

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 81

Save her

Logan POV

The anger I felt was indescribable.

My baby was chained. She was hanging from the ceiling. Her arms were above her head. She was unconscious. Her head was hanging on her chest. Her clothes were practically gone. I could see her skin. It was black and blue and covered in cuts and burns.

Oh, I was going to enjoy killing these fucking witches.

I let out a loud growl, and the witches looked at me.

They couldn't break out of the spell. They tried to focus on us, but they couldn't. They tried to hit Andrew with the spell, but it wasn't strong enough to do any damage.

Both Andrew and I jumped up at the same time.

I felt my canines piece through one of the witches' necks. I could taste her disgusting blood on my tongue and in my mouth.

They tried to fight back. They tried to hit us with spells, but their milky eyes were unfocused. They couldn't do shit. They were too distracted by their spell, and we were too fucking strong for them to fight us off without their magic.

I knew the exact moment when they stopped torturing my mate because the milkiness in the eyes of the last witch disappeared.

She screamed and lifted their hands. She wanted to hit me with a spell, but Asher was faster. He jumped, grabbed her by the back of her neck, and took the head right off her shoulder.

I watched the life inside of her disappear.

I growled, shifted back, and turned toward Emma.

My baby!

“Fucking shit!” Drake screamed, staring at Emma. “Is she alive?”

Drake tried to touch her, but my loud growl stopped him.

No one will touch her! She was mine! MINE!

I ran toward her, wrapping my arms around her waist. Tingles and sparks spread through my body.

“Emma, baby, I am here.” I said, my voice trembling. “I am here. You are going to be okay, baby.”

I lifted her gently, so that the pressure of hanging from the fucking ceiling would be gone.

“Somebody get these fucking chains off!” I screamed.

Andrew was next to me, cupping her cheeks and lifting her head.

My stomach twisted painfully. Her face was as bad as her body. What did they do to her?

“Emma, love, can you hear me?” Andrew asked, his voice trembling.

She was alive. I was sure of it. I could still feel our bond. I could feel that she was still with me. I could feel that she didn’t leave me.

I watched as Jacob removed the chains from her wrists. He had a pissed off look on his face, but his cheeks were strained with tears.

As soon as he removed the chains, Emma's body fell into my arms. I wrapped her legs around my waist and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"I am here, baby." I mumbled, trying to stop myself from crying. "I am here. You will be okay, baby."

"We need to hurry up, Logan." Andrew said, his voice shaking. "We need to get her to Wren."

I started running out of the fucking room, followed by Andrew, Drake, and the rest of my warriors.

All of us were covered in blood.

I kept kissing every part of Emma I could reach. I kept pressing my nose into her hair and her neck, trying to get as much of her scent as possible. I missed it so fucking much. I pressed my lips on her neck, trying to get a little taste of her. It was impossible. All I could taste was blood, sweat, and dirt. I almost whined. I wanted her taste in my mouth. I wanted it on my tongue.

I wasn't focused on anything else except her. I wasn't focused on anyone else except her. I knew that Andrew was next to me. I knew that Drake and Jacob were behind me. I knew that they were staring at her. I wanted to rip their eyes out, but to do that I would have had to let go of my mate, and that wasn't happening. Not now, not ever.

I reached the room where we defeated the fucker. Most of the rogues were dead. Some of them surrendered, and my warriors were placing the silver chains on their wrists. I would decide what to do with them later. My priority was Emma. I needed to make sure that she was okay. I needed to make sure that she would stay with me.

She needed to stay with me.

"Where is Samuel?" Andrew growled.

“He is outside.” I said, lifting my head. “We are bringing him to the cellars. I will enjoy myself with him a little before I kill him.”

“I’m getting my turn with him.” Andrew growled, bending down to look at Emma.

He caressed her cheek and took a deep breath.

“You are going to be okay, my little girl.” he mumbled. “You are going to be okay. I promise.”

I started running, trying to get out of here as fast as possible. I needed to get her to Wren.

I finally managed to get out of the fucking cave.

“Is she dead?” I heard the voice I hated most in the world.

I turned my head to my right and growled.

Samuel was kneeling on the ground a few feet away from me. He had silver chains on his wrists. He was beaten and bloody from all the shit I did to him.

But I was far from done. He would suffer.

“You disgusting piece of shit!” Andrew screamed, covering the distance between him and Samuel in two long strides.

Andrew punched the fucker, and he fell to the ground.

“Not now, Andrew.” I growled. “We need to go. There will be time for that and so much more later.”

I started walking away as fast as I could.

Andrew growled again as he followed behind me.

“I love you, baby.” I said, burying my nose back into Emma’s neck. “You are safe now. You are going to be okay.”

I started running, tightening my arms around her.

I needed to get her to Wren.

I needed her to wake up. I needed to hear her voice. I needed to taste her.

I missed her so fucking much. No one would take her away from me again. No one.