

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 24

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1. Like a Dream

Henry

"You are about to be completely mine and once it happens, nothing in the world will keep us apart. Nothing in the world will keep you from me." I looked intently at her eyes, as I aligned my tip with her entrance. "I will be your Alpha." Knight and I said in unison.

"And I will be your Dragon Lady, my Alpha," Kemy giggled, brushing her lips against mine. Having her calling me 'my Alpha' only added to my urge, to my throbbing. It was too much!

"You will be my fire," I replied, kissing the very warm skin of her face.

"Yes! I want to be completely yours and have you completely mine, Henry. Please." her sweet lips were trembling and her eyes were teary and deep with emotions; desire, longing, and love.

I entered her slowly, inch by inch, as I looked at her eyes for any sign of discomfort. She was dripping wet but so tight that I felt like I was ripping her clenching insides.

She whimpered out loud, her breath quivering and her face flushing as I filled her completely. A loud groan of ecstasy left my lips. She felt f*cking great, the best thing that my d*ck, and I had ever felt. Knight howled in victory, swishing his tail in joy.

My hands cupped the sides of her face as my thumb caressed her trembling bottom lip. "Kemy?"

"It's okay, it hurts good, just... do it slowly and gently." I saw her throat moving as she gulped hard. I pressed a soothing kiss on her forehead and cheeks, "I will, my beauty."

My hand snaked between our bodies and I rubbed her c.lit just as I kissed her, pleasure would distract her from the pain. I moved as slow as I could, stroking her insides and trying to angle my d*ck to rub all her right spots.

Soon I felt my mate relax under me, and she bucked her hips towards my body, rubbing her folds against me; that was all I needed to start thrusting faster. She ran her hands ever so lightly through my back, which I didn't really like. I allowed her to hug and kiss the scars on my back yesterday, but it was the first time I had let someone so close to the marks I carry. It was not something planned to happen, or even will let it happen ever again since having anyone touching it, even my mate's soft touch, revived a bitter sensation.

I didn't want that, not now. Now I only wanted to enjoy her sweet pus.sy, her smooth skin, her mellow moans. Her

I took her wrists in my hand, pinning her arms over her head with one hand, while my unoccupied hand pinched her pink nipple.

She gasped, "Mmm..."

A smile formed on my lips. My Kemy liked it, to be dominated and slightly manhandled. She was perfect for me!

She rocked her hips beneath me, as I pumped into her deep and fast, I wouldn't be able to hold much longer before c*mming like a rocket. She felt so good, her tightness clenching around my di*ck. I would go for many rounds after it, but I think that, even in a dream, she would feel raw and sore after being stretched open and I didn't want to give her anything but pleasure.

I brushed a stray lock of her hair behind her ear, pecking her lips before my gaze trailed to her beautiful neck. I was attracted to it, as if it were calling for me, for my mark.

"Do it!" Knight pushed in my mind, almost jumping as if he could get his fangs closer to her milky skin.

She opened her eyes completely and blinked twice, "I... don't know. I am afraid it could be bad for me and Ember, maybe you should ask a healer first?"

"I will do it." I kissed her lips, willing to take her back to the mindless state of pleasure I'd just taken her, we'd just gone together.

I would control myself and Knight, she was right. I couldn't do anything that could put her in danger, I had to wake her up and fast; nothing, not even the most primal and urgent need could jeopardize that. Knight agreed with a whimper of frustration.

I lowered my head, kissing her lips, nipping her bottom lip and sucking her tongue, my hand roamed back to her cli.t and I stroked it vigorously, as If*cked her as fast and deep as she could take. In only a few delicious moments, her sweet p.ussy was clenching around me, strangling my shaft.

"Henry," her voice soft, pliant and a bit higher-pitched than normal.

I cursed under my breath, pumping deep into her, as she came around my d.ck, her breath heavy and her heart racing. After a couple of long thrusts, I felt my balls shrinking and I groaned against her lips as I filled her with the thick spurts of my seed, my shaft spasming inside her.

"MINE!" The word came from a primal place within mine and Knight's shared soul. She was ours.

We were both panting deeply, our hearts beating fast and in sync. We were one, but it wasn't enough, my mark on her neck was still missing.

covered her face with soft kisses and even though I hated it, and was already ready for a second round-I pulled it out of her. Knight growled in protest, but I ignored him.

I took her in my arms and pulled her against my chest, kissing her swollen and red lips. "I love you, my Luna." I caressed her face and looked at her semi-opened eyes.

"And I love you my Alpha," she beamed, her face relaxed and filled with bliss. She was even more beautiful like this, after being thoroughly f*cked.

Theld back a curse, her words made me crave round two even more. I already missed her warmth. No, her heat, she was fever, fire, perfection.

My lips met hers in another passionate kiss before I cradled her in my arms, and she snuggled her face in my chest.

~*~

Kemy

"I am glad I decided to have my first time in my dreams. It was the best thing ever," I giggled against his chest and he tilted my chin up gently.

"It was the most amazing thing," he agreed, kissing the top of my head, a smile on his lips, "We will wake you up soon and repeat it in real life."

"Many, many times!" giggled, biting my bottom lip.

"All the time!" he smiled, "You won't ever leave my arms or my bed, my Little Fire!"

