

Chapter 142

Lucianda's pov

As Shawn's teeth sank into me, the emotions that poured into me came full force all at once. My belly tightened and I squirmed, gasping as his bond seeks mine to reconnect.

I could feel the rush, the electricity, the warmth of his bond reconnect little by little.

But as it does so, there's a searing pain from Gregor's marking pulling away and dying out. I cling to Shawn, moaning, feeling faint from all of this.

But then I heard it. It was faint. But it was there. I could smell her too.

My heart flipped and I gasped loudly, now wide awake.

My sister.

Emily!

She's here!

The loud roar that rang in the air would definitely set fear in anyone close by. But it did the opposite for me, even though her aura was so strong I knew she was different, I wasn't scared.

She had transformed.

She was.

A Lycan.

"Emily." I whispered in awe, looking at Shawn who had pulled away in surprise when he heard the feral snarl she rang through the air.

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Falcon's pov

This fucking bitch think she's some kind of superior. I rolled my eyes, gripping Emily as I make my way to the truck.

Listening to Maya was like listening to sharp nails scrapping against the chalkboard, irritating and unpleasant.

She disturbed me with what I had planned to do to Emily. I just couldn't have resisted a perfect body. I now understand why Bryson was so obsessed with her.

She was perfect. Every inch of her was perfect and I wanted a taste for myself. But that damn bitch Maya just had to ruin my chances and disturb me.

I grunted, looking down at Emily.

I could still have the chance. Take her before she woke up. She'd never know until she feel my presence between her legs when she stirs awake.

I hummed.

That would be a good idea. I'd be quick before Maya gets here. I'd be fast.

I sped my footsteps and got to the truck out. I opened the doors and stepped in with her body. It looked fragile in my arms but I knew more than anyone how strong this woman was.

She was no fragile little princess, that's for sure. She'll be able to handle me. I smirked, laying her down on the cold flooring of the truck and chaining her up.

The last time she was in the truck she had managed to free herself and caused us to drift off the road. This time I would take more precautions and chain her up really good.

I worked the chains around her body and made sure to keep her legs open so I can see her nudity and it would be easy for me to slip inside her once I am done.

When I was sure the chains were well wrapped around her I looked back to make sure Maya wasn't approaching and then turn back to Emily.

I was not sure what I was expecting, perhaps for her breathing to be even or for her to stay still while I touch her...

But what I didn't expect was the see the quick rise and fall of her chest or feel how burning up her skin felt under my finger pads as I brush it up her thigh.

Those were not reactions of my touch, not pleasure or disgusts. It was something else that made me freeze my actions and stare down at her in confusion.

What the fuck?

My brows pinch as I looked down at her. Her skin is sleek with beaded sweat, on her neck, her forehead, everywhere.

Her flesh is also red, as if she was burning up from within.

What the hell is this? It kind of looks like hives were also dotting on her skin quickly. I am not sure what was happening but it freaking looked painful.

I run my fingers over the hives and they're scorching. Is she burning through her skin?

"What the hell is going on?" I whispered, watching the rise and fall of her chest. Her lips had parted and she was letting out shaky sighs.

Should I call Maya? I hadn't touched her so I wasn't the cause of this....

As I continue to take my brain for possible reasons on why Emily's skin was changing, I am stunned to see fur tickling through her pores, the same red blemishes that looked like hives were fading.

I jerked back.

That couldn't and shouldn't be possible. She was heavily sedated, still knocked out, it's impossible for her to be shifting right now.

As the fur continued to emerge, I stared for signs that she was waking up. But her breathing was the same and she had not shifted.

This only rouses my disbelief and confusion. Maybe I should call Maya.....

But that bitch would taunt me and insult me in not knowing what to do. I ground my teeth. What the hell is happening to this whore? What should I do?

The longer I am here the more the hair is growing thicker. How can she be shifting when she is still unconscious?

I am uncertain on what to do. How can I stop this before she actually shifts completely.

I grunt. I have no fucking sedative here right now. "Shit." I snapped, running a hand through my hair then getting out of the truck.

If I am quick enough to get the sedative, maybe I'll be able to stop whatever this is.

I rapidly made my way back inside, finding Maya still preparing some of the sedatives in the briefcase. She turned to me when I entered, her brows shooting up.

"What the hell is going on?" She blasted, irritation clear in her voice. " Did you fucking screw this up again?"

Of course she would blame me. Resisting the urge to tell her off, I instead let her know of the issue we were now facing.

" She, Emily, she's no longer in her fucking human form Maya!"

At first her brows draw into a confused furrow then her eyes begin to widen, she place the case on the table and looked at me in disbelief. "And you left her unattended!?"

My eyes narrowed. "She's shifting, yet still unconscious. What the fuck do you expect me to do when I can't exactly explain or stop her transformation? I've come to get more sedative to see if this would help in stopping whatever this shit is."

Maya let out a growl and skimmed through the sedatives. "This bitch just won't stay down can she." With a furious snap, she pulled out a syringe and stormed to the door. "If this doesn't knock her out completely I'd have to improvise."

I looked at her. "Improvise?"

"Keep her half dead."