

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 55

Progress

Logan POV

I slammed my fist against the table.

I couldn't believe we couldn't find the fucker.

It was like he didn't fucking exist!

I felt rage boiling in my veins and the need to destroy my office grew by the second.

I needed to leave. I needed a distraction.

And what better distraction could there be than my mate in my arms?

My mind went to the make-out session two days ago, and I was rock hard instantly. The way she kissed me and pushed herself against me almost made me lose my mind. She tasted fucking amazing and, looking back, I had no idea how I managed to hold myself back from sinking into her right there in the middle of the living room.

I needed her right now. I fucking needed her.

Emma, baby? I mind-linked her.

She decided to give me a chance, and I was thrilled. She was still careful and our relationship looked more like a friendship right now, which bugged the hell out of me, but it was way more than I could hope for. I was sure she would reject me and leave me. I kept picturing her with Jacob, and my heart was breaking. But now, I had hope that I would get my mate back.

Yes? She responded.

Her voice sent shivers down my body, making my erection harden to the point where it hurt.

Where are you? I asked her, standing up and walking out of my office.

I adjusted myself in my pants, hoping that my erection wasn't too noticeable. I couldn't stay here and wait for it to go down. I needed her now.

Home. She answered.

Are you alone? I asked her. **Where is Andrew?**

Andrew is at the packhouse. She responded. **He is not with you?**

He was probably down in the cellar enjoying his time with Rolf or Sienna. But I didn't tell her that.

No. I said. **I'm on my way to you. I need you, baby.**

What happened? She asked, and I could hear worry in her voice.

It made me walk faster. My instinct to calm my mate down made me rush to her.

Nothing, baby. I sighed. **I'm frustrated because we don't have any leads on the Rogue King.**

Oh. She said. It's okay. **You will find him.**

I will, baby. I said softly. **He won't hurt you.**

Logan? She called me.

I could hear nervousness in her voice. Why was she nervous?

I am not alone at home. She said slowly.

My heartbeat sped up and I ran toward her house.

Who is there? I growled, even though I had a pretty good idea who it was.

I could feel the heartbeat in my throat. I was a few minutes away.

Jake. She said quietly.

I saw fucking red. He was with her. They were alone. He wanted her. He could take her. I could lose her.

No. No fucking way. She was mine.

I was in front of her house before I could blink. I ripped the door open and growled loudly.

The fucker was sitting in the armchair, sipping his coffee. Emma was on the couch, staring at me wide-eyed.

“Good morning, Alpha.” Jacob said, placing his mug down on the coffee table.

“Your visit is over, Walters.” I growled, narrowing my eyes at him and reminding myself that I couldn’t kill him. “Get out.”

“All due respect, Alpha, but this isn’t your house.” the fucker said, crossing his arms over his chest. “I am Emma’s guest, and I will leave when she tells me to.”

I saw fucking red. He was pushing the wrong fucking buttons.

“Get out, Jacob.” I commanded him.

“Logan...” Emma started talking, but I stopped her.

“No, Emma.” I growled, not taking my eyes off of him. “He is disrespectful to his Alpha. I could have him killed. Worst of all, he was sitting all alone with my mate. I want to kill him for that.”

I heard Emma sigh.

The fucker tried to fight my Alpha command, but it was pointless. He stood up, glaring at me.

"I will see you soon, Emma." he said before leaving the house.

"Bye, Jake." she smiled at him as she stood up to close the front door.

I unclenched my fists and let the scent of my mate calm me down. Emma turned around with a frown on her face.

"Was that really necessary?" she sighed, walking past me and into the kitchen.

I scoffed. "Are you kidding me? He was alone with my mate, and he had the guts to disrespect me. If he wasn't important to you, I would kill him immediately."

Emma leaned on the kitchen island, looking at me confused.

"You care that he is important to me?" she asked quietly.

"I wish that he wasn't." I mumbled, running my hand through my hair. "But he is and I love you, which means I could never hurt you by hurting him."

Emma stared at me for a few seconds before reaching out to me. I was in front of her in a second.

I picked her up and sat her down on the kitchen island. I parted her legs and stood in between them, placing my arms on the island, caging her in.

She raised her hand and caressed my cheek. Shivers went down my spine. I closed my eyes, leaning into her touch and taking a deep breath. Her scent filled my lungs completely, and I felt high. She was my drug.

"Thank you." she said quietly, running her fingers through my short beard. "It means a lot to me that you consider my feelings when you think about killing other people."

She chuckled at the end of the sentence, and I opened my eyes to look at her smile.

Goddess, she was fucking perfect.

I smiled at her, leaning my forehead on hers and placing my arms around her waist.

She froze for a second before relaxing into my hold.

“I love you, baby.” I said, placing a kiss on her nose.

She stared at me and bit her lip. I could feel her nervousness.

“You don’t have to say it back, Emma.” I said, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear and placing a kiss on her jaw. “I know I don’t deserve it yet. I fucked up, and I have to make up for it. I just want you to know that I love you.”

She smiled and caressed my cheek. I wanted to kiss her, but she interrupted me with a question.

“Why were you upset earlier?” she asked. “Before Jake. Was it just because of the Rogue King or did something else happen?”

I sighed, leaning my forehead on her shoulder. She placed her hand on my head, running her fingers through my hair.

“Nothing else.” I said. “I am just pissed off because I can’t find him.”

“You will.” she said quietly.

I didn’t need to talk. I needed her.

I moved my head slightly to the right, pressing my lips to her neck. She moaned quietly, but it was enough to make me rock hard again. I found the spot I would soon sink my canines into and sucked on it gently.

Emma’s legs wrapped around my waist, and she pressed me closer to her. I could smell her arousal and it was driving me fucking crazy.

I traced my lips across her neck, to her jaw, and finally to her mouth, silencing her moans.

Her hands tangled up in my hair, pulling me closer.

I pressed her against my chest, massaging her tongue with mine.

I was in complete and total ecstasy.

I wanted her so fucking bad, but I knew I had to wait. I could see that she was still unsure of me and my intentions. I could see that she still didn't trust me completely. She was still fighting with herself and the mate bond. She was giving into the physical aspects of the mate bond, but she still wasn't in this relationship mentally and emotionally. Not completely, at least. She needed time and I would give it to her.

As much as I wanted to bury myself inside of her and make her scream my name, I knew I had to wait for her to trust me completely. I knew I had to wait for her to accept the mate bond and stop questioning my intentions.

Until then, I would take what I can get from her and I would give her everything I had to offer.