

## True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 54

Trying

Emma POV

I was sitting in the diner with Amy, sipping my vanilla milkshake.

It's been three days since I found out who I was, and I've been under constant supervision from my brother and Logan. I couldn't shift, and they barely let me out of the house. I fought tooth and nail to be here with Amy without one of them breathing down my neck.

Andrew and Logan were in the packhouse, picking up on their work. Drake left to go to his pack, but he said that he would be back here in a few days. He wanted to help plan the attack on the Rogue King. Logan didn't want to wait for him to attack. He said that he wanted to get rid of him before he found out about me.

The problem was that nobody knew where the Rogue King was. He'd been hiding for years, operating from the shadows. Andrew and Logan planed on capturing one of the rogues and trying to get him to talk and tell us where the Rogue King was hiding.

It was really comforting to know that if he managed to take me away, nobody would know where to find me.

Note the sarcasm.

I sighed internally, trying to push the thought back into my mind.

"So, are you going to forgive Logan?" Amy asked me, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I gulped my milkshake down. I didn't know what to tell her. There was a whole other problem she wasn't even aware of, and I couldn't tell her about it because I would be putting her in danger.

"I don't know." I sighed, stirring my milkshake with my straw. "Would you forgive him?"

Amy sighed, taking a sip of her milkshake before looking back up at me.

"I don't have a mate, so I don't know what a mate bond feels like." she said. "But the Goddess can make mistakes. You shouldn't be with the man who hurt you just because there is a bond. You should be with someone who loves you, Emma."

"Is this your way of telling me I should be with Jake?" I asked her, already knowing the answer.

She was convinced that Jake and I belonged together.

"Maybe." she shrugged. "Jake adores you, Emmy. He would never hurt you. He would love you like you deserve to be loved."

I tried to picture it. I tried to imagine my life with Jake. Each time I did, my whole body screamed. The images of Logan touching me and kissing me flooded my mind. I couldn't imagine myself with another man. No matter how badly Logan hurt me, I was his. My body and my soul were his.

"It wouldn't be fair to him, Amy." I sighed, trying to push away the image of our last kiss. "I could never love him like that. He deserves a girl who will love him with everything she has. He deserves a mate. I can't be that. I can't give him the love he needs."

"But you love him, Emma." Amy said, taking my hand in hers.

"I do." I nodded. "I love him like a friend."

"That would be enough for him." she smiled at me.

I shook my head. "It wouldn't be fair, Amy. I could never do that to him."

Amy sighed, letting go of my hand and taking another sip of her milkshake.

"What about Logan then?" she asked.

"I'm not sure." I sighed, pushing the now empty glass away. "I need more time."

Amy and I talked for a little while longer. I tried to avoid the topic about Logan and Jake, because she was adamant about convincing me to leave Logan and run to Jake. But I couldn't. My body and my heart kept screaming at me when I thought about it.

When I noticed that it was getting dark outside, I told Amy I should get going.

We said our goodbyes, and I walked back home.

When I entered the house, I saw Logan sitting on the couch, scrolling through his phone.

"Hey, baby." he smiled at me, making my heart skip a beat.

He insisted on calling me baby, no matter how many times I told him not to. I gave up eventually.

"Hey." I said, unwrapping my scarf from around my neck. "Where is Andrew?"

"Grocery shopping." he said. "Did you have fun with Amy?"

He motioned for me to sit down next to him. I debated it for a second before I walked over to him.

"I did." I said as I sat down. "Any news about the Rogue King?"

"No." Logan said as he removed a strand of hair from my face.

A shiver went down my spine, and I could feel my lower belly heating up. Only a light touch from him was required to turn my body into a useless heap of moaning mess.

Stupid body.

Logan's fingers touched my neck as he was removing his hand from my face, and I felt something wet between my legs. I had to stop myself from moaning loudly.

I wanted to scream at my body.

'Really?! One touch?!'

Logan's eyes darkened and he growled.

"Fuck, Emma." he said, grabbing the back of my neck and pulling me to him.

He leaned his forehead on mine and took a deep breath.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and all my rational thinking was gone. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to kiss me. I couldn't care less about him rejecting me again. This feeling was worth all the pain I would go through.

"You are killing me, baby." he mumbled, his lips grazing mine as he spoke.

Oh, fuck it!

I grabbed his face with my hands and kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, and I straddled him. I could feel how hard he was, and it was only making me wetter.

His tongue entered my mouth, and I saw fireworks behind my lids. His tongue massaged mine softly, and I moaned, making him groan and press me closer to him.

His lips moved from my mouth to my jaw and to the sweet spot on my neck where his mark would go. He sucked on it gently, making my skin heat up. I let him trace his mouth and his tongue all over my neck until he brought his skillful lips back to mine.

I didn't know where I found the guts to do what I did, but I found myself biting gently on his lower lip, making him groan and press his hardness against me. I lowered my head into the crook of his neck and licked his marking spot, making him cry out. I placed gentle kisses all over his neck up to his earlobe.

He tasted amazing. I never wanted to taste anything else again.

His hands found their way to my ass, squeezing hard and pressing me against him. My underwear was definitely ruined.

I licked his earlobe before sucking on it gently. I could feel his hardness twitch, and a proud feeling washed over me. I was pretty good at this for someone who never did anything like this before.

He turned his head, capturing my lips with his once again. His tongue massaged mine again, and I grinded my hips against his.

“Holy fucking shit, Emma.” he growled in my mouth. “I will fuck you right here and right now if we don’t stop.”

I raised my head, looking into his lustful eyes.

“Don’t get me wrong, baby, I would make love to you right the hell now, but I think your brother would kill me if he walked in on that.” he said, chuckling and nipping at my lower lip.

Shit. Andrew.

I completely forgot that he would probably be home soon.

My heartbeat lowered and my skin cooled down. I could think clearly again.

“Does this little make-out session that almost made me cum in my pants like I was a teenage boy once again mean that you are willing to give me another chance?” Logan asked, running his nose up and down my jaw, breathing in my scent.

I chuckled, making him look at me and smile brightly.

I bit my lower lip, and my heartbeat picked up again. Could I do it? Could I even trust him? I could try. I could give him a chance to show me that he really did want me.

“I will try.” I said quietly.

The smile on Logan’s face made my heart swell. He grabbed my face in his hands, kissing me again.

“You are mine, Emma.” he said, leaning his forehead on mine. “I fucking love you.”