

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 75

Giving up

Emma POV

“Hello, my beautiful little Luna.” I heard a voice that made me sob.

I shut my eyes even tighter, praying to the Goddess that he wouldn't touch me.

“Oh, don't cry.” he said, walking closer to me. “It will be over soon. The witches are almost finished. You did amazing, just like I knew you would.”

I wanted it to be over. I wanted to die. I didn't know what hurt more, their experiments or his touches. I just wanted it to stop.

He placed a hand on my thigh, making me flinch. I couldn't move away because of the chains.

“Do you think that Logan feels my hands on your body?” he asked, moving his hand up. “Do you think that he will feel it when I enter this sweet pussy?”

I clenched my fists, and a louder sob escaped me.

Hearing his name was like a knife through my heart. I missed my mate so much. I wanted to see him. I wanted to hear his voice. I wanted to feel his hands on my body.

“Don't cry, beautiful.” he laughed, moving his hand away from in-between my thighs. “You will want me to fuck you. You will beg me to fuck you.”

I felt his breath on my face, and a cold shiver went down my spine.

“Open your eyes, Emma.” he commanded.

I shook my head, but he grabbed my face and stopped me.

“Open your eyes.” he growled.

I listened to him and opened my eyes. He smiled at me, moved the piece of cloth from my mouth, and pressed his lips against mine.

My stomach turned, and I almost threw up.

He lifted his head and laughed.

“You taste amazing, beautiful.” he said. “I can’t wait to taste every part of your body.”

I felt warm tears slide down my face and into my hair.

“I will let you rest.” he said. “The witches will be back in a couple of hours.”

He placed the cloth back over my mouth and winked at me.

I watched as he left the room. He closed and locked the door behind him.

I sobbed and closed my eyes again. I didn’t want to be awake anymore. I couldn’t look at the damp walls. I couldn’t look at the chains on my body. I couldn’t look at the burns, the cuts, and the bruises.

I couldn’t do any of this anymore. I wanted to leave this world behind. I wanted to give up. I wanted to go.

A soft breeze touched my skin, and I furrowed my eyebrows. What was that? The room I was in didn’t have windows.

I opened my eyes and gasped.

I wasn’t chained to the bed anymore. I didn’t have a cloth over my mouth. I wasn’t in that room anymore.

I was on an open field. I could feel the sun on my skin. I could hear the stream nearby. I could smell the flowers all around me.

I was dreaming.

I looked down, and I wasn't wearing the dirty, ripped jeans and a hoodie. I was wearing my favorite yellow sundress with white daisies all over it.

"Emma?" a voice I missed so much called my name.

My head snapped up, and I saw my mate standing a few feet away, looking at me wide-eyed.

"Emma." he repeated quietly, his voice breaking.

He reached out for me, and I closed the distance between us, jumping up in his arms.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and leaned my head on his shoulder. He held me tight against his chest, kissing the top of my head repeatedly.

"Oh, my baby." he cried out. "I missed you, my love. I missed you so much."

"I missed you too." I said as I lifted my head and pressed my lips against his.

He groaned and opened his mouth so my tongue could slip inside. The taste of him made me shiver.

This dream was so realistic. It was so hard to believe that it was only a dream.

"I love you." I mumbled, leaning my forehead against his.

"Oh, baby, I love you too." he said. "I will find you, okay? We know where you are. We are coming for you."

My heart broke. I wanted it to happen so much that I dreamed about him saying that he would find me.

I looked at him and gave him a small smile.

"I will miss you so much." I said quietly. "Promise me that you will take care of Andrew, okay?"

“What are you talking about, baby?” he asked, his eyebrows furrowing. “Why would you miss me? Why would I need to take care of Andrew?”

A tear fell on my cheek, and I looked down at his chest.

“I can’t hold on anymore, Logan.” I said quietly. “It hurts too much. I want to let go. I want it to be over. I can’t take the experiment’s, I can’t take his touches anymore. I can’t.”

“His touches?” Logan growled loudly.

I looked up at him. His canines slipped out, and his eyes were a mixture of his and Leon’s.

“I am coming for you, Emma.” he said, pressing me closer to him. “Don’t give up, baby. Don’t give up, please. I need you. I fucking love you. I won’t live without you. I refuse it. Don’t leave me, please don’t leave me.”

By the end of his speech, he had tears streaming down his face.

“I love you.” I said, pressing my lips against his again. “I love you so much.”

“Don’t say goodbye to me, Emma.” he cried out. “Don’t do it.”

I really didn’t want to. I wasn’t ready to go. I didn’t want to leave him. I didn’t want to leave my brother.

But the witches’ experiments were pure torture. They wanted to see how far could they take it without me dying. They wanted to see if I could project magic without being marked. They thought that torturing me and bringing me close to death would make me do it. The only thing it did was exhaust me. I was tired. I wanted to close my eyes and drift off into the void. I didn’t want to be hit, burned, or cut again. I didn’t want wolfsbane and liquid silver to be injected into my veins. I didn’t want Samuel’s hands on me again. I wanted it to stop.

“I love you, Logan.” I repeated again.

My body twisted in his arms as I felt the first electric shock wave ripple through me.

The witches were back.

Logan's eyes widened in panic.

The open field started to disappear slowly.

"I love you, Emma." I heard Logan's voice. "I'm coming for you, baby. I'm coming for you. Don't leave me."

The second wave had me screaming.