True Luna: Rejected By My Mate: Chapter 39

Confused

Emma POV

What the hell was going on? Was I really awake? Was this really happening?

This couldn't be real, right?

I was imagining it.

Yes. I was still dreaming or I was dead and my mind created this world where I was safe with my brother. Because it didn't make any sense for all of this to be true. Why would my brother believe me all of a sudden? Why would Logan accept me now? It wasn't like I had gotten any stronger. On the contrary, actually. I was even weaker now. I'd lost weight and my whole body was in pain. I couldn't feel Eliza. I was useless.

But why was I imagining myself in a hospital and not at home in my bed? That would have definitely been better.

I was staring at the door, barely breathing.

What do I do? Could I go outside? Could I even move?

I really wanted to find my parents. Would I be able to see them here? I should, right? If my mind created this place, I should be able to see my mom and dad.

But before I could move, the door to my room opened and doctor Wren walked inside.

His smile disappeared from his face as soon as he saw me. He hurried toward my bed and looked at the machines surrounding me. He was looking at them for a while before checking my IVs. He finally looked down at me.

"What's wrong, Emma?" he asked, sitting down on the chair next to my bed. "You looked like you were going to pass out when I walked inside."

Could I tell him? Could I ask him about my parents? If I imagined him and created this place in my mind, he would be able to help me, right? I was staring at him, nibbling on my bottom lip, trying to decide if I should say something. Would he think that I was crazy?

"Emma?" he called me, taking my hand in his.

"Could I..." I started talking, stopping to take a deep breath. "Could I see my parents?"

The doctor's eyes widened and he was staring at me, speechless. I furrowed my eyebrows. Why was he staring at me like that? Did he not know them?

"Emma, honey..." the doctor spoke after a few minutes of silence. "Your parents are gone. They died in a rogue attack about 8 years ago."

I felt tears dripping down my cheeks. I really thought that I would be able to see them here. A quiet sob escaped me and I buried my head in my hands.

I heard the door to my room open and two sets of footsteps ran toward me.

"Emma!" I heard Andrew's panicked voice.

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his lap. I buried my face in his chest while he rubbed my back soothingly.

Logan's hand rested on my thigh, sending shivers up and down my body.

"What happened, baby?" Logan asked, his voice trembling.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. I pressed myself closer to my brother. His arms around me tightened, and he kept kissing the top of my head.

"Wren?" I heard Logan's voice. "What the hell happened?"

Doctor Wren cleared his throat before answering. "She asked if she could see her parents."

I felt Andrew tense under me. I could hear his heartbeat quicken.

"Emma, baby, you don't remember what happened?" Logan asked me, rubbing my thigh gently.

"I remember." I said quietly. "I just thought I would be able to see them here."

I could feel Andrew taking a deep breath. I couldn't see his face. I kept my head buried in his chest.

"Where do you think you are, Emma?" I heard doctor Wren's voice after a few minutes of silence.

"I don't know." I shrugged. "But I know that I am dead."

The gasps and growls that followed startled me. I flinched and looked up. Logan was furious. Andrew had tears in his eyes. Doctor Wren was looking at me worriedly.

Andrew placed a finger under my chin, turning my head so I could look at him.

"You are not dead, Emma." Andrew said quietly, cupping my cheeks. "You are alive and you are home."

I furrowed my eyebrows. How the hell was that possible? Sienna's story was very believable. I did insult her. I never liked her. Logan and Andrew had to believe her. Andrew had to believe that I had become a rogue. There was no way he would look for me. He hated rogues, and he would hate me if I became one. Why would he look for me? Why would he save me?

"Why would you think that you are dead, baby?" Logan asked me, his voice breaking.

"Because you saved me." I mumbled so quietly I would be surprised if they heard me.

Judging by the growling that followed, they did hear me.

Andrew started shaking underneath me. Logan started running his hands through his hair, pulling on it forcefully. Doctor Wren looked down at his lap, sighing quietly.

"Why wouldn't we save you, Emma?" Andrew asked me, his voice trembling.

I looked at him, confused. "Why would you? Sienna told me that I was a burden. She told you that I had become a rogue. You hate rogues. Why would you look for me? Why would you save me? It doesn't make sense."

Logan's growl was so loud I had to cover my ears. Andrew pulled me to his chest and wrapped his arms around me tightly. He was sobbing and mumbling something that I couldn't understand.

"I will kill her!" Logan growled loudly. "I will rip her to pieces!"

My eyes widened. Was he talking about Sienna?

Andrew cupped my cheeks and raised my head so I could look at him. He had tears streaming down his face, and it broke my heart.

"Emma, we know she lied." he said, his voice trembling. "We know what she did to you. We know the truth and she will be punished."

Logan reached out for me, but Andrew stopped him from moving me. Logan sighed and wrapped his arms around my upper body.

"You are alive, baby." Logan said, burying his nose in my neck. "You are safe. She can't hurt you anymore."

My whole body shivered from the tingles and sparks created by the mate bond. Every pain in my body disappeared. I felt calm and peaceful in his arms.

But I couldn't let myself feel that way. He rejected me. He didn't want me.

I pulled back and he let go of me. My body burned in pain as soon as his skin left mine.

"I love you, Emma." Andrew said, pulling me back into his arms. "Even if you did become a rogue, I would never stop looking for you. I could never hate you."

I leaned my head on his chest and closed my eyes. I was exhausted.