

## True Luna: Finding My True Mate: 138

### Drunk

Logan POV

It took a shitload of alcohol, but I was finally drunk. Well, not drunk. More like tipsy.

Andrew came back from the bathroom. He sat down and picked up the bottle of whiskey that was on the table.

It was empty and useless. I needed a new one.

Andrew looked at the bottle and then up at me.

“Really?” he mumbled, raising an eyebrow at me.

“What would you do if your mate was on a fucking date with another man?” I mumbled, turning around to find the waiter.

My eyes fell on Carter, and I felt relief wash over me.

“Carter!” I called him.

He looked at me immediately.

“Another one.” I said, turning back to Andrew.

“Yes, Alpha.” I heard Carter say.

“Humans have it so easy, man.” I sighed. “I had to drink three fucking whiskey bottles just to get a little drunk, and I have to keep drinking just to stay drunk. If I were a human, I wouldn’t need a fourth bottle.”

“If you were a human, you would be dead by now.” Andrew said, frowning at me.

Carter approached our table and placed a new whiskey bottle in front of me. I looked up at him and smiled.

“Just keep them coming.” I said, as I grabbed the bottle and opened it.

“Yes, Alpha.” Carter said as he walked away from our table.

“Want some?” I asked Andrew.

“No.” Andrew said, shaking his head. “You shouldn’t drink it either.”

“I have to.” I said, pouring the whiskey into my glass. “It hurts. The love of my life is on a date with another man.”

The anger inside me exploded. I wanted to kill him. I really wanted to kill him.

“She is not on a date with him.” Andrew sighed. “She is on a business dinner.”

I sighed. She said the same thing. I knew it was true. I knew it wasn’t a date. I knew that she would never leave me. I believed in her. I believed in her love. I believed in our bond.

But I just couldn’t stop imagining him touching her. Would she feel the sparks and tingles? Of course she would. He was her mate. Would he try to kiss her? Would she like it?

The image of him kissing her had me ready to burn the world down. My stomach turned, and it felt like someone had pierced a knife through my heart.

I grabbed the glass and gulped down the brown liquid.

“If he touches her...” I mumbled as I placed the glass on the table in front of me.

“He won’t.” Andrew said, grabbing my hand and squeezing it hard. “She won’t let him touch her, Logan.”

I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair.

“How is Daisy?” I asked him.

I needed a distraction. I needed to think about something other than his hands on my mate’s body.

I remembered her moans. I remembered her sighs. I remembered how she looked and sounded while we made love. Would he ever see that? Would he ever get to hear her moan?

Goddess, please no.

She was mine. Her moans and orgasms were mine.

“Daisy is okay.” Andrew said as he let my hand go. “She is getting bigger and bigger, but I can’t tell her that.”

Andrew chuckled, and I shook my head.

“You probably shouldn’t.” I mumbled.

Andrew smiled and took a deep breath.

“I love that woman so much.” he said, looking down at his hands. “I can’t believe that I found her. I was sure that I wouldn’t.”

“I knew that there was a perfect mate for you.” I said as I poured more whiskey into my glass. “You are a good man. You deserve everything.”

Andrew glanced at me worriedly.

“You are a good man too.” Andrew said. “You know that, right?”

I wasn’t a good man. I’ve done a lot of shit in my life, and the Goddess was making me pay for it.

You rejected your mate? Here is another one who wants her.

You were an idiot who thought that your mate wasn’t strong enough? Here, let’s get her kidnapped so you can find out exactly how strong she is.

I was a horrible man, and Emma had to suffer because of it.

Maybe I didn’t even deserve her. Maybe Nathan would be a better option for her.

‘Are you fucking insane?!’ Leon growled loudly. ‘Stop thinking like that or I am going to claw your eyes out!’

“I can practically hear your thoughts, Logan.” Andrew sighed. “You are a good man. You made mistakes, yes. We all made mistakes. But you apologized. You made things right. You became the best mate to my sister.”

I looked up at him and sighed. I couldn’t talk about that. I didn’t want to talk about that. I needed a distraction.

“Did you choose a name for my nephew?” I asked Andrew.

Andrew smiled and shook his head.

“Not yet.” he said. “We can’t decide between Mason and Michael.”

“Michael?” I asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Michael was his father’s name.

“Daisy thinks that we should name him Michael to honor my dad.” Andrew sighed. “I like it, but I like Mason more.”

“I like Mason too.” I said, smiling at him. “Mason Carter, Beta of the Crescent Moon Pack.”

“He will be the best cousin to your kids.” Andrew said, smiling warmly at me.

I poured another glass of whiskey. I fucking needed it.

I didn’t want kids if I didn’t have Emma. The only children I would ever want would be hers.

“What time is it?” I asked as I poured whiskey down my throat.

“15 minutes left.” Andrew said.

I took a deep breath.

15 minutes.

I could do that. I could wait 15 minutes more.

Nobody mind-linked me so far, and I didn’t want to ask anyone anything. I could have mind-linked Liam and asked him how the dinner was going, but I was terrified that he would tell me something I didn’t want to hear.

“Do you want to go and wait outside?” Andrew asked me.

We were in a bar close to the restaurant.

“I have to finish the bottle first.” I mumbled, pouring myself another glass.

“Emma is going to kill me for letting you get drunk.” Andrew mumbled, making me roll my eyes.

"I'm not drunk." I said.

"Maybe a little." Andrew said.

I shrugged. Werewolves couldn't get drunk, at least not like humans could. I wasn't drunk, but I was tipsy. I wished I could get drunk. I wished that I could forget what was going on.

I took a deep breath and looked down at the glass in my hands.

12 more minutes.