

# True Luna by Tessa Lilly

## Chapter 51

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### **Chapter 51 Leaving?**

Andrew POV

Logan calmed down a bit, but he was still upset.

“Let him hold you until he calms down.” I told my sister.

I could see how hurt and angry she was, and it was breaking my heart. She had every right to be, I knew that, but I wished that

she wasn't. I wished that she would let me explain.

Judging from the way she was looking at me, I wasn't sure she would let me explain anytime soon.

It was killing me.

I wanted to claw my heart out. I wanted to punish myself for being stupid. I wanted to go back and fix every mistake I've ever made.

‘You should have listened to me.’ Asher growled.

‘We wouldn't be losing our sister right now.’

My heartbeat quickened. Losing her? What the hell was he talking about?

She was mad, yes, but she would let me explain. She would forgive me.

‘What the fuck are you talking about, Asher?’ I growled back at him.

‘Eliza told me that Emma was talking about leaving the pack to get some space from Logan.’ Asher whined. ‘That was before you told her the truth. Who knows what will she do now.’ My body froze. She wanted to leave the pack? She wanted to leave me?

No.

No fucking way I was letting that happen!

My hands went to grab her without thinking. I grabbed her arm, holding on to her, but not pulling her away from Logan. He would rip my head off right now. I was already risking a lot of shit just by touching her.

‘She will never leave me.’ I told Asher. 7  
won’t allow it.’

‘Eliza will do what she can to keep her in the pack.’ Asher sighed sadly.

‘Does Leon know?’ I asked, even though I already knew the answer to that question.

If Leon knew, my house would already be destroyed and maybe even burned to the ground.

‘Of course not.’ Asher said. ‘He would go insane. Eliza only told me because she is afraid. She doesn’t want to leave us or

Logan and Leon. You know we don't communicate much.'

Asher was right. Our wolves didn't talk to each other much. Mates

communicated more often, but it was mostly lovey-dovey stuff. They shared our private conversations and thoughts only when

they were afraid their human would do something dangerous, and they only shared it with mates and family.

Just as Eliza was doing now.

'Don't worry, Asher.' I said, tightening my grip on Emma's arm. 'She won't leave. I won't let her.'

'You better not.' Asher growled. 'I will beat your ass myself if you do something stupid this time.'

I growled back at him before cutting our communication off and focusing back on Logan and Emma.

Logan seemed better. His canines retracted, and his eyes were back to their normal color. His nose was buried in Emma's hair, and he was taking deep breaths.

"Logan?" I called him carefully.

He lifted his head and looked at me.

"Are you okay?" I asked him quietly.

He looked down at Emma and shook his head.

I felt sorry for him, but I understood Emma as well.

“Can you let me go now?” Emma asked him.

He took a deep breath and loosened his grip on her.

She sat up and looked at him. He placed his hands on her hips, keeping her seated on his lap.

“Emma...” he started to talk, but she interrupted him.

“I don’t want to hear it, Logan.” she said, trying to get out of his grip. “Please just let me go.”

“I can’t, baby.” Logan mumbled.

“Can you please talk to us?” I asked her quietly, running my fingers through her hair.

She turned to look at me. “No.”

“Emma, baby...” Logan started talking again, but he was interrupted.

“No.” Emma said angrily. “I’m not your baby! Stop calling me that and let me go!”

She started to push away from Logan, and he had no choice but to do what she said. As soon as Logan loosened his grip on her,

Emma stood up from his lap and ran back upstairs without looking at either one of us.

Both Logan and I stared at the stairs long after she was gone.

“What do we do?” Logan asked after a long silence.

“I have no fucking idea.” I groaned, placing my head into my hands. “But I think we are losing her, Logan.”

“She is so hurt and angry.” he whispered, staring at the stairs and ignoring my earlier comment.

I didn’t know if he didn’t hear me or if he ignored it on purpose.

“Can you blame her?” I growled, looking up at him.

“Is it a little suspicious when you think about it.”

His head snapped toward me. His anger was back.

“Are you saying that the only reason I want her is because she is the True Luna?” he growled, his eyes blazing with fury.

“No.” I sighed tiredly. “I know that’s not true, Logan. I am saying that I understand where she is coming from. It looks that way, man. I am sorry.”

His anger turned into pain, and he sighed, running his hand through his hair.

“I know how it looks,” he cried out, “But it can’t be farther from the truth. I love her. I want her. I don’t give a fuck about her strength or her power. I just want Emma. I love Emma.”

“I know.” I mumbled. “You will get her back. I will get her back.”

“What do we do, Andrew?” Logan asked, leaning back on the couch.

“We show her that her being the True Luna has nothing to do with us wanting her.” I said. “I will repeat it as many times as I need to.”

