

Chapter 127

Emily's pov

My heart raced.

He was here! He was really here!

Tears began to quickly blur my vision as I stared into his eyes, my lower lip trembling as I let out a choked rattling sob that shook my chest.

Despite the pain that still pulsed through my body, seeing him there by my side made all the pain feel numbing. I needed to see him. I needed to know he was okay. And now that I do see that he was here, I am relieved and happy.

I cried, sobbing loudly. I had tried to fight for him and our family. I really did try my best. " Are you really here?" I croaked, swallowing and hoping he was not just a dream.

He lowered his head, his fingers brushing my cheeks to remove the tears that spilled. "Shhh I'm here." He uttered, smiling.

"How," I whispered, my voice barely above a hoarse murmur. "How did you find me? How did you escape?"

His smile grew. " I managed to escape and got out. Finding you was difficult but your scent lured me to you. I could never forget your scent." he said softly, reaching out to gently brush a strand of hair away from my face.

I reached out to touch his face, needing the reassurance of his presence. Needing to desperately know that he was real and not just my imagination. When I felt skin under my palm I let out a sigh. "I thought I'd never see you again," I admitted, my voice trembling with emotion. "Our son, Lucy-

He gripped my hand in his and gave a soft squeeze as if reassuring me that this was reality and he was really before me. "They're safe. I managed to find them. But they're resting. They're badly wounded and need time to heal."

My eyes widen, my heart flipping painfully. "Will they be okay?" I croaked out, my heart thrumming painfully as my breathing turned to worried shaky breaths.

He nodded, squeezing my hand once more. "Of course. They just need time to heal and should be fine. Don't worry Emily."

I nod. "What about our son? Raiden? Where is he? Did they hurt him too?" Anger curled in my chest, causing it to tighten uncomfortably.

Bryson shook his head. "They didn't hurt him. But he's resting right now. He had been crying a lot and the little man needs some rest."

My brows furrowed yet nod. At least Everyone was okay and Lucy and Shawn were healing up.

I looked around the room. I'm not familiar with it. "Where are we?" My voice is scratchy.

"Somewhere close by. I had to bring you here because you were unconscious and wasn't healing. We needed a place where Maya and the others won't find us. I escaped but they're still out there searching for us."

Right. I blacked out after the fight-

Falcon.

I whipped my eyes to Bryson. "Falcon?" I said in a rush. "What about Falcon? Did he? Did you?"

Bryson nod. "You don't have to worry about him anymore Emily. I took care of him. He is no more."

Relief washed over me, making the pain in my chest come to ease and for me to finally let out a breath that I hadn't known I was holding onto. My lungs felt so much better afterwards.

Falcon. The asshole who had betrayed us was finally dead. "Thank God," I croaked out emotionally and looked around. My eyes finally spot the IV bag hooked to my arm. Why hadn't I noticed that before?

My brows joined into a frown as I stared back at Bryson confused. "What's this? Why is it hooked in my arm?"

Bryson's expression was hard to read as he followed my gaze to the IV bag. He reached out to gently brush his fingers over the tubing, his touch gentle and soft against my skin.

" It's just fluids and medication to help you heal faster, " he explained faintly, his eyes filled with concern. " You lost a lot of blood, and you were unconscious for quite some time. We needed to make sure you were stable before we could bring you here."

I nod, trusting that everything was okay. My eyelids felt heavy and I knew I was about to lose consciousness again.

My heart skipped rapidly. I didn't want to go back into the dark void again. I wanted to stay here with Bryson.

Bryson who must've seen my confliction on my face breathed out a soft sigh and cupped my cheeks gently. " It's okay to rest Emily. You need it to get better."

I shook my head, swallowing a lump. "But I don't want to leave you. I don't-

"Shhh." He whispered, leaning down to plant a kiss on my forehead. Oddly it doesn't ease me how it should have.

"I'll be here. I'm not going anywhere. Okay? You rest and I'll watch over you."

I bit my lip, looking at his. Why were they not soft? Why do they no longer feel good on my skin?

Why do they feel strange?

Why were they not pink?

He smiled, making them part, however my heart doesn't skip like it normally does when seeing his beautiful smile.

"You need all the rest you can get if you want to get back to a hundred. We need you Emily." He squeezed my hand.

"I'll be right here by your side, okay?"

I nod, swallowing and forced myself to believe him. Yet as I slip back into darkness, something crawled at the back of my mind.

Bryson.

Was he really Bryson?

Maya's pov

I'm humming a soft tune under my breath as I make my way to the metal door. I knocked on it once, my knuckles hitting it faintly but I knew Falcon would be able to pick up on it.

"Come in." His voiced.

I smirked, sliding my fingers around the knob and twisting it until it opened and revealed the room where we had that fucking bitch lying on the makeshift metal bed.

I stepped into the room, my eyes plastered on her body that was covered with a thin white sheet.

"Did she fall back asleep?" I questioned, walking over to her.

Falcon nodded, straightening his back and turning to me with a satisfied smug on his face. "She really thinks I'm her mate Bryson. It's a bit fun pretending to be him. Maybe I'll even get lucky and have her kiss me. See what Bryson is so obsessed with."

I narrowed my eyes on him. "Don't get ahead of yourself and stick to the plan. You already screwed it up by biting and pushing the venom in her blood. It's going to take a while for us to fucking drain it out so we can use her blood."