

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 52

The Talk

Emma POV

I was sitting on the floor in my room with my knees pressed against my chest.

It was hard to breathe. It was hard to stop the tears falling from my eyes.

It was getting really hard keeping Eliza away. She was trying to push through. She was putting a lot of pressure on the barrier, trying to talk to me.

But I knew what she was going to say, and I didn't want to listen to her.

My heart felt like it was breaking into a million tiny pieces. I've never felt more alone in my life.

My brother lied to me. My mate only wanted to use me. I couldn't talk to my friends because I would put them in danger.

Maybe leaving would be the best option?

I was already considering it before. I wanted some time away from Logan. I wanted some space so I could decide what to do.

Now, he decided for me.

Leaving now could mean that the Rogue King wouldn't be able to find me. I could travel far away and he would never know that Emma Parker existed. I could settle in a big human city, and he would never be able to find me. He would probably forget about the White Wolf. Maybe it would become a legend. I would grow old and live my life peacefully.

Eliza's cry was so loud that I could hear it through the barrier.

I considered removing the barrier and letting her speak, but I was interrupted with a knock on the door.

The door opened, and Andrew walked inside.

Shit. I forgot to lock it.

His eyes found me on the floor, and he sighed. He closed the door behind him, walked over, and sat down in front of me.

He studied my face for a few moments before he sighed and ran his hand through his hair.

“You are not leaving the pack, Emma.” he said softly.

My breath got caught in my throat. How the hell did he know about that?!

“Eliza told Asher.” Andrew answered the question inside my head.

Shit!

‘*Why, Eliza?*’ I growled at her, removing the barrier.

‘*Asher and Andrew are my brothers too, Emma.*’ she whined. ‘*We can’t leave them. We are safest with them. I couldn’t let you do that.*’

“It’s my decision, Andrew.” I told my brother, ignoring Eliza.

“I can’t let you do that, Emma.” Andrew responded, shaking his head. “I can’t let you leave.”

“Why?” I asked. “Because the pack would suffer without me?”

I could see Andrew was hurt by my question. It made my heart clench painfully. I never wanted to hurt my brother. I loved him the most in this world. But I was so angry I couldn’t think straight.

“You know that’s not why, Emma.” Andrew said, his voice filled with pain.

I looked down at my hands, trying to swallow the huge lump in my throat. I knew it wasn't why he wouldn't let me go, but my fear and anger blinded me.

Andrew reached out and wiped the tears that fell on my cheek.

"Those four days without you were the hardest days of my life, Em." Andrew said softly. "I can't go through that again. I can't let you leave. I can't wake up in this house without you in it. When you were gone, I haven't spent a minute here. I was either out searching for you, or in the packhouse trying to eat something. I didn't step foot in this house before you returned."

I looked up at my brother and saw nothing but sincerity in his eyes. I knew that he was telling the truth. But why didn't he tell me about Logan?

"I would never use you, Emma." he continued. "I wish you weren't the White Wolf. I wish you weren't this awesome future Luna. I just wish you were my little sister, my little pup. I wish your teenage years were filled with happiness and laughter and not fear and sadness."

I was wrong before.

Jake wasn't the only one who loved me for me.

Andrew did too.

"I am responsible for a lot of that fear and sadness." he sighed. "I've made a lot of mistakes, Emma. I can't take them back, but I can apologize. I can promise to try and be a better brother."

Tears fell on my cheeks, and I took a deep breath. I moved from the spot I'd been sitting on for the past hour, climbed on my brother's lap, and wrapped my arms around him. I sobbed, burying my head into his neck.

"Oh, love." Andrew mumbled, wrapping his arms around me tightly. "I am so sorry, little one."

He rocked me back and forth, rubbing my back and running his hand through my hair. It reminded me of when I was a little girl and I came to him when I got sad or hurt. He would always calm me down like this.

“Why didn’t you tell me about Logan?” I mumbled into his neck.

He stopped rocking back and forth and moved so he could look at me.

“I know how it looks, Emma.” he said. “But he really doesn’t care about that. He really loves you, Em. Not because you are the White Wolf, not because you are strong, but because you are you.”

Was he reading my mind?

“I don’t know if I can believe that.” I mumbled, looking down at Andrew’s shoulder.

“Just give him a chance, love.” Andrew said, kissing my temple. “Let him explain. I was with him when you were gone, Em. He was broken. He was a complete mess. In that moment, he couldn’t give a shit about whether you were weak or strong, or had four eyes and a bald spot. He only wanted you back.”

I looked up at him and he smiled.

“Do you think he would give his pack to aunt Gloria to run and spend days next to your bed, waiting for you to wake up, if he only wanted you for your powers?” he asked, removing the strand of hair from my face. “I had to force him to go to the bathroom, Emma. I really didn’t want to see my Alpha wet himself, or worse.”

I chuckled.

“Don’t tell him I said that.” Andrew said, shaking his head in amusement.

“I won’t.” I said, giving him a small smile.

“No, but seriously, Em.” Andrew said, his smile disappearing and his serious look coming back. “If he wanted you only because of your strength, he would just wait

until you woke up to come and see you. He wouldn't be there all the time, refusing to leave the room for a minute in case you woke up."

I sighed, burying my head back into Andrew's neck. He wrapped his arms around me even tighter than before.

"I know you will need some time, Emma." he whispered. "But please talk to him when you are ready."

I didn't answer. Andrew went back to running his hand through my hair.

"Can you promise me something?" he asked me after a few silent minutes.

"What?" I asked, not looking up.

"Promise me you won't leave." he whispered, turning his head and burying his nose into my hair. "Asher and I can't live without you, Emma. Eliza can't live without us. And I know you can't either."

He was right. I couldn't imagine my life without Andrew in it. As much as I wanted to run away from Logan, leaving Andrew would break me.

"I promise." I whispered, making Andrew sigh in relief.

"Thank fuck." he growled. "Never think about it again, okay? Asher and I almost had a heart attack. No matter what happens, you can't leave me, okay?"

"Okay." I said, chuckling slightly.

"Good." Andrew said, kissing the top of my head.

He continued rocking me back and forth, and I could feel his body relax.