov

My heart raced as I was yanked out of the car, the night air cold against my skin. Sirius's grip on my arm felt like a hot iron steel, and I winced in pain as his fingers dug into my flesh.

I stumbled, my feet struggling to find their balance on the uneven wet ground.

"Sirus," Bryson warned as Brent shifted into his human form, staring at me with disappointment and confusion.

Sirus snapped his vicious cold eyes toward Bryson who growled.

"Do you want to know where your mate is or not!?" He snapped.

Bryson held his ground, his eyes red and dark with fury. "Not in this way!"

Sirus gaze darkened with vexation, his canines pushing out of his gums. "Are you a pup or are you a leader?" He sneered at Bryson.

I watched the tense exchange between Sirius and Bryson, my heart pounding in my chest. The atmosphere was charged with anger and power, and I could sense the underlying threat in Sirius's words.

"Let go of me," I spat, disgusted that this vile man had a grip on me. I can remember his awful words, the plot to execute my daughter, and all I can feel is repulse and anger.

As my words reaches his ears, his eyes blazed. In one swift expected move, his hand was around my neck, his nails digging into my skin and drawing out blood.

"Let go of her!" Bryson growled loudly, his alpha dominating tone reeking out of his voice.

Sirus's eyes darkened and his grip around my neck worsened into a hard band of steel.

Time seemed to slow as Sirius's fingers tightened around my throat. The world blurred around me, and the weight of his grip stole the air from my lungs.

Panic swam through me, but I fought to keep it at bay. My mind raced, searching for any way to break free from his hold on my own.

"Let go of her!" Bryson's growls grew louder, a mixture of fury and concern evident in his tone. He took a step forward, his eyes locked onto Sirius's hand around my neck. The tension in the air was suffocating, the energy between the two crackling like lightning.

When Bryson realized Sirius would not let up, suddenly he was beside us in a second, his canines flashing, his fingers wrapping around Sirius's hand.

"I said let go of her!" Bryson's voice rumbled, his muscles tense as his nails dig into Sirius's hand that held my neck.

He knew that it would only harm me if he just pulled it away, Sirius had a good grip and his nails was breaths away from tearing my throat open.

Brent ran up to stand beside Bryson. "Sirus this isn't the way."

Sirus's grip tightened further, and a malicious smile curled on his lips. "Oh, I think this is exactly the way. You've always been too soft to Bryson. It's time he learn what it takes to protect the pack. He's a weak alpha, because of his run away mate."

Bryson jaws snap, his eyes turning a dark shade of red as he fought to keep his wolf at bay.

The night air was thick with tension, my heartbeat echoing in my ears as the struggle between Sirius and Bryson intensified. The grip around my neck felt like an iron blade, cutting off my air supply little by little.

"Stand down Bryson," Sirius warned.

Bryson's growls vibrate through the air as he held Sirius's hand. His fingers digging into the back of Sirius's hand in a battle of strength. Sirius released a loud growl as their eyes clashed in a fierce competition of dominance and for a moment, the world seemed to hold its breath.