

Chapter 124

Emily's pov

The smug smirk on his lips angered me as I fisted my hands at my sides, my nails digging into my palm as I tried to make sense of what he had just uttered to me.

As the words continued to ring through my head, they reeled me with anxiety. If what he said was true, would that mean that the council would kill my family if I did not willingly submit to them?

The thought of my family being used as pawns in the council's twisted game made my blood boil with rage. How inhumane can you be to kill innocent people to your benefit?

"They'll stop at nothing to get what they want, Emily. You of all people should know that," he continued his voice swirling with malice. "And if you don't cooperate, if you don't give them what they want, they'll make sure that everyone you love suffers for it."

I took a step forward, the threat on his tongue causing a sharp shiver of fear to race down my spine. My family.

I had to save them.

But at what cost?

"My blood," I started calmly. I needed to find out more information if I want to be able to bend my way through this. I needed to find a way. There was always a way. I just had to find it. "What are they seeking with my blood? What do they want exactly?"

Falcon smiled smugly. "Asking the right questions now, Emily?" he chortled.

I ignored his mocking tone, keeping my focus solely on extracting whatever information I could from him. I kept my heartbeat steady as I await his response.

"You already possess one of the rare wolves, a white wolf and not only that, you have the potential of being the one to transform into a Lycan. That blood alone is powerful and with that kind of power, the council can't deform you into their will. However, if used correctly the blood of a Lycan can save the lives of hybrids." His smirk turned sinister and it instantly sent a shiver down my spine.

The sight of his teeth flashed with my blood.

Now I understood why he was so cocky. He bit me.

He snickered low tauntingly. "Which means in order for the council to successfully rule over all wolves and set fear in any pack that wishes to wage war against them, then they must create their own army. Their own army to invoke fear. That army-

"Hybrids." I whispered, cutting in with disbelief, now that things were starting to make more sense.

Falcon nod, his smug grin flashing more of his stained teeth. "Now you're catching on."

I glared at him and he chuckled. "They don't want to kill you, well not yet. We need your blood after all. Also, I never got to thank you for sparing me some of your delicious blood," he licked across his lower lip. "You just spared me another five more years to live."

The realization that I am going to be used as a fucking blood bank sinks heavily in my gut. They plan to use my blood for their sick twisted ways and they thought I'd willingly agree to it?

I'd never let them use me for their personal gain.

I shook my head, sneering. "Do you really think I'll willingly let them use me? You think I'll just bow down to their demands and let them use me like some kind of fucking lab rat to create their damn army?"

Falcon doesn't look fazed by my words or tone, instead he lifted a shoulder in a shrug. "You have no choice. Either you come to them yourself, or I take you there forcefully. Either way," he looked at my shoulder. It was still bleeding and I had forgotten about it. "You will get to the council whether you like it or not."

His audacity made fury boil in my veins as I seethed and shot him daggers of death and hatred.

I laughed dryly when he sent me a smug smirk "You think you have what it takes to capture me, Falcon?"

He tilt his head, humming. "I did happen to catch you off guard." he nudged his head at my shoulder. The sting was a bit more pulsing now, letting me know that he did push venom into my blood.

I'd have to work quick in getting rid of him and find somewhere to rest for a little while before the hallucinations begin.

I narrowed my eyes, pushing out my claws as I snarled. "I killed you once and I'll kill you again."

I don't give him time to respond and lunge for him, shifting mid air and knocking into his body. As my weight descend on him, the smirk he once had on his face faltered a bit. But then, with his new abilities, he pushed me off and sent me staggering backwards.

I shook my head, rearing back into my mind to give the reigns to my wolf.

Snarling, she dug her claws into the dirt, shifting into a ready for attack stance. He smirked. "You don't like to back down much, do you? I can see why Bryson loves you so dearly."

Hearing him mention my mate pushed my anger more to the surface and I pounce towards him, my claws striking through the air as I try to collect skin and blood. My fur was quickly becoming wet with my own blood and the sting taunted me further.

I was running out of time.

The venom was edging closer to taking over.

My claws dig into his flesh and he let out a loud grunt, pushing and twisting until we tumble to the ground. I snapped my jaws, desperate to get the upper hand and dominate him once more before the venom worked its way into my limbs.

Hold on.

Hold on Emily.

The searing pain from the bite race down the more time ticked by.

Falcon was putting up a fight and no matter how frustrating it had become to not already get the upper hand, I was determined and will ride my determination into victory.

Every movement felt like a struggle against time itself as we kept fighting. The venom coursing through my veins threatened to weaken me with each passing moment however, I refused to succumb to its effects. I had to keep fighting, had to defeat Falcon before it was too late.

If I lose this, I will lose everything