

Chapter 120

Emily's pov

It's crazy that one wants to fight with all they have when they know that there may not be a chance to win.

That someone was me.

Every last bit of power that consumed my wolf, I forced her to use it. My main goal was to destroy everyone who was trying to hurt my family. Falcon happens to be one of them, thus, I wouldn't stop until he is nothing but shreds beneath me.

I don't pay attention to the other wolves trying to get ahold of me, I don't care about the teeth sinking into my skin, the furious snapping of jaws close to my neck. Everything is just a blur of blood, snarls and pain.

Pain I was igniting into Falcon.

I don't know how we managed to get outside into the open, however I heard the shatter of glass around me so I had a feeling he managed to push me through the windshield.

It was daybreak now and the sun was hot. I must have been knocked out cold for hours for it to already be day.

We fought until the other got weak, we fought until the other could no longer breathe. We fought until the other's light dimmed in their eyes. The last breath was satisfying, the last dim of light fluttering away to hell.

As I dig my claws into his chest, sinking deep into his heart as I stood above him, I couldn't help but growl in victory. The pleasure of feeling his heart slowly stop, the vibration of it all was sickeningly sweet.

I licked around my jaw, tasting his blood, and howled. One down, many to go.

Those of his pack, his members, stopped abruptly to wail the loss of their leader.

Retracting my claws from his heart, I turned around, blood dripping from my jaws as I looked at every remaining wolf. The pain of them tearing through my flesh was numbed down by the determination to keep going until I saw my family once more.

They snarled, baring their teeth. The truck we were just in a while ago, was wrecked behind them. The windshield shattered, the metal bent in odd crazy ways, twisted into the bark of the tree.

The wreckage was severe to the point no one should have lived if we were human.

My paws dug into the earth, my wolf buzzing with rage as I stared at every single one of them.

Their eyes were dead set on me, their anger easily waving through the air. I wanted nothing more than to kill them all at once, but I needed my wolf to heal me a bit before I could take on another fight.

So I taunted them by turning around and weaving through the trees, pushing my wolf to heal up a bit before I could once more feel the pleasure of killing. For a few minutes, I become their prey and they become the predator.

I laughed in my head, enjoying the rushed feeling of knowing I was about to bring them all to their deaths.

In a sick way, I have never felt so free and powerful. Never felt this sudden urge to kill anyone in sight. Anyone that poses a threat to the people I love. The feeling was exhilarating.

As the wind howled and brushed through my fur, a fire licked at my flesh. A fire of determination. I twist my head to look back, my body buzzing in satisfaction when I see all the wolves close behind.

They snarled, in obvious distress of trying to keep up with me. They didn't know I was only leading them to their deaths. I let them enjoy their chase, slowing down and whimpering for good measure.

Their snarls roared louder through the air, startling the birds in the trees and I frowned. The poor things were only enjoying their rest. Rest. What me and my family were enjoying before we got betrayed and ambushed by them.

As their breaths yapped behind my legs, just tickling my fur I ran around the tree and had them go in circles for a bit. I made sure they got irritated to the point their yaps turned into growls of frustration.

I laughed inwardly and dashed forward, leaping over a fallen branch. The adrenaline kept me going but the thought of being the one to push through to save my family was more accelerating.

My heart raced, but not from fear, from the knowing feeling of winning.

As they snapped their jaws at my legs, I took off a little faster, turning to look at them. They looked angry, yet tired and more frustrated.

I smirked. Now is the time. Enough playing with my food.

I span around, my claws flashing, slashing through the air with a deadly accuracy as they whipped across one of the wolf's face, right down the middle. His mouth is split in half, and so is his forehead from my assault. The smell of his blood was deliciously tempting. I needed to see more.

I find he was better looking that way.

He yelped in surprise, not having expected me to be so swift. But the wounds had healed up a good bit and I was back to almost a hundred percent. All I needed to do was make sure I had an upper hand and I was able to keep my eyes on all wolves.

The blood swam down his face like a river, his wolf unable to heal him up quick enough before I slashed again at him. My claws whip through the air like a fucking tide, drowning his bloody mouth with his own metallic tang.

Satisfaction made me go for another. The kill.

As I tear through his throat, I growled in pleasure, watching his corpse shift into his miserable human form.

He choked on his own blood. Gasping and begging his wolf to heal him. I can see the desperation in his eyes. The desperation for his last breath, desperation to live. His hand went to his throat, the back of his heels digging into the dirt as he tried to push away from me.

I bet he wished he hadn't been the one closest to catching up to me now.

The light in his eyes started to dim, the panic in the depths of his soul making the death quicker. As he took in his last breath I savor it.

The others had slowed down when they saw how easy it had been for me to kill this fool. But of course, under the council's command and being Falcon's lapdogs, they'd never back down.

They lunged toward me, their teeth sinking into my sides and drawing out my blood. I don't yelp, I don't cry, I don't run away. I was done playing with my prey. I was now the predator.

My claws slashed against skin, against fur, against whatever the hell I could get them into. I enjoyed the sounds of their cries, the mercy I had a feeling they were trying to beg me for.

I don't give them mercy.

I don't stop.

I don't feel pity for those whose mates would feel their deaths.

It was either me or them, and I selfishly chose myself. I had a family after all. I was not stupid to give up.

Raiden.

Bryson.

Lucy.

Shawn.

I was not going to give up.

The crimson blood dripped onto the ground, the taste suffocating the air around us. The assault of blood made me thirst for me.

Blood gushed against my fur, coating me in ruby. A color I was beginning to be fond of. I wanted more.

I didn't care or know if it was my blood being drawn out, or theirs, I just knew that someone would die today, and it wouldn't be me.