

Chapter 86

Emily's pov

I had to learn quite a few things as a new mom. How to breast feed and how to even change a diaper.

Things changed around here too once Raiden arrived. Now Lucy hunts for fresh prey and sells the meat for money to be able to buy necessary stuff for both Raiden and I. She was taking a huge risk by even being seen in town, but she promised she was being careful.

Of course I did not like that she was risking herself all for the sake of me and Raiden but I could never talk her out of it.

"You two need these things Em. I'm your older sister, it's my duty to take care of you both." Would always be her reply.

After a while I stopped trying to talk her out of it when I noticed it was of no use.

Months passed by quickly and being a new mom got easier over time. Of course at nights when I lay him down and I'm all alone, I cry. Not because it was tough to be a new mom but because I miss Bryson and wished he could go through this with me too.

Missing him never got easier and I found myself having more sleepless nights as the months fly by.

After a year I showed Raiden the photo of his dad, making sure he knew who Bryson was. Of course when he got older I would have to tell him everything but for now I can at least enjoy seeing him smile and giggle without knowing that it was impossible for his dad and him to meet.

But as the years flew by and on his fourth birthday, Raiden was about to make a wish and told me what he wish for.

"Mama I wished for daddy to be here." He looked up at me, his green eyes the same as Bryson's. I fell to my knees, gripping the table he had his cake on. Lucy baked it for him.

His image blurred in my vision as I try to hold back my tears. "Raiden-

"Mama always cry when she looks at daddy photo. Mama misses daddy. I want daddy to be here to make mama happy," his innocent eyes shone and a happy grin lit up his face as he spoke.

The weight of his words bore down on my heart like an anchor, threatening to pull me under. I'm fucking drowning with emotions and now they're coming out full force.

Lucy and dad who stood close by looked at Raiden sadly.

Seeing the tears in my eyes made his smile slowly turn into a frown, his little brows pinching in confusion. At such a young age, Raiden was already overprotective of me. Just like his father had been.

" Does mama not want daddy here?" his sweet innocent voice asked.

I took a deep breath, trying to maintain my composure for Raiden's sake.

"Oh Raiden." I hugged his little body, the tears brushing against his strands. " I do baby. I do want him here more than anything. I want him to get to know you. To see the sweet little boy you have become-

How can I tell him that it is impossible for Bryson to ever come here and be with us? How can I tell our four year old son that he may never get to see his father in person?

I couldn't. Not on his birthday, not now.

I can't break his little heart on his special day.

So I kissed his cheek, lingering there to take in his comforting scent. I riled in my emotions, wiped my tears and pulled away from him.

I looked at him, forcing out a smile. "Make your wish baby. Any wish."

He doesn't look confused any more and smiles happily at the change of subject. I am relieved. he doesn't push more for answers I cannot give him as yet.

In the back of my mind I know I am to be blamed for getting his hopes up. If I had not shown him Bryson's photo and made sure he knew that he was his dad, Raiden would not wish for this today....

Or maybe he still would.

As I watch him blow out the candle one by one, I too wish that his wish would come true even though I knew it was impossible.

Raiden's head lift and for a moment I sucked in a breath at how much he resembles Bryson so much.

Their eyes, their nose, the hair....he was practically a mini Bryson. He took nothing after me, not even my ears or lips. Everything was Bryson.

Which on some days made me cry alone.

Watching him sleep, even the cute tiny snores reminded me of Bryson. I just, sometimes it was too much and I would go outside to bawl my eyes out.

I'd stare at the sky and hope that Bryson and I were staring at the same star. And it was like the universe mocked me, because sometimes that star beamed down as though answering my silent question.

" I made a wish mama! I'm sure daddy will come home now," his sweet voice chirped happily.

I looked down at Raiden, his innocent face filled with hope and belief that his wish would bring his dad here. My heart ached, knowing that the reality was far more complicated and painful than he could understand at his young age.

Lucy and Dad exchanged a somber glance, their expressions filled with a mix of sadness and empathy. They knew the pain I carried, the longing for Bryson to be here with us, they knew.

I scooted him up in my arms, holding his little warm body close to mine. I couldn't help but wish with him too.

I kissed his cheek, sighing in pain as my heart bled. There was nothing more I wanted to do but see this little boy get his wish. But I knew it was impossible.

Still, the little hope I had left poked at me and for a moment I smiled as I pictured Bryson enveloping his arms around both Raiden and me. For a moment I could swear I feel him, his warm presence and his scent.

But in that moment, I knew it was just my imagination, still my smile did not leave my face and I cuddled our little boy in my arms.

When night covered us in darkness something else sparked in the forest. A light. A fire. The forest was burning around us.