

True Luna by Tessa Lilly

Chapter 46

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Chapter 46 Going Home

Emma POV

I was finally back in my room.

It's been a week since they found me. My infection was gone and the wolfsbane filtered out of my system. I could hear and feel

Eliza again. I was so happy when I heard her voice for the first time. I missed her terribly.

'I missed you too, Emma.' Eliza said.

I smiled, enjoying the sound of her voice in my head.

'I told you Andrew and Logan would find us.' She said proudly.

'You did.' I chuckled.

Wait...

I sat up abruptly.

She did?!

How?!

I had wolfsbane in my system. I couldn't talk to her for days. How could I talk to her in the cave?!

‘We are special, Emma.’ Eliza said quietly. ‘I pushed through the barrier to talk to you. But when I felt Andrew and Logan taking you home, I retreated. I needed to rest. Pushing through the wolfsbane barrier is hard.’

‘But how could you even do that, Eliza?’ I asked, confused. ‘Wolves can’t do that.’

‘We can.’ Eliza chuckled.

‘How?’ I asked, even more confused than before.

Eliza laughed and retreated back into my mind, ending our conversation.

I frowned. Why didn’t she answer me? What did she mean by that?

“Emma?” I heard Andrew yelling my name.

“Yes?” I yelled back.

“Lunch!” he yelled again.

I stood up with a huff. I wasn’t really hungry, but I knew Andrew would make me eat. He’s been unbearable in the hospital. I couldn’t skip one meal.

I walked into the kitchen and my eyes immediately went to the spot where Rolf knocked me out. It was the first time I came in here since it happened, and it made my stomach twist painfully.

It all came back to me like a tide wave.

Rolf's touches, Sienna's words, my helpless pleas. It felt like it was happening again.

"Emma?" I heard Andrew's voice calling me, but I couldn't look up at him.

My eyes were fixed on the spot where Sienna made me kneel. It was getting hard to breathe. My heart felt like it was going to

jump out of my chest. My palms started sweating. A cold shiver ran through my body.

"Shit." I heard Andrew mumble.

I still couldn't look up.

A moment later, the spot on the floor was covered by Andrew's body when he came to stand in front of me. He gently cupped my face and lifted my head so I would look at him. He had a worried expression on his face as he looked me

up and down.

"Em?" he called me again. "Do you want to eat in the dining room?"

I nodded, taking a deep breath.

"Okay, love." Andrew said as he kissed my forehead.

"Go sit down. I will bring our plates."

I nodded again, turned around and walked out of the kitchen. I had this awful feeling that Rolf was just behind me and that he

was going to grab me at any second.

I hurried toward the dining room and sat down.

A few moments later, I heard Andrew walking inside. He placed my plate in front of me and sat down. He made lasagna. My favorite. I gave him a grateful smile and picked up the fork. I wasn't really hungry, especially after what happened in the kitchen, but I knew I had to eat. Andrew wouldn't let me go back to my room until I ate enough. Sadly, his 'enough' wasn't the same as my 'enough'. "Are you okay, love?" Andrew asked as we started to eat. "I'm fine." I said and gave him a small smile. "I'm sorry about what happened." Andrew stopped eating and took my hand in his. "Don't apologize." he said sternly. "You have nothing to apologize for." I nodded and looked back down at my plate. Andrew picked his fork back up and continued eating. We ate in silence before we heard the back door open and the familiar scent of my mate filled my nostrils. My skin tingled and my lower belly heated. "Andrew?" I heard his deep voice call out to my brother. That definitely didn't help the desire welling up inside of me.

It was torture, really. My body wanted to forgive him. My body craved my mate's touch. But my mind screamed at me not to give in. He rejected me. He didn't want me.

"Dining room." Andrew yelled back.

Logan entered a few moments later, and I could feel his heated gaze on me, making the burn inside my belly worsen.

"Hi, baby." Logan smiled and walked over to me.

He kissed the top of my head and sat down next to me. Sparks flew across my skin and I had to stop a moan from escaping my lips.

"Why are you eating here?" Logan asked, looking at Andrew.

Andrew and I never ate in the dining room. It was too big and it just didn't make sense. Also, it reminded us of our parents. But I had a feeling we would be eating here from now on. At least I would.

"Emma was uncomfortable in the kitchen." Andrew answered, glancing at

Logan growled quietly and placed a hand on my back, rubbing small circles.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked me, leaning in and breathing my scent in.

“I’m fine.” I mumbled, not looking up at him.

Logan kissed my shoulder and sat back

“I wanted to talk to you about something.” Logan said to Andrew.

