

## True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 50

### Hurt

Emma POV

I felt like I was going to throw up.

I was angry. I was hurt. I was terrified.

I didn't know when or how, but I found myself kneeling on my bathroom floor, trying to empty my stomach into the toilet.

My whole body was shaking, and I wasn't sure if it was because of anger or how scared I was.

He was after me. He wanted me. He was going to take me.

Nobody could help me. Nobody could save me.

Suddenly, I wished I was back in that cave with Rolf. At least he planned on killing me. At least my suffering would have been short.

The Rogue King wanted to mark me. He wanted to make me his. He wanted me to give birth to his children. He wanted to use me.

But why me? There was nothing special about me. I wasn't powerful. There was nothing special about me.

A panicked sob escaped my lips.

Oh, Goddess, what do I do?

I couldn't let him take me. I had to do something. I had to run. I had to hide.

My heart was beating so fast that I thought it was going to break my rib cage and jump out of my body.

I couldn't stop shaking.

*'Andrew and Logan will never let him hurt us.'* Eliza whined, making the pain in my heart increase tenfold.

*'Are you kidding me?'* I growled at her. *'Logan only changed his mind once he found out that I was powerful! He didn't want me before that, Eliza! I don't want his help. I don't need his help.'*

*'He wanted you! Leon told me everything!'* she cried out. *'He always did, Emma. Please, talk to him. Let him explain.'*

*'There is nothing to explain.'* I said angrily. *'He will never touch me again. I will never be his.'*

Eliza whined loudly, and I blocked her. I couldn't handle her pain. My own was more than enough.

I sat down on the cold floor with my head between my knees.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to think. I could only sob and feel the pain in my heart.

I should have known something happened. Logan loved his pack more than anything. He would never change his mind without a good reason. I guessed that me supposedly being a powerful Luna was a good enough reason. Well, of course it was. It would help him with his pack.

I was nothing to him but a means to an end.

I just wanted to be loved for who I was. I wanted to be loved because I was Emma, not because I was the True Luna.

And the only one who's ever loved me just because I was Emma was Jake.

He never cared if I was small or weak. He trained me, not to make me stronger for his benefit, but to help me defend myself better. He did it for me, and he didn't expect anything back. He loved me even when he found out I was not his mate.

I just wished that I could love him back the same way. I wished that he was my mate.

Maybe he could be.

Maybe I wasn't the True Luna. Maybe I wasn't even pure white. I probably had other colors on my fur, but they were well hidden and we didn't notice them.

If I could prove that I wasn't a pure white wolf, Logan would surely reject me again. I would be free to accept Jake as my chosen mate.

I would be free. I would live a peaceful, happy life with a mate who loves me.

I could feel Eliza's pain increasing. I could hear her muffled whine. I forced her even further back into my mind. I couldn't deal with her pain right now. She would get used to it. She would have to accept my decision.

With that newfound hope, I pushed myself off of the floor and stood up.

I decided to go to Amy, shift, and make her examine every part of my body. There had to be different colors on my body. I couldn't be the True Luna. I was nothing special.

I checked the time and saw it was 6 am. Amy would have to get up a little earlier today.

I put my sneakers on, tied my hair into a ponytail and grabbed my jacket.

I left my room and walked downstairs.

I could hear Logan and Andrew's voices. They were still in the living room.

Their heads snapped toward me as soon as they heard me coming.

"Where are you going?" Andrew asked, standing up abruptly.

“To see Amy.” I said coldly.

I was mad at him. He knew what Logan was doing to me, and he said nothing. He should have warned me to not trust Logan. He should have said something. But I guessed that he kept quiet because I was supposed to be powerful and it would be beneficial to his pack. He was using me just like Logan was.

My heart was breaking, but I had to accept the truth.

“Why?” Logan asked. “You can’t tell her, Emma. It’s not safe.”

My anger rose. I clenched my fists and took a deep breath.

“I can and I will.” I growled. “She is my best friend. She is the only one I can trust right now!”

“That’s not true, Emma.” Andrew said, shaking his head. “You can trust us.”

“It’s a little late for that, Andrew.” I said, turning around and walking toward the door.

Two arms wrapped around me, picking me up and sending tingles down my body.

“Let me go!” I shouted, trying to wiggle my way out of his arms.

“No.” Logan growled in my ear. “You are not leaving this house until you talk to us.”

He sat down on the couch, placing me on his lap and locking his arms around me. I looked at him over my shoulder, sending him an angry glare.

“I don’t want to talk to you.” I growled.

“Too bad.” Logan shrugged. “I’m not letting you go. You won’t put yourself in danger. Nobody can know and nobody will know, Emma.”

Andrew walked toward us and sat on the coffee table in front of Logan and me.

“You have every right to be angry, Emma.” Andrew said, placing his hand on my knee. “But don’t put yourself in danger, please. Amy can’t know, for your safety and hers. If she doesn’t know, she is not worth anything to the Rogue King.”

I glared at him, but his words got to me. Was I really putting her in danger by telling her? Would he really hurt her? I would never forgive myself if she got hurt because of me.

“Fine.” I said through my teeth. “I won’t tell her anything. But you need to do something for me, then.”

“Anything, love.” Andrew said, giving me a small smile.

I could see how sad he was, and it was breaking my heart. But I was way too angry and hurt to do anything about it.

“I am going to shift and you will look for color in my fur.” I said. “I’m not the True Luna. I am not strong or powerful. You will find it and we can put an end to this.”

Logan stiffened beneath me. “What are you talking about?”

“You can reject me again when you see that I’m not strong.” I said, looking at him over my shoulder. “You can stop using me for your pack and I can move on and live a peaceful life.”

I wanted to add that I would live a peaceful life with a mate who loved me for me, but I knew not to push his buttons. I was still his mate, and I knew how possessive he was. Even though he didn’t really want me, his wolf would freak out hearing me say that.

The growl that left his body made the entire house shake. I could feel his chest vibrate. I could see the fury in his eyes.

Andrew gasped and muttered a curse under his breath.

Logan’s hands around me tightened even more. His canines slipped out and his eyes darted to my neck.

I tried to push away from him, panicking that he would mark me.

“Logan!” Andrew shouted, grabbing me and trying to pull me away from him.

Logan’s eyes snapped to Andrew. They were a mixture of his and his wolf’s.

“SHE IS MINE!” Logan yelled, ripping me back to him and pinning me to his chest.

“She is yours, Logan.” Andrew said calmly. “I’m not taking her away. But you can’t mark her. Not like this.”

I could feel his heart beating frantically. I could feel his chest vibrating. I could feel his breath on my shoulder.

A few minutes passed before he calmed down slightly.

He buried his nose in my neck and took a deep breath. My body shivered.

“You are mine, Emma.” he said. “You won’t be moving on. I will never reject you. I will never leave you. I don’t care if you are strong or not. I am not strong without you. I love you, baby, and nothing and no one will take you away from me.”