

Chapter 98

Emily's pov

The sound of my heart thrums in my ears, as I watch his expression morph from concern to shock. He hadn't expected me to come on my own to tell him everything.

For a few beating moments, Bryson stood still, peering down at me intensely. I peel my eyes away from his, unsure if I should continue or wait for him to pull out from his shock state.

"I will give you two some room to talk," Shawn said and excused himself. He walks down the hall and disappears in a few.

"You came to me on your own to tell me everything," Bryson finally says, his voice a hoarse whisper of disbelief.

I brought my gaze back to his and nod. A smile of relief painted on his face and he takes a step forward but seem to overthink it and take a step back, scratching the back of his head.

"Should we go into the room? For more privacy," He stuck his thumb out to the room he would be staying in and I chewed on my lips.

Me and Bryson, alone in one room?

He must've noticed where my thoughts had strayed because the corner of his lips quirk up and his eyes danced. "You never cared that we were alone in a room before, I won't eat you Emily."

I flushed.

His smile widen, his eyes dancing on my flushed cheeks and then he gets serious. "There is also something I need to tell you but it can wait until you're done telling me what you have to tell me."

"Okay," I finally replied, feeling my heartbeat quicken as I followed him into the room. The door closed behind us, and we stood facing each other, the weight of years of separation hanging heavily in the air.

Bryson cleared his throat, breaking the silence. "Do you want to sit on the bed?" He glanced at the bed and scratched his head. He had always done this when he was nervous and I fight the urge to smile.

"There's nowhere else I can offer you to sit." He admitted, his eyes returning to mine. "This isn't home."

Home.

It feels like I haven't heard that word in a while and a pang weighs on my chest. Home.

I missed there. I missed Bryson, Shawn and my parents. I missed everyone. Even, Maya despite how things ended with us, once we were the best of friends.

I didn't know I was on the verge of crying until Bryson ate up the space between us and cupped my cheek in his palm. He looked down at me in a loving gaze that swirled with concern.

"Did I say something to hurt you? I'm sorry if I did." His voice is soft, almost like a coo as he rubs his thumb over my cheek. I melt into him, peering into his familiar eyes I missed so much.

"I'm sorry," I croaked out, now realizing how much pent up emotions I clearly had.

Bryson's brows pinched but he said nothing as he waited for me to continue my words. "I'm sorry for leaving and hurting you," I pulled in a shaky breath, my shoulders sagging in shame. "I'm sorry for breaking the bond between us. I'm sorry I made you hate me."

My shoulders shook and before I know it I was weeping. He pulls my head to his chest, his hand running down my head in a soothing manner. "Shhh it's okay Em. I never hated you for it, I was in pain and confused but now I realized you had done it for a reason I could not know at the moment. How could I ever hate you?"

His words only caused my shoulders to shake even more as a sob racked out of my chest. It's painful to breathe and every breath I snagged through my lungs felt heavy and forced.

"Shhh Em," Bryson cooed, trying to make me stop crying. But I could not, as I imagined all the pain he must've gone through.

How could I have done this to him? To us? To Raiden?

Why did I have to be a white wolf? Why did this happen to our fates?

I clutched his shirt, my tears soaking through the fabric. Bryson swooped me in his arms and I instinctively wrap my legs around his waist as he walked to the bed.

He plopped down with me in his arms. I'm straddling him as he runs his fingers through my hair, his lips on my head. "You know I hate it when you cry Em." His voice is heavy with emotions too.

I can feel his heartbeat as my chest press to his and he push my head where his neck meets his shoulder. My nose brushed where I was supposed to mark him when I came of age and I felt the tears trickle down even more.

"Shhh baby. I'm here now. I don't hate you." His voice was soothing as it racked over my trembling body.

"You should," I cracked as I clung to him. Being in his arms felt like heaven and I can't ignore the way he always made me feel so safe and protected. It made me push closer to him even more.

I heard the rumble in his chest, in fact, I felt it as his beast growled low. "Never." his arm wrap around me and pulled me in a steel like grip to him, almost possessively.

The sound of his beast and his human voice made me shiver in a good way. "I'm sorry," Still feeling extremely guilty for the way I left.

"Stop apologizing. There's nothing to feel sorry for." He uttered, his grip tightening. No matter how tight and firm it got, it didn't hurt me. He didn't hurt me.

"I kept Raiden from you and tried to run away with him again."

I felt the rumble of his beast growl again and felt the his fingers dig into the middle of my back as he held me. "Are you purposely trying to make me angry at you?"

He caught on.

My silence gave him his answer and he sighed, his hand going to my bum as he pushed my lower half closer to him. I'm now on top of his very hard dick. I gasp.

"Sorry, I can't help it when it comes to you," He admitted a bit sheepishly as my core settled directly on his bulge. "I never have."

I bit my lip, my sobs slowly into a few whimpers. I peel my face away from his neck and look down at his shirt. "It would be easier to tell you everything if you were mad." I murmured.

I stiffen when I felt him tuck some of my hair behind my ear gently. I lift my gaze and our eyes connected. Like always my breath is caught in my throat and I gulp.

"I don't think I could ever be mad at you. You can stab me with a silver blade and my heart will still beat for you. Don't you realize it yet Em?" He whispered, his eyes dropping to my lips. "I will always love you, no matter what."

His words washed over me and made my heart skip. My fingers clutch the material of his shirt and pull my lower lip to tuck between my teeth. "Kir-

Bryson shook his head. "Even with a bond I could not love her. I had fallen in love with you deeply without a bond Emily. Do you really think a bond made by the moon goddess can sway me from the real love I felt for you?"

His words made me shake and a new wave of tears rolled down my cheeks. I really didn't deserve Bryson and I knew that. But I was selfish to let him go.

"Did you," I swallowed, my throat suddenly feeling parched. "Did you do anything with-

His eyes soften and he shook his head. "It never crossed my mind to even touch her Emily. The bond we had was an agreement for her to rule the pack with me since the council threatened to host a battle for another male to fight me for my title if I stayed unmated for too long."

My fingers curled in his shirt as I heard the word council.

"The bond was a contract, nothing real."

I looked away from him, my eyes dropping to my fingers clutching his shirt. "But she loves you."

I did feel Kira's love for Bryson which made me jealous. I was seething actually but I had gotten good in acting like I didn't care.

Bryson lifted my chin and made me meet his gaze again. I sucked in a breath when I witness all his emotions coming to the windows of his soul. "I don't love her. I love you."

His eyes flickered down to my lips and I saw his adam apple bob as he swallowed. "I'm sorry. I know we have to talk about something important but I-

He didn't finish because like a hungry beast his head dip and he captures my lips.