“Talk.” Andrew said, taking a sip of his beer.

“I want you and Emma to move into the packhouse.”

Logan said. “I want her closer to me.”

My heartbeat quickened and my body tensed up.

No. I didn’t want to move. I didn’t want to leave. This was my home. Also, it would be so much harder to ignore the mate bond if

Logan was close to me all the time.

I felt Logan and Andrew’s eyes on me and I looked up.

“I don’t want to move.” I said quietly, looking at Andrew.

He glanced at Logan before looking back at me.

“Why, Emma?”

“This is our home.” I said. “I don’t want to leave.”

“Maybe it would be a good thing, baby.”

Logan said, running a hand through my hair. “I don’t want you to be scared in your own home.”

“It will get better.” I said, looking at him. “I don’t want to leave.”

Logan looked at me worriedly before glancing at Andrew. I could tell that they were mind-linking each other, and it made me feel

uncomfortable.

“Okay, love.” Andrew finally spoke. “We won’t go.”

“But I will move in.” Logan finished, making me gasp.

My eyes widened and my heartbeat quickened. He was moving in? Why? I didn’t want him to. It would be hard to stay away from

him if he was here all the time.

I just wanted to go back to normal. Back to when I wasn’t Logan’s mate. I wanted to be a normal she-wolf, living with my brother

and hanging out with Jacob and Amy after training. I wanted to enjoy being 18 and getting to know my wolf. I wanted to sneak

out of the house and go to our cave. I wanted to go to parties. I just wanted to be normal. I didn’t want to be broken and in pain. I

didn’t want to have a panic attack every time I entered my own kitchen. I didn’t want to be supervised by my brother and my mate all the time.

“Baby?” Logan’s voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

“Why?” I asked, my voice trembling. “Why are you moving in?”

“I don’t want to be away from you.” Logan said sternly. “I want to be here and make sure that you are safe.”

I wanted to scream and tell him that I wasn't his responsibility. He rejected

He didn't want me. He didn't have to be the one to keep me safe.

But I couldn't. I could only stare at him, speechless.

"Are you okay, Emma?" Andrew asked, placing his hand on my back.

I nodded and placed my fork down. "I'm done eating. Can I go to my room?"

"Okay, Em." Andrew smiled. "When are Amy and Jacob coming?"

Logan growled and his eyes darkened. "Why is he coming here?"

"Enough, Logan." Andrew said sternly. "We've talked about this."

Logan placed his hand on my waist and pulled me closer. He buried his head in my neck, taking a deep breath. I felt him relax slightly, but his grip on me was still tight.

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"I'm sorry, baby." he mumbled. "I don't like to see him close to you."

I remained silent, waiting for him to let me go. I didn't really want him to. His touch sent pleasant shivers up and down my body.

The only thing I could think about was his hands on me. |

never wanted to leave.

But the voice inside my head screamed at me. He didn't want me. He would never want me. He would change his mind once he remembered how weak I was. He would reject me again. I couldn't let him do that. I couldn't let him hurt me like that again.

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Chapter 47 Burning

Logan POV

I was pissed as fuck.

In just a few short minutes, that little mutt would be sitting on this couch. He would be looking at MY mate like she belonged to

him. He would laugh with her, and he would touch her.

He thought that she would choose him. He thought that he would take her away from me.

‘SHE IS MINE!’ Leon growled so loudly that even I flinched.

‘I’m going to kill him.’ Leon continued. ‘He won’t touch her. He won’t have her. I won’t allow it. If you fuck up, Logan, I will stick my claws up your ass.’

‘I won’t fuck up.’ I sighed. ‘Not again. I will not lose her. She belongs to me. She is mine, and mine only.’

‘I’m glad we are finally on the same page.’ Leon growled. ‘Too bad you didn’t listen to me when we found out she was our mate.

There wouldn’t be other men after her right now.’

‘Shut the fuck up.’ I growled back.

I blocked him and took a deep breath. His words only fueled my anger and my jealousy. I knew that he was right. If I accepted

her, like I should have, there wouldn’t be a Jacob or a Drake now. Sienna would have never been able to take her from me. She

would be marked, mated, and mine. Nobody would have taken her away from me.

“Maybe you should leave, Logan.” Andrew sighed.

My eyes snapped to him. “Are you

insane?!”

Andrew ran his hand through his hair and sighed again. “You are too tense. Your Alpha aura in the room is suffocating.”

“I’m not leaving my mate alone with another male who wants her.” I growled, clenching my fists so hard that it hurt.

