

Chapter 143

Maya's pov

"That way the bitch won't move and the doctor will save her before she is fully dead. We will get her there in time. Now let me go ahead and give her, her medicine." I snarled. If I overdose her she'd be practically in a coma.

Which would be a very good thing. That way the whore will stay down.

I am sure we can get her to the council and have the doctor check her before she's fully dead.

I should have thought of that sooner. It would've saved us a lot of trouble.

As I made my way outside I found the back doors of the truck opened and let out an angry breath through my nostrils. Falcon was a dumbass. Why did he leave the doors open?

"Fucking jackass." I sneered under my breath and quickened my way to the opened truck. However when I get there, I freeze. There is no signs of Emily, no signs of anyone in the back.

My eyes widen in surprise. Where the hell did the whore go!? Was Falcon playing a fucking joke on me?

"Falcon!" I snarled loudly, grounding my teeth with frustration. However, instead of Falcon, I felt a gust of wind behind me and the hairs behind my neck stand on end when I heard the low rumble of a snarl so close to the back of my head.

I froze. My heart dropping in the pit of my stomach.

The snarl is animalistic, there's nothing human about it.

I turn my neck slowly, swallowing as I saw the huge shadow and when I caught a glimpse of it, I stumbled back, my heart now in my throat.

Because now I am face to face with the kind of beast my uncle had showed me in the books. It's not entirely werewolf, not entirely human either. It's a mixture of both, but in a more feral way. It's towering over me, more than a head foot taller.

A Lycan.

Standing before me was a bloody Lycan.

It's fur is white, it's eyes an angry blood red and as it open its jaws to let out a loud snarl I saw how huge and sharp the canines were, so different than that of a normal werewolves.

Emily.

And in her hand is a head she gripped with her long claws. Falcon. She had completely torn his head off his body. His eyes are still wide and his mouth is still left parted. She had no mercy as she let him drip crimson on the ground.

Fuck.

Just like that she took him out.

Fuck!

Panic clawed at my chest as I realize that she had transformed into the beast we feared. Her power, she had already been powerful, but in this form, my knees buckled. Shit.

As I looked into her terrifying eyes, I noticed how she had not one ounce of human emotion in the gaze. It was as though her wolf had completely taken over. As though she was not really Emily. And that thought scared me.

Her being only beast would be difficult for me to get out of there, especially with her killing Falcon so quickly.

A beast had no feelings, a beast cared about no one.

A beast was an animal.

She snarled, or should I say it since there was not a spec of human emotion in the beast eyes? The beast drop Falcon's head to the ground, baring its sharp huge canines. A shiver runs down my spine.

Crap.

What am I dealing with?

We should have brought her and Bryson to my uncle sooner.

Maybe this would've been avoided.

And as my mind raced with possible ways to avoid getting killed, the beast snarled and launched towards me.

Its speed was different than that of a werewolf and also a hybrid. There was no way I could have avoided it. And I unfortunately could not.

It's long fingers wrapped around my neck and lifted me off the ground. I choked, my eyes bulging out as I panicked. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

I couldn't die so soon. I couldn't have this bitch kill me once again. To have her win would be fucking torture.

I gripped the sedative I had in my hold, it's enough to knock down a huge bear. I had intended to make her go into a coma, half dead. I hope it was enough to calm down this beast.

I have never dealt with a Lycan until now and my uncle didn't really know anything much about them either. Only that they were stronger and presumably more fit to rule the entire werewolf world and be Queen or King. This is what my uncle wanted to avoid.

A Lycan would mean there would be no need for a council. No council would mean my uncle would have nothing to rule over.

I stabbed the needle into its skin, pushing the serum into its bloodstream. Panic surged further when I realize, the grip had not loosened and the murder in its eyes were only intensifying.

"My son." The beast growled, sounding very animalistic. Not a spec of human.

"I can get you to him," I gasped, clawing at the hand. One hand and I am not even strong enough to push it off. A little more pressure and my head will be torn off completely.

If I can bargain with her....

But who can bargain with a beast?

No one.

But damn it I'll try.

"I can get you to your son," I pleaded, hearing the sound of my neck quickly cracking as she applied pressure.

"My son!" It snarled, making me clench my eyes tightly as ai realized that the lycan was too much of a beast for me to be able to get through to her.

Bargaining was useless and the only option I had now was to fight.

I pushed out my nails and scrapped them along her huge hand, but of course it does nothing and she only bleeds yet doesn't loosen her hold.

Instead she slammed me on the floor of the truck and I gasped as ever single bone in my body breaks. Even with my ability to heal, I am paralyzed and cannot heal in time to move.

A bitterness crawled in my throat when I realize I am going to die and lose to her once again. Once again Emily would have detested me.

With angry tears in my eyes I screamed at the beast whose sharp claws were aiming for my stomach.

"I loathe you with every fiber of my being! I hate you Emily. I hate you for always being better. For always winning. Just this once I wanted to win but you couldn't let me have that!" I screamed, frustrated that I barley put up much of a fight and she had already won.

All these years of hunting her down, the ambush, turning Falcon against them, were all for nothing. In the end, she still won.

Hybrid.

I laughed dryly in my head. What a joke. We were killed by a Lycan within minutes, hell seconds. We never stood a chance.

My uncle didn't know what he was dealing with and I'm afraid he was about to find out.

As her claws dig into my belly, I gurgle on my own and smiled. At least I had gotten to kiss Bryson, even if it wasn't for long. At least I got a small glimpse of what could have been.