

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 63

Innocent

Emma POV

I was trembling from top to bottom.

I have never felt anything like that in my entire life.

I wanted more.

My body was screaming for Logan. I wanted him to touch me again. I wanted to feel his lips on my body. I wanted to feel him inside of me. I wanted everything.

“Holy fuck, baby.” Logan mumbled into my neck.

I shivered when his warm breath touched the skin on my neck.

“This was the best fucking thing that ever happened to me.” Logan said as he kissed my neck, making me moan again.

How was that good for him? I never touched him.

He raised his head and looked at me.

“Do you want more?” he asked, smirking.

My eyes widened and I felt warmth rushing to my cheeks. I did want more. I didn't want to tell him that, though. I was embarrassed.

Logan chuckled and leaned in to nibble at my lower lip.

“I would be more than happy to make you cum again, but I don’t think we have time.” he said with amusement in his voice. “Your brother will be home soon, and I would like to stay alive.”

He kissed my jaw and sucked on my neck, making me moan and lift my hips toward him.

“You are killing me, baby.” he said, his voice strained.

He continued to move his lips and tongue all around my neck. How the hell did he expect me not to move?!

“Then stop kissing me.” I said, breathing heavily.

Logan raised his head and laughed. “Yeah, that will never happen. But I should take a little break, shouldn’t I?”

“If you don’t want Andrew to kill you, yes.” I said.

Logan chuckled and lifted himself off of me. He looked down at his pants, grabbing his waistband and looking inside.

“Shit.” he mumbled. “I’ve never come into my pants before.”

My eyes widened. I sat up, staring at him. What? But I didn’t touch him. Maybe I should have? I’ve never done it before. I didn’t know what was expected of me.

“How?” I managed to mumble. “I didn’t touch you.”

Logan looked up at me and smiled. He sat back down on the bed, adjusting himself.

“Well, you kind of did.” he said, smiling. “You moved your hips and you kept brushing up against me.”

I felt another rush of heat racing toward my cheeks.

“But even if you didn’t, I would have come.” Logan added, smirking at me.

“How?” I mumbled again. “I didn’t do anything. Should I have done something? I didn’t know what to do. I don’t know...”

Logan placed a hand over my mouth, stopping me from talking. I frowned at him.

“You didn’t have to do anything.” Logan said, keeping his hand over my mouth. “You won’t have to do anything until you are comfortable, baby. I am so fucking happy that you don’t know anything because that means that I am the only man you’ve ever done this with.”

I nodded, and he smiled. “I am going to have so much fun teaching you.”

I blushed again and he moved his hand from my mouth.

“Oh, and I would have come even without you touching me because I fucking love you.” he said, leaning toward me. “Your moans and the taste of your skin is enough to throw me over the edge.”

He kept leaning closer to me, never moving his eyes away from mine. He kissed me softly, and it made me wet again. A sudden, painful ache between my thighs made me whimper.

“Fuck, Emma.” Logan mumbled, looking down between my legs.

He clenched his fists and tightened his jaw. He looked back up at me and I could see lust in his eyes.

“You need to go shower or I am going to be dead in 15 minutes.” Logan growled.

I chuckled and stood up.

Logan adjusted himself and groaned.

“You will kill me, woman.” he mumbled, making me laugh.

“It’s not my fault.” I said, crossing my arms over my chest. “You did this. I was perfectly innocent up until 10 minutes ago.”

Logan jumped up and grabbed me. He kissed me hard, making me moan loudly.

“Yes, you were.” he growled. “Innocent and mine.”

We still needed to talk, but, yes, I was his.

“You need to let me go shower.” I said quietly, stepping away from him. “You need to shower too, or my brother will know what you did.”

I winked at him and he slapped my butt. I chuckled and walked to the bathroom. I heard my bedroom door open and close.

I removed my clothes and stepped into the shower. I couldn't stop thinking about Logan's hands on my body. It was more than perfect, and I wanted more. I wanted to know what it felt like to have him inside of me.

Another ache ripped through me, and I whimpered quietly. I needed to stop thinking about him.

I finished showering and I dried myself with a towel. I put on a new set of clothes and walked out of my room.

The scent of coffee hit me as soon as I started walking down the stairs.

I walked into the kitchen and saw Logan pouring coffee into two mugs.

“You're fast.” I said as I sat down on the bar stool.

“Well, I'm not the one who couldn't leave the shower because she was fantasizing about me touching her again.” he grinned and winked at me.

My eyes widened, and I blushed again. How the hell did he know?!

“I was just guessing, but the expression on your face is telling me that I am right.” Logan laughed, walking around the kitchen island toward me.

He wrapped his arms around me and kissed the top of my head.

“Don’t worry, baby.” he said. “You don’t have to be embarrassed. I fantasize about you all the time, not just in the shower.”

I rolled my eyes and Logan laughed. He lowered his head and kissed me again. I melted in his arms.

“You wanted to talk to me.” he said, lowering his lips to my jaw.

I did?

I did.

Yes. Talk.

My brain was all fuzzy and I couldn’t think straight.

“Maybe you should go stand on the other side of the island.” I mumbled. “We can’t talk like this.”

“Why?” Logan smirked. “Am I making it hard for you to focus?”

“Yes.” I said, frowning at him.

“Okay, fine.” he said as he stopped kissing my jaw. “I will go stand on the other side.”

He pecked my lips again and moved away.

The cloud in my brain lifted slightly. His presence and his scent still made me all fuzzy.

He sat on the bar stool opposite me and took a sip of his coffee.

“Talk, baby.” Logan said, looking at me with a small smile.

Talk. Right.

Shit. What did I want to say? What did I want to talk about?

Us. Right.

And Sienna. And the rejection.

Goddess, Emma, focus.

“I want to talk about us, Logan.” I said, clearing my throat and forcing my brain to work. “I need to know why you rejected me. I need to know what happened between Sienna and you. I need to know if you want me for me, or just because I am supposed to be a powerful Luna.”

Logan growled when I mentioned Sienna. His eyes hardened and his grip on the mug tightened.

“Of course I want you, Emma.” he said. “I don’t give a shit about whether you are powerful or not.”

“Okay.” I nodded. “I still need to hear everything, Logan. I can’t move on until I do. I can’t accept you until I do.”

“You are mine!” Logan growled, narrowing his eyes.

“Logan, please.” I sighed. “Talk to me.”

He sighed and ran his hand through his hair.

“I am sorry, baby.” he mumbled. “Okay. Let’s talk.”