

True Luna: Finding My True Mate: 109

What do you want

Logan POV

My heart was going so fucking fast that I was sure it would jump out of my body.

I was in my wolf form, racing toward the border. Andrew was on my right, and Drake was on my left. We were pissed as fuck.

What did that witch want? If she came here to hurt Emma, I would fucking kill her. I would snap her neck in a fucking second.

‘Let me sink my canines into her, Logan.’ Leon growled. ‘Let me show her what happens when you touch my mate.’

Well, thankfully, she hadn’t touched her. I would never let her touch her.

There was still a chance that the bitch really wanted to talk. I couldn’t kill her if she knew something about Emma. I couldn’t do that to my mate. She’s been trying to learn something about herself for a long time. She deserved to know something. She deserved some answers.

If the witch had the answers, I would make sure that she gave them to Emma.

She wouldn’t leave my fucking pack until she told us everything.

We were getting closer to the border, and the anger inside me grew.

We are coming, Mike. I mind-linked my warrior.

Yes, Alpha. Mike mind-linked me back.

I forced myself to run faster. My paws hit the ground so fast and hard that they hurt. But I didn't give a shit. I needed to get there as fast as I could.

A few seconds later, my eyes fell on an old woman standing at my border.

I growled loudly, making her look at me.

I approached Mike and her, and I barred my canines at the woman.

"Hello, Alpha Logan." she said. "I knew that you wouldn't let Emma come."

How the fuck did she know her name?!

I shifted back, and Andrew gave me a pair of short sweats. He and Drake were already in their human forms. They were standing next to me with murderous looks on their faces.

"How the fuck do you know her name?" Andrew growled at the woman.

She looked at him and gave him a small smile.

"Every witch alive knows her name." the witch said. "She is our finest creation."

Their finest creation? What the fuck was she talking about?!

"Why do you want to see my mate?" I asked, clenching my fists and trying to keep Leon from coming out.

"I know everything there is to know about the White Wolf." the old woman said. "I'm here to help."

I tightened my jaw.

"Help with what?" I growled.

"A war is coming, Alpha Logan." the woman said, making my heart stop. "But not the kind you are thinking. For the war that is coming, you won't need your sharp canines or your long claws. You will need something else. I'm here to tell you what."

I narrowed my eyes at the woman, and my anger grew.

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

I glanced at Andrew. He was tense. His muscles were strained. I could tell that he was holding Asher back.

“I can’t tell you until I explain the legend and the history of the White Wolf or True Luna, whatever you want to call it.” the woman said.

“Explain.” Andrew said before I could.

“Don’t you think that Emma should hear it too?” the woman sighed. “Besides, it’s a long story. I am old, and I would really like to sit down.”

I chuckled darkly.

“I’m not letting you near her.” I growled. “I’m not letting you hurt her.”

The woman raised her eyebrows at me. “Hurt her? I would never hurt her. She is a treasure. She is magical. She is one of a kind. I wouldn’t hurt her, Alpha Logan. I didn’t come here to hurt her. I came here to help her.”

I looked at Andrew. He didn’t look convinced.

I wasn’t fucking convinced.

“You were searching for a witch to help you, weren’t you?” the woman asked. “You have one now.”

I looked at her and narrowed my eyes.

“I was searching for a witch to translate the books we found.” I said. “I wasn’t searching for a witch to let her near my mate.”

“I don’t need to translate the books.” the woman said. “I know what’s written in them. My ancestors wrote those books. I know everything there is to know about the White Wolf.”

What do you think? Andrew mind-linked me.

I'm not sure. I sighed. If she knows something and we don't hear her out, it would be a huge mistake.

If she hurts her... Andrew growled.

She can only try, Andrew. I said. I would fucking kill her before she could do anything.

I took a deep breath and tightened my jaw.

We could take her to one of the patrol cabins. I said to Andrew. We could bring Emma there. I don't want her to see our pack. I don't want her to know anything about our pack. I want to keep her close to the border.

Okay. Andrew said, but I could still hear worry in his voice. I will go get Emma.

I gave him a small nod, and he shifted back into his wolf form.

He started running back, and I looked at the witch.

"You will follow me to one of our patrol cabins." I said. "Andrew will bring my mate there. One wrong move, and I will snap your neck."

The witch gave me a small smile.

"I believe you, Alpha Logan." she said, taking a step closer to me. "That's why I am here. I want to help you. I want to help your mate."

"I hope that you are telling the truth because I will kill you if you try to hurt her." I said, clenching my fists. "She means everything to me. She is my everything. I won't let you hurt her."

The witch smiled and took another step closer, crossing over the border of my pack.

Mike growled instinctively.

“It’s okay, Mike.” I said. “You’ve done a great job. Go back to patrolling the border. I will take it from here.”

“Yes, Alpha.” Mike said as he narrowed his eyes at the witch.

He turned around, jumped, and shifted mid-air. I watched him as he ran away.

“Alpha Drake.” I heard the woman’s voice and looked back at her. “How are you?”

“Ready to help Logan kill you.” Drake said coldly, making the witch smile.

“I believe you.” she said as we started walking toward the cabin. “It’s nice to know that Emma has people around her who want to protect her.”

I glanced at the witch.

My heart raced.

What war was she talking about?