I yawned inadvertently, which was something I never did, considering that I was already sleeping.

Henry snuggled me further in his arms, his strong body pressed against mine. It felt like a good dream, a dream-life that I wanted to wake up to live by his side. Having him, my sister and my clan beside me was everything I could wish for.

Now I only had to wake up to make my dreams come true. But I feared that I wouldn't be able to. I sighed deeply and he took my face in his hands, making me look into his eyes.

"I am afraid I won't ever wake up," I sighed again, averting my eyes from his.

"You will and soon, the Dragons and I will make sure of it. Your Dragon is hurt, that's why you are in a coma, but we will find a way, I promise you. Whatever it takes, I will bring you back to reality, my Luna" his words of reassurance brought warmth to my soul. I knew they would do it, help me in all ways they could.

I've already felt that Ember was hurt, her energy was fading away slowly. Before she was a flame and now barely a spark, I feared she would become ashes and leave me alone.

Henry kissed my lips and pulled me even closer to him, making my sadness and fear melt away in his embrace.

I stayed there in his arms, in peace, in complete bliss, and for the first time ever, I fell asleep in my own dreams.

And even in my dreams, I dreamed about him.

~*~

Daniel

I was in Kemy's room, stealing a few glances at my mate and keeping her company. The Werewolf had dozed off, that was good, this way he wouldn't scare Mallory again. He has his reasons and I would do the same thing to save my mate if I were in his shoes, but what he did to Mallory, attacking and throwing a spell-ball at her, wasn't something I could see past easily.

My Dragon roared in my mind, he too was enraged and very protective of our Mallory.

Suddenly, Kemy whimpered in her sleep. Mallory jumped off her chair and took a few anxious steps towards her sister.

"Is she in pain?" she asked, her eyes fixed on Kemy. The next sound leaving Kemy's mouth made clear that she was feeling quite the opposite.

"Mmmm... Henry," Kemy started moaning. –

My mate stood there petrified, I could hear her racing heart and troubled breath. Mallory's face turned pale before she ran off as if she was under attack. I exhaled sharply and followed her.

What was happening? Why was she reacting like this?

My blood burned in my veins as the possible explanation for her reaction surged in my mind. No, it couldn't be.

I saw her running down the hall and called her name, making her stop in her tracks and her startled blue eyes met mine.

"Daniel, I..." she mumbled, casting her gaze down and gulping hard.

I took a few slow steps towards her and placed a hand on her shoulder. I was avoiding touching her as much as I could, even though it wasn't easy, and maybe a little touch could comfort her. Something needed to work and I was running out of options and ideas.

How could I help my mate? I didn't know, I was incapable of thinking about an effective way and this frustrated my Dragon, Arnan, and me to no end.

"What happened?" I asked, gathering all my patience and trying to conceal the frustration in my voice.

"I.." she turned around, motioning to go away again when I took her hand in mine. "Mallory, don't go. Talk to me, please," I asked her. Damn, I plead.

"Kemy, she..." Mallory blabbered. "She is fine and un harmed. This is a great thing, she is talking in her sleep for the first time since she ever. i nate werewoives, you know that, ana i don't trust that Alpna Pup, DUT LOIS IS NIS aoin. He is neiping her, Mallory. This is something to be happy about."

"You are right," she murmured, sighing deeply.

"Are you afraid of him? Is that it? Because he attacked you? He won't do such a thing ever again, I... the clan won't let it happen. He and anyone else will become ashes before they dare to hurt you... we will train again tomorrow and you will feel more confident in your abilities," I told her and she nodded.

"Do you still want to train me? To help me?" her big blue eyes grew wide in surprise. "Of course I do. We are only starting, when we are done you will be as good as a top warrior."

She had a small, almost imperceptible smile, yet her face still carried a shadow, a little somber, and

pain.

I was trying to be patient, but I couldn't hold back anymore. Not knowing how to help her was hell! "What is wrong?" I asked, as softly as I could. Even though apprehension was heavy in my chest. "It's nothing... Kemy only startled me. Do you think he will ever hurt her?"

"He might be a werewolf, but he is her mate and he seemed to have accepted their bond," I replied, moving my hand off her shoulder and taking a step back. I didn't want to overcrowd her personal space.

"Are all mates good?" she asked, genuine concern oozing from her. Was she afraid that I would hurt her and was that why she was acting that skittish?

What had the Red Dragons done to her? Damn, I had to know, but I dread it at the same time.

“Only a monster would hurt his own mate, at least on purpose,” I told her and she nodded before she took a lungful of air and walked back into Kemy’s room.

My agitated hands rubbed my neck and a sharp exhale left my lungs.

I wouldn’t ever hurt her, at least not intentionally. That was why I was keeping my distance, to give her space and because I knew that if I was too close, I could end up failing her.

Loving someone and being responsible for them always overcast the shadow of failure, misery and death over me.

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1. A Stalker

Henry

I woke up leaving my sweet mate alone in her dreams once again, “Dammit!” I cursed under my breath, but when my eyes roamed around the room and her lavender and amber scent entered my nostrils, I realized where I was. My lips twisted up in a smile, I was by her side. I took her hand in mine and kissed its back.

After some minutes, in which I only had eyes for my mate, I looked at Mallory and Daniel, both of them were looking at me as if I was a wolf with two heads. I shook my head and ignored their expressions.

