

Chapter 81

Emily's pov

" You're really quick on your feet!" Lucianda giggled behind me as we make our way to the cabin.

It has now been two months since I run away from my pack. Two months since I left Bryson.

I would be lying if I said every day I do not wish to return to him. There's a constant pain in my chest when I think about him and my parents.

But every day I force myself to remember why I did what I did and why it was crucial for me to be away from Bryson.

I giggled, flipping my hair cockily. We both laughed as I nearly tripped on a tree root.

Lucianda and my dad have been making it easier for me to adapt to this life. Eating wild berries and hunting for our meat wasn't so bad.

" I have some of those lavender flowers you enjoy in your bath. I'll go get a few of them for you," Lucy said as she sprint to the small herbal garden at the back of the cabin.

As I stepped into the cabin my eyes fell on my father sitting in the same position we left him. His tired eyes lift to mine and they flashed with warmth.

His hands lift to motion his words. " Did you have a good run?"

I have gotten a lot better in reading sign language and can even do it too!

I smiled and answered heartily." I have. Just headed for a bath and I'll help you clean the meat."

My father's smile widened, and he signed back. "Sounds like a plan." He hand motioned.

I walked to the small kitchen and picked up the small basin. Walking back outside I made my way over to the small stream at the back. We use the water to bathe and drink from.

I spotted Lucy in the garden, picking up some herbs to do some rabbit stew tonight. In her hands were some lavender flowers too.

She spotted me and waved. " I got your flowers!"

I grinned back, my heart squeezing. Seeing how caring Lucy was toward me made me sad that I didn't know her sooner.

" I'll gather them when I'm done taking water from the stream."

She nod and went back to picking some basil and thyme.

Here we had to fend for ourselves, we couldn't be seen in the town in case someone from the council or another pack spotted us. Especially me. I had to make sure I was not seen by anyone.

So surviving on berries and wild animals was the only way to actually not turn to ash and bones.

I filled the basin with water and walked back inside to fill the small tub.

My dad mentioned that he got it from the town years ago and it took him about two week to even get it here.

I poured the water in the tub and went to fetch some more. It took ten trips for it to be filled to my liking. Lucy gave me the lavender flowers and I scattered them in the water.

The scent of lavender had always been soothing to me. It served as a small comfort in everything that was still going on.

But today the smell kind of irked me. Yet I lowered myself in the tub and sighed when the warm water envelop me.

The sounds of nature outside the cabin, the rustling of leaves and the distant singing voices of birds served as a reminder of the peace I had found in this little secluded place.

Yet the peace never truly stayed.

Why?

Because my mind always wandered back to him. The boy who still had my heart and will always hold it in his palm.

As I soaked in the warm bath, I couldn't help but wonder about Bryson. I missed him every day, and the pain of leaving him behind ate at my heart.

As I thought about him more and sink into my depressed state, that's when I felt it. The first wave of nausea crawling up my throat.

I quickly got out of the tub, my hands reaching for my towel quickly and wand it around my body swiftly.

I stumbled out of the bathroom, clutching my towel around me, my heart pounding in my chest. The wave of nausea had hit me suddenly. It had been happening for a few days now but I had been in denial and refuse to acknowledge the truth.

Lucianda who had been in the kitchen, heard the commotion and rushed over to me, concern etched on her face. "Emily, what's wrong?"

I covered my mouth and ran out of the cabin.

As soon as my feet touched the grass, I bent over and wrenched. Lucianda hurried over to me, her face filled with worry. She rubbed my back soothingly.

"It's going to be okay, Emily," She reassured me, her voice gentle and comforting.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. I had been in denial for days, ignoring the signs and hoping it was just a passing illness. But deep down, I had known the truth.

Lucy looks behind me and I knew it was dad. She nods and I can just tell they knew too. Perhaps they had known all along.

"You'll be okay. We will be there for you Em." she reassured, rubbing my back soothingly.

I laughed dryly, my hands trembling. " How will I be okay Lucy? I'm pregnant for Bryson and I can't even tell him that we are expecting." Tears from my eyes dropped to the green grass, disappearing into the soil.

I was pregnant.

I was pregnant for Bryson. I had his pup in my belly....yet there was no way he'd ever get to see or know about this.