

True Luna: Finding My True Mate: 110

The White Wolf (part one)

Emma POV

“You won’t leave my side for a second, am I clear?” Andrew told me as we were approaching the cabin. “If I tell you to run, you run. Understand?”

I couldn’t move my eyes from the cabin.

“Emma?” Andrew called me.

I nodded.

“No, Emma.” he said as he stopped me and made me look at him. “I need you to tell me that you understand. I’m not letting you in there until you tell me that you won’t leave my side and that you will run if I tell you to run.”

The worry I saw in his eyes made me forget about the witch for a second.

“I understand, Andrew.” I said as I took his hand in mine and gave him a small smile. “I won’t leave your side for a second.”

“And you will run if I tell you to?” he asked, narrowing his eyes at me.

I wasn’t going to do that. I wasn’t going to let them get hurt. I was going to help. But I knew that Andrew didn’t want to hear that, so I nodded and smiled again.

“Yes.” I said.

He studied my face for a second. He nodded and pulled me into a hug.

“Okay.” he said as he let me go. “Come on.”

Andrew took my hand in his and pulled me toward the cabin.

We approached the door, and Andrew opened it slowly.

“Don’t fucking move.” I heard Logan’s threatening growl.

“I am not going to hurt her, Alpha Logan.” I heard a woman sigh.

Andrew and I entered the cabin, and my eyes fell on an old woman sitting on the couch. She smiled when she saw me, and I felt a wave of peace hit me.

She wasn’t going to hurt me.

I was sure of it.

“Hello, Emma.” she said softly. “It is so nice to finally meet you.”

I smiled back at her, trying to take a step closer, but Andrew pulled me closer to him, pinning me to his chest.

“What did I tell you?” he growled quietly.

I sighed but complied. She needed to gain their trust. I was sure that she would do it. I felt peaceful around her. She meant no harm.

I felt Logan’s eyes on me, and I felt his need to hold me. But he was standing close to the woman, and I knew that he wouldn’t move an inch so that he could stop her if she tried to hurt me.

“My name is Anna.” the old woman said. “I’m here to help.”

“Do you know something about me?” I asked her, and she gave me a small smile.

“I know everything about you, Emma.” she said softly.

My heart raced.

“How about you sit down and I tell you the legend of the White Wolf?” she asked, looking from me to Logan.

Logan growled at her, making me frown.

She could have already hurt me if she wanted to. She didn't, and somehow I knew that she wouldn't.

Drake sat down next to Anna and growled. "One wrong move, and you are dead. Remember that."

Anna looked at Drake and smiled. "I know, Alpha Drake. No need to remind me."

Logan stepped away from the woman and approached me. He pulled me from Andrew's arms and buried his nose in my hair.

I could feel his erratic heartbeat, and a wave of pain washed over me.

"I am okay, Logan." I said quietly, placing a kiss on his chest. "She won't hurt me."

Logan let me go and placed a small kiss on my lips. He pulled me toward a chair and made me sit on his lap. He wrapped his arms around me as tightly as he could.

Andrew sat down on the armchair. He never moved his eyes from Anna.

"Talk." Logan growled at her.

Anna took a deep breath and smiled at me.

"Samuel didn't know anything about you." Anna said. "The dark witches that worked for him were too young to remember anything. They were too young to interpret those books. The things they told Samuel were misinterpreted and mostly wrong."

"But I do have those powers they mentioned." I said, making Anna sigh.

"You do." she nodded. "You are also very charismatic, kind, and understanding, and your people love you, right?"

"Yes." Logan answered for me.

“That is a description of the first White Wolf.” Anna said. “She was a very charismatic, kind, and loving woman. She was full of understanding, and her pack members always came to her for help. The witches who worked for Samuel read that wrong. They thought that those things came with being the White Wolf. That isn’t your power, Emma. That was a description of the first White Wolf. You would still be those things even without your powers.”

I gulped and took a deep breath. Logan kissed my temple and tightened his arms around me.

“There was only one White Wolf before you.” Anna continued. “She lived a long time ago, and we never thought that another would be born. We thought that the curse was broken when she died.”

“The curse?” my brother asked, his voice trembling.

Anna looked at him and nodded.

“The existence of the first White Wolf was really a curse made by a dark witch.” Anna said, looking back at me. “Back then there were only two packs of werewolves, but they were getting stronger. They were expanding, and it was only a matter of time before a third pack would form. The witches didn’t like that. They wanted the shifters to stop expanding. They wanted them gone.”

I shivered, and Logan tensed up.

Anna took a deep breath and leaned back on the couch.

“The witches thought long and hard about what to do.” Anna said. “They couldn’t just kill the wolves because that would make the Goddess angry. They didn’t want her rage. So they decided to use the wolves’ very own strength against them.”

Anna stopped talking and glanced at Logan.

“They decided to use the mate bond to create a war between the two packs.” Anna said quietly, and I could see the sadness in her eyes.

My heart raced. My body tensed up. My mind shut down.

What did she mean by that? Why did she look so sad? How did the witches use the mate bond to inflict a war between the two first packs?

“Explain.” Logan said, his voice trembling.

I could feel his fear. It was burning him. It was drowning him.

I was helpless. I couldn’t do anything. I couldn’t take away his fear.

Anna took a deep breath and looked back at me.

“The witches cursed the White Wolf with two true mates.” she said, making my heart stop beating.