“I told Kemy that she is with her clan and that she is safe. She was very happy about it,” I let them know.

A huge smile formed on Mallory’s face as she took a few steps closer to Kemy and brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear.

She stayed there, only gazing at my mate with tenderness and smiling, seeming half-absently. Daniel was on his chair, his eyes on Mallory but he didn’t get closer to her. He was a very weird mate. If my mate were awake, I wouldn’t take my hands off her, I wouldn’t let her leave our bed for days. F*ck, I wouldn’t need a bed, I would have my way with her anywhere, everywhere.

“Let’s take her outside, Henry, she is still caged here. She needs fresh air, nature... she needs her daisies, her favorite flowers,” Knight chimed in. He wanted our mate to be comfortable and so did I.

"Mallory, I think we should take Kemy outside, the fresh air and sunlight could do her good." My words seemed to bring her back from her haze and she looked at me, gasping.

"It could be dangerous and I have to brush her hair now, it's a bit messy," Mallory ran her fingers through Kemy's hair carefully.

"It's a good idea, it might help her, Mallory." Daniel's words surprised me.

"I can take her to the garden and brush her hair," I suggested and Mallory looked at me a bit startled, her eyes wide and her mouth open. After a moment, she only nodded at me and I wondered what surprised her so much.

"I've just asked Adrian to arrange a comfortable place to lay Kemy outside," Daniel said, standing up and heading to the door. He was a man... a reptile of actions rather than words and it went down well with me. I scooped my sleeping beauty in my arms carefully and took her to the garden, laying her on the sun lounger that Adrian covered with pillows and blankets.

Mallory gave me a hairbrush, a small timid smile on her face. As I combed Kemy's long light-brown wavy locks as well as I could, Mallory sat by our side in silence. She was flipping through the pages of a book as her gaze moved from Kemy and me every couple of minutes.

Her normally tense expression and clenched lips looked almost relaxed. Knight rumbled happily in my mind, he loved grooming our mate, taking care of her.

"Hell yes, I can't wait to groom, nuzzle and lick her face myself," he barked excitedly, almost jumping around.

When it came to our mate he was more like a lovesick pup than an Alpha and we both took great pride in it. She was our Luna, our love, our happiness.

"Did she say anything about me?" Mallory asked, hesitation clear in her quiet voice. I leaned up and looked at her, noticing her moistened eyes.

"She was very happy that you are alive, jumping." She giggled at my words, but soon her face *grew* serious again, her lips pursed in a thin line, "Next Mallory's voice was filled with emotion as she smiled back *ner* tears *augidiy*.

"I will, though judging by how she talked about you, her happiness to know that you are well and mated, I am quite sure she doesn't hold you responsible for anything, she doesn't hold any grudges against you," I told her and she nodded, biting her lips and turning her face to the other side, looking away.

I could smell her tears, she felt guilty about what happened to Kemy, but she shouldn't. My gaze went to my mate, I knew she wouldn't want that for her sister. I hope my words helped Mallory, at least a little.

We stayed there in silence, Mallory seemed to be more focused on her book than on Kemy and me now. But just as the sunset, a thought came to my and Knight's shared mind.

*"We can't stay away from her. f**k, Henry, if I am away from my mate in her sleeping and vulnerable state, I will lose it and go feral, hunting some dragon meat for dinner!"*

"Knight growled, voicing my thoughts.

"Mallory, I want to sleep with my mate. Have her in my arms, this is only natural and what we both need," I told her, trying to not put too

much emphasis on my voice, even though it was ridiculous that I had to argue for the obvious: our right to be together, we were mates, we f*cking belonged to each other.

Mallory put her book down and took a lungful of air, "Henry, as it was said, you won't be left with Kemy without supervision. It's not only because you are a werewolf, but because we can't afford to take any risks."

I held back a growl. Did she think that I would take Kemy away at the first opportunity? I wasn't a mindless beast, nor a sneaky scaly animal. I wanted what was best for my mate.

"Now that I know that she is safe here, I have no intention to take her anywhere, Mallory. Your clan and your magic is our best chance to wake her up."

My mate's best chance to wake up was by staying here, so here she would stay until she wakes up, with me by her side. I would either sleep with her in my arms or at least in her room; if they prevented me from doing so, I would make a great effort to keep myself on the leash and not growl or attack. But I surely would stay by her door in Knight's form, guarding her against anything and breathing her in.

Mallory looked at me and gulped hard before she went silent for a moment, "Maybe the mate bond will help her as well. It already had, earlier today she talked in her sleep, for the first time," she murmured, looking at the book on her lap.

"That's another reason I should stay by her side as much as possible, sleep with her in my arms."

"Henry, it seems wrong. She is sleeping and you will....." she mumbled nervously, fidgeting with a lock of her blond hair.

Was she implying that I would molest my own mate? Touch her without her consent? I shook my head and contained my growl as anger made my blood boil and Knight jump to the surface. I had to remain level-headed, which seemed to be a great achievement for an Alpha like me when it came to what mattered most for me, my mate.

I held back another growl and exhaled deeply, squeezing Kemy's hand and letting her lavender scent calm me down.

"I won't ever hurt her or even touch her, she is my mate and I am not a monster. No harm will come to her from me."

