

## Chapter 106

Kira's pov

The next few moments were like a blur, one moment I was standing on my feet the next, I am on the ground, my vision blurring as I saw feet a few inches before my face and then everything went dark.

I woke up to frantic voices, they were some hushed ones. Ones that sounded panicked.

"Lift her up and get her to the pack house." One demanded. Sounded very familiar but I couldn't seem to find my strength to crack my eyes open.

There is sudden movement and I can feel myself being lifted in strong arms. My body tenses, the feeling so odd as a wave of nausea washes over me.

I groan softly, attempting to open my eyes, but it feels like they are glued shut. The scent of pine and earth surrounds me, and the quick thudding beneath me tells me I'm being carried.

"Kira, can you hear me?" a voice cuts through the blurry haze. It's the same familiar voice, tinged with concern.

"Mmm," I manage to mumble, my throat feeling dry and scratchy. Something was wrong with my body. There's a fire, something odd shifting in my veins.

I can't pin point it, but something was happening to me.

"We're almost there," the voice reassures me the second the darkness grips me again.

Bryson's pov

"Are you sure about this Bryson?" Falcon hummed and leaned back, lifting his finger to his lips, brows scrunching in a thoughtful expression.

I nod. "If I didn't trust you Falcon I wouldn't have told you anything. They want my mate dead-

Falcon lifted his brows in surprise when I uttered the word mate. I cursed inwardly. Em and I were not mated anymore but the bond was building back.....

Soon we will be so hell with it.

"I mean, the mother of my child. There are certain issues the council has with her, us-

"I do believe I remember when the council tore every pack upside down to look for her."

I froze.

Falcon shook his head. "Don't make your mind wander to that place Bryson. As you've said, you can trust me. There's no one more who hated the council more than me and you of people know why. It wasn't me who told them about your mate."

I felt my shoulders slackened from the weight of anxiety. Falcon's mate was killed by the council for being a witch seven years ago. They burned her alive before he could get to her.

Their excuse was that she was bewitching werewolves and luring them to their deaths. Everyone knew it was only because our kind do not mingle with theirs.

Many packs were going to turn against them there and then but some were still not convinced that the council needed to diminish.

Falcon leaned forward, his fingers linked together as he rest them on the red oak table. "There is no one more than me who wants them all dead," his eyes flashed. "Their ruling needs to end and every sane wolf knows it."

I nod agreeing with him. Hell I bet many packs would agree too. For the last few years the council had been bullies and their ruling was not to the shifters benefits.

Many packs were turning against them, it was only time until we all graft together to wage war on the bastards.

Perhaps the time is now.

Falcon's expression softened when he looked back at me. "I know what it's like to lose someone you love to the council. I won't let it happen to you."

I nod, swallowing. The thought of the council knowing where we are was sickening me. I was trying to act tough for Em, for my son. But Goddess, I was drowning with fear.

Fear that I was not strong enough to fight and to win.

Going up against the council was suicide, everyone knew that which is why packs had yet to form the alliance to take them down. But there is a shift within the shifters after the council murdered Falcon's mate.

Maybe now the packs would have a reason to align and to take them down once and for all.

White wolves had never been an issue until they made it one. They fed shifters with lies about white wolves and it was about time many had to refuse to swallow bullshit.

"We need a way to align the packs without them knowing." Falcon hummed looking at the window to his left.

I am relieved that Falcon was on my side and would be helping me.

"It's going to be difficult not having them get a wind of it. They already know she is here. I am certain they will do a sneak attack thinking we have no idea they know where she is at." I grumble, my face pinching with distress.

Falcon smirked, leaning forward. "And that's why we need to draw every pack here. They won't expect it."

He was right, my brows furrowed in thought. They wouldn't know what to expect, we can have the upper hand. But how much time do we have to prepare?

There was no telling when the council will get here. There really was not.

"We need a distraction," Falcon said, reading me like an open book. "We need them to be distracted for a few days."

I perked up at this. If we can manage to distract them for a few days, we can prepare.

"How do we plan to do that?" I uttered aloud and looked at the desk. I had Shawn waiting in the hallway and so was Falcon's beta.

Falcon smirked. "Simple. We cause a bit of a havoc."

My eyes lift to his. "With death."