

True Luna: Finding My True Mate: 97

Luna

Emma POV

Bend over your desk and wait for me. I got a mind-link from my husband. I'm coming over in a second.

My insides tingled, and a small smile spread across my face.

Don't take your clothes off. He growled. I want the honors.

I didn't know what I did to deserve this, but I wouldn't fight it too much. Sex with my mate was the one thing that always managed to relax me.

I had a tough day. The new kindergarten we were building wasn't done. The shipment of the materials was late, and we didn't know why. The opening kept getting delayed, and it frustrated me so much. Our old kindergarten wasn't in good shape. The pups deserved better. The parents deserved better.

I squeezed the back of my neck, trying to relax myself a little before Logan came over. It was useless, though. I just couldn't force my tense muscles to relax.

I stood up and did what my mate told me to do. I didn't take my clothes off, but I did raise my skirt a little higher. I wanted him inside me faster.

A few moments later, I heard my office door open. A lustful growl made me even wetter than I already was. I heard the door lock, and the wonderful scent of my mate reached me. I inhaled deeply, enjoying each and every second of it.

"Now that's a pretty sight." Logan said as he approached me. "I wanted to take that skirt off of you since you put it on this morning."

I felt his large hand on my butt, and I shivered.

"Please." I moaned, wishing he would just sink into me.

“Please what?” Logan growled as he bent down and kissed my neck.

This wasn't helping. It only made the ache between my legs worse. It was getting harder and harder to breathe.

“Please, fuck me.” I said, trying to catch my breath.

“Why so impatient, my little mate?” Logan growled as he placed his hand on my thigh and started lifting my skirt slowly.

It was still too slow for my liking.

“I need you.” I moaned.

Logan growled as his hand finally reached my pussy.

“Fuck, you are so wet.” he mumbled as he kneeled.

He lifted my skirt higher, and I felt his lips on my butt. He kissed it tenderly as he moved my panties to the side. He spread my legs wider and ran a finger through my folds.

I moaned and squirmed. I needed him. Now.

I felt his cold tongue as he licked my opening.

“How the fuck do you taste better each time I do this?” he growled as he stood back up.

I pushed myself back, trying to make him hurry up. I felt his hard dick pressing on my butt.

“You greedy little thing.” Logan growled as he slapped my butt.

I chuckled and pushed again, making him groan. He took a step back so he could pull his pants down.

A second later, I felt him push inside me.

I moaned, and he grunted.

“Fuck, baby.” he growled as he started pumping in and out of me. “You feel so fucking good.”

He placed a hand on my back, pinning me down on the desk. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t do anything except enjoy his thrusts.

And I did enjoy them. I felt my body relax completely. The only thing on my mind was my mate. His hands on my body, his cock inside of me, his scent all around me, the sound of his grunts as he fucked me at a steady pace.

I was close to my orgasm, but I needed more. I needed him to touch me more.

I whimpered, and he understood what I wanted immediately.

He reached down and started rubbing my clit.

“Come for me, baby.” Logan growled.

I felt my body heat up. I felt a start of a sweet explosion in my belly. I clenched my fists tightly. My toes curled inside my heels.

Logan’s thrusts became faster and harder. I could feel him tense up. He growled again, and I moaned loudly.

The explosion inside me reached its peak. Logan’s thrust stopped, and I felt him pulsate inside of me.

“Fuck, Emma.” Logan said, panting hard.

My heart was racing. My breaths were short and fast. I was floating on a cloud, and I enjoyed every second of it.

Logan pulled out of me and adjusted my panties. He moved his hand from my back and pulled my skirt back down.

I stood up and turned around. Logan was staring at me with so much love in his eyes that it made me shiver.

He cupped my cheeks and kissed me tenderly.

“Did I ever tell you how fucking perfect you are?” Logan mumbled as he traced my bottom lip with his tongue.

I smiled. He told me that every day.

“You tell me all the time.” I said as I wrapped my arms around his waist.

Logan smiled and kissed me again. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer. His touch was the only thing I needed.

I stopped kissing him and smiled.

“I need to go clean up.” I said as I placed a small kiss on his lips.

“No.” Logan growled quietly. “You will leave it like that. I want to see my seed on you when we come home tonight.”

Logan kissed me again, and I tangled my fingers into his hair, pulling him closer to me.

Logan picked me up and walked toward the couch in my office. He sat us down, never moving his lips from mine.

I wanted him again.

Logan stopped kissing me and smirked. “You will need to wait until we come home for me to fuck you again, baby.”

I sighed and rolled my eyes playfully.

“Don’t make me bend you over and slap your butt again.” Logan said, reaching down and squeezing my butt.

“You are not helping.” I whined as I placed a kiss on his neck.

Logan chuckled and kissed my temple.

“I felt that you were stressed, baby.” he said softly. “What’s wrong?”

I sighed and gave him a small smile.

He really was perfect. He knew what would help me relax. He knew how much I needed him, so he came to me.

He was everything that I needed.