

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 72

Sam

Emma POV

“Come on, beautiful.” Samuel said. “Hurry up.”

His hold on my arm tightened, and I stumbled behind him. I kept turning around, wishing I could just run back to the safety of my mate’s arms.

“There is no use in looking back, Emma.” Samuel sighed. “You won’t go back there for a while.”

My heart clenched painfully, and I wanted to scream. I just wanted to go back to my mate. I just wanted to go back to my brother.

“Why are you doing this?” I asked desperately. “There is nothing special about me. I am just like any other wolf.”

Samuel turned around and grinned. “No, you are not. Do you even know anything about yourself, Emma?”

I gulped and shook my head.

“You are very special.” Samuel said. “You are the only creature on Earth that can share her magic with others. Well, you can’t do it right now. You will be able to do it once I mark you.”

My stomach twisted painfully. Just thinking about him being close to me made me want to scream. I couldn’t even imagine what it would feel like to have his lips on my neck. I couldn’t even imagine what it would feel like to have his hands on my body. I didn’t want that. I wanted Logan. Just Logan.

"I don't have magic." I mumbled quietly.

"Yes, you do." Samuel chuckled. "Maybe you are not aware of it, but you do have it, Emma. "You will discover it once the witches start their experiment."

My heart skipped a beat. What was he talking about?!

"Experiment?" I asked, glancing at the cloaked witch walking a little further away.

"Well, beautiful, you came with a cost." Samuel sighed, gripping my arm even tighter. "In order to find you and take you, I had to promise the witches a little bit of time alone with you. They are fascinated with your abilities, and they want to do an experiment or two."

My heart started beating erratically, and a cold shiver ran down my spine.

"What will they do to me?" I asked, my voice trembling.

Samuel looked down at me and gave me a small smile.

"Don't worry, beautiful." he said, lifting his hand and caressing my cheek. "It will hurt, but you will be okay. It won't kill you. I would never let them kill my mate."

I flinched away from him, and he frowned.

"I am not your mate." I said, clenching my fists. "I will never be your mate. I will never love you. I will never do what you want me to do."

Samuel laughed, throwing his head back.

"Love?" he mocked me. "I don't need you to love me, beautiful. I need you to give me your power, and I need you to carry my children. But after I mark you, you will definitely love me."

"I will never let you mark me." I said, gritting my teeth.

Samuel looked down at me and smiled warmly. It didn't suit him. He was a heartless monster who took me away from my family. He shouldn't have been smiling at me like that. It was wrong.

"You are feisty," he said. "I like you. I will have a lot of fun marking you and even more fun mating with you."

My stomach turned again. The memory of Logan's fingers inside me flashed through my mind, and I wanted to cry. What if I never felt him again? What if this monster took away something that was only Logan's? What if I never felt Logan inside me again? Not just his fingers. Him. I wanted him inside of me. What if I never got to feel that?

"Are you a virgin?" Samuel asked, looking down at me.

I didn't respond, but the blush that formed on my cheeks was enough for him to know the answer.

"Oh, wonderful!" he exclaimed happily. "You will be mine and mine only. There is something so fucking hot about that. I will have so much fun with you, Emma."

"You will have fun raping me?" I asked, trying to rip my hand out of his grasp.

He looked down at me angrily and pulled me even closer to him.

"Again, I am not a monster, Emma," he said. "I would never do that to you or to any other woman. You will be begging me to fuck you, and I will gladly do so."

That would never happen.

I glared at him, and he laughed.

"Oh, my beautiful little mate, I will have so much fun with you," he said, placing his arm over my shoulders. "I can't wait until the witches are finished with you."

Maybe I will die during their experiments and he won't be able to have me.

I heard a loud roar in the distance, and my heart raced.

Logan.

I looked back, hoping that I would hear the thud of his paws.

“The magic wore off.” the witch said, making me look back at her.

“It doesn’t matter.” Samuel said. “We are close to home anyway.”

I furrowed my eyebrows, and looked around. We were in the middle of the forest on no-man’s land. Where was his home, and how the hell weren’t we able to find him if he was this close all the time?

My questions were answered when we entered a cave.

Really? A cave? Again? What was it with rogues and caves?

My stomach turned, and fear washed over me. I remembered Rolf, his words, and his touches.

Samuel must have noticed the fear on my face because his eyebrows furrowed and he looked me up and down.

“Not a fan of caves?” he asked. “Don’t worry. It’s much more spacious underground.”

Underground? He’d built something underground? No wonder we weren’t able to find him.

I looked around, but I couldn’t see much. The further we walked, the darker it was.

How big was this cave?

I could smell the humidity in the air, and it made me sick. Rolf’s face flashed before my eyes, and I had to stop myself from screaming.

Samuel stopped walking abruptly. I looked around, but I couldn’t see anything.

I heard something heavy scraping against the floor, and suddenly there was a concrete hallway in front of me.

“Welcome home, Emma.” Samuel said, leaning toward me.

I could feel his breath on the side of my face, and I shivered.

This wasn't my home. This would never be my home.