“What if she doesn’t believe us?” Logan whispered.

“She will.” I said with absolute certainty.

“She is hurt and angry now. I will give her an hour to calm down a little, and I will go talk to her. I always do that when she is upset. I give her enough time and space to calm her emotions down, but not enough time and space to spiral into her thoughts.”

“You are a good brother.” Logan said.

I smiled sadly at him. “I could be better.”

I thought about telling Logan what Asher told me, but I decided it wasn’t a good idea. I really wanted to keep my house intact. I

would talk to Emma about it and try to see how serious she was about leaving. If there was something to worry about, I would tell Logan. If not, he never had to know.

“Do you think she will listen to you?” he asked me, moving his gaze back to the stairs.

“I don’t know.” I sighed. “I will do my best to convince her to listen.”

“I really hope you will succeed.” Logan sighed. “I can’t live without her, man.”

“I know.” I mumbled. “Me neither.”

I really hoped that I wouldn't have to find out what it was like to live without her. I barely survived the four days she was gone. I

couldn't go through that again. I would do whatever I had to do to keep her here.

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### **Chapter 52 The Talk**

Emma POV

I was sitting on the floor in my room with my knees pressed against my chest.

It was hard to breathe. It was hard to stop the tears falling from my eyes.



It was getting really hard keeping Eliza away. She was trying to push through. She was putting a lot of pressure on the barrier, trying to talk to me.

But I knew what she was going to say, and I didn't want to listen to her.

My heart felt like it was breaking into a million tiny pieces. I've never felt more alone in my life.

My brother lied to me. My mate only wanted to use me. I couldn't talk to my friends because I would put them in danger.

Maybe leaving would be the best option?

I was already considering it before. I wanted some time away from Logan. I wanted some space so I could decide what to do.

Now, he decided for me.

Leaving now could mean that the Rogue King wouldn't be able to find me. I could travel far away and he would never know that

Emma Parker existed. I could settle in a big human city, and he would never be able to find me. He would probably forget about the White Wolf. Maybe it would become a legend. I would grow old and live my life peacefully.

Eliza's cry was so loud that I could hear it through the barrier.

I considered removing the barrier and letting her speak, but I was interrupted with a knock on the door.

The door opened, and Andrew walked inside.

Shit. I forgot to lock it.

His eyes found me on the floor, and he sighed. He closed the door behind him, walked over, and sat down in front of

1.

He studied my face for a few moments before he sighed and ran his hand through his hair.

“You are not leaving the pack, Emma.” he said softly.

My breath got caught in my throat. How the hell did he know about that?!

“Eliza told Asher.” Andrew answered the question inside my head.

Shit!

‘Why, Eliza?’ I growled at her, removing the barrier.

‘Asher and Andrew are my brothers too, Emma.’ she whined. ‘We can’t leave them. We are safest with them. I couldn’t let you do that.’

“It’s my decision, Andrew.” I told my brother, ignoring Eliza.

“I can’t let you do that, Emma.” Andrew responded, shaking his head. “I can’t let you leave.”

“Why?” I asked. “Because the pack would suffer without me?”

I could see Andrew was hurt by my question. It made my heart clench painfully. I never wanted to hurt my

brother. I loved him the most in this world. But I was so angry I couldn't think straight.

“You know that's not why, Emma.” Andrew said, his voice filled with pain.

I looked down at my hands, trying to swallow the huge lump in my throat. I knew it wasn't why he wouldn't let me go, but my fear and anger blinded me.

Andrew reached out and wiped the tears that fell on my cheek.

“Those four days without you were the hardest days of my life, Em.” Andrew said softly. “I can't go through that

again. I can't let you leave. I can't wake up in this house without you in it. When you were gone, I haven't spent a minute

here. I was either out searching for you, or in the packhouse trying to eat something. I didn't step foot in this house before you returned.”

I looked up at my brother and saw nothing but sincerity in his eyes. I knew that he was telling the truth. But why didn't he tell me

about Logan?

“I would never use you, Emma.” he continued. “I wish you weren’t the White Wolf. I wish you weren’t this awesome future Luna. I

just wish you were my little sister, my little pup. I wish your teenage years were filled with happiness and laughter and not fear and sadness.”

I was wrong before.

Jake wasn’t the only one who loved me for me.

Andrew did too.

“I am responsible for a lot of that fear and sadness.” he sighed. “I’ve made a lot of mistakes, Emma. I can’t take them back, but I can apologize. I can promise to try and be a better brother.”

Tears fell on my cheeks, and I took a deep breath. I moved from the spot I’d been sitting on for the past hour, climbed on my brother’s lap, and wrapped my arms around him. I sobbed, burying my head into his neck.

“Oh, love.” Andrew mumbled, wrapping his arms around me tightly. “I am so sorry, little one.”