“She won’t be alone.” he said. “I will be here the whole time. And Amy is coming as well.”

My nostrils flared and my anger kept rising. “I said no.”

“Fine.” Andrew said, raising his hands in surrender.

“But try to calm down a bit.”

I gave him an angry glare and tried to listen to him. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

I heard Emma walking downstairs, and her intoxicating scent calmed me down. instantly.

I turned around to look at her.

She was beautiful. She was wearing leggings and a hoodie. Her hair was lifted in a messy bun. She looked so fucking amazing that I almost grabbed her and made her mine. Her scent was driving me crazy.

“Is everything okay?” she asked when she reached the bottom of the steps.

She could feel my Alpha aura in the air.

“Of course, love.” Andrew smiled at her. “Don’t worry.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but she was interrupted with a knock on the door.

Fuck.

My blood boiled, and he wasn't even inside.

Emma walked to the front door and opened it.

Amy jumped on her, squealing loudly.

"Emmy!" she yelled. "I'm so glad you are okay! I missed you so much!"

Emma chuckled and hugged her back. "I missed you too, Amy."

"Are you okay?" Amy asked her as she let her go and looked up and down her body.

"I'm fine." Emma smiled.

My heart skipped a million fucking beats. I wanted to kiss her.

Amy moved away, and the fucker walked inside.

He was looking at my mate like she was his whole world. I clenched my fists, and I had to hold back from killing him.

"Hello, beautiful." Jacob said as he pulled Emma to him, kissing her cheek.

I saw fucking red.

I growled loudly and jumped up.

"Logan!" Andrew shouted, grabbing my arm.

Emma and Amy looked at me with wide eyes. The fucker smirked.

“Alpha.” Jacob said smugly.

“Keep your fucking hands off of my mate!” I growled.

I was letting Andrew hold me back. If I wanted to, I could rip out of his hold and kill the fucker before anyone could blink.

But I couldn’t. Because of Emma. She would never forgive me if I hurt him.

Emma stepped away from Jacob, and he frowned.

“Alpha, Beta.” Amy nodded, breaking the tense silence. “I’m sorry. I was so happy to see Emma that I didn’t notice you there.”

“It’s okay, Amy.” I said as I sat back down.

“How are you, Amy?” Andrew asked her, giving her a small smile.

I have no idea what she said. My sole focus was on Jacob and the way he was looking at my mate.

Emma closed the door behind Jacob and motioned for him to sit down.

“Would you like something to drink?” Emma asked her guests.

“Coffee would be nice.” Amy smiled at her.

Emma nodded and smiled. “Jake?”

“Sure, beautiful.” the fucker said, smiling at her like she was the sole reason for his existence.

I hated the nickname. Only I got to call her that. She was mine. Her beauty was mine.

“Sit down, Em.” Andrew stood up and kissed the top of her head. “Hang out with your friends. I will get the coffee.”

“Thank you.” she smiled at him and sat down on the couch next to me.

I was so glad the fucker sat on an armchair. The only empty space was the one next to me. I reached out, placing my hand on her lower back. Touching her calmed me down. She stiffened and glanced at me.

“How are you, Emma?” Jacob asked her, leaning his elbows on his knees.

“I’m fine, Jake.” she smiled, looking back at him.

“Are you sure?” Amy asked, looking at her suspiciously.

“I’m sure.” Emma nodded. “My ribs are still sore, but it’s nothing compared to how it was a few days ago.”

“I am so sorry, Emma.” Jacob sighed. “I should have done something. I should have talked to your brother. I knew what she did to you before the kidnapping. I should have done something.”

“Stop it, Jake.” Emma said. “It’s not your fault. You wanted to talk to Andrew. I was the one who stopped you.”

“Well, even if I did talk to him, it wouldn’t have done much good.” Jacob said, sending me an angry glare. I growled loudly. The pup had some balls. I was his Alpha.

“What is that supposed to mean?!” I growled.

“Logan?” Emma called me before the fucker could answer. “Can I talk to you in private?”

I nodded, glaring at the fucker. Emma and I stood up, and I followed her to the backyard.

“Can you please stop fighting with Jake?” Emma asked as soon as we stepped outside.

She turned to look at me and crossed her arms over her chest.

I sighed and ran my hand through my hair. “It’s hard, Emma.”

“I know.” she sighed. “But please just try, okay?”

I looked at her, and all of my strength burned up in flames in a second. I couldn’t hold back anymore. I needed her more than my next breath.

I closed the distance between us in two long steps. I cupped her face with my hands and lowered my lips to hers.