Mallory swallowed hard and nodded, "I...I know you won't, Henry. You can sleep with her in your arms. I will sleep in the accent chair in her room too... I need it, I need this reassurance," she said earnestly, her stiff shoulders leaning forward a little and her eyes still a bit moistened.

"Maybe she is like this because her mate isn't like us. Kemy will always have all the pleasure and relaxation she needs, whenever she needs or wants. I am sure you will keep her sated and will fill her again before she starts feeling empty," my horny wolf barked in my mind, swishing his tail excitedly.

But hell, he was right! I would take good care of my woman inside and outside of the bedroom and I wouldn't ever leave her tense, alone and sad as Mallory was now.

Texhaled sharply and nodded, running my fingers through Kemy's soft hair and taking comfort in her presence, in being close to her. I didn't like that I couldn't be alone with Kemy, I hated it. But I will take it for

now.

Later I went back to my hotel, to do the checkout and pick my luggage up, I couldn't shake the sensation that I was being followed through the almost empty streets of Marbella. Now that the sky got clouded, everyone seemed to hide in their houses, or restaurants and cafes, everyone but my stalker. This city was everything my pack in Alaska wasn't: warm, full of life and radiating freedom, neon nights and parties.

I would find an answer for this charade now and catch whoever was following me. I didn't know who they were, I couldn't smell any characteristic scent, but they were way too fast and silent to be a human.

I didn't turn around or give any sign to the person that I had noticed their presence, I turned around a corner instead and waited for them there, silently as a Hunter, leaning against the wall and waiting for my prey to show themselves.

When the person turned around, I lifted him by his shirt, spinning around and pressing him against the wall. I cursed under my breath, noticing that the stalker was my father's Gamma, Cooper.

Waves of anger radiated from my body and Knight was pushing to shift and attack. But I shoved him to the back of my mind and growled, my eyes fixed on the pale stalker under my claws, "What the hell are you doing here? Why are you following me?"

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1. **Insane Courage** Henry

“What the hell are you doing following me, Cooper?” Knight growled with me, launching onto the surface, my fangs extending over my bottom lips. My wolf was ready to attack.

I wasn't stupid, I knew well this was my father's doing. Of course, he wouldn't let me go away easily, but I didn't think he would send someone after me, at least not that soon.

“Henry, the Alpha sent me here to spy on you. You know how he is... and if he gets to know that you caught me in the act, he will... kill me,” Cooper was visibly making a great effort to keep his voice steady, cold sweat was running down his forehead and he grew paler. My Alpha aura extended itself dangerously, radiating a tangible threat.

“Cut the bullshi.t Cooper! He wouldn't kill you!” I barked out.

“He surely would, he killed for much less, he...” Cooper stopped on his track and cast his eyes down. He was being honest, I could feel it.

“F.uck Cooper, I won't tell him that I caught you stalking me. I have no intention of talking to him anytime soon anyway. But you will tell me everything he told you.” I said, putting the Gamma down and taking a single step away, even though my menacing aura was still surrounding him. He breathed deeply in relief and straightened his shirt, regaining his bearings.

“He just told me to track you down and report my findings to him,” he murmured, without looking at me, his body leaned against the wall as if he wanted to merge with it and disappear.

He was afraid of me, of my aura. I didn't want to scare all wolves of my pack and reign using terror as a way to make everyone compliant, I wasn't a monster like my father. Except when it came to my mate's safety, if that was at stake I would gladly have Cooper or any foul trembling under my gaze.

“What have you told him?” A growl vibrated in my voice.

“That you were in this city, and you were constantly looking at a mansion full of dragons,” he murmured, without hesitation.

He was a strong Gamma, and I kind of liked him, he was probably one of the least hateable ranked wolves in my pack.

"Beta Greyson made the standard very low." Knight barked in my head. He was right, I contorted my lips in disbelief, thinking of how close I had been to marrying into his family, with his daughter. Sukki wasn't obnoxious like her father, she could even make a good Luna, but I wasn't attracted to her the way I was to Kemy. Every time I saw Kemy, I had this urge to devour her, ravish her.

I thought for a moment and took a deep breath, giving Cooper some space to breathe as well. I had to reveal something, part of my real intentions to the Gamma, but not everything. No one could know about my plans for my pack. I still didn't know for sure who my father's most loyal supporters were.

"I found out that my mate is a Dragon shifter, which is obnoxious and not something I would ever accept. It was hard to resist the mate bond. She is a very beautiful woman, but I can't let her face distract and lure me from her real nature. She is a monster, a scaly reptile. I want her trust and I am working on winning the other dragons' trust. This way I can appropriate their magic and treasures and make them mine. I will fulfill my destiny, Copper, and become the most powerful Alpha of North America."

Cooper nodded at my words, his face absent of any emotions "I see, so that's what you have in mind. Your father will be pleased to hear that. And please don't ever tell him that you caught me," he asked once more and I agreed.

Except I didn't want the dragon magic for my father, but for myself, to challenge and overthrow him.

Mallory

I was in Kemy's room, in my accent chair, still awake in the middle of the night. Henry was sleeping on his side and had my sister pressed against his chest, his arms wrapped around her, and I could swear that I saw her lips curl up in a small smile. She really needed her mate and their bond.