He rocked me back and forth, rubbing my back and running his hand through my hair. It reminded me of when I was a little girl

and I came to him when I got sad or hurt. He would always calm me down like this.

“Why didn’t you tell me about Logan?” I mumbled into his neck.

He stopped rocking back and forth and moved so he could look at me.

“I know how it looks, Emma.” he said. “But he really doesn’t care about that. He really loves you, Em. Not because you are the White Wolf, not because you are strong, but because you are you.”

Was he reading my mind?

“I don’t know if I can believe that.” I mumbled, looking down at Andrew’s shoulder.

“Just give him a chance, love.” Andrew said, kissing my temple. “Let him explain. I was with him when you were gone, Em. He was broken. He was a complete mess. In that moment, he couldn’t give a shit about whether you were weak or strong, or had four eyes and a bald spot. He only wanted you back.”

I looked up at him and he smiled.

“Do you think he would give his pack to aunt Gloria to run and spend days next to your bed, waiting for you to wake up, if he only

wanted you for your powers?" he asked, removing the strand of hair from my face. "I had to force him to go to the bathroom, Emma. I really didn't want to see my Alpha wet himself, or worse.

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I chuckled.

"Don't tell him I said that." Andrew said, shaking his head in amusement.

"I won't." I said, giving him a small smile.

"No, but seriously, Em." Andrew said, his smile disappearing and his serious look coming back. "If he wanted you only because of your strength, he would just wait until you woke up to come and see you. He wouldn't be there all the time, refusing to leave the room for a minute in case you woke up."

I sighed, burying my head back into Andrew's neck. He wrapped his arms around me even tighter than before.

"I know you will need some time, Emma." he whispered. "But please talk to him when you are ready."

I didn't answer. Andrew went back to running his hand through my hair.

"Can you promise me something?" he asked me after a few silent minutes.

“What?” I asked, not looking up.

“Promise me you won’t leave.” he whispered, turning his head and burying his nose into my hair. “Asher and I can’t live without you, Emma. Eliza can’t live without us. And I know you can’t either.”

I

He was right. I couldn’t imagine my life without Andrew in it. As much as I wanted to run away from Logan, leaving Andrew would break me.

“I promise.” I whispered, making Andrew sigh in relief.

“Thank fuck.” he growled. “Never think about it again, okay? Asher and I almost had a heart attack. No matter what happens, you can’t leave me, okay?”

“Okay.” I said, chuckling slightly.

“Good.” Andrew said, kissing the top of my head. He continued rocking me back and forth, and I could feel his body relax.

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### **Chapter 53 Time**

Logan POV

I was frozen.

My heart was thumping in my chest, pressing up against my rib cage, trying to leave my body.

I should be on my feet right now, tearing down the house, burning down the fucking world.

But I wasn't. I was sitting on this couch with my fists clenched tight and a lump the size of the sun lodged in my throat.

I didn't mean to listen to their conversation. I really didn't. I had the papers regarding the increase in our vegetable production in

front of me. I was working. I was focused on the pack.

But then I overheard five words that broke me.

'Promise me you won't leave.'

And it was Andrew who said those words. Andrew asked Emma not to leave.

She wanted to leave? She wanted to leave the pack? She wanted to leave me?

My heart broke and the pain almost made me scream.

No.

I wouldn't let her.

I would do whatever I had to do to make her stay.

She couldn't leave me. It would kill me. I barely survived those four days without her.

Leon was howling in pain, and I couldn't even talk to him right now. I felt him calling on Eliza in pain. I hoped she could calm him

down. I hoped that she didn't want to leave us. I hoped that she would stop Emma.

If she couldn't, I definitely would.

I wasn't letting her leave. She was fucking mine.

I heard footsteps coming down the stairs, and I turned around to see Andrew.

"Where is she?" I asked, panicking and jumping up from the couch.

I was terrified she would leave through the window again. I was going to have to do something about that. I would put

bars on her windows, I didn't fucking care. She was mine. She couldn't leave

1.

“She is showering and I’m making her breakfast.” he said, walking toward the kitchen.

I followed him with my fists clenched tight.

“Why did you make her promise not to leave?” I growled at him as soon as we entered the kitchen. He turned to look at me. His eyes were wide and his mouth was open in surprise.

“You promised you wouldn’t listen, Logan!” he said angrily.

“And I didn’t!” I growled. “I overheard it by accident. I was focused on my work and my control slipped.”

It was hard for us to control our senses at all times. They were heightened and we had to suppress them if we wanted to be less

simulated by our environment. That was why all of our bedrooms in the packhouse were soundproofed. There was

nothing worse than hearing your friends or family fuck. Not to mention what I would do to someone if they heard my mate as she reached her orgasm.