Sparks. Tingles. The whole fucking fireworks.

Her mouth on mine felt perfect. Her scent consumed my senses completely. Her taste was the best thing I’ve ever had.

My whole body buzzed with need. Her skin was like fire under my touch.

The sweet moan that escaped her made my dick so fucking hard that it hurt. I groaned, placing a hand on the back of her neck and pulling her closer.

One of her hands gripped my shirt, and the other went to my hair, pulling on the strands, making my knees buckle. I almost fell down.

Fucking shit. She was addicting.

Our mouths moved perfectly together. I never wanted to stop kissing her.

The need to mark right then and there was overwhelming. Leon's possessive howls didn't help one bit. I pushed him back earlier, but he broke through my barrier as soon as he felt our mate in my arms.

Emma broke the kiss, panting heavily and staring at my chest.

I nuzzled my nose into her hair. "I love you, baby."

She looked up at me but stayed silent. I didn't expect her to say it back. I had a long road of forgiveness ahead of me before I could hear those words come out of her sweet, addicting mouth. But I needed her to know.

She was my whole word. She came before everything else in my life. I lived and breathed for her.

“We should go back inside.” Emma said quietly. I nodded, bending my head and placing a small kiss on her neck. She shivered, and I smiled.

“Let’s go, baby.” I said as I took her hand in mine and pulled her back into the house.

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Chapter 48 I Messed Up

Emma POV

I messed up.

I should have never let him kiss me.

Now I couldn't stop thinking about it. I couldn't stop thinking about his lips on mine, his hands on my body, and his scent all around me.

I messed up pretty bad.

I was lying on my bed, staring at the ceiling. I was painfully aware of him sleeping in the room opposite mine. He's already moved in.

Every part of my body wanted to run to him. I wanted to feel his hands on me. I wanted to feel his lips on my neck. I wanted to sink my canines into his neck, marking him and letting everybody know that he was mine.

But the voice inside my head kept screaming at me. I felt like I was tied up to my own bed, unable to do what my body craved to do.

And I knew that the voice was right.

Logan didn't want me. He would soon realize that I was still the same small, weak she-wolf he rejected. Only this rejection would

hurt so much more. It would probably kill me.

I was already battling with the memories from the cave. I had a hard time stopping Rolf's words from constantly repeating in my

mind. I could still smell that awful smell of wolfsbane mixed with my own blood. I could still see the orange hue that fire created on the cave walls. I could still feel the cold floor of the cave on every part of my body.

My body was out, but my brain was still trapped inside that cave.

And I wasn't sure I was ever going to get out.

If I added the pain of his rejection on top of all that, I didn't know if I would be strong enough to keep on going.

Especially now that I got a taste of him, now that I knew what it felt like to have his hands on my body. I groaned and closed my eyes.

This was going to be so hard.

It would be so much easier if he stayed in the packhouse. I wouldn't have to see him all the time. I wouldn't have to feel him close to me. I wouldn't be surrounded by his scent all the time.

I opened my eyes and sighed.

'Eliza?' I called my wolf.

'Yes, Emma?' she responded sleepily.

'Are you up for a run?' I asked, hoping she would say yes.

I really needed to get out of here just for a little while. His scent was driving me crazy. I was seconds away from running to him.

‘Run?’ Eliza asked, and I could feel her getting excited.

I hadn’t shifted since my birthday. I knew Eliza wanted to be set free again.

‘Yes.’ I responded. ‘I need to get out of here for a while.’

She understood immediately. ‘Let’s go, Em.’

I got out of bed quietly and walked to my closet. I pulled a hoodie over my pajamas and put on a pair of sweats. I put on socks

and sneakers and walked over to my window, opening it as quietly as I could.

I knew that I couldn’t go out through the front door. I would wake up Andrew and Logan, and they wouldn’t be happy with me

wanting to go for a run in the middle of the night.

Maybe they wouldn’t forbid me to go, but they would surely want to come with

me, and that would mess up my plans of getting away from Logan for a little while.

I climbed out of my window carefully and jumped off the roof. I landed in soft snow. I stayed crunched down for a few moments,

waiting to see if Logan or Andrew woke up.

When I couldn’t hear anything, I stood

up

and walked to the tree line.

I removed my clothes and folded them in a pile under the tree. I was shivering, and I couldn't wait to shift.

'Ready, Em?' Eliza asked me.

'Yes.' I said with a small smile.

I closed my eyes and let Eliza take over. It wasn't as painful as the first time, but it wasn't comfortable either.

'I'm sorry, Emma.' Eliza said. 'We haven't shifted in a while. It will get easier.'

