

## Alpha's Blind Luna, Chapter 3

\*\*\*Logan's POV\*\*\*

"LOGAN!"

I groaned and rolled over in bed.

"I swear to god Logan. If you think you are getting out of leaving, you got another thing coming."

"Since when have you been excited for these stupid Gathering events." I covered my head with my pillow. Bryan was too damn loud this morning.

"It's not the Gathering, Alpha. It's the supernatural bar thats in the city over! They have a damn fine singer coming in and I have been wanting to go since I was like eighteen!" Bryan whined against the door.

I threw my pillow at the door. This was the first day in years my workload had been cleared and I had every intention of sleeping in. I had taken over the pack at the young age of fourteen. My parents had died that year and we had lost nearly half our pack members. Now, we were the second largest pack, under the Alpha King himself. I prided myself in the strength of my pack and I demanded respect. It took a bit, but we got there. Now twenty-three, I had a handle on everything regarding my pack. Minus being able to get out of the Gathering activities.

There was still an Elder Council that unfortunately weighed in a lot of old ideas and ideals. One being that the pack needed a Luna. Frankly, I didn't need anyone. I had taken on the pack in full, including the duties of the Luna. Bryan, my Beta, was twenty-one and also had not found his mate but you didn't see them hounding him to find his mate.

I had been to every single one of these stupid events since I was thirteen. Not a single time did my mate show up. And now I was worried that I would end up being ten years older than my mate. Bryan would tease me constantly about it. But apparently there were a few who had recently gotten their wolves and it was supposed to be an exciting Gathering this time.

"Please Alpha. Please."

“Good goddess, Bryan. A man needs his sleep. For once in your life let me sleep in.”

Silence came from the other side and I sighed in relief. Finally. I could...

“Alpha, we need to speak before you go.”

“DAMN IT MICHAEL.” I yelled, throwing the pillow to the floor and stomping over to the door. I was only wearing sweatpants and I nearly pulled the door off the hinges as I opened it.

Michael, one of the elders on the council, didn't look phased at all by my outburst. “There is something we need to discuss if you are able to find your Luna this evening.”

I groaned. “Is it not enough that I need to go to this thing, but now there is more if I DO find her? Where was this talk three years ago?”

He cleared his throat. “We just want to remind you that rejection will not be tolerated....”

“REJECTION?!” I yelled at him and he did actually step back. “You dare speak to me about rejection when it's not only my decision. I will have you know, YOU do not get to decide who my mate is and WHAT I DO with my mate when I find her. So do NOT tell me what will or won't be tolerated.” I growled and it came from both me and Cato, my wolf.

His head was bowed slightly, his neck bared to me, showing his submission for me as Alpha. He slowly backed away before leaving the house. I pinched the bridge of my nose.

“Well, now that your awake, want some breakfast?” Bryan looked down the hall, clad in his cartoon bear apron, holding a frying pan with a pancake still cooking in it.

I tsked. “Yeah, fine. I'm gonna grab a shirt.”

Bryan laughed as I turned and got ready for the day.

-

It was about 3pm when Bryan and I stood outside the packhouse. We were looking at the options of cars with our hands crossed.

“What if only one of us finds out mate? Then I don’t want to be the third wheel and neither do you.”

“But do we really want to bring two cars?”

“I mean, is gonna take us, what, four hours to get there. You can be without me for four hours Alpha.” Bryan chuckled and I suppressed the urge to hit him.

“If we both find our mate, or if we both don’t, it will be idiotic.”

“Can we show off just a little? I mean between you and me, we are the most eligible werewolf bachelors in the whole damn US, and may even include Canada. We both own multiple businesses which have made millions and we literally have eight cars we are looking at right now.”

I chuckled. He was right, of course. He may be energetic and seem like a party animal but he was smart. Smart, meticulous, and strategic. When he wanted to be. The other times he was an immature frat boy who came home with a yellow Lamborghini because it called to him from the window. “Fine. You take your Lambo and I’ll take the Bugatti. If neither of us find our mates, we will go to the supernatural club you want to go to.”

“Yes!” Bryan did a skip and grabbed the keys from our wall and started the Lamborghini.

Sighing, I grabbed the keys and got in the Bugatti. Bryan was already off and I pulled out, following his trail. It would be four hours to the Midnight Moon pack. I turned on the radio and leaned back, settling into the ride. My thoughts ran to what I would do if I did find my mate tonight.

'You would take her home immediately and mark her.' Cato said matter of factly.

'Unless she rejects us.'

Cato scoffed. 'Why would any mate reject us? Look at us.'

'Maybe because our reputation.'

Cato grumbled. 'Your reputation.'

'Ours Cato. Our reputation. And I'm not excited to scare a little thirteen year old who had the misfortune of being my mate by immediately taking her home and marking her.'

Cato chuckled. 'What Bryan teases with really got to you.'

I huffed and reposition myself. 'I haven't found her yet Cato. That means she's probably new. thirteen to fifteen maybe seventeen if I'm lucky. Thats a big jump from twenty-three.'

'Maybe she couldn't make the other ones.' I felt him shrug and I shook my head.

'All of them? Since I was thirteen? Please.' I watched as Bryan swerved between traffic in front of me.

Truthfully, I was worried. What the elder came and said mixed with my own concerns set me on edge this time. Maybe it was time to give up the fated and just have a chosen mate. Cato growled.

'You will not give up yet on our mate Logan. She is out there, I know it.' Cato said matter-of-factly.

'Sometimes I hate your optimism. And being able to read my thoughts. It might come to that though Cato. Just be prepared.'

I heard a small grumble of 'never' but Cato retreated to the back of my mind and I was left alone for the rest of the drive. We knew the Gathering Activity started at 6pm and we had left a little later than anticipated but we arrived at 6:30pm and there were still a lot of people going into the building. We turned heads as we pulled up, Bryan right behind me in our fancy cars. We watched as girls stared and then started to hold their heads up higher. Bryan lived for the attention. I however, had no love of attention.

Just as I stepped out of the car Cato growled. 'She's here Logan. I smell her. Our mate is here.'

Stunned, I looked at Bryan and he looked at my wide eyes and understood. He gave me a thumbs up.

'Are you sure Cato?'

'I'm sure. She's here. Our mate is here. We need to find her.'