Emma’s screams and moans were mine. I would be the only man on the planet who would get to see and hear her cum.

Just thinking about it made me hard and I had to stand behind the fucking kitchen island to hide my erection from my mate's brother.

Shit.

I was worse than a fucking teenager. My dick kept getting rock hard in the worst possible situations. I have never been this turned on just thinking about a woman.

Andrew would kill me if he knew where my mind went just now.

"How come you are not destroying my house right now?" Andrew asked as he opened the fridge.

"I'm more in pain than I'm angry right now." I mumbled.

Andrew turned around to look at me. He sighed, placing the carton of eggs on the kitchen counter.

"She won't leave." he said, crossing his arms over his chest and leaning on the kitchen island.

"How did you figure out she wanted to leave?" I asked him, trying to calm my heartbeat down.

'She won't leave'. I was holding onto those words like they were a life jacket.

"I didn't." Andrew shook his head. "Eliza told Asher because she got worried and scared. Eliza didn't want to leave, but Emma did."

I furrowed my eyebrows. Why did she tell only Asher and not Leon?

‘Leon?’ I called him. ‘Did Eliza mention this to you?’ I could feel his blinding anger, but I managed to control him.

‘No.’ he growled. ‘Mark her, Logan. She is not leaving us!’

I won’t do it without her consent.’ I growled back at him and pushed him back into my mind.

I almost marked her earlier. I wanted to. The fear of losing her to another man made me blind. But I knew how wrong that would

be. I knew I would only push her further away from me. I would have to control Leon because he could do something stupid like

that out of pure instinct. I was territorial, but I was nowhere as near bad as he was. She was ours, and he wouldn’t let her go.

“Why didn’t she say anything to Leon?” I asked, even though I already knew the answer to that question.

“Because that would have gone well.” Andrew said, raising an eyebrow at me. “Leon would have gone insane.”

“You are right.” I sighed, running my hand through my hair. “But she won’t leave, right?”

“She won’t.” Andrew said. “I talked to her and explained everything. She will need some time, but she calmed down a bit.”

“Would she listen to me?” I asked, hopeful.

“Eventually.” Andrew nodded. “Give her a little time, Logan.”

I nodded, looking down at my hands. Andrew started making breakfast.

A few minutes later, I heard the door to her room open.

My heart started beating faster. I missed her so fucking much.

She walked into the kitchen, her eyes darting to the floor next to the kitchen island. My fists clenched. I knew it was the spot the bitch made her kneel.

I would need to visit Sienna again soon.

Emma took a deep breath and walked to Andrew.

“Do you need help?” she asked him.

I admired her. Even in sweats and a hoodie, she was the most delicious thing I’ve ever laid my eyes on. I wanted to taste her lips again, but I knew it would probably be a very long time until she let me do that again.

“It’s okay, little one.” Andrew smiled at her. “Are you okay to be in here?”

Emma nodded, sitting on the kitchen island opposite me. I noticed how she avoided looking at that spot.

“Emma?” I called her and she looked up at me.

Goddess, I wanted to pull her into my arms and kiss her.

“Will you give me a chance to explain?” I asked her, my voice trembling.

She took a deep breath and nodded. I almost cried in relief.

“But not now, Logan.” she said. “I need some time, okay? I’m angry and hurt and that talk wouldn’t go well for either of us right now.”

Andrew turned around and looked at her with a small smile.

“I’m proud of you.” he said as he kissed the top of her head.

I was jealous. She let him touch her.

“Okay, baby.” I said, giving her a small smile. “I understand. We will talk when you are ready.”

She nodded, looking back down at her hands. Her eyes glanced over the spot, and I noticed how she tensed up. Out of instinct, I reached out and took her hand in mine.

“Nothing and no one can hurt you while I am here.” I told her, gripping her hand tightly and wishing it was more of her I was touching.

Andrew looked at her, reaching out and wrapping his arms around her from behind.

“You are safe, Em.” he said.

She was safe. Nothing would happen to her again.

No one would hurt her again. I would hunt them down and kill them if

they even thought about hurting her.

Just as I would hunt the Rogue King down.

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**Chapter 54 Trying**

Emma POV

I was sitting in the diner with Amy, sipping my vanilla milkshake.

It's been three days since I found out who I was, and I've been under constant supervision from my brother and Logan. I couldn't shift, and they barely let me out of the house. I fought tooth and nail to be here with Amy without one of them breathing down my neck.

Andrew and Logan were in the packhouse, picking up on their work. Drake left to go to his pack, but he said that he would be back here in a few days. He wanted to help plan the attack on the Rogue King. Logan didn't want to wait for him to attack. He said that he wanted to get rid of him before he found out about me.