'It's okay.' I smiled and opened my eyes.

Well, my wolf's eyes. I looked down and saw my white paws.

The combination of snow and moonlight made me look like I was

glowing. I grinned and took off.

I was running through the woods, feeling the cold air brush through my fur. The feeling was amazing. The fresh air helped me

clear my mind. Now that I was away from Logan and his scent, I could think clearly. I couldn't let him kiss me again. I couldn't let

him touch me again. Not until I had time to think about everything. Not until I had time to decide what to do.

‘Are you going to reject him?’ Eliza whined after listening to my thoughts.

‘I don’t know.’ I sighed. ‘He doesn’t want me, Eliza.’ ‘He does!’ she exclaimed. ‘Leon wants us. Logan wants us. Logan regrets rejecting us, Emma. He loves us.’

‘He is going to remember why he rejected me in the first place.’ I said. ‘Nothing’s changed. I’m still the same girl he didn’t want. I won’t be able to survive the next rejection, Eliza. It will kill me.’

‘How are we going to live in this pack with him close?’ she whined again. ‘We would still want him. It would be torture.’

‘I was thinking of leaving for a while.’ I shrugged.

‘Visit other packs, travel, get some new experiences.’

Eliza gasped. ‘What about Andrew and Asher? I don’t want to leave my brother, Emma!’

‘We would come back, Eliza.’ I sighed. ‘We wouldn’t leave forever.’

Before she could respond, I heard the panicked voices of Andrew and Logan in my mind.

EMMA! They screamed at the same time.

I got so scared I stopped abruptly, tripped over my own feet, and landed snout-first into the snow.

Shit.

Where are you?! I could hear Logan's panicked voice.

Come back right now! Andrew shouted.

I stood up and shook the snow off of my fur.

What's wrong? I mind-linked them back. I'm close by. I just wanted to go for a run. I'm fine.

Come back, Emma. Andrew said. Right now. It's not safe.

Not safe? What was he talking about?

I looked around. I wasn't even close to the border, and I was completely alone.

Did the rogues attack somewhere else?

Not safe? I asked them as I turned around to run back to my house. Is it the rogues?

Just come back right now, baby, please. Logan's scared voice filled my mind.

Eliza purred at the sound of his voice, and I sighed.

Convincing her that leaving him was the best option for us would be hard.

After about 15 minutes, I came back home.

Logan and Andrew were pacing nervously around the tree where I left my clothes. They were wearing sweats only, making me

wonder how the hell they weren't freezing their asses off right now.

I could see the perfection of Logan's body. The muscles on his arms were huge. His stomach looked hard and soft at the same

time. The V line going into his sweats made me want to drool. He was perfect. I wanted to touch him. I wanted everybody to know that he was mine.

But I knew that would never be true. He would never be mine.

As soon as they heard me approach, they snapped their heads toward me.

“Oh, thank fuck.” Andrew mumbled, picking up my clothes from the ground.

Logan gasped. It was the first time he saw Eliza. He walked up to me, running his hand through my fur.

Eliza purred, making me frown. Even in my wolf form, Logan was taller than me.

He cupped my wolf head into his large hands and placed a kiss on my snout.

“You are beautiful, baby.” he mumbled.

“Let her shift, Logan.” Andrew said as he tried to remove the snow from my clothes.

Logan stepped away and turned around. Andrew placed the clothes in front of me, turning around as well.

I shifted back and put my wet clothes

“What happened?” I asked as soon as I was done.

Logan and Andrew turned around and wrapped their arms around me.

“You are okay.” Andrew mumbled, making me confused.

Why wouldn’t I be okay?

They let me go and started pulling me inside the house.

“You need to change into some dry clothes.” Logan said as he opened the back door. “When you are done, come back downstairs.”

“We need to talk, love.” Andrew finished, placing a kiss on the top of my head.

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Chapter 49 The White Wolf

Logan POV

When one of my patrol guards mind- linked Andrew and me and told us that he saw a white wolf running through the forest, my heart almost gave out.

I kept picturing someone taking her away from me again. I was so afraid she would disappear again. Andrew was a wreck. He almost destroyed the whole house when we found her empty bed. We had no choice. We had to tell her the truth.

Emma came back downstairs wearing a dry pair of sweatpants and a simple long-sleeved black shirt. She looked amazing. She would look amazing wearing a trash bag, as far as I was concerned.

She sat down on the armchair opposite us and raised her eyebrow.

