

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 82

My little sister

Andrew POV

“Oh, Goddess!” Wren exclaimed as soon as Logan and I ran inside the hospital.

“Help her!” Logan growled. “You need to help her, Wren! She needs to be okay!”

Logan put her down on the bed, kissing her cheek and taking her hand in his.

“Please, baby, don’t leave me.” he mumbled, his voice breaking. “I can’t lose you.”

My heart was hammering inside my chest. I couldn’t breathe. I kept my eyes on her beautiful face, wishing that she would just open her eyes.

“I need you to step aside, Alpha.” Wren said softly. “We need room to work.”

Logan gritted his teeth but listened to Wren. He let her hand go and came to stand next to me.

We watched as Wren and the nurses started working around Emma. They attached some machines to her. They pierced her skin with needles. They touched and poked every part of her skin.

I wanted to growl. I didn’t like that they were touching her. I wanted to pick her up in my arms and hold her.

But I couldn’t. I needed to let them work. I needed to let them help her.

I glanced at Logan. He was shaking. Whimpers and growls kept escaping his lips. His eyes were wide and filled with tears. He stared at Emma without blinking.

Suddenly, all hell broke loose.

The machines attached to Emma started beeping loudly.

Logan grabbed his chest and fell down on his knees.

“What is going on?!” I screamed, kneeling next to Logan.

“She is in V-Fib!” doctor Wren screamed. “I need a crash cart! Now!”

Crash cart? As in defibrillator? As in, her heart wasn’t beating the way it was supposed to? As in, it could stop? As in, she could die?

No.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

NO!

“EMMA!” I screamed, grabbing a fistful of my hair. “No, love, please!”

Logan was trying to take deep breaths. His eyes were fixed on her. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. He couldn’t speak. He couldn’t even fucking breathe.

I watched as the nurses cut what was left of Emma’s hoodie off of her. I watched as they placed some patches on her chest. I watched as doctor Wren placed the defibrillator pads on her. I watched as her back arched up. I watched as her body fell back down on the bed.

My eyes flew to the machine monitoring her heart. It still didn’t stop beeping.

No. Please, no.

Not her. Not my beautiful little sister. Not my pup.

Please, Goddess, please. Don’t take her.

“Clear!” Wren screamed again.

He placed the pads back on Emma’s chest. Her back arched again. Her small body fell back down onto the bed again.

“Come on, Emma.” Wren growled. “Don’t leave us.”

“Emma, baby, please.” Logan cried out, fighting to breathe. “Don’t leave. Don’t go. Please.”

I didn’t even realize how hard I was holding onto him. I didn’t even realize how hard he was holding onto me. We were watching the person we loved most in this world fight for her life. We needed each other more than we even realized.

“Clear!” Wren screamed, repeating the process.

My heart was going to jump out of my body.

I couldn’t lose her. I couldn’t lose my sister. What the fuck would I do without her? What the fuck would I do?

I would burn the fucking world down. I would follow her. I wouldn’t want to live in a world where she didn’t exist. I was so fucking sure of that.

“Please, love.” I mumbled, watching her body hit the bed again. “Don’t leave me.”

I looked at the machine again. It stopped beeping like crazy. The beeps were now quieter and steadier.

“We have a rhythm!” Wren shouted, making me sob.

“Fuck!” Logan growled, tightening his arms around me.

“You did good, Emma.” Wren said softly. “You did good, little warrior. Let us do the rest.”

He went back to poking her skin with different needles. The nurses started running around him, handing him everything he needed.

“Alpha, Beta.” Wren called us, keeping his eyes on the wound he was cleaning. “I need you to go shower and change. I will clean Emma’s cuts and move her to a different room. We can’t risk infection.”

Logan and I both growled. We didn't want to leave her.

Wren looked up at us and sighed.

"I know that you don't want to leave," he said softly. "But you need to shower. You are covered in blood and dirt, and it could worsen her condition. You need to do it for her. She will be okay."

Logan whined and gulped.

I reluctantly started pulling him away.

I didn't want to leave her. I wanted to stay so fucking badly. But Wren was right. We could put her in danger. I couldn't let that happen.

I didn't even look where I was going. I just followed the nurse blindly, pulling Logan behind me.

Through the fog in my brain, I recognized the bathrooms we had already been in the first time my little girl was in the hospital. I could feel the nurse placing a pile of folded clothes in my arms. I could hear a voice telling me something, but I couldn't understand what.

I focused on Logan. I was still holding his hand tightly in mine.

I forced myself to focus and do what I had to do. I wanted to go back to my sister as soon as possible.

"Go shower, Logan." I told him as I let his hand go.

He looked at me, and my heart broke. He was in so much pain.

"Go shower." I told him again, my voice breaking. "The sooner we are done here, the sooner we can go back to her."

He nodded weakly and walked into one of the bathrooms.

I took a deep breath and forced myself to stay focused. It was hard. The pain and fear kept clouding my brain.

I wasn't even aware that I had stepped under the shower. I looked down at my feet and saw water mixed with blood and dirt dripping down my body.

I forced my arms to move, and I scrubbed my body as best as I could.

I didn't even know how I ended up in front of the bathroom wearing the scrubs the nurse gave me.

I could have sworn that I was just in the shower.

I heard the door to my right open, and Logan stepped out.

He looked broken.

His eyes found mine, and a second later he was hugging me tightly.

"I can't lose her." he mumbled, his voice breaking.

"You won't." I said, hugging him back. "We won't lose her. She will be okay. She has to be okay. She is my little fighter. She will be okay."

I didn't know who I was reassuring, myself or Logan.

My heart was breaking, and I needed to go back to her.

I needed to see that she was okay. I needed to hug my baby sister and tell her how much I loved her.

I needed her so fucking much.