

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 10

1. The White Wolf Henry

Just after I laid my head on the pillow of my rented hotel room in Marbella, I was pretty much sucked into a dream.

I was in the meadow once again, walking in Knight's form, but this time to my surprise it wasn't empty, I could see something on the grass away from us. Neither Knight nor I could distinguish what it was, but we felt attracted to it.

"I hope it isn't a squirrel!" I told Knight, I knew he would feel drawn to them, but not to such an extent. It was calling for him and for me too, deeply, almost achingly.

Knight ran in the direction of it and squinted his eyes, and soon we were able to distinguish the outline of the brown head on the grass. That was when her smell assaulted my scents.

Amber and Lavender. The smell I loved and dreaded the most, my mate's scent.

Knight ran towards her and I knew that nothing could stop him, his paws were carrying him on their own accord. We both felt the urgent need to be close to her.

She sat up and looked in our direction, her beautiful green eyes wide open in startlement.

F*ck, she was so beautiful! This would be hard, close to impossible. Damn, everything was hard now that I was looking at her.

When we were only a few feet away from her, Knight stopped. He was under the spell of her beautiful eyes, her alluring smell, and her pretty face. Her lips were full, and rosy, made for my kisses; her long light brown hair fell on her shoulders in soft

waves.

Knight's eyes traveled down and I could take a good look at her body once again, she was wearing a red dress, which hugged the curve of her breasts, and her narrow waist. I had to be close to her in my form, to look at her, to talk to her, to touch her. My hands already missed the feeling of her warm skin, the tingles, the softness.

Now that I was in front of her, I would be able to reject her. I huffed in frustration and agony, after seeing her and looking at her eyes, how could I reject her?

I shifted to my form, I had to get over with it to be able to have some peace of mind, without having this beautiful woman occupying all my thoughts and making my body go insane with lust. A beautiful woman who shifted to a filthy reptile.

This was a cruel irony!

Her eyes journeyed down my body, opening wide and she gasped. The sweet little sound leaving her fleshy lips made me go hard instantly and I shook my head in exasperation. How could I reject her while I was having a hard-on because of her?

A blush crept up her neck and cheeks and she was red like an apple, looking adorable. She looked away and gulped hard, fidgeting with her brown curls nervously. Hadn't she ever seen a naked man before?

"You aren't a man! You are her man, we are her mate!" Knight chimed in.

I took a few steps toward her and she looked back into my eyes, but this time, instead of surprise, all I could see was recognition

"You are my mate!" she exclaimed, standing up slowly.

I had to reject her now; otherwise, it would be even harder.

"Maybe in a few minutes, or another day!" Knight argued, he didn't want to lose her.

"She looks like an angel, but she is a filthy reptile, just like the ones who shoved us from the house, like the ones who tried to attack our pack decades ago! They are slick, disgusting creatures, we can't let her pretty face trick us!" I told him and he howled in pain. It wasn't easy for us; me, Knight nor my d*ck.

Maybe Knight was right, I could reject her later. Maybe I could smell her for a bit longer, kiss her, touch her, take her before, couldn't I?

"That would make you a big jerk!" Knight countered, barking at me. He was already protective of his mate and her feelings.

He was right, unfortunately. I wasn't the kind of Alpha who used and discarded she-wolves afterward just because I could. Dragon or not, I couldn't do it to my mate.

"You are my mate, I dreamt about you before," she concluded, a confused but

I had been in this meadow once, even though I didn't see her, I guess she could've possibly seen me.

"Once," I thought out loud.

"No, many times. I saw the white wolf many times, but he was blurry and distant before, and ever so slowly he... you came closer, until last time when I could finally see you," she explained.

"I told you I had been here many times before," Knight snarled.

My legs took a few steps closer to her, I couldn't really command them, my body needed her, I needed her.

"It's the first time I see you, mate," the words also left my mouth on their own accord. I was under her spell.

