

Chapter 129

Maya's pov

As our lips met, I felt a powerful surge of triumph wash over me. This was my moment, my victory over Emily. It was just me and Bryson and not her.

My lips on his and not hers.

For just a second, I won over her.

For a fleeting moment, I allowed myself to enjoy the taste of Bryson's lips against mine, how good it felt to finally plaster mine against his.

How good they fit.....

He was mine for now.

Mine.

What could have been.

Until suddenly Bryson pulled away sharply, and I stared at him in surprise at the sudden movement. It almost felt as though I disgusted him. As if he had finally come down to earth.

The thought left me feeling empty and hollow. And bitter. So so bitter.

Bryson's eyes were filled with confusion and uncertainty as he whispered her name. "Emily?" His brows are drawn in a confused furrow making him look so cute.

I sighed, leaning away and straightening my spine. Even with his mind controlled by the venom, he still somehow sensed I wasn't really her through the kiss.

Was she that better than me?!

What did she have that I didn't?

I clench my fists at my sides and forced myself to smile despite the pain of rejection tightening around my chest.

Damn this whore.

"I think you need more rest baby." I said softly, brushing my fingers over his skin only for him to flinch away.

I frowned.

Was the venom wearing off?

"What's wrong?" I demanded, not wanting to sound harsh but it came out just as that. I smiled to ease the tension.

He smiled but it doesn't reach his eyes. "Nothing, just really tired."

I nod and leaned down to kiss his cheek and then neck. However I got carried away and kissed lower, the scent of his blood enticing, the taste of his skin making me moan.

But Bryson pulled away, making me almost kiss the metal bed under him. I narrowed my eyes, anger coursing through me.

Could he not make me enjoy this moment with him?!

My frustration mounted. Why couldn't he just love me at least for a little bit!

As I pulled away and stared down at him, I saw the brief flicker of disgust and confusion. But I tried to act normal although that stare unnerved me and left me bitter.

He was just a puppet to get under the bigger puppet's skin. I was only toying with him for a few. Nothing much, nothing more.

We could have been. That's all, we could have been.

I stared into his eyes and the disgust still lingers there, making me swallow.

But....we were never meant to be.

I smiled. "Are you disgusted of me baby?"

He frowned, searching my eyes so deeply as though he was trying to rummage through my soul. After a pregnant pause he finally cracked out.

"Of course not, just super tired," he yawned for good measure but I can see through it. It's fake and it's annoying. I want to strangle him for rejecting me even in this state.

"Too tired to kiss me?" I said sweetly, tilting my head and bringing it forward, closer to his lips. He smells so good. Emily is such a lucky bitch.

As my lips near, Bryson tilts his head away, making my lips touch his cheek. I seethed inwardly, irritated that even in this state he was rejecting me all over again.

I pulled away a little, ready to be bitter about it but got surprised instead when his long fingers grasp around my neck and applied so much pressure I gasped.

My eyes widened in shock and surprise as he rose into a sitting position while still holding my neck with a brutal grip.

"Bry-son." I gasped, my fingers landing on his as I try to pull it away from my neck. Fuck! Any more pressure and he'd snap my neck.

How the hell is he so strong even when he is sedated?!

As Bryson's fingers tightened around my neck, a bit of panic rush through me, mixing with the pain of his brutal grip. His fingers were digging into the sides of my neck, dangerously close to ending me if he wants to.

I looked at him and my entire body grows cold.

His eyes, once filled with confusion and uncertainty, now bore into mine with a cold intensity that sent shivers down my spine.

Did he notice I wasn't Emily!?

I struggled against his hold, clawing at his hand in a desperate attempt to free myself. But his grip only tightened, cutting off my air supply and sending waves of dizziness crashing over me.

"Bryson!" I gasped, one of my hands leaving his in search of the serum I had in my back pocket.

My eyes nearly bulged out when his grip become more harsh, his eyes dead and cold as he grit out and pull my face forward. "You're not her are you?" He roared, pressing until I was sure my neck would snap.

"I'm her. I'm Emily." I gasped. Fuck, he had such a strong hold for someone I had weakened.

Where did that sudden surge of power come from?

"You're not my Emily!" He roared with fury.

My fingers fumble to get a hold of the syringe, my fingertips brushing against the end just as Bryson claws pierced through my neck.

I gurgle on my own blood, the pain of his claws in my neck making me cry out. I clutch the syringe and quickly pulled it out and stabbed it in his neck, feeding him the serum.

In seconds his grip loosened however his eyes are still so cold and dead.

With his limbs growing weak, I gripped his fingers and pushed them away from my neck harshly.

I gasped, coughing and choking up the crimson blood onto him. I grabbed my neck, moving away from him before he would reach for me again.

As I leaned against the door and watch him start to lose consciousness I can't help but feel pain in my heart knowing even in this state, Emily had won over me.

I wait for my wound to heal, gritting my teeth as I spun around and stormed out of the room, heading for the room Falcon and Emily were in.

I slammed the door open, startling Falcon who had been hovering Emily. She was still asleep, but he had slipped the white sheet low to reveal her breasts.

It wouldn't take a genius to know that he was about to molest her and for a quick second I contemplated if to let him go through with it.

However, since Bryson was able to tell I wasn't really Emily, it wouldn't take Emily long to figure out that she was also manipulated by the vampire venom.

"We have to get them to my uncle now." I said in a rush, my chest heaving up and down in rage.