The problem was that nobody knew where the Rogue King was. He'd been hiding for years, operating from the shadows. Andrew and Logan planed on capturing one of the rogues and trying to get him to talk and tell us where the Rogue King was hiding.

It was really comforting to know that if he managed to take me away, nobody would know where to find me.

Note the sarcasm.

I sighed internally, trying to push the thought back into my mind.

“So, are you going to forgive Logan?” Amy asked me, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I gulped my milkshake down. I didn’t know what to tell her. There was a whole other problem she wasn’t even aware of, and I couldn’t tell her about it because I would be putting her in danger.

“I don’t know.” I sighed, stirring my milkshake with my straw. “Would you forgive him?” Amy sighed, taking a sip of her milkshake before looking back up at

1.

“I don’t have a mate, so I don’t know what a mate bond feels like.” she said. “But the Goddess can make mistakes. You shouldn’t be with the man who hurt you just because there is a bond. You should be with someone who loves you, Emma.”

“Is this your way of telling me I should be with Jake?” I asked her, already knowing the answer.

She was convinced that Jake and I belonged together.

“Maybe.” she shrugged. “Jake adores you, Emmy. He would never hurt you. He would love you like you deserve to be loved.”

I tried to picture it. I tried to imagine my life with Jake. Each time I did, my whole body screamed. The images of Logan touching me and kissing me flooded my mind. I couldn't imagine myself with another man. No matter how badly Logan hurt me, I was his.

My body and my soul were his.

"It wouldn't be fair to him, Amy." I sighed, trying to push away the image of our last kiss. "I could never love him like that. He deserves a girl who will love him with everything she has. He deserves a mate. I can't be that. I can't give him the love he needs."

"But you love him, Emma." Amy said, taking my hand in hers.

"I do." I nodded. "I love him like a friend."

"That would be enough for him." she smiled at me. I shook my head. "It wouldn't be fair, Amy. I could never do that to him."

Amy sighed, letting go of my hand and taking another sip of her milkshake.

"What about Logan then?" she asked.

"I'm not sure." I sighed, pushing the now empty glass away. "I need more time."

Amy and I talked for a little while longer. I tried to avoid the topic about Logan and Jake, because she was adamant about

convincing me to leave Logan and run to Jake. But I couldn't. My body and my heart kept screaming at me when I thought about it.

When I noticed that it was getting dark outside, I told Amy I should get going.

We said our goodbyes, and I walked back home.

When I entered the house, I saw Logan sitting on the couch, scrolling through his phone.

"Hey, baby." he smiled at me, making my heart skip a beat.

He insisted on calling me baby, no matter how many times I told him not to. I gave up eventually.

"Hey." I said, unwrapping my scarf from around my neck. "Where is Andrew?"

"Grocery shopping." he said. "Did you have fun with Amy?"

He motioned for me to sit down next to him. I debated it for a second before I walked over to him.

"I did." I said as I sat down. "Any news about the Rogue King?"

"No." Logan said as he removed a strand of hair from my face.

A shiver went down my spine, and I could feel my lower belly heating up. Only a light touch from him was required to turn my body into a useless heap of moaning mess.

Stupid body.

Logan's fingers touched my neck as he was removing his hand from my face, and I felt something wet between my legs. I had to stop myself from moaning loudly.

I wanted to scream at my body.

'Really?! One touch?!'

Logan's eyes darkened and he growled.

"Fuck, Emma." he said, grabbing the back of my neck and pulling me to him.

He leaned his forehead on mine and took a deep breath.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and all my rational thinking was gone. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to kiss me. I

couldn't care less about him rejecting me again. This feeling was worth all the pain I would go through.

"You are killing me, baby." he mumbled, his lips grazing mine as he spoke.

Oh, fuck it!

I grabbed his face with my hands and kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, and I straddled him. I could feel how hard he was, and it was only making me wetter.

His tongue entered my mouth, and I saw fireworks behind my lids. His tongue massaged mine softly, and I moaned, making him groan and press me closer to him.

His lips moved from my mouth to my jaw and to the sweet spot on my neck where his mark would go. He sucked on it gently, making my skin heat up. I let him trace his mouth and his tongue all over my neck until he brought his skillful lips back to mine.

I didn't know where I found the guts to do what I did, but I found myself biting gently on his lower lip, making him groan and press his hardness against me. I lowered my head into the crook of his neck and licked his marking spot, making him cry out. I placed gentle kisses all over his neck up to his earlobe.

He tasted amazing. I never wanted to taste anything else again.

His hands found their way to my ass, squeezing hard and pressing me against him. My underwear was definitely ruined.

I licked his earlobe before sucking on it gently. I could feel his hardness twitch, and a proud feeling washed over me. I was pretty good at this for someone who never did anything like this before.

