

True Luna: Chasing The White Wolf: Chapter 95

You will never be free

Logan POV

I was pissed the fuck off.

I wanted to kill Sienna.

I was so fucking proud of my future wife. I was so fucking proud to have her by my side.

My heart almost jumped out of my chest when Sienna mentioned us having sex. I already pictured Emma leaving me and every fucking cell in my body hurt. I had to make sure that Emma knew how fucking better she was than Sienna. No one could compare with her. No other woman interested me. I only wanted Emma. I only wanted her body, her tight pussy, and her warm little mouth. Only her!

You believe me, right? I mind-linked her as we approached Samuel's cell. **I only want you, baby. No one compares with you. Sex with Sienna was nothing compared with sex with you.**

I believe you, Logan. She mind-linked me back. **But can we please stop mentioning Sienna and sex in the same sentence? It's making Eliza territorial, and I'm having trouble keeping her calm.**

'Calm your mate down, Leon.' I told my wolf.

'I'm trying.' Leon growled at me. *'If you didn't dip your dick where it didn't belong, I wouldn't have to do this.'*

I ignored him and let him talk to Eliza. We just arrived in front of Samuel's cell.

I pulled Emma closer to me and kissed her temple.

“Can you hold my hand while we are inside?” Emma asked Andrew and me. “I was much more brave when I talked to Sienna.”

“Of course, Emma.” Andrew said, taking her hand in his.

I pulled her closer and kissed her temple.

I would never let her do this without being right next to her.

“Are you ready?” I asked her.

She took a deep breath and nodded.

I pulled out a key from my pocket and unlocked the fucker’s cell.

Unlike Sienna, he was hanging from a wall. His body was cut, burned, hit, and electrocuted. Just like he did to Emma.

The smell inside almost made me throw up. There was blood and other fluids splattered all over the floor.

Samuel looked up as soon as he heard us come inside. His right eye was swollen shut, curtesy of my visit two days ago.

When his eyes landed on Emma, he smiled and raised his head higher.

“Hello, beautiful.” he said, spitting a little bit of blood on the floor. “I’m so happy you came to see your mate.”

I growled, closed the distance between me and him in two long strides, grabbed the back of his neck, and got into his face.

“You are not her mate.” I told him. “Stop looking at her like that.”

The fucker smirked at me, and I had to stop myself from beating the shit out of him. I didn’t want Emma to see me like that.

“To what do I owe the pleasure, beautiful?” the fucker asked, looking back at my mate.

I growled and stepped back toward Emma.

“Why did you let the witches torture me?” Emma asked quietly. “If you wanted me, why did you let them do that to me?”

I clenched my fists and tightened my jaw.

“It was payment for their help.” Samuel said. “I already told you that.”

“They almost killed me.” Emma mumbled. “If my mate and my brother hadn’t found me, they would have killed me.”

I remembered seeing her hanging from that fucking ceiling. I remembered her body, all beaten and bruised. I remembered the pain I felt when she was dying. I remembered it all, and I wanted to kill him on the spot.

But that would rob me of the pleasure of torturing the fucker.

“No, they wouldn’t have, Emma.” Samuel sighed. “I knew what they were doing. I would come in and stop them. Do you really think that I would let my mate get killed like that?”

Both Andrew and I growled.

Leon was pissed the fuck off. Thankfully, he was focused on Eliza, so he wasn’t paying much attention to the fucker.

“I am not your mate.” Emma said.

“I see the mark on your neck, yes.” Samuel said angrily. “Thankfully, that can be removed.”

I growled loudly. I wanted to go punch the living shit out of him, but Emma grabbed my arm and stopped me.

“It will never be removed.” Emma said sternly. “Logan is my mate and future husband. You will never touch me again. You will never take me away from him.”

Hearing her refer to me as her future husband made my heart race twice as fast. I was in heaven.

Samuel snickered and raised his head even higher.

“Do you really think that I’m the only one who wanted to take you?” Samuel said, making my heart stop beating. “Do you really think that there aren’t others out there who know about you and want to use you?”

Andrew growled loudly and pulled Emma to him.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I yelled.

Samuel looked at me, and his smirk grew. “You are a naive little man if you think that no one else would want her. She is a fucking once-in-a-lifetime find. There are already other men out there who plan on taking her. You got rid of me, but will you be able to get rid of them?”

My heart was going to break through my rib cage.

I wanted to fucking kill him, but I could feel Emma’s fear, and I needed to be with her now. She came first. She was my priority.

Stay here and torture the answers out of him. I told Andrew through the mind-link.

Of course. He growled back.

I turned around, picked Emma up, and took her out of the cell. I heard Andrew’s menacing growl as he closed the cell door behind us.

I hurried toward the exit. I needed to get her out of here.

As soon as I stepped foot in my room at the packhouse, I sat us down and cupped her cheeks.

She was pale, but I could see that she was trying to calm herself down.

“No one will take you away again.” I told her. “No one.”

She looked at me and gave me a small smile.

“I know.” she said softly. “I’m sorry I reacted like that. He caught me off guard.”

I kissed her softly.

“You have nothing to apologize for, baby.” I said as I leaned my forehead on hers. “I am so fucking proud of you, you know that, right?”

“I do.” she said, smiling.

I kissed her again and savored the taste of her on my lips.

I was hoping that Andrew would be able to get some information out of the fucker. If he was telling the truth, I needed to get ready. I would fucking kill anyone who tried to take her away from me again.

I had other plans right now, though.

“You need to get ready, baby.” I said as I reluctantly stopped kissing her.

Emma furrowed her eyebrows. “For what?”

“Amy bugged the hell out of me and your brother until we agreed to let her throw you a party tonight.” I said, rolling my eyes playfully.

Amy really was a handful.

Emma’s eyes widened, and she laughed.

“A party?” she asked. “Seriously? Why?”

“Amy said something about you being a badass and that we needed to celebrate that.” I said, grinning.

“Well, she is not wrong.” Emma chuckled.

I smiled at her and pulled her in for another kiss.

I wanted more, but we didn’t have time. I would just have to wait until tonight to bury myself in her again.