Seeing him today in the garden with Kemy, watching them reminded me of something I seemed to have forgotten: proximity, and love could be good.

I sighed, thinking about what I needed. What I couldn't have, and it was my own fault. Henry said that Kemy was happy that I was mated, except I was not and I wouldn't ever be. But I didn't want to tell him and spoil my sister's happiness, make her worry about me.

Daniel's handsome face came to my mind. He was a great man, a great friend and clan member, but that was it. Kemy was the one living in her dreams—not me—and I should make myself see the reality, as hard as it was. I was unable to be someone's mate. I was way too broken for that.

I shook my head, trying to brush these feelings and thoughts away. It didn't matter, I shouldn't think about myself now that Kemy was still asleep, and our only goal should be to wake her up fast.

My gaze went to them once again, even in their sleep they both seemed happy and at peace. A smile formed on my lips and I stood up, deciding to take a leap of faith. He wouldn't hurt her and I could as well leave them alone. It was what he wanted, what anyone normal would want; to be alone and have privacy with their mate. So, I tiptoed out of the room, heading to the solitude of my own bed, knowing that at least my sister was taken care of and would be loved.

The next morning I was surprised to see Daniel in the hall. He was heading to Kemy's room. He had a bottle of juice in his hand and looked slightly tense, with his jaw clenched and this very serious, mysterious and alluring look in his eyes. Many called it grumpiness, but for me, it only added to his appeal, made him more interesting... sexy even.

"Daniel, good morning," I smiled politely. His brows furrowed as he looked at me, how could he not notice my presence? We dragons had great senses. Was he *that* lost in his thoughts?

"Oh, Mallory. I was looking for you. I brought you that, it's a coffee juice, or at least it is what Adrian called it. It has caffeine to wake you up and some berries to keep your stamina high while we train," he explained, giving me the bottle with some not very good-looking reddish-brown liquid. How Adrian liked this concoction was beyond me. But maybe I should try it anyway.

My Dragon, Alessia, hummed in my mind, encouraging me to try it, and I knew it wasn't only about the weird juice, but about trying something new. I took a large gulp of it and surprisingly, it wasn't bad.

Luckily, I was wearing a comfortable pair of sports leggings and a loose shirt, so I was ready to go. "Where do you want to train today?" he asked as we went down the stairs.

"Indoors?" It sounded more like a question than a reply. I shook my head, I was making a fool of myself. Daniel only nodded and we headed to the ample gym. Besides some weight training and cardio equipment, it had a large black tatami. The place was big enough to have all of us training here simultaneously if we wanted to.

After stretching for half an hour, Daniel and I started sparring. "Take a fighting stance, flex your knees a little, and remember: surprise, diversion and fire are our key arena yourself or attack. I noaea, focusing on my posture.

"Now, show me what we practiced yesterday. How would you react if I approached you?" he asked, his husky voice and his scent of... confused me for an instant, making my flexed knees weak. I sighed, I wouldn't punch him, if he approached me, I would be torn between running away and running my finger through his stubble, having his grey eyes fixed on mine.

I shook my head, and said inwardly, "*Focus, Mallory! You have to be able to stand on your own feet before thinking about anything else.*"

I took a deep breath and looked at his expectant face, knowing what to do. Side jumping, I threw a fist to his left side and while he was reacting to it, I kicked his knees: diversion.

"Great! Well done!" he praised, a small smile on his lips. It was beautiful and called for something into my soul, making my dragon purr in a Burbus-like manner.

Daniel, you are the distraction and diversion here, I let out a light chuckle at this thought, attracting his curious eyes to me.

Every day it seemed like I was more drawn to him, and I knew it was beyond the bond: otherwise, it would have kicked in immediately. It was him, his dedication and patience in teaching me how to fight, in keeping me company... It was him, his almost smile, his beautiful eyes and loyalty to the clan, reflecting on Kemy and me. He was there for us, and I could feel it.

He showed me a couple more movements and I did as he instructed, we trained for hours until we were both panting. The sweat on his skin made his ... scent even stronger, as something musky and manly oozed from him, drawing me in completely.

"You were great today, Mallory. You are a very fast learner, soon you will be ready with the training," he said, handing me a towel and wrapping another one around his neck.

I sighed, it wasn't what I wanted to hear. I didn't want to be done with the training any more than I wanted to be done with him.

"Maybe not... I am still only beginning, I think I will need many more lessons," I replied, wiping my neck and face with the small towel.

"I don't think so, you are good, give yourself some credit," he added before he headed to an adjoining room leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I crushed on a bench and placed my elbows on top of my knees, my head between my hands as overwhelming and confusing feelings made me have a headache.

I wanted to be close to him, I couldn't deny this feeling, this attraction, this need.

But I also couldn't bring myself to act on it. On top of everything, he surely didn't want me. Who would?

Alessia roared in my mind, she didn't like when I had this kind of thought.

"It's true Alessia, there is nothing anyone can do about it," I sighed. She roared out loud a few times and I knew what she meant. But I didn't know if I was brave enough to do what she suggested.

She roared again, insisting and I took a deep breath, trying to inhale some courage in. Yes, I could do it. It was now or never! I stood up and straightened my back, squaring my shoulders and taking a few steps further, entering the room Daniel disappeared into a few minutes ago.