“Will you tell me what’s wrong?” she asked, looking at Andrew. “I know I shouldn’t have gone away in the middle of the night without telling you first, but it was just a short run. I was nowhere near the border.”

“Why were you out in the middle of the night in the first place?” Andrew sighed.

“I couldn’t sleep.” she shrugged.

Goddess, I wanted to kiss her so bad.

Andrew ran a hand through his hair and leaned his elbows on his knees.

“You are right.” he said quietly. “You shouldn’t have gone outside in the middle of the night without telling me, but it’s not about the run, Emma. It’s about your safety.”

“My safety?” she asked, confused. “Sienna and Rolf are locked up, aren’t they?”

Andrew and I growled when she said their names.

Yes, they were locked up, and they would never leave. The only way out was death, and neither Andrew nor I were willing to give them that anytime soon. They had a lot to pay for. Every time Emma got scared or had a flashback, the list of their debts increased. They were going to be in my cellar for a very long time.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm down.

Emma started panicking when we didn’t respond right away.

“Oh, Goddess, did they escape?” she said, her eyes widening.

Her breaths were getting short and fast, and her eyes kept glancing from me to Andrew.

“No, baby, don’t worry.” I said, trying to stay calm.

“They are locked up.”

She visibly relaxed before getting confused again.

“Why am I in danger then?”

“Do you remember the day Alpha Drake came to visit our pack?” Andrew asked her.

Emma nodded and gulped. It was the day before Sienna kidnapped her.

“Well, he didn’t just come for dinner.” Andrew continued. “He came to give us information he got about the Rogue King and the attacks on our packs.”

Emma furrowed her eyebrows. “Okay.”

“Drake managed to capture one of the rogue wolves who attacked his pack.” I continued. “He managed to get

information out of him. We noticed that the Rogue King attacked only the packs whose Alphas were mateless, but we didn’t know why. Drake managed to get the rogue to tell us the reason.”

“What is the reason?” Emma asked.

I glanced at Andrew, who gave me a small nod.

“The Rogue King believes that one of us has a very powerful mate.” I said slowly. “She is supposed to be the greatest Luna that ever existed. She is a True Luna. The Rogue King wants her for himself. He wants to mark her and mate with her because he

believes she will give him powerful offspring. His plan is

to use her and take over the packs.”

Talking about another man wanting to mark my mate made me want to throw up. I could barely finish speaking. The need to grab her and never let go only grew as I continued talking. Just the thought of her with someone else made my blood boil and my body burn.

Emma furrowed her eyebrows. “What does that have to do with me?”

“Drake asked the rogue he captured about that she-wolf.” Andrew continued. “He wanted to know how the Rogue King would know who that she-wolf is.”

Andrew stopped to take a deep breath. My heart started beating painfully fast.

“What did the rogue say?” Emma asked quietly.

“The rogue said they were told to look for a pure white wolf.” Andrew said slowly.

Emma froze. She was staring at Andrew without moving a muscle. I wanted to take her into my arms and tell her that he would never touch her. I wanted to tell her she was safe with me. I would never let anyone, or anything hurt her again.

“Emma?” Andrew called her after a few minutes of complete silence.

“I am a pure white wolf.” she mumbled, not moving her gaze from Andrew.

“Yes.” he nodded slowly. “You are the True Luna, love. Which is why it is not safe for you to shift and show your wolf to anyone.”

“He still doesn’t know about you, and we need to make sure it stays like that.” I continued, making her look at me. “You can’t shift and go on a run, baby. You can’t tell anyone about this, not until we deal with him.”

Well, he suspected that she was in this pack, but he didn’t know for sure. And he wouldn’t get a chance to confirm it. I would deal with him before he did.

She was staring at me with an unreadable expression on her face. I wasn’t even sure she heard me. What was she thinking about?

“Emma, baby, did you hear what I said?” I asked carefully, leaning toward her and placing my elbows on my knees.

I wanted to hold her, but I knew that she needed a little space right now. I didn’t want to push her, especially now when I was on thin ice with her.

I saw tears forming in her eyes. She tried to take a breath, but it was interrupted when a sob escaped her.

Andrew and I were on our feet in a second. We wanted to go to her, but she stopped us when she raised her hands.

She looked at me, and the tears fell on her cheek. My heart was breaking in a million pieces. Seeing her cry felt like I was being stabbed repeatedly.

“What’s wrong, baby?” I asked, my voice breaking.

“Are you scared? Please don’t be scared. He will never touch you. He will

never breathe near you. I will never let anything happen to you again, baby.”

“Is that why you suddenly changed your mind about me?” she asked quietly. “Is that why you suddenly accepted me?

