

## Chapter 80

Bryson's pov

As we watch Mark disappear into the woods, I turn around.

"You made a mistake Bryson. You should've kept on with the command." Dad pushed out of his mouth with a bit of frustration.

My body stiffen. " I saved that man. He'd either be dead by my hands or the councils. And do you think I am dumb to make him escape on his own?"

I turn around to eye my father. His brows are clenched and he looks at me confused.

" I will have a tracking wolf on his tail. Let's see if Mark will lead us to Emily himself." I uttered, feeling confident in my plan.

My father's frustration seemed to dissipate as he considered my words. He nodded slowly, realizing the potential of the plan. "You have a point. Mark can lead us right to Emily, a tracking wolf can ensure we follow him discreetly."

Shawn, who had been listening to our conversation, chimed in. "It's a risky move, but it might just work. We'll need to choose a skilled tracking wolf, someone who can stay hidden and follow Mark without being detect."

"Samoa. He's good, I'll set him on his trail right now."

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As the night continued forth my hope was slowly disappearing. Samoa continued to trail after Mark, yet no hope was restored in me. Mark was running to a dead end.

Yet I knew I should hold hope.

I had a couple of tracking wolves with me too and had been searching for her.

By the time I got back to the pack house it was day time. Most of the pack members were up and all looked at me with pity.

Shawn also told me that Sirius was gone but so was beta Cole. He stepped down from his title and took his family with him. Including his dead daughter.

Though Maya was my friend, I had more pressing matters at the moment and didn't care if her dad took her body with him or not.

Besides, she wanted to harm Emily, I didn't have a bone in my body that wanted to bury her in my pack territory. It was better this way and perhaps Cole knew so too.

"No luck?" Shawn asked sadly. This was hurting him too and I admit I was a bit mad at him for being stupid enough to make Emera and Emily escape right under his nose. And sure he was knocked out but of course my frustration didn't care for that.

My mate was gone.

My fucking soul.

And what hurt me the most, she broke our bond. There was no way I could contact her and this ate at my soul.

I was in crossroads and was not sure which path was fitting to take to get the love of my life back.

" No. Gather some more tracking wolves. We will search for her again in the next hour. I'm going to call the neighbouring packs again to see if they've caught sight of her."

I have been bothering the other alpha's, questioning them about Emily. I didn't care if they were annoyed or not. I needed to find my mate and I needed to find her now.

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Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Some days I wake up wishing all of this was a terrible dream, other days I wake up with anger consuming my body.

I was clearly not fit to rule the pack anymore, yet I still held hope that my mate would return to me and we could continue where we left off.

That hope dwindle as time seem to pass by quickly. The nights grew more lonely and my heart grew more void.

I was like an empty vessel. Emily took my soul with her and I wasn't sure I would get it back.

I was cold and most of my pack members stared at me with pity. I was now their mateless alpha who was not fit anymore to lead them.

The only relief I could have in these trying times was knowing that the council had not found her too.

Yet.....the pain of not knowing if she was safe or even alive weighed heavy on my soul.

I found myself trashing my room, the office and getting into fights with my warriors. I would let them get a couple of hits in, let them make me bleed.

I just wanted to see if I was still fucking alive or if I was just a dead man walking.

I felt like a corpse. I smelt of rot.

It felt like the pain and anger was eating up my flesh from the inside out. Nothing felt good anymore, my smile lines were not there anymore.

I didn't know if I could do this without her by my side. I didn't think I would be able to even have some sleep. Restless nights kept me in a cage and by day break I could barely function.

Yet I still clung to the little hope in my heart.

Until a year passed and then two.

I lost it. I lost all hope I had inside my heart.

" There are no signs-

" Call off the search." I cut in, my heart heavy, my soul dying. " Call off the search." I repeated and turned around, my eyes glassy as I scan through the endless trees.

Two years searching for Emily. Two years.

All hope was no longer there.

It was time to call off the search. It was time to return home.

"Alpha." One of the warriors called out.

I turned around, ready to answer him when my eyes fell on a wolf creeping out of the bushes. Her scent was foul. She was a rogue so it was to be expected.

But there was another scent mixed in with that sour scent. It was kind of a faint sweet scent of tangerine.

And as I stared into the wolf's eyes, I knew.

"Mate."