"Daniel, do you want me?" I asked, as something between impulsivity and insane courage pumped into my veins, like an electric fire.

My very loud thoughts prevented me from hearing or recognise the sound of the water and even

Just now, my lost mind noticed that he was under the shower of the dressing room, as he turned around to look at me, completely nak.ed.

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1. Delicacy Mallory

My cheeks burned with heated embarrassment and I swear to the Gods, it was hotter than fire. I sounded and behaved like a completely insane person. Worse than that, I couldn't take my eyes off him and the droplets of water going down his strong chest and sculpted abs.

He looked intently at me, his thing growing visibly hard and up automatically. I gasped, moving my eyes back to his face.

"Of course I do, Mallory." His words took me by surprise, as I forgot how to breathe for a moment. Strangely, his non-denial paralysed me and all my confusion and embarrassment were replaced by fear and anxiety.

Why was more afraid to be accepted and desired than being rejected by him? I guess that being rejected would be easier, and it would only confirm the way I already felt about myself. But to my utter shock, this incredible, handsome and kind man wanted me. Me.

Daniel turned off the water and to my relief wrapped a blue towel around his hips, hiding the proof of his desire from my startled eyes.

Fear was trembling from the inside of me like the flickering flame of a burning candle, which made my breathing erratic and my blood cold. But it wasn't all, the warmth of his words and the heat of looking at him like that, sent a hot shiver down my spine. And for the first time, the pull and the desire were greater than my fear.

He stretched his arm and offered me his hand, without walking in my direction. Maybe he knew that I was the one who needed to take those steps. My nervous legs took me closer to him and in another breath

of courage, I placed my hands flat on his naked and wet chest. My eyes were cast down, as I looked between his chest and the floor, the water going down the drain.

He cupped my face with his big and strong hand and lifted my chin gently, making me look at him. His grey eyes were filled with emotion, something deep that I couldn't pinpoint.

"Of course I want you, you are my mate. You are beautiful, strong, sweet and loyal. What more could I wish for?"

His words made my breath wobble and I wanted to take a step back, but I didn't. I stayed there with him, feeling the warmth radiating from his body embracing me. He traced my lips with his fingers and an unfamiliar sound left my quivering lips.

Daniel's arms pulled me closer to him, as I walked clumsily to the side before sinking into his embrace. His lips brushed against mine and my feet touched something accidentally, turning the shower on. I guess this was one of the showers you turned on this way. The water fell on us, as I gave in to his kiss, moulding my lips against his and letting his tongue in. He caressed my tongue with his, holding around my waist gently, with more delicacy than I would expect from such a tall and strong man.

I kissed him back, slowly, moving my tongue with his. Gods, I could hardly remember what a kiss felt like, but surely, no kiss had ever felt as good as that. It lit my fire and gave me peace at the same time. For the first time, in as long as I could remember, I enjoyed being touched, my body brought me something rather than pain. It was the opposite of pain, Alessia rumbled in my mind, in agreement.

He nuzzled the side of my cheek and took my face in his hands, looking at my eyes probably looking for any sign of hesitancy. I closed the distance between us and pulled him down, caressing my lips against his, welcoming his tongue in once again, only to freeze as soon as his hands roamed from my ribs to my hips, and a shiver of panic shot throughout my veins. My eyes snapped open and I pulled myself away from Daniel, walking out of the shower. Their force was with me. I clenched my eyes shut, noising back my tears, as the thoughts, the memories, the pain; all of it came back with a jolt.

"I... It is too much for me... I am sorry," I mumbled, avoiding his eyes and turning around to leave. If he ever thought I was insane, now he would be sure.

"Mallory," he called and I looked back at him. He didn't say anything about my little outburst, or of how – much of a handful I was, as I expected him to. He only added, "Don't forget a towel." He motioned to two towels folded on the shelf behind me.

Inodded and wrapped myself with a green towel, before returning to my room. Even though I ruined the moment, I couldn't contain the smile that formed on my face and my trembling fingers tipped my lips. The sweet tingles of his kiss lingered.

He wanted me and it brought me fear and happiness in equal measures. Fear that I wouldn't ever be able to be a real mate for him, to give him what he wanted, needed and deserved.

Henry

Today I took my mate to the garden once again, and we were finally alone. Mallory was starting to trust me and that made Knight howl in satisfaction. He wanted to be left alone with Kemy just as much as I did. She was ours before anything else.

A sharp exhale left my nose as I looked at her serene face, I only hoped Cooper believed all my words, all my lies.

"He will. He knows how much our kind, and especially the wolves of our pack, hate dragons, so he couldn't ever believe we love our little spitfire."

"True, Cooper doesn't know love or how strong the bond between fated mates is. He is the oldest bachelor in the pack, he won't even think that this kind of love is possible, that when I kissed her, looked at her, and talked to her, I realized that I couldn't care less for what she was, that the only thing that mattered was that she was mine."

F*ck she could be a snake shifter for all I cared, I would still love her.

I couldn't have my father invade the mansion and risk having him and his elite warriors hurting my mate. Not when she was in the most vulnerable state, lost in her sleep. Now, I still couldn't fight him and his tricks and traps, I still didn't have the necessary power and magic to do it. I still didn't have time or even the mind to look for a rune, a spell, a f*cking amulet or anything that could help me overthrow a tyrant alpha who played dirty.

