

Chapter 77

Bryson's pov

As the blood oozed out of her neck and her eyes lose the light in their depths....all I could feel was agony.

Not only was the love of my life running away but now her mother-

I run toward her, falling to my knees as I try to stop the bleeding. She could heal....but not from this.

She tore her neck open. The pool of blood around her seemed unreal, a stark contrast to the vibrant woman she had always been.

"Emera," I called out her name shakily, hoping her wolf would at least try to heal her.

Did she really not want me to find Emily that she had to resort to this as a last option?

"Bryson," Dad whispered, putting his hand on my shoulder, squeezing it to show support. "She's gone."

I shook my head, my heart aching. "She's not. There's still hope." I said while summoning the power to make my alpha command.

I would try...if there is even a little bit of her soul and wolf left....I would try to command her wolf to heal.

But as I do, I keep knocking on a blank wall. I was not getting through to her and I knew why.

I just didn't want to accept it.

The pain in my chest was overwhelming, a crushing weight that threatened to suffocate me. Emera's lifeless form lay before me, the reality of the situation sinking in with each passing moment. I was filled with a mixture of grief, anger and an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

This woman was like a second mother to me and now, she was gone.

Dad's hand on my shoulder was a source of comfort as he squeezed my shoulder.

"Get out of my territory." I muttered in a dangerously low tone to Sirius.

When I heard no sound of feet crunching on the twigs and dirt, I rose to my height, turning to him.

Sirius stood there, his eyes flickering with a twisted mixture of arrogance and amusement. His actions had led to this bloodshed, yet he remained defiant, seemingly untouched by the pain and sorrow that engulfed us. My fists clenched my claws digging into my palms as I struggled to rein in my rage.

"You're the cause of this. If you had listened-

"The woman seemed hell bent on keeping her daughter whereabouts hidden. Why do you think she killed herself Bryson?"

His words made me stiffen in rage and my dad stood up and came beside me.

'He's too powerful to go against him son. If we manage to kill him, the council will hunt us down. There are too many little ones in the pack to risk it like this. Too many innocents.' Dad warned through the mind link.

His warning was a painful reminder of the responsibilities that came with being an alpha. The lives of my pack members, especially the young and vulnerable were my responsibility. I had to put their safety first, even before my own pain.

I clenched my jaw, my anger simmering beneath the surface. It was true, I was torn. Torn between my desire for vengeance and my duty to protect my pack members from a possible war if I kill Sirius here and then.

"Get out of territory Sirius. There is no need for you here anymore." I spat.

He came days before the entire council was supposed to arrive, his surprising presence was the reason I had to leave Emily in the school today.

If he hadn't fucking shown up, none of this would've happened.

I am tempted to choose the vengeance way out. Tempted to have his blood splattered on the ground.

I have lost everything because of him.

I have lost Emily.

My mate and the girl who I have loved for years.

I have lost her.