

## Chapter 128

Maya's pov

Falcon rolled his eyes. "It wouldn't have been a fair fight. This woman killed many of my warriors and killed me. If I hadn't slowed her down in this way, she would've killed me for the second time. What the fuck did you expect me to do?"

I grit my teeth, glaring down at the sleeping figure of Emily. Even sedated and wounded that bitch still had power.

Why was it always her who got everything?

"Indeed you slowed her down so you can take her out, but you slowed us down as well. How long do you think my uncle will wait patiently for her? He is not a patient person. He will be furious!"

Falcon didn't seem to like my words as his expression darkened. "As long as he gets her, there should not be a problem of waiting. If I hadn't done what I did you'd not have her here, she'd be tearing through your throat after she was done with me."

I snarled, lunging for him and gripping him around his neck. I applied pressure and he winced. "She wouldn't be able to touch me because I am stronger. It was your mistake in not sedating her enough in the first place! We can't afford another mistake. That fucking bitch is our ticket to live longer and grow our army."

He looked like he didn't believe that I was stronger than her and I will admit, even me doubted it. My uncle mentioned that she or her sister might be the Lycan. One of the strongest and can be able to rule over all wolves.

If what he said was true, then my hybrid power is nothing compared to hers.

I tilt my head, glaring at Falcon. "So if you so much as fucking ruin it again I'll castrate you and feed you to the birds. Got it?"

Falcon eyes narrowed. "You act like I'm the only one who bit our captive. What about you Maya? Where is Bryson? You have him here don't you? You have him also under the same fucking mind control as I have Emily. Mine was to capture Emily, what's your excuse?"

I dropped his neck as though he burned me and turned around, spitting over my shoulder. "None of your fucking business. Just keep the fucking whore sedated and call me when the venom has drained out so we can shift her to the council for blood extraction."

I stormed to the door, whipping it open harshly. "Oh and Falcon?"

"You don't have to give me another lecture, I know what I must do." He replied in a clipped tone.

I nod, looking over my shoulder. "Don't fucking screw up again."

I walked out with a slam of the door, storming away to head back to the room I had him. Bryson.

The other two, Shawn and Emily's sister should have already gotten to the council. Bryson's son that annoying wailing kid should already be there as well.

However I kept Bryson here with me all to myself. We have unfinished business after all.

As I made my way back to the room where I had Bryson restrained, a sense of excitement coursed through me.

I entered the room, seeing Bryson on the makeshift bed. He's also sedated. When he heard me step into the room he looks at me. His eyes were vacant but when they fell on me they lit up.

He was completely at my mercy, his mind clouded by my manipulations. I smirked. I finally had him all to myself. Finally.

I approached him slowly, my footsteps echoing off the cold walls of the room. "Hey baby. Have you been waiting for me for a while?" I cooed as I neared him.

His eyes lit up and he reaches for me. "Why did you leave me Em?"

I forced out a smile, hating that he thought I was that whore but seeing as this is the only way to not have him shoot me disgusting stares, I'd take this over anything else.

"I had to check up on our son." I smiled and kissed his palm, gripping his hand and squeezing. "To make sure he was alright and comfortable."

Bryson's eyes softened at my words and a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips. "I missed you," he murmured, his voice filled with longing. "Is Raiden okay and the others?"

I leaned in closer, taking pleasure in the feeling of power that surged through me as I watched him succumb to my charms. "I missed you too, my love," I whispered, tracing my fingers lightly along his jawline.

I have always craved to be this close to Bryson before. I have always wanted this moment. And it felt good, would have felt even better if he had this kind of love for me, Maya and not for Emily.

"And yes, everyone is doing okay. They've asked about you. I told them you're recovering." I answered his previous question.

He was so concerned about his stupid annoying son. I should have killed that brat but I thought having him as leverage would be better.

Bryson brows pinched, his eyes glazing over. "Recovering from what Em? I can't remember being so wounded I can't move my limbs."

I shook my head, leaning in closer and planting a soft kiss on his cheek. "The fight against Maya and the others put you in bad shape. I'm so glad I was able to rescue you in time."

Bryson's expression clouded with confusion, but he seemed to accept my explanation without further question. "I always knew you were a badass." He joked, reaching out to grasp my hips and pull me closer.

My heart flutters. For a moment as his eyes flashed warmly up at me, I truly believed the love he showcased was directed at me and not at Emily.

However, reality crashed down on me brutally when I realize this could never be me and he'd never look at me with this gaze.

Who he loved was Emily and not me.

The surge of jealousy and bitterness made me frown and he noticed that. "What's wrong?" He questioned innocently.

I forced a fake smile, reaching forward to brush my fingers over the vampire bite I had printed on the skin between his shoulder and neck. It still bled a bit.

"Oh nothing," I whispered, leaning even closer until his breath feathered over my lips. It's so warm. My heart raced. This is what I've always wanted. What I've always dreamed of.

Just me and Bryson.

Just us.

We were supposed to be end game, not he and Emily. Not him and that fucking whore.

If only he had been mine, perhaps we could have ruled together. But now...he is just a puppet in our little game and after the venom disappears out of his bloodstream, we will go back to how things was.

Him resenting me and me wishing things had been different.

So I took the opportunity I had now, seized it with both hands as I ate the distance between us and planted my lips on his soft ones tenderly.