Thus, I did what I needed to protect my Kemy.

And that was when another thought popped into my head: maybe Cooper could help me to get the magical instruments that I needed to defeat that bad Alpha, even if he didn't know that taking the title from my father, instead of eventually inheriting, was my goal.

Would he support me if he knew my real intentions?

"I am not that sure, we can't risk having the Alpha knowing about our plans, so it's better to keep the Gamma in the dark." Knight barked in.

He was right. I couldn't risk it and having the Alpha coming here to Marbella and trying anything against me and to what meant the most to me.

"No one will ever hurt you, my love," I murmured, pressing a kiss on her cheek and running my fingers through her hair. covering her with a white blanket. I only wished to fall asleep soon and once again, dream with her.

I opened my eyes to the field of daisies, and Kemy was already running in my direction. I ran too, as fast as possible and as soon as we were only a few feet apart, I opened my arms and she jumped into my embrace, giggling sweetly.

"My Beauty!" I beamed, covering her face with small kisses. My lips soon found hers, as I swirled my tongue into her warm mouth, sucking and licking her lips and tongue. My lips trailed down to her neck and I nipped her milky skin, softening it with a lick and a gentle kiss.

I was already rock-hard and urging to bury my dick deep inside her, I took her in my arms and laid her on the meadow, hovering over her body.

"Henry, can't we talk first?" she asked, placing her hands on my chest. "No, I need to have you now."

My words made her giggle and lace her arms around my neck, her warm skin against mine, only made my desire burn like fire. My fire.

"I've missed that, a whole day without having you trembling under my body," I said, as my lips found their way down to her collarbone. I squeezed her clothed boob, making her moan softly.

As soon as she recovered from the effect of my touch she pushed me away slightly, "You've only missed that?" She furrowed her brows, leaning up on her elbows.

My sweet Kemy had no idea how hard it was to be with her while she was totally absent and distant in her sleep, not being able to talk to her, to look at her beautiful green eyes, kiss and touch her.

"I missed talking to you, to look at your eyes, kiss you and thrust deep into you," I replied, flashing her a mischievous grin and pressing my lips against her.

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 28

[/ The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant](#)

1. Drowning in love and desire

*This chapter contains steamy content, it will be signalled between asterisks *

Kemy

I couldn't say I didn't miss it too. To feel his weight over me, his touches, his kisses and his hardness pressing against my thigh and making my body melt for him. My blood became molten lava as warm moisture was already gathering in the juncture between my thighs: my body was already ready to receive him. No, it was eager, feverish to have him inside, my inner walls were clenching around nothing, missing being filled by his thing.

He pressed his lips on mine, and I licked his bottom lip, but before I could kiss him properly, his tongue invaded my mouth; he nibbled my bottom lip and sucked it slowly, taking control of the kiss, making my body mushy and my mind hazy. He pulled the hem of my dress up and I jerked my hips, helping him to remove my dress and place it under me.

He took his shirt off and I couldn't stop looking at his strong chest; it had some hair, which only made it look more manly and wolfy. (This novel will be daily updated at)The trail of hair followed down to his perfectly sculpted abs, but it didn't end there. It paved the way to dark and delicious promises.

*** "I am all yours to look at, my Beauty! And to touch," he murmured, encouraging me to run my hands through all those muscles and trail the way to his sinful paradise with my fingers until they stopped by his waistband. He flashed me a drool-worthy grin and pulled his pants off, his shaft jumping out, fully erect and very hard.

I licked my lips inadvertently and my mate chuckled at me, kissing my lips and hovering over my body once again, now that only the thin material of my knickers was between us.

His kisses roamed from my jaw to my neck, to my collarbone, and soon his warm moistened lips were around my nipple, suckling my nub into his mouth. He moved to my other bosom, his tongue following the curves of my breast before he captured my nipple once again, licking and twisting it slowly, teasingly, making me moan and wriggle a bit. With two firm hands on my hips, he kept me in place: I was his to pleasure, to do all the amazing things he did to my body, to bring to life all the delicious and tingling sensations.

His hand moved to the waistline of my knickers and he pushed it down, looking at my face without detaching his sucking lips from my breast. A trembling whimper left my lips and I felt my body clenching, throbbing for him.

It burnt, almost painfully. I needed him now.

"Henry, I want you inside me, now!" my words sounded like the mewl of a horny feline, vibrating in sync with Ember's whimper. She could feel it too, the scorching pleasure and intense love our mate sparked on my body and soul.

"No, Beautiful. You are still not ready and I don't want to and won't ever hurt you. You are very tight and I'm big," he replied, his voice husky with desire. Bummer.

I sighed with a pang of frustration. My feverish body needed more. He climbed up my upper body and kissed my lips slowly.

His eyes were looking intently at mine, they were dark with desire and had a twinkle of light in them. My mate cupped my face and caressed my cheek with his thumb. "Kemy, I need to have you coming at least once before enter you because once I do it, I will fuck you hard, deep and fast, until you c*m at least twice more for me," he rasped, and I nodded frantically.

