

# Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 7

"My bond to that..... I can't do anything, with any male. There's no point leading on anyone, with no chance of a future. Radar deserves a nice femme with no complications. He's loyal, sweet, stable, and completely efficient in terms of protection. I would still have him as my guard should I ever leave this house." She turns away and stares out of the window listlessly, a little crestfallen, eyes misting with emotion, but it only sparks a little t\*\*\*\*le in my mind.

"I think as Luna, I believe my Mother-in-law, the Rema of this pack, needs her own guards still. Even if it's to sit out in the sun and play cards. I'm sure Radar wouldn't object to picking up where he left off a decade ago."

"Don't. I know you mean well, but Juan will never let me go, and this bond will only make everyone miserable if I allow myself to get close to another in any kind of way." The defeat in her tone silences me and I know this is futile. Six months of life here, three of those seeing her well enough to interact in the pack and she still chooses to be solitary, separate, and push away all other relationships outside of Colton and I. Sierra is punishing herself for things she couldn't stop and letting herself wither away in this room at the top of the west wing. I exhale in defeat and sadness for her. My heart aching that she of all people deserve happiness and the fates have abandoned her.

Juan can go jump in a lake for all I care. In the last months we have had little communication with the mountain at all. There has been an occasional hemorrhage of runways head this way to find sanctuary within our walls and we know Juan is only biding his time while he figures out what to do about us. We don't give him opportunity. We never stray outside our land and focus on just living our lives. Maybe it's because of that he's stayed away and left us be, because maybe he thinks the prophecy was wrong and the only rising I'm about to do has already been done in creating our small homestead pack and our new life away from the shadow of our mountain. He's focused on rallying his army to get ready for the vampires and war and we seem to have fallen off his radar for the time being. I haven't forgotten though. My family perished at his hands, and I won't let that grudge ever die. One day we will have our moment.

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I pull my mind back to the here and now. Realizing Sierra has stood up and wandered to her balcony window to gaze out as the rain begins to fall and dims down the bright sun which woke us this morning. It's soft today, overcast now with threats of a rainy day and a little colder, but pleasant. Perfect weather for staying inside and working on some of the details for the schoolhouse.

"Do you really think Colton's dream is just his eternal stress finding a way to vent?" I ask her, knowing that she would never lie to me, especially not while alone like this. Sierra and I have built a bond these past months, almost like mother and daughter in a way. I never knew how much I needed it until Sierra

woke up so many months ago and showed me what it was like to have a mom again.

“The mind is a complex and often frustrating tool and being a seer is not always what it’s cracked up to be.” there’s distance in her tone and I frown at her response.

“Do you ever regret the path you took based on your own visions?” I’ve always wondered but never felt it appropriate to ask. She sacrificed so much for my life, and I wonder if she had it to do over would she choose to not see the truth and live in blissful ignorance with her mate and son instead of losing ten years of their lives. She stops for a moment, still as a statue and I can see her mind turning over as she really think through my question. Her emotions stabilize and her mood brightens to an almost steel like calm.

“No. I can’t say I do. I regret leaving my child to cope alone for so long, but he wouldn’t be the man he is now, he wouldn’t have the happiness he found in you if I hadn’t. I would rather live a lonely existence of truth, without that monster as my mate, than ignorance and fake happiness and the demise of these people. Nothing about our bond was true.... It was orchestrated from the second he laid eyes on me. I don’t regret what I did, only that I didn’t do it better and that I left myself no way to be the one to put a knife in that monster’s heart.” She turns boldly, a hint of fierce in her eye and I nod, knowing her one desire in life is to see Juan fall.

Adoring this woman who means so much to me now, in my life, I can’t believe I spent my entire existence oblivious to her importance for so long. I knew she means every word and it’s not the first time she has uttered a wish to be the ending blow to her mate. She has told Colton many times that if she hadn’t bound us together for eternity, she would march to that mountain and Juan and end herself for good. A true Luna, putting her people before her own life.

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“One day. We’ll find a way to free us all. Maybe with magic.... Maybe the fates will figure it out for us. I feel like this isn’t over by a long shot.” I interject to draw her away from thinking about that dark shadow on her heart.

“Maybe.... If I could still see the future, that would help, but since I woke up it seems my son is the only one seeing visions now. I feel like my magic is waning the stronger he gets, and I don’t know if it’s meant to. I don’t know what that means.” Her words trail off quietly as she introverts thoughtfully and I gasp at her words, my eyes widening, and I get up to go to her with a sickening lurch in my belly.

“Have you told Colton?” This is news to me, the first she has ever mentioned her loss of gift. This is a major thing.

“No. I will, I just didn’t want to worry him that something is wrong. Maybe it’s a natural decline of my gifts as my offspring rises. I can’t say I ever remember if my mother’s did, but then maybe daughters are different.” She sighs and shrugs it away as unimportant, but I can’t shift the niggles.

“Do you think maybe it’s not that at all, and your sadness, your discontent is somehow marring the gifts? You have so much of a changed life since you woke up. It’s normal to experience some kind of mental backlash at everyone you lost, that’s changed.” I have heard that emotional state can weaken any kind of supernatural gift and it’s a strong possibility.

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“Perhaps... maybe. I guess time will tell.”

I’m deflated by her tone, but I don’t want to dwell on things that seem to upset her. I know she can still use her magic for the time being and I hope we figure it out before she does lose what she has. Sierra’s magic is a gift that should be treasured. It saved us from so much and it would be wrong on all levels to see her lose it.

“Are you really not worried about the witches in the woods?” I ask derailing our conversation and heading back to what brought us up here so bright and early this morning. I know to Colton she said she wasn’t, as long as we stay in the boundaries, but my gut says she isn’t being entirely honest.

“No, and yet... yes. Witches are a whole other breed, and in my time asleep, I don’t know what changes there have been in the world. There are so many forbidden forms of dark magic that most avoided. I can’t say I know they still do. We should be ever more aware and play it safe, more so than before.” She looks me deadpan in the eye and I nod, a sinking wariness hitting my gut and for the first time since our life began here, I begin to feel afraid.