

# True Luna by Tessa Lilly

Chapter 81

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## **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.

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### **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.

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## **Chapter 83 The Love Of My Life**

Logan POV

I followed the nurse back to Emma's room.

I was in a complete daze.

I just wanted to go back to my mate. I wanted to hold her. I needed to know that she was awake.

She almost died.

The love of my life almost died.

While we were in that fucking underground bunker, I couldn't even focus on the pain. I was focused on finding her and saving her. I was focused on killing the fucker who took her from me.

But now that I wasn't in battle mode anymore, the pain paralyzed me.

I almost lost her. She almost died. I felt her die.

I walked into the room behind the nurse and saw my baby lying on the bed. Machines were hooked up to her, and she had a breathing tube stuck down her throat.

"My baby." I cried out, rushing to her.

As soon as my fingers touched her skin, I felt tingles running up and down my body. I missed this feeling so fucking much.



I leaned my forehead on hers, closing my eyes and breathing in her scent.

It was mixed with antiseptic and medicine, but I could still smell a little bit of strawberry and watermelon. It was enough to soothe me down a little.

“Why is there a breathing tube down her throat, Wren?” Andrew-asked, his voice breaking.

“Her lungs are damaged.” Wren said and I could hear the anger in his voice. “I’m guessing that they made her inhale something that damaged them. She will need the tube for a while.”

Andrew sobbed as walked closer to the bed and sat on the chair next to it. He leaned his forehead on her cheek and took her hand in his.

“Hi, love.” he said softly. “You are home. You are safe. You will be okay.”

I caressed her other cheek softly, wishing I could place my lips on hers.

“When will she wake up, Wren?” I asked, not recognizing my own voice.

“I don’t know.” he sighed. “Her body is exhausted. The injuries are extensive. I don’t know how she survived. We won’t know for

sure until she wakes up and tells us, but I can tell that she was electrocuted, burned, cut, hit, and drugged. I know for sure that they injected liquid silver into her veins. I know for sure that they made her drink it.”

Andrew sobbed, burying his face in her neck.

I saw fucking red.

Leon growled loudly, trying to get out.

I pushed him back. I wanted to be with my mate. I wanted to touch her, feel her, taste her, and bury my nose in her hair and neck.

‘I want to rip them apart!’ Leon screamed. ‘I want to kill them, Logan!’

‘We will.’ I told him. ‘We will. But our mate needs us right now. Look at her, Leon. Be with her. We will kill them later.’

Leon whined, focusing his attention on Emma.

‘Our baby.’ Leon whined loudly.

‘Can you feel Eliza?’ I asked him.

‘No.’ He whined again. I keep trying to reach her, but I can’t.’

‘It’s okay, Leon.’ I said. ‘You will reach her soon. She is resting.’

Leon whined and focused back on Emma.

“How come you didn’t feel all that, Logan?” Andrew asked as he raised his

head and kissed Emma’s cheek.

How didn't I? I felt her pain. I felt her being tortured, but not that much. I didn't feel that much pain.

"I don't know." I sighed, running my nose up and down her jaw. "If I felt it all, I would have gone crazy."

I looked up and saw that Wren had left.

"Where is Wren?" I asked Andrew.

"I told him to go talk to the people outside wanting to know about Emma." Andrew said, running his fingers

through her hair. "Your mom, Amy, Drake, and Jacob are here. Other pack members are probably here as well. They've been trying to mind-link me, but I've been blocking them."

I nodded. I blocked everyone as well. I just wanted to stay focused on Emma.

"Hi, baby." I said softly as I leaned in and placed a kiss on the corner of her mouth.

That was the best I could do because of the breathing tube.

"I love you, baby." I said, burying my nose in her neck. "I love you so much. You are home. You are safe. Please wake up soon. I miss you."

I kept trying to inhale as much of her scent as I possibly could. It was the only thing that kept me calm right now.

I placed my hand on her chest, rubbing small circles with my palm. I wished that I could heal her heart and her lungs with the touch of my hand.

“Will she be okay, Logan?” Andrew asked, his voice breaking.

I looked up at him. He was staring at her as tears kept falling down his cheeks.

“Yes.” I said. “She will wake up soon. We will go back home. I will mark her and marry her. I will tie her to myself in every way humanly possible. She will be okay. She has to be okay.”

Andrew looked at me and wiped his cheeks. He gave me a small smile.

“Maybe you should ask her brother for her hand in marriage.” he said teasingly.

“Are we in the middle ages?” I asked, chuckling a little. “Also, I would never let you say no. She is mine.”

Andrew gave me another small smile and looked back at Emma.

“She is yours.” he said quietly. “I am glad that you are her mate. I know it’s been a hell of a road, but I am glad that she has you in her life. I can see how much you love her. I can see how badly you want to protect her. That is all I could ask for my little girl.

She is the most precious thing in my life, and I wouldn't be okay if her mate didn't understand that. I wouldn't be okay if her mate didn't love her as much as I do."

He lifted her hand and placed a small kiss on her palm.

"I know, Andrew." I said softly. "I love her with all my heart. She is the most precious thing to me as well. I couldn't be happier that she has you in her life. You are the only one I trust with her. You are the best brother and the best dad. You raised her to be this amazing person I fell in love with. I will always be grateful to you. You will always be my best friend. You will always be one of the most important people to us both."