His words only fed the fire building within my core. I wanted it. I wanted all of it, badly and now. pleasure within it, nis mouth was attached to my

again, nipping and sucking it.

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"Henry, please," I whimpered, lacing my fingers in his dark, wavy hair and pressing my bosom against his face as my mound ground against his belly.

His lips wandered down to my belly and soon he was lapping a straight line on my navel, covering my skin with love bites and trails of pleasure. I opened my legs and pressed my s*x against his chest, eager to ease my throb, my urgency.

My mate placed his strong hands on both sides of my hips and nibbled my mound.

"You are a very naughty and impatient spitfire." He shook his head and smacked my hip, making me undulate my hips and moan. Henry chuckled in response, keeping my hips in place and my legs wide open

for him to dive his mouth into my folds.

I tried to wriggle away as he devoured my s*x with his passionated kisses, jolt after jolt of pleasure overwhelming me and making my soul want to jump out of my body and join his.

Henry placed each of my legs on his shoulders and slapped my butt twice, before squeezing it almost roughly. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)And Gods, I liked it. No, I loved it. I was a moaning and panting mess.

He lapped my s*x from my sensitive button to my entrance and thrust his tongue into me with reckless abandon as if he wanted to drink every droplet of my liquid desire. He nuzzled my sensitive spot, his face buried in my s*x. I should be embarrassed, it was so intense, so strong, so much... but also completely delicious and perfect! I was his, completely.

My womb spasmed, burning in pleasure as the explosive feeling overtook every nerve ending, every inch of my body and my eyes rolled inside my head as I moaned out loud and climaxed in his mouth.

Without wasting any time, he hovered over me, pecking my mouth gently. "Are you okay, Sweetness?" His voice was deep and husky with desire.

"I am... perfect, but I need you. I need you now," I breathed, my eyes barely open and my mind as mushy as it could be.

He kissed me again before sitting up and placing my legs on his shoulders, his blue eyes lost in mine. He entered me deeply and completely, opening my still clenching s*x for him. He was right, it was a deliciously and even a bit painfully tight fit.

He pumped deep into me. In this position I could feel his tip knocking on my womb, it was tingling, intense, and so good.

"You feel perfect, my Beauty," he said, leaning forward and fondling my pebbled nipple, before twisting it and sending a jolt of pleasure-pain direct to my s*x. He angled his hips, rubbing all the right spots inside of me, and his hands never stopped playing with my nip.ples, pulling, twisting, and caressing my sensitive buds.

As he slid out of me slightly, I pushed my hips against his, I wanted, I needed him completely in. He chuckled and slapped my hips slightly, "I will give you what you want, Sweetness!"

He lived up to his words, pumping fiercely into me until we both came undone in each other's arms.

*** O ***

We both laid on our sides-facing each other-his arms wrapped around my waist as I caressed his torso and ran my hands across my new obsession: his abs. As soon as we could separate our lips and stop kissing each other desperately, we only looked at each other's eyes and smiled. He was even more handsome looking this relaxed, his eyes sparkling with joy and love, mirrored the way I felt. tmem naa survivea.

"There are four male and two female dragons, including your sister. Marion is mated to Adrian, but I haven't seen her that much. She is busy with her new fashion brand for babies, or something like that. Daniel and your sister are mated. Alev is the one I've only met once, he and his witch girlfriend are out of town for a few days. Egan is their duke and leader and he is mated to Alma, a redheaded witch who is expecting twins; her stomach is unbelievably huge." He opened his eyes wide, making it seem like Alma's belly was something scary.

I giggled at his words, but I was so happy that our small clan was growing, and two new baby dragons would be around soon. The way Henry made it sound, they could be born at any moment.

"How are you getting along with them?"

Henry looked away for a moment, looking thoughtful, "Fine. We made a lot of progress. At first it was hard, especially considering that I thought they were the Red Dragons who kidnapped you," he replied, "Kemy your sister asked me to tell

you that she is sorry that she couldn't protect you and avoid the kidnapping," he added with a sharp exhale.

I gaped at him, surprised. What in the *Sacred Golden Fire* was Mal talking about?

"What? She couldn't possibly have done anything. She was hardly more than a teenager, only two years older than me. When we were taken, I was almost eighteen and Mal was twenty, she was in the first year of training to become a warrior, the year in which everything was boring and pure theory. I don't get why she is blaming herself." I murmured, my lips pressed tightly in a small pout.

I cast my eyes down and exhaled deeply, my poor sister. (This novel will be daily updated at) Our parents died when I was sixteen—and just as the war started—Mal was barely an adult though she felt responsible for me. I wasn't the only one left orphaned, we both were. Yet, Mal couldn't see that and would always put me first.

"Please, Henry. Please tell her...tell her that I never ever thought it was her fault, not even for a second. Tell her that I love her so much and that I am so thankful for everything she did for me, I couldn't ever wish for a better big sister," I mumbled, without stopping to breathe, emotion and worry lacing my words.

Henry pulled me against his chest and shushed me gently, rubbing soothing circles on my back.

"I will tell her that. She will be okay, Sweetness. She has her mate and she has you; you will wake up for us, soon. I have something else to tell you," he added, looking at the distance for a moment.

I saw the worry, the dread, in his eyes and it made my breath hitch in my chest. "What?" I asked anxiously, knowing that it must be something bad.