

## Chapter 125

Emily's pov

With a determined snarl ripping through the air, I lunged once more, my claws aiming for his throat, the kill.

But he moves in time and my claws rip through air.

Our blood had dripped from our wounds and stained the forest floor with ruby red. Falcon was more agile than I was being a hybrid so he was quickly getting the upper hand. Still, I didn't give up and channel all the strength I could muster.

Time seems to stand still as the forest watches us battle for dominance. With a roar, I leaped forward pushing myself to the brink as I slashed across his skin. Just as my claws sliced through flesh, a sudden terrible pain gnawed in my veins until it felt like fire.

My vision instantly gets foggy and I whip around to look for Falcon. But I see three.

He chuckles. " They didn't want you dead but this is the only way we could have a fair fight." I can hear him spit his saliva onto the ground.

Oh no. The venom.

The venom coursing through my veins twisted my senses and mangled reality as I struggled to maintain my focus. Falcon's mocking laughter echoed in my ears, taunting me as I fought to regain control of my rapidly worsening symptoms.

My heart rate spiked.

This isn't good.

With each passing moment the pain intensified and my blurry vision increased to the point I could not make out his figure properly. But I can still sense him and smell his god awful wrench scent.

But even in the midst of my agony, I refused to surrender and with a fierce growl, I pushed through the pain, mustering every ounce of strength I had left as I launched myself at Falcon once more. I scrapped skin but not enough.

My movements have become sluggish and uncoordinated as the venom he fed me without permission tightened its grasp on me.

He laughed. The sound is irritating but it pushes on my nerves enough to make me angrier.

I lunged for him again, but his figure is getting blurrier and I couldn't make it out much.

He moved with a fluid grace, dodging my attacks effortlessly as he take advantage of my weakened state. I fought back with everything I had, but it was like trying to fight against the current of a riptide.

The more I fought, the more difficult it became to stay afloat. I was drowning in my own turf.

His mocking laughter is still ringing through the air, taunting me, jeering me to give up. I grunt when I felt him clutch my fur, gripping so hard and swinging. My back collided with something hard, adding to the already searing pain swimming through my veins.

Hearing the loud bash sound of the tree falling from the brutal force I had collided with it and the sound of my bones cracking made me wince. Not only did my wolf have to fight off the venom, but she also had to try to heal me as quick as possible.

The excruciating pain radiating through my body threatened to overwhelm me, but I refused to succumb to despair. With gritted teeth, I shifted back into my human form knowing that this was the only way to have my wolf focus solely on fighting off the venom and healing us.

My head pounded with pain, his laughter knocking against my skull heartlessly.

The dirt crumble in my palm as I clench my fingers, hauling the power to stand. I won't give up dammit.

I am a white wolf, Luna and mate to Bryson. I was a mother to Raiden and a sister to Lucy. I can't give up so easily.

As my bones snap back into place I turn to stare at Falcon, well where I presume he is.

Through the haze of pain and blurred vision, I focused all my remaining energy on Falcon's direction. Even as my body yelled and cried in protest, I refused to give up and have him win.

" Is that all you got asshole?" I mocked him, my claws coming out to play.

His taunting laughter rang through the air like a cruel symphony. Even through his mockery I stand tall, no matter how difficult it was to keep balance and stand upright.

" Your resilience is cute, Emily." Falcon snorted. " However the venom is quickly consuming you and it's only a matter of time."

His words had me seething even though were nothing but the truth.

I gritted my teeth against the pain and anger, refusing to let his words shake my resolve. "Maybe so," I admitted through clenched jaws. "But I'll be damned if I let you have the satisfaction of seeing me lose to a bastard like you."

With a fierce growl, I launched myself at him once more, my claws extended and ready to strike through his flesh. I will not stop until he is done for good. He had to be done for good.

He dodged me fluently, making me grow more irritated and frustrated. " I have to admit," he chuckle. " You're the first woman who I enjoy fighting with. Perhaps it is because your body is rather tempting. I can see why you have Bryson in the palm of your hand."

His words both angered and disgusted me. The fury swelled in my chest, kicking up my rage until I saw red.

How dare he speak to me in that manner!?

With renewed determination I clawed at him, scraping skin and wounding him. We fought for what felt like forever, yet I know it had only been just a little while. The venom in my bloodstream was winning and with the way it gripped me and bent me to its will, I wasn't going to win.

Falcon gripped my arm, stopping me before my claws could penetrate through his neck. I growled as he launched me across the air. My back collides with the bark of the tree, this time so fiercely that it knocked the wind out of my lungs.

I land on the ground with a heavy thud, my head smacking against a rock. I blinked, my vision blurring even more as my ears began to ring.

No.

Hold on.

I begged myself, yet my limbs were being held hostage by the venom and my mind got assaulted by the devil. As the ringing in my ears turned to a sharp sound, I winced, digging my face deeper into the soil until I heard his voice.

His sweet voice.

Bryson?