

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 66

If you hurt her...

Logan POV

Watching Emma in those tights and a sports bra had my heartbeat going a mile a minute, with no signs of slowing down.

Shit.

Shit, shit, shit.

Thank Goddess, I was sitting down, and Andrew couldn't see the very obvious bulge in my pants.

She was driving me fucking crazy.

"Okay, little one." Andrew said, panting hard. "Not bad, not bad at all."

He was right. She was amazing. She was fast, and she knew just where to hit to incapacitate her opponent.

I was proud of her.

I was turned on as fuck.

I was so mad at myself because I almost lost her.

"You are amazing, baby." I said, smiling brightly.

"Jacob did a good job." Andrew said as he gave Emma a towel. "I do see room for improvement, so we will be down here every day."

Emma groaned. "I should have kept my mouth shut."

Andrew and I gave her a stern look. She rolled her eyes and grabbed the water bottle.

I wanted to spank that tight little ass of hers for rolling her eyes at me.

My dick just became painfully hard.

Shit.

I needed to calm down.

I had to remind myself constantly that she was new to all of this. She never had sex. She had never been touched before. She had never done anything with another man before. I was so fucking happy about that, but a small part of me wanted to teach her everything right the fuck now so that I could fuck her like I intended to.

I didn't know if I was more turned on by her innocence or all the ways I imagined fucking her once she got more comfortable.

I watched her as she walked to the bench I was sitting on. She picked up her phone and scrolled through it.

"I am going to go take a shower." Andrew said as he started walking upstairs.

As soon as the door behind him closed, I grabbed Emma's arm and pulled her toward me.

Her eyes widened and she stumbled. I caught her and placed her on my lap.

She straddled me and placed her arms on my shoulders. I lifted my hips, pressing myself against her pussy.

She moaned, and I pressed my lips on hers, silencing her.

"Do you see what you do to me?" I growled, grabbing her ass and pressing her down on me.

My dick was throbbing, and I was so fucking close to ruining another pair of boxers today.

“Oh, shit.” she moaned, thrusting against me.

“You are driving me crazy.” I groaned, matching her thrusts.

She kissed me, and I almost turned into a puddle on the fucking floor. I reached under her sports bra, and I was about to pinch her little erect nipple, when I heard Andrew’s voice.

“Logan!” he shouted, and Emma stopped kissing me.

He was my best friend, but I was going to kill him.

“What?” I shouted back, removing my hand from under Emma’s sports bra.

“Drake called.” Andrew shouted back. “He will be here soon.”

I grunted and leaned my forehead on Emma’s shoulder.

“Okay.” I yelled back.

Emma chuckled and ran her hand through my hair.

“This is not funny.” I growled. “We need some alone time, baby.”

“I know.” she said softly. “But you need to let me go now. I need a shower.”

I unwrapped my hands from her body reluctantly. She stood up and winked at me before turning around and walking upstairs, swaying her hips and giving me a perfect view of her ass.

“You little devil!” I shouted.

She laughed, and I heard the door close behind her.

I would have followed her, but my dick was so obviously hard. It wouldn’t take Andrew long to know what we were doing down here.

I took a deep breath and tried to distract myself from thinking about her.

Pack jobs. Okay. I needed to talk to Lewis about border security again. I needed to see Patricia about the gardens. I needed to talk to Wren about the hospital. He mentioned that he needed new equipment. I needed to talk to my mom about the packhouse safe room. I should see if it needed to be upgraded.

A few minutes passed, and I looked down. My erection was gone.

Thank fuck.

I stood up, adjusted myself a little, and walked upstairs.

Andrew was sitting in the kitchen, sipping coffee, and scrolling through his phone.

“What does Drake want?” I asked, grabbing myself a beer from the fridge.

“I don’t know.” Andrew shrugged. “He didn’t say.”

I sighed and sat down opposite Andrew. He put his phone down and gave me a stern look.

I furrowed my eyebrows. What was that about?

“Now that you and Emma made up, we need to talk.” he said, taking a sip of his coffee.

Oh. That.

“I already know what you are going to say, Andrew.” I sighed.

“No, you don’t.” he said, shaking his head.

“Okay.” I said, raising my eyebrow. “Talk.”

“You already hurt my little sister.” Andrew said coldly. “You hurt her a lot. But I can’t really do shit about that because I helped you do it. I hurt her too.”

I gulped and nodded, waiting for him to continue.

“But if you ever do it again, I will kill you.” he growled. “I don’t give a fuck who or what you are. My best friend, my Alpha, a fucking Moon Goddess, I don’t care. You hurt her and you are dead.”

If he wasn’t talking about the love of my life, I would have killed him right then and there. I felt the same. I was ready to claw my own ass if I ever hurt her again. Not even Leon reacted aggressively toward Andrew, and he was an Alpha wolf. That was how fucking much I agreed with him.

‘I will help him do it, Logan.’ Leon growled.

I rolled my eyes internally and ignored him.

“She is the most important thing in my world, Logan.” Andrew continued softly. “She is my sister, my pup. I’ve done so much shit to her, and I don’t want to do it ever again. I will always protect her from everyone, including myself and you.”

“She is lucky to have you.” I said. “I am lucky to have you. You are the only one I would ever trust around her. You are the best brother and the best friend we could have asked for. I believe that you would kill me, and trust me when I say that I would help you do it. I can’t hurt her again. I would kill myself before I could ever do something that would harm her again.”

I meant every word I said. Andrew was the best brother to Emma and the best fucking friend to me. He made her into the amazing person she was today. I would always be thankful to him for that. I watched him raise her, and I always admired him for the way he handled the situation. He was an amazing person, and we were really fucking lucky to have them in our lives.

“I am sure that Leon would help me kill you.” Andrew smirked, taking another sip of his coffee.

“He already said that he would.” I sighed, picking up my beer. “He is a traitor.”

Andrew laughed just as Emma walked into the kitchen.

“What’s so funny?” she asked.

“Nothing, love.” Andrew smiled and reached out to her. “Come here.”

She walked over to him, and he placed her on his lap. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her temple.

As much as I wanted to have her closer to me, I understood Andrew’s need as well. She was his pup, and he needed to feel that she was safe.

Emma leaned her head on his shoulder and looked at me.

I winked at her, and she gave me a small smile.

Goddess, I loved her so fucking much.