She closed the distance between us, blushing a little, her eyes focusing on my face only even though she seemed to be struggling to not move her gaze down. It made a proud smile twirl the corners of my lips. I never enjoyed having she-wolves looking and throwing themselves on me all the time only because I was to be the pack's alpha. But with her it was very different; my instinct made me want to please her, and took huge satisfaction in noticing that she liked what she was seeing.

I cupped her face and looked intently at her green eyes, "Mine!" the word burned through my throat and left my lips, there was no holding back.

Sparks exploded at our contact, my wolf stirred, and he wasn't the only thing. I was glad she wasn't looking down anymore, or else she would blush even harder. If touching her face felt like this, I couldn't even imagine how having her would feel.

"You won't ever know," Knight almost cried in my mind. She smiled and placed her soft hands over mine, "And you are mine too!"

I didn't expect my blushing mate to be this bold, but it made me smile. I wasn't attracted to very shy girls, but she seemed shy only in the first moment, only long enough to have a beautiful red color on her face.

"What's your name? Or should I call you the naked... the white wolf?" she asked, gulping hard. I couldn't resist my mate.

"I am Kemely, Kemy. I am a dragon-shifter, my dragon is Ember," she said looking behind my shoulder. I followed her eyes but I couldn't see anything.

"You can't see her," Kemy concluded, she seemed to be very perceptive. "No, I can't. You are all I can see," I replied.

If only I could see her. If only I could see the vicious reptile, the other side of her, instead of only the beautiful angel with lush curves in front of me, rejecting her would be much easier.

"Maybe next time you will see her, you also took a while to see me," Kemy noticed. Surprisingly, she seemed to not care about the fact that her mate wasn't a dragon like her.

"The fact that I am not a dragon-shifter doesn't bother you?" I asked, furrowing my brows. The hatred among werewolves and dragons was so old and widespread, we were born hating each other, it was in our blood.

"No, your wolf is beautiful and you... I don't care about what you are. Before anything else, you are my mate," she replied.

It must be this damn bond, but her soft words tugged into my heart. Knight also growled in protest, the little enchantress was making everything so much harder.

Sweet, sweet, Kemy. Don't say such a thing to someone that is about to break your heart.

I looked into her eyes once again and planted a kiss on her forehead before exhaling deeply and pushing myself to say the words that would mean my freedom.

Alma

All of the Dragons and I headed to a clan meeting, Mallory didn't join and it was the best choice for her, we were afraid that she could listen to something that would stir her trauma and have a panic attack or something, taking lots of steps back in her recovery. This couldn't happen now, not when she finally opened up a bit about what the Red Dragons did to her; and not when she accepted her mate's hug for the

She was by Kemy's bedside now, r with Niki and Burbus. My best friend wasn't part of the clan, even though she was family too and we invited her to join the meeting, she said no.

It turned to look at Marion, as we were almost by the door of the meeting room. Egan had asked Marion to teleport me around. My loving and *over-overprotective* husband didn't want me climbing stairs or even walking much when I was only a couple of weeks-or hopefully days—to pop our little dragons up.

"What does Mallory mean by breeding her? Is it some kind of artificial insemination? Did they inject their things into her?" I asked, cringing a little, imagining all the tortuous treatments she went through.

Marion's gaze went down and she sighed, her eyes a bit glossy and her lips closed in a thin line, "No. Dragons can only conceive at rather warm body temperatures, which no one was ever able to reproduce artificially, we tried many times when I was trying to get pregnant a few years ago. But it is not possible," she explained.

My breath hitched in my throat and I had to sniff back a tear, "Do you mean that she was...?"

"Yes. They tried to get her pregnant by forcing her," she replied, her eyes laced with sadness.

"My Gods! If Daniel hears about what happened to his mate... he will lose his mind!" I thought out loud.

"It's not our place to tell him anything, Mallory opened up to us out of trust and we can't betray her trust, Alma. It must have been so hard for her to talk about it," Marion explained, placing a reassuring hand on my shoulder, I only nodded in

response.

I was completely shocked, it was even worse than I had imagined. Mallory was so brave to be able to stand close to any man, and even hug Daniel after everything she had been through for three decades.