True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 57

Remove the mark?

Logan POV

I gripped Emma's waist tighter.

I was sitting on the couch, watching TV when Andrew mind-linked me for the first time.

I got so freaked out that I went up to Emma's room and pulled her out of there. I made her sit on the couch with me and watch TV. She complained the entire time because I interrupted her reading. I ignored her completely. Andrew said to keep an eye on her, and I would do just that. I missed her anyway, and I wanted her close to me.

Now that Andrew had told me he had new information, I was even more freaked out. Andrew sounded afraid and angry.

"Is everything okay?" Emma asked me as she tried to move away from me.

I grabbed her tighter, pulling her closer.

"You are hurting me, Logan." she said quietly.

I let her go immediately. My heart broke in my chest. I hurt her.

"Goddess, baby, I am so sorry." I whined, wrapping an arm around her waist gently this time. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"It's okay." she said. "What's wrong?"

"Andrew mind-linked me." I sighed, leaning in and running my nose across her jaw. "He has new information about the Rogue King."

Emma stiffened. "What information?"

"He didn't say." I mumbled, placing a kiss on her cheek. "But don't worry, baby. He won't touch you."

Emma was silent. She bit her lower lip, and I could tell that she was nervous.

Watching her bite her lower lip like that made me want to do it myself. I imagined sucking and biting on her lower lip while she moaned.

Shit.

Not now, Logan.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself.

"You don't know that, Logan." Emma's quiet voice snapped me out of my thoughts. "He could take me away."

The fear exploded inside of me. I immediately wrapped my arms around her, pulling her against my chest.

"No." I growled. "He will not take you away from me. No one will take you away from me. You are mine."

The word kept repeating itself in my mind.

Mine.

Mine.

She was fucking MINE.

Every piece of her body and soul was mine. Nobody would touch her. Nobody would have her.

MINE!

My heart was hammering in my chest, and the only thing stopping me from shifting was Emma's scent around me. I felt her breath on my neck and focused on that.

"What if he hurts Andrew?" Emma whispered. "Or you?"

"He won't, baby." I mumbled, burying my nose into her hair. "He will not hurt us. He will not take you away. I won't let him."

Emma relaxed in my arms, and the happiness I felt was immeasurable. My baby trusted me. She felt safe with me. She was relaxed next to me. It was a huge step forward, and it made me want to jump up and scream with happiness.

A knock on the door interrupted us.

I let Emma go, and she wanted to stand up. I stopped her immediately. I knew it was Drake, and I didn't want him near her. He wanted her, and she was mine.

I stood up, walked to the front door, and opened it. Drake was standing there with a smile on his face.

"Hi, Logan." he greeted me.

"Drake." I nodded, stepping aside so he could come inside.

He walked inside the house and looked at Emma immediately. She was standing in the living room with a small smile on her beautiful face.

"Hello, Emma." he said, a huge smile spreading across his face. "It is so good to see you again. How are you?"

I growled, rushing back to her. I placed an arm around her waist and glared at Drake.

Mine. Fucking mine.

He ignored me completely, his eyes never leaving her.

"I'm fine, Alpha Drake." she said politely. "Please, sit down. Can I get you anything to drink?"

"It's Drake, Emma." he said, sitting down on the couch. "And I would like a beer if you have one, please."

Emma nodded, looking up at me. "Would you like something as well?"

"Beer as well." I said, bending down and placing a kiss on her forehead. "Thank you, baby."

Emma walked away, giving another small smile to Drake.

Jealousy stabbed at my heart.

"So, she has forgiven you?" Drake asked as soon as she left the living room.

"Sort of." I sighed, sitting down. "I'm still gaining her trust."

"She is definitely worth it." Drake chuckled.

I growled, narrowing my eyes at him. "Back the fuck off."

Drake raised his hands like he was surrendering. "I won't do anything, Logan."

I opened my mouth to tell him that he would never get a chance to do anything anyway, but I was interrupted when the door slammed open and a furious Andrew barged inside.

My eyes widened. He looked ready to kill.

He looked around the room and growled. "Where is Emma?"

Before we could respond, Emma came back from the kitchen with two beers in her hands.

Andrew growled, rushed toward Emma, and pulled her to him. The bottles almost fell out of her hands.

I stood up and took them from her hands. I gave one to Drake and put mine down on the coffee table.

Emma hugged Andrew. He picked her up and sat down in the armchair with her on his lap.

"What happened?" Emma asked him.

"I got some information out of the rogue in the cellar." Andrew growled, tightening his arms around Emma.

"How?" Emma asked him.

Andrew glanced at me. I knew how, but Emma didn't need to know.

"I was persuasive." Andrew said.

Emma sighed. She probably knew what he meant by that, but she didn't ask any further.

"What did he say?" Drake asked, leaning his elbows on his knees.

"He knows about Emma." Andrew growled, making my heart stop beating. "He doesn't know her name, but he knows what she looks like."

I saw Emma's eyes widen in fear. She tensed up in Andrew's arms.

I was frozen. My fists were clenched, and my canines slipped out. I wanted to grab Emma and wrap her in my arms, but I couldn't fucking move.

"Anything else?" Drake asked angrily.

Andrew nodded, his eyes blazing with fury. Andrew glanced at me, and I knew that what he was going to say next would probably make me want to burn the house to the ground.

"The Rogue King knows that Logan rejected his mate." Andrew said slowly. "A dark witch told him that would happen. He is glad because if Emma was marked, he would have to remove her mark."

The room was completely silent after Andrew finished speaking.

Remove her mark?

That was impossible. Nothing and nobody could remove a mate's mark.

Just the thought of it made me sick.

"That's impossible." Drake mumbled.

Andrew shook his head. "Apparently not. A witch can do something about that, but it's dangerous. The one having the mark removed could die in the process."

My heart stopped beating.

My claws flew out.

A growl escaped me.

I saw Emma shaking in fear, and my body finally moved.

I jumped toward Andrew, grabbed Emma out of his hands, and pressed her against my chest.

She was shaking, and small sobs escaped her lips. My heart broke into a million tiny pieces.

"He won't hurt you, baby." I whispered to her. "I won't let him."

I sat down with her in my arms. She straddled me and wrapped her arms around my neck. I kept rubbing her back soothingly. I could feel her fear, and it made me want to burn the world down.

I looked at Andrew over her shoulder. He looked murderous. He was staring at Emma, and I could see how much he wanted to rip her from my arms and back into his.

I gripped her tighter, placing a kiss on top of her head.

"What the fuck are we going to do?" Drake growled after a few minutes of silence.