

Chapter 90

Bryson's pov

My heart felt like it had stopped beating for a moment as I stood frozen.

The boy's eyes bore into mine and it never ceased it's soft innocent happy glow. But as his happy chirp fall out of his mouth, the white wolf that carried him snapped it's head toward me.

And just like that, I couldn't breathe.

Something was familiar, the scent of the wolf, the scent of.....her.

"Emily?" I asked shakily in disbelief, my mind racing with thoughts, while different emotions made me numb.

Confusion.

Shock.

The wolf whimpers, backing away a little as it looks between me and the other white wolf lying on the ground. It seemed to be contemplating.

"Uh fuck, I think I cracked my skull," Shawn made his presence known as he stepped out of the jeep and practically stumbled toward me. He rest his hand on my shoulder, gripping me to keep himself up until suddenly he stiffened.

Shawn removed his hand off his forehead and looked at the motionless wolf on the ground. His face reared with shock. "Mine," He whispered, seeming to be in a trance before it suddenly clicked that the wolf was unmoving.

"My mate," He fell to his knees before the wolf, his hands shaky as he reaches to touch where the crimson tangled in the fur.

I swallowed, still so frozen, still unsure what the hell was happening. I didn't know what to do, should I approach the wolf with the child that looks like me or go to Shawn and help him with his mate?

I was at a cross road. But it felt like my feet had a mind of its own, I stepped forward, toward the white wolf with the child.

It whimpered, its wild eyes scattering on both me and the motionless wolf.

The scent, those eyes. They bore with memories, I could practically see the flashes in her eyes. There was no doubt in my mind that this was her, this was Emily.

"Emily," I said again, the world around me stopping when her eyes gleamed with sadness. This only confirmed that it was actually her.

My heart sped and I dart my eyes between her and the little boy she held securely. Everything clicked into place, one by one.

There was no doubt he was my son. He looked to be four too.

Emily may have noticed I caught on because she turned around, ready to run away from me.

My throat tightens, my heart constricting. "Are you going to keep running away from me?" my voice shatters just like my heart did when she left me four years ago.

She froze, the little boy tugging at her fur for her to turn back around.

" He is my son, isn't he?" I swallowed harshly, staring at the little boy who was my replica.

" Bryson, Shawn," Kira's voice fluttered behind me as she run up. She clutched my arm the second Kira turns back around to look.

Her sad eyes fall automatically to Kira's hand gripping my arm and I instinctively move away from Kira, letting her hand fall at her sides.

"Kira, can you help me with her?" Shawn's wild eyes snapped to Kira, and I can see the fear swimming in his gaze. Kira nodded quickly and went over to him and the limp wolf.

Kira had been spending time with the pack doctor, Qwana lately so she picked up a few things.

"I've never seen a white wolf before," she uttered, her brows furrowing as she reached for where the blood oozed out of the wolf's skin. I can hear a faint heart beat so I knew the wolf was still alive.

But what may fucking die is my heart if I don't get answers.

As Kira's hand touched the wolf, Emily lets out a low warning growl, her eyes dead set on Kira.

"She won't harm her Emily," I said cautiously, not sure how to even speak to her.

After four years, it felt like I didn't know her again. I didn't even know how to approach her about my son. I didn't want to scare her off and have her run away again.

The girl who I grew up with and fell in love with was nothing more than a stranger now and that tore me apart.

Emily dart her eyes to me and her low growls cease.

Shawn looks up, as if finally understanding the situation. "Did you just say Emily?" his eyes snapped to Emily and they zeroed in on the little boy who was now looking at me in confusion. I wanted nothing more than to go to him and ask questions but the fear of Emily running away made it impossible to.

Shawn's mouth gaped open and he stared at Emily. " Holy shit!"

" It's really her," Shawn gasped through the link. "And man, you have a son."

"I know," I responded, my fists tightening at my sides. " But I can't go to them cause she's skittish. I don't know what to do."

I feel helpless and terrified. One wrong move and I'd not only lose Emily again but this time, my son too.

" Go to her, I'll take care of my mate." Shawn urged. " Get her back for us Bryson."

The weight was heavy on my shoulders and I am fucking anxious. I had never been so scared in my life before, my heart rate was spiking up.

I had to be cautious.

I took a step forward, slowly, cautiously. Emily looks ready to leap.

I brought my hand forward. "Please don't. Not this time Em."

She looks down at the wolf who obviously meant something to her. I didn't want to dwell on the fact that they were both white wolves. Besides, it was shocking to see her shifted and in wolf form.

I admit I feel like crap knowing I didn't see her shift for the first time. I wasn't there to help her.

"She'll be fine. She's just knocked out, her wolf will heal her up soon." Kira said, but I could detect some sort of tension in her voice.

Shawn sighed in relief and run his hands through the wolf's white fur in awe. "She's beautiful." He uttered, amazed.

"She is," I whispered as I looked at Emily. Her white fur was clean and snowy color. I had never seen such a pure white color before.

Kira cleared her throat. "Okay now that we know the wolf will be okay, maybe it's time we head on out. The alpha-"

Shawn looked at her like she had grown a second head. "Are you crazy? My mate is injured and Bryson just found Emily back. You think we care about some stupid alpha meeting that can be postponed?"

Shawn was right, how could Kira be so insensitive.

"Emily?" She asked, her eyes darting to Emily. "Who's that?"

I stiffen. I recall telling Kira about Emily. We discussed everything and why it would be useless to hope for us being officially mated. She knew Emily still held my heart. She knew I could never get over her. Emily's name was brought up in many of our conversations.

So it was crazy that she was now acting confused when she heard the name.

"Emily is my mate," I turn to Kira, my tone holding nothing but truth.