He turned his head, capturing my lips with his once again. His tongue massaged mine again, and I grinded my hips against his.

“Holy fucking shit, Emma.” he growled in my mouth. “I will fuck you right here and right now if we don’t stop.”

I raised my head, looking into his lustful eyes.

“Don’t get me wrong, baby, I would make love to you right the hell now, but I think your brother would kill me if he walked in on

that.” he said, chuckling and nipping at my lower lip. Shit. Andrew.

I completely forgot that he would probably be home soon.

My heartbeat lowered and my skin cooled down. I could think clearly again.

“Does this little make-out session that almost made me cum in my pants like I was a teenage boy once again mean that you are willing to give me another chance?” Logan asked, running his nose up and down my jaw, breathing in my scent.

I chuckled, making him look at me and smile brightly.

I bit my lower lip, and my heartbeat picked up again.

Could I do it? Could I even trust him? I could try. I could give him a chance

to show me that he really did want me.

“I will try.” I said quietly.

The smile on Logan’s face made my heart swell. He grabbed my face in his hands, kissing me again.

“You are mine, Emma.” he said, leaning



his forehead on mine. “I fucking love you.”

Chapter 54 Trying

Emma POV

I was sitting in the diner with Amy, sipping my vanilla milkshake.

It’s been three days since I found out who I was, and I’ve been under constant supervision from my brother and Logan. I couldn’t shift, and they barely let me out of the house. I fought tooth and nail to be here with Amy without one of them breathing down my neck.

Andrew and Logan were in the packhouse, picking up on their work. Drake left to go to his pack, but he said that he would be back here in a few days. He wanted to help plan the attack on the Rogue King. Logan didn’t want to wait for him to attack. He said that he wanted to get rid of him before he found out about me.

The problem was that nobody knew where the Rogue King was. He’d been hiding for years, operating from the shadows. Andrew and Logan planned on capturing one of the rogues and trying to get him to talk and tell us where the Rogue King was hiding.

It was really comforting to know that if he managed to take me away, nobody would know where to find me.

Note the sarcasm.

I sighed internally, trying to push the thought back into my mind.

“So, are you going to forgive Logan?” Amy asked me, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I gulped my milkshake down. I didn’t know what to tell her. There was a whole other problem she wasn’t even aware of, and I couldn’t tell her about it

because I would be putting her in danger.

“I don’t know.” I sighed, stirring my milkshake with my straw. “Would you forgive him?” Amy sighed, taking a sip of her milkshake before looking back up at

1.

“I don’t have a mate, so I don’t know what a mate bond feels like.” she said. “But the Goddess can make mistakes. You shouldn’t be with the man who hurt you just because there is a bond. You should be with someone who loves you, Emma.”

“Is this your way of telling me I should be with Jake?” I asked her, already knowing the answer.

She was convinced that Jake and I belonged together.

“Maybe.” she shrugged. “Jake adores you, Emmy. He would never hurt you. He would love you like you deserve to be loved.”

I tried to picture it. I tried to imagine my life with Jake. Each time I did, my whole body screamed.

The images of Logan touching me and kissing me flooded my mind. I couldn't imagine myself with another man. No matter how badly Logan hurt me, I was his.

My body and my soul were his.

“It wouldn't be fair to him, Amy.” I sighed, trying to push away the image of our last kiss. “I could never love him like that. He

deserves a girl who will love him with everything she has. He deserves a mate. I can't be that. I can't give him the love he needs.”

“But you love him, Emma.” Amy said, taking my hand in hers.

“I do.” I nodded. “I love him like a friend.”

“That would be enough for him.” she smiled at me. I shook my head. “It wouldn't be fair, Amy. I could never do that to him.”

Amy sighed, letting go of my hand and taking another sip of her milkshake.

“What about Logan then?” she asked.

“I'm not sure.” I sighed, pushing the now empty glass away. “I need more time.”

Amy and I talked for a little while longer. I tried to avoid the topic about Logan and Jake, because she was adamant about convincing me to leave Logan and run to Jake. But I couldn't. My body and my heart kept screaming at me when I thought about it.

When I noticed that it was getting dark outside, I told Amy I should get going.

We said our goodbyes, and I walked back home.

When I entered the house, I saw Logan sitting on the couch, scrolling through his phone.

"Hey, baby." he smiled at me, making my heart skip a beat.

He insisted on calling me baby, no matter how many times I told him not to. I gave up eventually.

"Hey." I said, unwrapping my scarf from around my neck. "Where is Andrew?"

"Grocery shopping." he said. "Did you have fun with Amy?"

He motioned for me to sit down next to him. I debated it for a second before I walked over to him.

"I did." I said as I sat down. "Any news about the Rogue King?"

"No." Logan said as he removed a strand of hair from my face.