Andrew looked up at me, and a tear fell on his cheek.

"Thank you." he mumbled. "I was always afraid that her mate would take her away from me. I was always afraid that her mate wouldn't understand how important she is to me. I'm so fucking happy that you understand."

"I would never do that to you, Andrew." I said softly.

"I would never take her away from you. She is your sister. She is your pup.

You are a part of her that I can't and won't take away."

He smiled and reached out to me. I took his hand in mine and squeezed it tightly.

I loved him a lot. We grew up together. He was my brother, my best friend.

Both of us looked down at the most important person in our lives.

I leaned in and buried my nose in her neck again.

I wished that she would wake up soon.

I missed her. I needed her.

I needed her so fucking much.

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## Chapter 84 I Miss You

Logan POV

“Emma, baby, please come back to me.” I mumbled, burying my nose in her neck.

It had been five days since we had found her. Five days of waiting. Five days of praying to the Goddess to bring her back to me.

I missed her so fucking much. I had her body back. I could touch her, I could feel her. But I missed her. I missed my Emma. I

missed her beautiful eyes. I missed her voice. I missed her laugh.

Her lungs got better, and she was now breathing on her own. Her heart was stronger. She was physically getting better, but she just wasn't waking up.

“Emma, baby, I love you.” I said, placing a kiss on her neck. “Come back to me, please.”

I looked up at her beautiful face, but her eyes were still closed..

How is she, Logan? Andrew mind-linked  
1.

The same. I answered immediately. She is still asleep.

Andrew was in the cellars, taking his anger out on Samuel and other prisoners. He was stuck mid-shift, and he just couldn't push

Asher back. He was in the cellars a lot.



I couldn't go. I couldn't leave her. Andrew and Wren barely managed to convince me to take a shower and change. I couldn't leave my baby. I couldn't leave the love of my life. I wanted to be here when she woke up. I wanted to be the first one she would see when she opened those beautiful eyes. I ran my nose up and down her jaw, breathing in her scent. It calmed me down. It calmed Leon down. It meant that she was back with us. It meant that we had our mate in our arms. 'Can you feel Eliza, Leon?' I asked my .wolf. 'No.' Leon whined. 'When will she wake up, Logan? I miss her.' 'Soon.' I sighed. Wren had a theory that Emma's mind needed a break. He believed that she needed to heal not only physically but also mentally. He even thought that Eliza was keeping her from waking up because she needed to protect her. It made sense. I couldn't even begin to imagine what my baby went through. I still couldn't understand why I didn't feel everything they did to her. I felt only small parts of it, but not everything. She went through so much, and I understood that she

needed to heal, but I missed her. I fucking missed her.

Wren told Andrew and me to just keep talking to her. He told us to assure her that she was home and that she was safe. He

couldn't be sure if she could hear us, but if she could, it would help her to know that she was safe.

"Emma, baby, you are home." I said. "You are back home with me, my love. You are back home with your brother."

I always told her the same things. I wanted her to know that she was safe. I wanted her to know that she had a future with me. I

wanted her to know that I was here and that I wasn't leaving her side. I wanted her to know that she wasn't alone anymore. I

wanted her to

know that her mate was right here next to her.

I needed her to know how fucking much I loved her.

Because I did. I loved her more than anything.

Looking back, I didn't have a fucking clue how I managed to reject her. How the

fuck did I even manage to say those words?! I loved her even then, but I was blinded by duty and power.

I was a fucking idiot. It

was a miracle she forgave me, and I wasn't going to throw that miracle away. I was going to keep her.

She was mine. Fucking

mine.

“When you wake up, I will kiss the hell out of you, my love.” I continued as I ran my fingers through her hair. “I will take you home, and we will spend some time together. We can watch movies. We can eat whatever you want. We can do whatever you want. We will sleep in the same bed, my love. I will hold you close because that is all I have wanted to do ever since I first found out that you were mine.

We will wake up together and have coffee together.” I leaned in and placed a kiss on her cheek.

“I will mark you, baby.” I said quietly. “I will make love to you, and I will sink my canines into your beautiful neck where they belong.”

I traced her marking spot with my fingers. I pictured what her mark was going to look like, and a wave of possessiveness washed over me.

“I will marry you, Emma.” I continued as I ran my nose up and down her jaw. “I will tie myself to you in every way possible. We will have beautiful children. They will be pretty like you and

stubborn like their father. We will raise them together. We will watch them grow up together. We will love each other forever, my baby.”

I placed kisses up and down her jaw, savoring the taste of her skin on my lips.

I needed more. I wanted more. I wanted to taste her lips. I wanted to taste her skin. I wanted to sink myself into her and never fucking leave. She was paradise. She was my paradise.

I buried my nose back in her neck, taking a deep breath and letting her scent fill my lungs.

“I love you, Emma.” I said softly as I placed a kiss on her marking spot. “I can’t wait for you to wake up. I can’t wait to kiss you. I

can’t wait to taste you again. I can’t wait to show you how

fucking much I love you.”

I shut my eyes tightly, trying to stop the tears from escaping.

I couldn’t believe that I almost lost her. I almost lost the love of my life.

“I love you too.” I heard a quiet voice say, and my heart stopped beating

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## 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

1.

“How are you feeling, Emma?” he asked

1.

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.

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