

## Chapter 97

Emily's pov

" I-

I let out a breath and pushed off the bed and started pacing the room. Every thought of this being a bad idea race through my head.

Knowing Bryson, he would fight to keep me and Raiden safe for the sake of his pack. I didn't want to risk anyone's life for mine.

Lucy watch me pace, her fingers playing with the other as she bit her lip. " I think he deserves to know Em. He is still madly in love with you. The moon goddess made you two cross paths again for a reason."

I folded my arms and pinched my lip while I continued to pace and think. " I don't know Lucy, I don't want him to risk the pack for us. And I don't think we have a chance even though we are white wolves. It would take a lot of us to even fight the council, we are only two against many."

Lucy frowned. " You need to give yourself credit here Emily, you're stronger than even me! Fine I agree we are only two, but we take them down one by one."

My head pounded, unsure of this. I didn't want to leave Bryson's side, I was obviously still madly in love with him. And it would hurt me badly to take his son away from him before he got the chance know him better.

Lucy head dipped but I saw the pink flush on her cheeks when she murmured. " I am also tired of hiding and no longer want to run away. I-

I stopped pacing, now feeling extremely guilty that I wasn't thinking about her and Shawn's mate bond and how it would hurt her to leave him.

" You want to stay with him." I smiled, happy for my sister and Shawn. Shawn was a good guy and I knew he would treat my sister the best.

She nods, her cheeks appearing to be more red than pink now. My smile saddened as I realize I was the villain in my own story. She was right. Bryson did deserve to know what was happening. The moon goddess would not make a mistake in making us cross paths again if this was not meant to be.

And I really didn't want to leave him. I-

I want him. I need him.

" I want to see what it feels like with a mate," Lucy admitted, her eyes shyly lifting to mine. I can see it in her eyes that she liked Shawn, a lot. And I didn't want to be the reason she lost that chance.

" Before I didn't think I'd ever find him. But now," She smiled, shyly looking away. " He's everything I dreamt of."

I didn't want to be that reason Raiden lost his chance with his dad too. Not anymore. I can't bear to see my little boy so heartbroken that his dad is not around.

I crumble to my knees, looking at my son little figure on the bed. I can't do this to him any longer. I can't be the reason for so many feeling pain. Not anymore.

I looked down at my hands and stared at my palms as though the lines had some secret special message for me to decipher what to do.

There was a chance we would lose everything because of the council, but would it be worth it to not try to fight and be miserable for the rest of our lives?

" I no longer want to fear for my life Em. I don't want to keep looking over my shoulder, wondering when the council would come to slash my throat. I no longer want to live in fear."

Lucy's voice grew firm at the end of her words, which gave me some kind of hope that we could do this. We could have a fighting chance.

Maybe, just maybe we would.

I stand up and nod. " Okay. I agree. I will tell him."

Lucy's eyes widen a little as if surprised herself that I agreed to tell Bryson everything. I was surprised to, but I guess I was just tired of hiding and feeling hopeless.

She slides off the bed and rise to her feet. " If you're doing this for me Em, you don't have to-

I shook my head, a small smile cracking on the corner of my lips. " I agree with you, he does deserve to know," I breathed, and looked at the door. " And I'm also tired of running and being fearful that the council will get us."

My vision blurs once again as I let out my true feelings. It feels nice admitting to her that I was scared too. That I feared every single day that the council would find us in the mountains. Every morning when I woke up, I always said a prayer of gratitude for seeing another day.

Lucy walks over to me and reaches out for my hands. She grasp them, her comforting touch making the tension in my body lessen.

She looked at me, a tiny reassuring smile shaping her lips as she peered into my eyes. " You can do this Em. He won't hate you for it, he'll understand why you did what you had to do."

I nod, sucking in a shaky breath as my stomach fluttered with what felt like tiny butterflies. I was nervous but I knew I had to do this sooner or later.

With one last prep talk from Lucy and a shaky sigh, I walk toward the door. I took a few seconds to breathe in as I try to relax and pep talk my own self. My wolf was stirring as she also felt nervous for the both of us.

I'm startled a little when I felt Lucy's hand on my shoulder, pulling me out of the deep hole of my thoughts. She squeezes my shoulder and I glanced at her. She smiles and tucked some of my strands behind my ear.

" You got this," the smile on her face grew and she leaned forward to hug me. " You're stronger than you think Emily. You've always been."

Her reassuring words worked because I am slowly relaxing in her warm reassuring embrace. After she made sure I was okay she left me to walk back to Raiden's sleeping figure.

I waited for a few, making sure my wolf was as calm as me, even though I wasn't that calm. When I thought I was okay enough to not collapse on my knees I opened the door.

His door is already ajar and Shawn is leaning against the doorframe. They both snap their heads to me and my eyes mist as I realized I had been awful to the two by leaving them without an explanation.

I wondered how they coped, they must've searched for me for a long time.

Within a second Bryson is standing before me and I am again forced to breathe in his addictive scent. He's worried, as his eyes drowned into mine, seeking answers.

I can hear the swift beat of his heart in his chest and I was certain he can hear mine as well. They beat with the same rhythm.

My eyes drop to the floor as my tongue grew heavy in his presence.

" Emily what's wrong?" He urged, his voice swirling with so much concern it had me lifting my gaze to his.

I needed to tell him.

I had to.

I forced my mouth to open but even that felt like it took too much effort.

"I-

" I'm ready to tell you everything."