A shiver went down my spine, and I could feel my lower belly heating up. Only a light touch from him was required to turn my body into a useless heap of moaning mess. Stupid body.

Logan's fingers touched my neck as he was removing his hand from my face, and I felt something wet between my legs. I had to stop myself from moaning loudly.

I wanted to scream at my body.

'Really?! One touch?!'

Logan's eyes darkened and he growled.

"Fuck, Emma." he said, grabbing the back of my neck and pulling me to him.

He leaned his forehead on mine and took a deep breath.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and all my rational thinking was gone. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to kiss me. I

couldn't care less about him rejecting me again. This feeling was worth all the pain I would go through.

"You are killing me, baby." he mumbled, his lips grazing mine as he spoke.

Oh, fuck it!

I grabbed his face with my hands and kissed him.

He pulled me onto his lap, and I straddled him. I could feel how hard he was, and it was only making me wetter.

His tongue entered my mouth, and I saw fireworks behind my lids. His tongue massaged mine softly, and I moaned, making him groan and press me closer to him.

His lips moved from my mouth to my jaw and to the sweet spot on my neck where his mark would go. He sucked on it gently, making my skin heat up. I let him trace his mouth and his tongue all over my neck until he brought his skillful lips back to mine.

I didn't know where I found the guts to do what I did, but I found myself biting gently on his lower lip, making him groan and press his hardness against me. I lowered my head into the crook of his neck and licked his marking spot, making him cry out. I placed gentle kisses all over his neck up to his earlobe.

He tasted amazing. I never wanted to taste anything else again.

His hands found their way to my ass, squeezing hard and pressing me against him. My underwear was definitely ruined.

I licked his earlobe before sucking on it gently. I could feel his hardness twitch, and a proud feeling washed over me. I was pretty good at this for someone who never did anything like this before.

He turned his head, capturing my lips with his once again. His tongue massaged mine again, and I grinded my hips against his.

“Holy fucking shit, Emma.” he growled in my mouth. “I will fuck you right here and right now if we don’t stop.”

I raised my head, looking into his lustful eyes.

“Don’t get me wrong, baby, I would make love to you right the hell now, but I think your brother would kill me if he walked in on that.” he said, chuckling and nipping at my lower lip. Shit. Andrew.

I completely forgot that he would probably be home soon.

My heartbeat lowered and my skin cooled down. I could think clearly again.

“Does this little make-out session that almost made me cum in my pants like I was a teenage boy once again mean that you are willing to give me another chance?” Logan asked, running his nose up and down my jaw, breathing in my scent.

I chuckled, making him look at me and smile brightly.

I bit my lower lip, and my heartbeat picked up again. Could I do it? Could I even trust him? I could try. I could give him a chance to show me that he really did want me. "I will try." I said quietly. The smile on Logan's face made my heart swell. He grabbed my face in his hands, kissing me again. "You are mine, Emma." he said, leaning his forehead on mine. "I fucking love you."

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## Chapter 55 Progress

Logan POV

I slammed my fist against the table.

I couldn't believe we couldn't find the fucker.

It was like he didn't fucking exist!

I felt rage boiling in my veins and the need to destroy my office grew by the second.

I needed to leave. I needed a distraction.

And what better distraction could there be than my mate in my arms?

My mind went to the make-out session two days ago, and I was rock hard instantly. The way she kissed me and pushed herself against me almost made me lose my mind. She tasted

fucking amazing and, looking back, I had no idea how I managed to hold myself back from sinking into her right there in the middle of the living room.

I needed her right now. I fucking needed her.

Emma, baby? I mind-linked her.

She decided to give me a chance, and I was thrilled.

She was still careful and our relationship looked more like a friendship right

now, which bugged the hell out of me, but it was way more than I could hope for. I was sure she would reject me and leave me. I

kept picturing her with Jacob, and my heart was breaking. But now, I had hope that I would get my mate back.

Yes? She responded.

Her voice sent shivers down my body, making my erection harden to the point where it hurt. Where are you? I asked her, standing up and walking out of my office.

I adjusted myself in my pants, hoping that my erection wasn't too noticeable. I couldn't stay here and wait for it to go down. I needed her now.

Home. She answered.

Are you alone? I asked her. Where is Andrew? Andrew is at the packhouse. She responded. He is not with you?

He was probably down in the cellar enjoying his time with Rolf or Sienna. But I didn't tell her that.

No. I said. I'm on my way to you. I need you, baby.

What happened? She asked, and I could hear worry in her voice.

It made me walk faster. My instinct to calm my mate down made me rush to her.

Nothing, baby. I sighed. I'm frustrated because we don't have any leads on the Rogue King.

Oh. She said. It's okay. You will find him.

I will, baby. I said softly. He won't hurt

you.

