

Chapter 79

Bryson's pov

The pain was a bitter feeling, a bitter taste, a bitter reality.

As I entered the secluded area where we keep the prisoners, anger built up inside me as I thought on every wrong thing I had done to end up in this position.

If I had just not left her-

" Lets not waste time. You'll use your alpha command on him and that way everyone comes out happy in this. He'll tell you where Emily is and he'll avoid the punishment of the council." My dad uttered beside me as we both made our way to the cell Emera's mate was being held.

I don't respond to him. How can I when I can't seem to find my voice right now?

The pain, the agony had numbed me to the core.

I had never been in so much pain before but being an alpha, I was forced to keep it in inwardly.

As we drew closer to the cell where we kept him, my senses picked up on the rancid scent of pain and sorrow. It matched my own.

I can hear the whimpers leaving his lips from here and I wondered if I would be the same once that mask falls off my face.

I can hear Shawn speaking to him, trying to get through to him despite Mark betraying us by helping Emera and Emily escape.

Drawing closer, I spotted Mark huddled in a corner.

Shawn noticed me first and smiled nervously. He knew that I was slightly mad at him for allowing himself to be knocked out by Emera. Which caused Emily to run away.

The cell door creaked open as I stepped into the dimly lit room. Marks eyes snap up. They were hollow and defeated.

"She's gone isn't she?" His lower lips trembled as he curled himself up in a corner. I knew losing Emera and feeling the pain of her lost had done a number on him. Which is why I didn't want to use the alpha command to cause him even more pain.

I grew up with Mark and Emera.....

Seeing how things turned out, pains me.

"Yes." I broke the news to him even though he already knew.

Shawn and dad stood behind the steel cage, assessing the situation.

I stood there, feeling the weight of the moment pressing down on me like an iron cloak.

Mark's grief was visible, his pain mirroring my own in a twisted reflection.

I leaned against the cell bars, my gaze locked onto his. " She told me to tell you that she loves you."

Hearing my words seemed to break some kind of chain that slightly kept him together. Because as soon as they moved out of my mouth, Mark's shoulders shook and he began to wail loudly.

The echoes of Mark's cries reverberated through the cold and dimly lit cell, carrying the weight of his anguish and the depth of his emotions. My heart twisted as I watched him crumble before me, his grief laid bare in the most vulnerable way possible.

I exchanged a glance with Shawn and dad, both looking at Mark with a mix of sympathy and helplessness.

Dad looked at me and nod, urging me to hurry up and use the alpha command before we run out of time.

The thing is, I didn't think I was up to make the poor man feel even more pain, knowing he would resist.

But I knew I had to do it. To not only find Emily but save him from a much more gruesome fate.

" Mark," I said, licking my chapped lips.

He lift his tear filled eyes that showed his sorrow more than anything. I felt the pain right in my chest.

"Listen. You need to tell me where Emily is."

Mark's eyes drop to the cold floor. " I- I can't."

I stiffen. " What do you mean you can't Mark? I'm trying to save Emily. The council is after her! Do you understand me!" My rage got the better of me and I lashed out frustratingly.

Mark pushed closer to the corner, shaking his head even more. " I-I can't. I don-t know anything."

Frustration and anger continued to swell up inside me, battling against the pain that had been gnawing at my core since Emily's run away.

My mate left me, she run away. My sanity was on its last thread. Yet...I had respect for Mark. So with that I took in a deep breath to calm myself down.

"Emily is in danger. The council is relentless, and if they find her, she's as good as dead. You need to tell me where she is." I urged, fisting my hands.

Mark's trembling form didn't falter and his eyes remained fixed on the floor. It frustrated me to no bounds.

"Mark," I gritted, my temper on its last little string. I'm this close, this fucking close to letting all my frustration go.

" I know nothing," Mark trembled, his eyes wild on the floor. " They kept their plans a secret from me. All I know is that they needed to get as far away from here as possible."

Was he telling the truth? Or was he at a tug war of his loyalty for his mate and daughter?

"Mark," I growled.

"Bryson get on with it. Use the alpha command. He will not speak the truth on his own, you have to force him for his sake and Emily's." Dad urged behind the steel.

I know he was right, but with Mark's resistance...things can go south real quick.

But I needed to find my mate. I needed her.

So I had no choice.

I set my intention, forcing my wolf to the surface.

"Mark," I spoke with the authority of an alpha, my voice carrying the weight of our entire pack. "Tell me what you know about Emily's whereabouts. Where did she run off to?"

As the command took hold, Mark's quavering intensified. His eyes widened, and he struggled against the compulsion.

His hands reach up and clutch at his head as if trying to resist the force that sought to extract the truth from him.

"Tell me," I repeated, my voice unwavering. "Where is Emily?"

I cannot afford to take pity on him right now. Emily life is in danger and there was no one I love more than her.

But as the command sinks deeper into his brain the more he resists. He shakes his head and I notice the first drop of blood coming from his nostrils.

For an omega, he was tough. But I suppose that was because he had every intention of protecting his daughter.

Once the blood continued to drip from his nostrils and now ears I began to feel pity.

Pity that he was hurting himself to protect Emily. But why was he protecting her from me? Was I really not trustworthy enough?

I pulled out, the compulsion easing out of his mind.

" Get out of here." I grumble, my defeat sinking into every word.

"Bryson, continue-

Dad started but I cut him off.

" No dad. It's clear he will resist until his fucking brain explodes. My duty as an alpha is to protect everyone in my pack, not be the one to kill them."

I looked at Mark, blood from his nose now on his lips trailing down to his neck. His eyes are red and his trying to catch every drop of air into his lungs.

" Get away from here and don't look back. The council will be nipping behind your heels so you better hurry have a head start."

Mark's eyes lift, his voice trembling. "You're freeing me?" The disbelief in his voice made me grit my teeth.

" No Mark, I am saving you. Freeing you would be me placing you in the council's palms where you'd be dead. I'm saving you."