

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 85

Home

Emma POV

I heard the voice I adored.

I heard him tell me that he loved me. I felt his lips on my neck. I felt his nose running up and down my jaw.

If this was death, I would welcome it with open arms.

I opened my eyes slowly, and a bright light made me shut them down again. I prepared myself for the light and opened my eyes again.

I was in a room. I was lying in bed. I glanced to my left and saw his hair. His head was buried in my neck, and he was telling me how much he loved me again.

Goddess, I missed him so much.

"I love you too." I said quietly.

I felt him freeze, but a second later his head snapped up, and he gasped loudly.

"Baby." he cried out, staring at me wide-eyed.

"Hi." I said, trying to give him a small smile.

"Oh, Goddess, Emma." Logan said as he grabbed my face and pressed his lips on mine.

His taste invaded my mouth. His smell invaded my senses. I was in paradise, and I didn't want to leave.

He stopped kissing me, and I whined quietly. I didn't want him to stop. I wanted him to kiss me forever.

"Hi, baby." Logan said, pressing his forehead against mine. "I missed you, baby. I missed you so much."

"I missed you too." I said quietly as I ran my fingers through his hair.

My voice was raspy and my throat hurt.

"Can I get some water, please?" I asked him quietly.

"Fuck." he mumbled as he raised his head abruptly. "Yes, baby, of course. I'm sorry. I didn't think of it sooner. I needed you."

"It's okay." I said, smiling at him softly.

He turned around and grabbed a bottle of water and a glass. He filled the glass, put a straw in it, and turned back toward me. He reached under the bed and I felt my upper body rising slowly. Logan put the glass in front of me, and I lifted my hand to put the straw in my mouth.

"Take small sips, okay baby?" Logan said quietly, leaning in and kissing my temple.

I listened to him, but the water tasted so good against my dry throat. It was hard to drink it slowly. I ended up drinking the whole glass.

"More?" Logan asked with a small smile.

I nodded, and Logan turned back around to pour me another glass of water.

The door to my room opened, and doctor Wren walked inside.

"Emma!" he exclaimed happily. "It is so good to see you awake!"

"Hi, doctor." I said smiling and taking another sip of my water.

Doctor Wren walked closer to my bed and checked on the machines around me.

“How are you feeling, Emma?” he asked me.

I didn’t really know the answer to that question. My body hurt. My chest felt like someone had punched me really hard. I was confused and a little bit disoriented. Was I really back home? Was I dreaming again? How long had I been gone?

“Baby?” Logan called me worriedly when I didn’t answer.

“I’m a little bit confused.” I mumbled quietly.

“I will explain everything, baby.” Logan said immediately, taking my hand in his.

“Well, physically, you seem to be okay now.” Wren smiled. “I will let Logan and your brother explain the rest. I will come back later to fill you in on your injuries.”

I nodded and looked around the room. Where was my brother? Why wasn’t he here? Did something happen to him?

My heart raced, and I could hear the machine on my right beep loudly.

“Emma, baby, are you okay?” Logan asked, panicking.

“Where is Andrew?” I asked, my voice shaking.

Before Logan or doctor Wren could answer, the door burst open, and my brother ran inside.

Relief washed over me, and I sobbed. I reached out for him, and he immediately pulled me into his arms.

“Oh, my little girl.” Andrew mumbled as he kissed the top of my head. “You are okay, love. You are safe. You are home.”

I tightened my arms around my brother the best I could. I leaned my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes. Sadness washed over me, and I sobbed.

I missed him. I missed him so much. Just the thought that something happened to him...

No.

I couldn't even think about that.

"I will give you some privacy." I heard doctor Wren's voice. "I will be back later."

"Thank you, Wren." Logan said as he placed a hand on my back and rubbed it softly.

I heard doctor Wren walking away. I heard the door behind him close.

"How are you, love?" my brother asked me as he ran his fingers through my hair. "Are you in pain?"

"A little." I mumbled, holding on to him.

I didn't want him to let me go. I really thought that I would never see him again.

"Let me hold her, Andrew." Logan said. "The pain will go away."

"Just a little bit longer." I said, pressing myself closer to my brother. "Please."

"Oh, love." Andrew mumbled. "It's okay. I'm here. Your brother is here."

Logan continued to rub my back. It helped a lot with the pain. Even my brother's touch helped. I was back with him. I was back home. It was enough to get rid of the pain.

"I love you, Emma." Andrew said. "I love you so much."

"I love you too." I said. "I missed you."

"Oh, I missed you too, love." Andrew said softly. "I missed you so much."

I opened my eyes and saw my mate smiling softly at us. I reached out and took his hand in mine.

He kissed my palm, and tingles ran up and down my body.

I was home. I was really home. I was back in my brother's arms. I was back with my mate. Nothing and no one would take me away again. I wouldn't let them. I couldn't let them. I wouldn't survive it again.

Looking back at all the things that the witches did to me, I didn't know how I survived it. How was I alive?

What if I wasn't? What if I died? What if this was only a short dream?

Pain washed over me, and I wanted to scream.

Please no. I didn't want it to be a dream. I didn't want to lose my brother and my mate again.