Now that I’m supposedly powerful, I am good enough to be your mate and Luna?”

I felt like someone poured a bucket of ice water all over me.

I couldn’t speak. I couldn’t think.

I was an idiot.

Of course she would think that. How did I not see this coming? Oh, Goddess, what should I do?

‘I AM GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU, LOGAN!’

Leon screamed, clawing to be set free.

I ignored him and pushed him to the back of my mind.

Andrew took a step toward her, but she stopped him.

“Don’t come near me, Andrew.” she said. “How long have you known?”

Andrew looked like she stabbed him. His own pup telling him to stay away from her was hurting him.

“From the day Sienna took you.” Andrew said, his voice laced with pain. “We had a meeting with Drake in the interrogation room that morning.”

I still couldn’t move. I was frozen. I wanted to hold her, but I knew she wouldn’t let me.

“Is that why you searched for me?” she asked, sobbing. “I was worth something to you because you found out that I am powerful?”

My heart broke in half.

“Goddess, Emma, no!” Andrew said,

I

stepping toward her.

She tried to step back, but he grabbed her and pinned her against his chest.

“You are my sister.” he said, tears falling down his face. “I searched for you because I love you. I searched for you because I

can't live without you. It had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that you are the True Luna and absolutely everything to do with the fact that you are my whole life."

She stopped fighting him, but she didn't hug him back. I could hear her sobbing, and it made me move. My instinct to protect my mate worked its magic, and I was next to her in a second.

I placed my arm on her back, and she froze. I tried to ignore it.

"Emma, baby, I love you." I said quietly. "I was an idiot when I rejected you, and I realized that even before I found out about you being the True Luna. I would want you either way, baby."

She stopped crying and lifted her head from Andrew's chest. She looked at me with those blue eyes I adored.

"I need some time alone." she said quietly, taking a step back from me and Andrew.

Andrew tried to grab her arm, but she didn't let him.

"Please, Andrew." she said. "I need to think."

She turned around, not waiting for us to respond. She ran upstairs, and we heard her shut and lock her bedroom door.

"Fuck!" Andrew said, sitting back down and burying his face into his hands.

I clenched my fists. I was ready to burn the world down.

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Chapter 50 Hurt

Emma POV

I felt like I was going to throw up.

I was angry. I was hurt. I was terrified.

I didn't know when or how, but I found myself kneeling on my bathroom floor, trying to empty my stomach into the toilet.

My whole body was shaking, and I wasn't sure if it was because of anger or how scared I was.

He was after me. He wanted me. He was going to take me.

Nobody could help me. Nobody could save me.

Suddenly, I wished I was back in that cave with Rolf. At least he planned on killing me. At least my suffering would have been short.

The Rogue King wanted to mark me. He wanted to make me his. He wanted me to give birth to his children. He wanted to use me.

But why me? There was nothing special about me. I wasn't powerful. There was nothing special about me.

A panicked sob escaped my lips.

Oh, Goddess, what do I do?

I couldn't let him take me. I had to do something. I had to run. I had to hide.

My heart was beating so fast that I thought it was going to break my rib cage and jump out of my body. I couldn't stop shaking.

'Andrew and Logan will never let him hurt us.' Eliza whined, making the pain in my heart increase tenfold.

'Are you kidding me?' I growled at her. 'Logan only changed his mind once he found out that I was powerful! He didn't want me

before that, Eliza! I don't want his help. I don't need his help.'

'He wanted you! Leon told me everything!' she cried out. 'He always did, Emma. Please, talk to him. Let him explain.'

'There is nothing to explain.' I said angrily. 'He will never touch me again. I will never be his.'

Eliza whined loudly, and I blocked her. I couldn't handle her pain. My own was more than enough. I sat down on the cold floor with my head between my knees.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to think. I could only sob and feel the pain in my heart.

I should have known something happened. Logan loved his pack more than anything. He would never change his mind without a good reason. I guessed that me supposedly being a powerful Luna was a good enough reason. Well, of course it was. It would help him with his pack.

I was nothing to him but a means to an end.

I just wanted to be loved for who I was. I wanted to be loved because I was

Emma, not because I was the True Luna.

And the only one who's ever loved me just because I was Emma was Jake.

He never cared if I was small or weak. He trained me, not to make me stronger for his benefit, but to help me defend myself better. He did it for me, and he didn't expect anything back. He loved me even when he found out I was not his mate.

I just wished that I could love him back the same way. I wished that he was my mate.

Maybe he could be.

