

True Luna: Rejected By My Mate: Chapter 46

Going home

Emma POV

I was finally back in my room.

It's been a week since they found me. My infection was gone and the wolfsbane filtered out of my system. I could hear and feel Eliza again. I was so happy when I heard her voice for the first time. I missed her terribly.

'I missed you too, Emma.' Eliza said.

I smiled, enjoying the sound of her voice in my head.

'I told you Andrew and Logan would find us.' She said proudly.

'You did.' I chuckled.

Wait...

I sat up abruptly.

She did?!

How?!

I had wolfsbane in my system. I couldn't talk to her for days. How could I talk to her in the cave?!

'We are special, Emma.' Eliza said quietly. *'I pushed through the barrier to talk to you. But when I felt Andrew and Logan taking you home, I retreated. I needed to rest. Pushing through the wolfsbane barrier is hard.'*

'But how could you even do that, Eliza?' I asked, confused. *'Wolves can't do that.'*

'We can.' Eliza chuckled.

'How?' I asked, even more confused than before.

Eliza laughed and retreated back into my mind, ending our conversation.

I frowned. Why didn't she answer me? What did she mean by that?

"Emma?" I heard Andrew yelling my name.

"Yes?" I yelled back.

"Lunch!" he yelled again.

I stood up with a huff. I wasn't really hungry, but I knew Andrew would make me eat. He's been unbearable in the hospital. I couldn't skip one meal.

I walked into the kitchen and my eyes immediately went to the spot where Rolf knocked me out. It was the first time I came in here since it happened, and it made my stomach twist painfully.

It all came back to me like a tide wave. Rolf's touches, Sienna's words, my helpless pleas. It felt like it was happening again.

"Emma?" I heard Andrew's voice calling me, but I couldn't look up at him.

My eyes were fixed on the spot where Sienna made me kneel. It was getting hard to breathe. My heart felt like it was going to jump out of my chest. My palms started sweating. A cold shiver ran through my body.

"Shit." I heard Andrew mumble.

I still couldn't look up.

A moment later, the spot on the floor was covered by Andrew's body when he came to stand in front of me. He gently cupped my face and lifted my head so I would look at him. He had a worried expression on his face as he looked me up and down.

“Em?” he called me again. “Do you want to eat in the dining room?”

I nodded, taking a deep breath.

“Okay, love.” Andrew said as he kissed my forehead. “Go sit down. I will bring our plates.”

I nodded again, turned around and walked out of the kitchen. I had this awful feeling that Rolf was just behind me and that he was going to grab me at any second.

I hurried toward the dining room and sat down.

A few moments later, I heard Andrew walking inside. He placed my plate in front of me and sat down.

He made lasagna. My favorite.

I gave him a grateful smile and picked up the fork.

I wasn't really hungry, especially after what happened in the kitchen, but I knew I had to eat. Andrew wouldn't let me go back to my room until I ate enough.

Sadly, his 'enough' wasn't the same as my 'enough'.

“Are you okay, love?” Andrew asked as we started to eat.

“I'm fine.” I said and gave him a small smile. “I'm sorry about what happened.”

Andrew stopped eating and took my hand in his.

“Don't apologize.” he said sternly. “You have nothing to apologize for.”

I nodded and looked back down at my plate. Andrew picked his fork back up and continued eating.

We ate in silence before we heard the back door open and the familiar scent of my mate filled my nostrils.

My skin tingled and my lower belly heated.

“Andrew?” I heard his deep voice call out to my brother.

That definitely didn’t help the desire welling up inside of me.

It was torture, really. My body wanted to forgive him. My body craved my mate’s touch. But my mind screamed at me not to give in. He rejected me. He didn’t want me.

“Dining room.” Andrew yelled back.

Logan entered a few moments later, and I could feel his heated gaze on me, making the burn inside my belly worsen.

“Hi, baby.” Logan smiled and walked over to me.

He kissed the top of my head and sat down next to me. Sparks flew across my skin and I had to stop a moan from escaping my lips.

“Why are you eating here?” Logan asked, looking at Andrew.

Andrew and I never ate in the dining room. It was too big and it just didn’t make sense. Also, it reminded us of our parents. But I had a feeling we would be eating here from now on. At least I would.

“Emma was uncomfortable in the kitchen.” Andrew answered, glancing at me.

Logan growled quietly and placed a hand on my back, rubbing small circles.

“Are you okay, baby?” he asked me, leaning in and breathing my scent in.

“I’m fine.” I mumbled, not looking up at him.

Logan kissed my shoulder and sat back up.

“I wanted to talk to you about something.” Logan said to Andrew.

“Talk.” Andrew said, taking a sip of his beer.

"I want you and Emma to move into the packhouse." Logan said. "I want her closer to me."

My heartbeat quickened and my body tensed up.

No. I didn't want to move. I didn't want to leave. This was my home. Also, it would be so much harder to ignore the mate bond if Logan was close to me all the time.

I felt Logan and Andrew's eyes on me and I looked up.

"I don't want to move." I said quietly, looking at Andrew.

He glanced at Logan before looking back at me. "Why, Emma?"

"This is our home." I said. "I don't want to leave."

"Maybe it would be a good thing, baby." Logan said, running a hand through my hair.

"I don't want you to be scared in your own home."

"It will get better." I said, looking at him. "I don't want to leave."

Logan looked at me worriedly before glancing at Andrew. I could tell that they were mind-linking each other, and it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Okay, love." Andrew finally spoke. "We won't go."

"But I will move in." Logan finished, making me gasp.

My eyes widened and my heartbeat quickened. He was moving in? Why? I didn't want him to. It would be hard to stay away from him if he was here all the time.

I just wanted to go back to normal. Back to when I wasn't Logan's mate. I wanted to be a normal she-wolf, living with my brother and hanging out with Jacob and Amy after training. I wanted to enjoy being 18 and getting to know my wolf. I wanted to sneak out of the house and go to our cave. I wanted to go to parties. I just wanted to be normal. I didn't want to be broken and in pain. I didn't want to have a panic attack every time I entered my own kitchen. I didn't want to be supervised by my brother and my mate all the time.

“Baby?” Logan’s voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

“Why?” I asked, my voice trembling. “Why are you moving in?”

“I don’t want to be away from you.” Logan said sternly. “I want to be here and make sure that you are safe.”

I wanted to scream and tell him that I wasn’t his responsibility. He rejected me. He didn’t want me. He didn’t have to be the one to keep me safe.

But I couldn’t. I could only stare at him, speechless.

“Are you okay, Emma?” Andrew asked, placing his hand on my back.

I nodded and placed my fork down. “I’m done eating. Can I go to my room?”

“Okay, Em.” Andrew smiled. “When are Amy and Jacob coming?”

Logan growled and his eyes darkened. “Why is he coming here?”

“Enough, Logan.” Andrew said sternly. “We’ve talked about this.”

Logan placed his hand on my waist and pulled me closer. He buried his head in my neck, taking a deep breath. I felt him relax slightly, but his grip on me was still tight.

“I’m sorry, baby.” he mumbled. “I don’t like to see him close to you.”

I remained silent, waiting for him to let me go. I didn’t really want him to. His touch sent pleasant shivers up and down my body. The only thing I could think about was his hands on me. I never wanted to leave.

But the voice inside my head screamed at me. He didn’t want me. He would never want me. He would change his mind once he remembered how weak I was. He would reject me again. I couldn’t let him do that. I couldn’t let him hurt me like that again.