

Chapter 122

Emily's pov

I watch him slowly smile as rays of sunlight strike across his face. I stared at him as that soft smile, that faint twinkle in his eyes, dulled into....nothing.

I was with him in his last breaths, with him, when the final twinkle in his eyes darkened into a void. I've since become used to seeing the light leave someone's eyes.

A while ago, I was merciless to the others, fucking glorifying the pain they went through because of my assault. But with him, I don't know his name which is kind of saddening. I swallowed, letting out a shaky puff of air.

If we had been on the same side, if only.

I lifted my hand, my fingers were trembling uncontrollably as I brought that to his face. He died with his eyes open and seeing his soulless eyes staring up at the sky made my belly twist.

This is all I can do to give him at least a proper burial. I gently closed his eyes, whispering. " I promise."

I promise him that I would not lay a hand on his mom or his sister. I promise him that I will make the council pay for all they have done and how they forced him to do something he clearly didn't want to do.

Now that the riptide had calmed down and the waves were just soft flutters against the shore, I sighed in pain. I had no idea where I was, no idea how far Bryson was. I had no clue if our son was with him too.

The nerves bundled and knotted inside me aggressively.

I had no fucking moral compass and I still couldn't get a hold of Lucy through the link which indicated that she was still heavily under the serum's power.

Why hadn't I asked the boy when I had the chance? He probably could've told me. Now that he is dead, I have no way of knowing what to do next.

I could follow the route the truck had been on and hope for the best. However, I am uncertain if they separated us or not. As much as I have the determination to win and trample on every single one of the fools who turned against me and my family, I wasn't stupid to think one against a hundred was a fair fight.

I looked down at the young boy, wondering if he had a mate, but then remember he hadn't told me to spare her so perhaps not. I frowned. I took his life before he could find the joy of loving someone and raising a family.

My heart squeezed and my throat pulsed with a dull pain as I held back my emotions.

How many more lives would I have to take to win this?

How many will die because the council refuse to have anyone stronger than they are?

How many future must I cut short to save my family?

A riptide of emotions weighed on me heavily and I haul in a shaky breath, trying to calm down my nerves. My fingers are trembling, my heart racing. As the tide turned calm, everything became clearer.

I had no way of knowing where my family was. The council. I also didn't know where the council was located. The time I would've known, my mom helped me escape before I could have.

The frustration took a toll on me, my stomach queasy.

My son.

Was he okay? Was he scared?

Were they hurting him?

The thought of them laying a single finger on my son ripped through me and a choked cry rumbled from my lips. I looked up, the sunlight striking across my face through the cracks of the branches high above.

Helpless.

I felt helpless.

Was he with his dad?

Was my sister Lucy okay?

What about Shawn?

I grasp the dirt in my hands, clenching the dry leaves and soil that was soaked with the blood I had spilled. It was moist from their blood, yet felt cold as ice. Winter wouldn't be here any time soon, so perhaps their blood was what ran cold.

I stared back at the boy, wondering if his mom would somehow already know her son was no more. How would one know?

How would I know if my little boy was okay? How would I know if they haven't hurt him?

I blinked until the burning in my eyes turn into frustrated tears and let a scream rip from my throat until it hurt. I have to find my family. I had to get to them.

But how can I? How will I know?

Time is ticking. Tick tock. Tick tock.

I'm losing time.

Everywhere is quiet around me except for the sounds of my heartbeat and the cries that tore from my throat painfully. The soft wails of the wind brushed across my skin as if soothing me and reassuring me that things were going to be okay.

But it's doing a shitty job of reassuring me because the truth kept smacking me in the face. I had no idea where to go and there was a possibility I would never find my family.

A sob rocked from my chest and I lift my dirty hands where my heart pang with pain. This pain, how can it ease when I do not know?

As the wind continued to sing and my blurry vision eyed the north, well what I presume was the north, suddenly something felt off.

The wind had teased me at first calmly. Then....the whips across my skin turned harsh, as if a child trying to gain his parents attention. Now....it had calmed down.

Like a riptide.

The wave I had just been. Now the wind was mocking me. But for what?

And then I felt it, well felt him.

He is behind me before I can twist around, the sudden harsh wind he came with had my hair fluttering around my face. My lips part, my heart skipped and as I looked at the tree trunk, I realized I hadn't been the riptide all along.

It was Falcon.

He had been the tide, hidden under mine and waiting to strike.