Logan? She called me.

I could hear nervousness in her voice. Why was she nervous?

I am not alone at home. She said slowly.

My heartbeat sped up and I ran toward her house.

Who is there? I growled, even though I had a pretty good idea who it was.

I could feel the heartbeat in my throat. I was a few minutes away.

Jake. She said quietly.

I saw fucking red. He was with her. They were alone.

He wanted her. He could take her. I could lose her.

No. No fucking way. She was mine.

I was in front of her house before I could blink. I ripped the door open and growled loudly.

The fucker was sitting in the armchair, sipping his coffee. Emma was on the couch, staring at me wide-eyed.

“Good morning, Alpha.” Jacob said, placing his mug down on the coffee table.

“Your visit is over, Walters.” I growled, narrowing my eyes at him and

reminding myself that I couldn’t kill him. “Get out.”

“All due respect, Alpha, but this isn’t your house.”

the fucker said, crossing his arms over his chest. “I am Emma’s guest, and I

will leave when she tells me to.”

I saw fucking red. He was pushing the wrong fucking buttons.

“Get out, Jacob.” I commanded him.

“Logan...” Emma started talking, but I stopped her.

“No, Emma.” I growled, not taking my eyes off of him. “He is disrespectful to his Alpha. I could have him killed. Worst of all, he was sitting all alone with my mate. I want to kill him for that.”

I heard Emma sigh.

The fucker tried to fight my Alpha command, but it was pointless. He stood up, glaring at me.

“I will see you soon, Emma.” he said before leaving the house.

“Bye, Jake.” she smiled at him as she stood up to close the front door.

I unclenched my fists and let the scent of my mate calm me down. Emma turned around with a frown on her face.

“Was that really necessary?” she sighed, walking past me and into the kitchen.

I scoffed. “Are you kidding me? He was alone with my mate, and he had the guts to disrespect me. If he wasn’t important to you, I would kill him immediately.”

Emma leaned on the kitchen island, looking at me confused.

“You care that he is important to me?” she asked quietly.

“I wish that he wasn’t.” I mumbled, running my hand through my hair. “But he is and I love you, which means I could never hurt you by hurting him.”

Emma stared at me for a few seconds before reaching out to me. I was in front of her in a second. I picked her up and sat her down on the kitchen island. I parted her legs and stood in between them, placing my arms on the island, caging her in.

She raised her hand and caressed my cheek. Shivers went down my spine. I closed my eyes, leaning into her touch and taking a deep breath. Her scent filled my lungs completely, and I felt high. She was my drug.

“Thank you.” she said quietly, running her fingers through my short beard. “It means a lot to me that you consider my feelings when you think about killing other people.”

She chuckled at the end of the sentence, and I opened my eyes to look at her smile.

Goddess, she was fucking perfect.

I smiled at her, leaning my forehead on hers and placing my arms around her waist.

She froze for a second before relaxing into my hold.

“I love you, baby.” I said, placing a kiss on her nose. She stared at me and bit her lip. I could feel her nervousness.

“You don’t have to say it back, Emma.” I said, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear and placing a kiss on her jaw. “I know I don’t deserve it yet. I fucked up, and I have to make up for it. I just want you to know that I love you.”

She smiled and caressed my cheek. I wanted to kiss her, but she interrupted me with a question.

“Why were you upset earlier?” she asked. “Before Jake. Was it just because of the Rogue King or did something else happen?”

I sighed, leaning my forehead on her shoulder. She placed her hand on my head, running her fingers through my hair.

“Nothing else.” I said. “I am just pissed off because I can’t find him.”

“You will.” she said quietly.

I didn’t need to talk. I needed her.

I moved my head slightly to the right, pressing my lips to her neck. She moaned quietly, but it was enough to make me rock hard again. I found the spot I would soon sink my canines into and sucked on it gently.

Emma’s legs wrapped around my waist, and she pressed me closer to her. I could smell her arousal and it was driving me fucking crazy.

I traced my lips across her neck, to her jaw, and finally to her mouth, silencing her moans. Her hands tangled up in my hair, pulling me closer. I pressed her against my chest, massaging her tongue with mine. I was in complete and total ecstasy. I wanted her so fucking bad, but I knew I had to wait. I could see that she was still unsure of me and my intentions. I could see that she still didn't trust me completely. She was still fighting with herself and the mate bond. She was giving into the physical aspects of the mate bond, but she still wasn't in this relationship mentally and emotionally. Not completely, at least. She needed time and I would give it to her. As much as I wanted to bury myself inside of her and make her scream my name, I knew I had to wait for her to trust me completely. I knew I had to wait for her to accept the mate bond and stop questioning my intentions. Until then, I would take what I can get from her and I would give her everything I had to offer.

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