Maybe I wasn't the True Luna. Maybe I wasn't even pure white. I probably had other colors on my fur, but they were well hidden and we didn't notice them.

If I could prove that I wasn't a pure white wolf, Logan would surely reject me again. I would be free to accept

Jake as my chosen mate.

I would be free. I would live a peaceful, happy life with a mate who loves me.

I could feel Eliza's pain increasing. I could hear her muffled whine. I forced her even further back into my mind. I couldn't deal

with her pain right now. She would get used to it.

She would have to accept my decision.

With that newfound hope, I pushed myself off of the floor and stood up.

I decided to go to Amy, shift, and make her examine every part of my body. There had to be different colors on my body. I

couldn't be the True Luna. I was nothing special.

I checked the time and saw it was 6 am. Amy would have to get up a little earlier today.

I put my sneakers on, tied my hair into a ponytail and grabbed my jacket.

I left my room and walked downstairs.

I could hear Logan and Andrew's voices. They were still in the living room.

Their heads snapped toward me as soon as they heard me coming.

"Where are you going?" Andrew asked, standing up abruptly.

"To see Amy." I said coldly.

I was mad at him. He knew what Logan was doing to me, and he said nothing. He should have warned me to not trust Logan. He

should have said something. But I guessed that he kept quiet because I was supposed to be powerful and it would be beneficial

to his pack. He was using me just like Logan was.

My heart was breaking, but I had to accept the truth.

"Why?" Logan asked. "You can't tell her, Emma. It's not safe."

My anger rose. I clenched my fists and took a deep breath.

“I can and I will.” I growled. “She is my best friend. She is the only one I can trust right now!”

“That’s not true, Emma.” Andrew said, shaking his head. “You can trust us.”

“It’s a little late for that, Andrew.” I said, turning around and walking toward the door.

Two arms wrapped around me, picking me up and sending tingles down my body.

“Let me go!” I shouted, trying to wiggle my way out of his arms.

“No.” Logan growled in my ear. “You are not leaving this house until you talk to us.”

He sat down on the couch, placing me on his lap and locking his arms around me. I looked at him over my shoulder, sending him an angry glare.

“I don’t want to talk to you.” I growled.

“Too bad.” Logan shrugged. “I’m not letting you go. You won’t put yourself in danger. Nobody can know and nobody will know, Emma.”

Andrew walked toward us and sat on the coffee table in front of Logan and

1.

“You have every right to be angry, Emma.” Andrew said, placing his hand on my knee.

“But don’t put yourself in danger, please. Amy can’t know, for your safety and

hers. If she doesn't know, she is not worth anything to the Rogue King."

I glared at him, but his words got to me. Was I really putting her in danger by telling her? Would he really hurt her? I would never

forgive myself if she got hurt because of me.

"Fine." I said through my teeth. "I won't tell her anything. But you need to do something for me, then."

"Anything, love." Andrew said, giving me a small smile.

I could see how sad he was, and it was breaking my heart. But I was way too angry and hurt to do anything about it.

"I am going to shift and you will look for color in my fur." I said. "I'm not the True Luna. I am not strong or powerful. You will find it and we can put an end to this."

Logan stiffened beneath me. "What are you talking about?"

"You can reject me again when you see that I'm not strong." I said, looking at him over my shoulder. "You can stop using me for your pack and I can move on and live a peaceful life."

I wanted to add that I would live a peaceful life with a mate who loved me for me, but I knew not to push his buttons. I was still

his mate, and I knew how possessive he was. Even though he didn't really want me, his wolf would freak out hearing me say that.

The growl that left his body made the entire house shake. I could feel his chest vibrate. I could see the fury in his eyes.

Andrew gasped and muttered a curse under his breath.

Logan's hands around me tightened even more. His canines slipped out and his eyes darted to my neck. I tried to push away from him, panicking that he would mark me.

"Logan!" Andrew shouted, grabbing me and trying to pull me away from him.

Logan's eyes snapped to Andrew. They were a mixture of his and his wolf's.

"SHE IS MINE!" Logan yelled, ripping me back to him and pinning me to his chest.

"She is yours, Logan." Andrew said calmly. "I'm not taking her away. But you can't mark her. Not like this."

I could feel his heart beating frantically. I could feel his chest vibrating. I could feel his breath on my shoulder.

A few minutes passed before he calmed down slightly.

He buried his nose in my neck and took a deep breath. My body shivered.

“You are mine, Emma.” he said. “You won’t be moving on. I will never reject you. I will never leave you. I don’t care if you are strong or not. I am not strong without you. I love you, baby, and nothing and no one will take you away from me.”

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