

True Luna: Finding My True Mate: 108

The witch

Emma POV

My heart raced as I rushed toward the bathroom.

“Amy?” I called my friend as I knocked on the door.

“I’m not done, Emma.” she said.

“I have to go.” I told her. “Go with the red one. It’s definitely the best.”

The bathroom door opened, and Amy looked at me with a confused expression on her face.

“What?” she asked. “Where are you going?”

“Mike mind-linked me.” I said. “A woman is at the border, and she wants to talk to me.”

Amy’s eyes widened. “A woman? Who is she?”

I really didn’t have time to explain.

“I will let you know as soon as I am done talking to her, okay?” I said as I turned around and rushed toward the bedroom door. “I will be right back.”

“Wait, Emma...” Amy shouted, but I didn’t have time to wait.

I needed to go. I needed to talk to that witch.

“Shit.” I heard Amy mumble as I opened the door and rushed outside.

My brother, Logan, and Drake were standing outside of Amy's house. They were talking, and all of them had frowns on their faces. My brother saw me first.

"What's wrong?" he asked, and his frown was replaced with a worried look.

"Mike mind-linked me." I said, feeling more nervous by the second. "There is a woman at the border. She says that she is a witch and that she wants to talk to me."

Logan's growl nearly made me go deaf.

"What?" my brother growled menacingly.

"Shit." Drake mumbled, clenching his fists.

"Fuck no." Logan said, grabbing me and tightening his arms around me. "Go to the packhouse, Emma. Andrew, link Lewis. We are going to the border."

"Logan, no." I argued. "She wanted to talk to me. She is alone. If she wanted to hurt me, she wouldn't just ask for me. She would attack our patrol."

"I am not letting you get hurt!" Logan growled in my ear. "Go to the packhouse."

I tried to get out of his arms, but he only tightened his hold on me.

"She could know something about me, Logan." I sighed. "She just wants to talk."

"You don't fucking know that!" Logan growled loudly.

"Emma!" I heard Amy's voice as she ran out of her house.

I looked at Amy, who sighed in relief.

"I thought that you would go alone." Amy said, placing a hand over her heart. "Thank Goddess that the guys were still here."

"She isn't going at all." Logan growled as he picked me up. "She is going to the packhouse."

"Logan..." I spoke, but he interrupted me.

“Emma, don’t.” he said sternly.

“We will talk to her and bring her to you if she is harmless.” Andrew got involved in our fight. “But we can’t let you go to her until we are sure that she won’t hurt you.”

“How can you be sure that she won’t hurt you?” I asked my brother, trying to get Logan to put me down. “I can’t let her hurt you.”

“She won’t, Emma.” Andrew said softly. “I promise. She won’t hurt us. There will be a lot of us and only one of her. She won’t be able to do anything.”

“Well, I could go then.” I said. “If she won’t be able to hurt you, she won’t be able to hurt me either.”

“We are not taking any chances.” Andrew said sternly.

“But...” I tried arguing again, but both Logan and Andrew growled at me.

“Can I trust you to take her to the packhouse, Amy?” Logan asked.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. I knew why they worried, but why would she come alone and ask Mike to see me if she wanted to hurt me? She could have brought her friends. She could have attacked Mike. She didn’t do anything. She just asked to see me.

“Of course, Alpha.” Amy said as she approached us.

Logan put me down, and Amy took my hand in hers.

Logan cupped my cheeks and made me look up at him.

“Don’t do anything until we come back.” he said, and I could see fear in his eyes. “Please, Emma, I can’t lose you.”

I gulped and wrapped my arms around him as tightly as I could. He placed a hand on my head, pressing me close to him. I could hear his erratic heartbeat.

"I won't." I mumbled. "I will wait until you come back."

"Thank you." Logan sighed in relief. "I love you."

"I love you too." I said, looking up at him.

He kissed me softly before he let me go.

"Be careful, okay?" I told him.

"I will, baby." Logan said, giving me a small smile. "Don't worry."

Logan gave me another kiss before he, Andrew, and Drake walked away toward the border.

"Come on, Emmy." Amy said, tugging on my hand. "Let's go to the packhouse."

I followed Amy to the packhouse. My heart raced, and my mind was on the border. What did the witch want? Did she know something about me? I hoped that Logan would let me talk to her. She could know something important. She could know something that would help me understand myself better.

The only thing I knew about myself was that wolfsbane and silver couldn't hurt me. I knew that I could protect Logan as well because he made me test it a few years ago. It took a lot of my energy, but I could protect my mate.

I tried so hard to discover other things I could do, but no one knew anything. The books we found in the caves were in some ancient language we couldn't decipher. Samuel didn't know anything, or he just didn't want to say anything.

It was hard not knowing anything about myself. It was hard knowing that I could do so much for my pack if I just knew who I was. It was hard knowing that I could protect my family and my pack if I only knew more about myself and my powers.

I was hoping that I would find out today. I was hoping that Logan would let me talk to the witch.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm my erratic heartbeat.

Logan, Drake, and my brother would be okay. They had to be okay.

They would let me talk to the witch, and I would find out something new about myself.

Everything would be okay. Everything had to be okay.