The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 8

1. **My She-wolf?**

Henry

"Niki, baby, get inside and ask Marion to teleport you all away. There is an insane mutt here!"

He told the little witch as she looked between us, startled, pale, wide-eyed, I could hear her ragged breath.

"You know that we won't ever leave you, hot pants!" she replied after gulping hard.

"He's just one dog, I can put him down with ease."

While he was distracted talking to her, I ran through the door full-speed passing by the witch and making her lose balance and almost fall. My mate was all that

mattered, and I knew she was in that room.

When I entered the bedroom, my gaze fell immediately on her sleeping form. I didn't need to look at her eyes to know she was mine; I was drawn to her, attracted by a magnetic, overwhelming force.

"Mine!" Knight and I claimed in unison, our voice deep, guttural, coming from a primal place within my soul.

I passed by a startled blond she-dragon and scooped my mate in my arms, sniffing her beautiful locks of light brown hair and breathing her in. Tingles exploded where our skin made contact radiating throughout my whole body. Desire coursed through my blood, I had to have her, to put my mark on her beautiful neck.

"Something is wrong, she isn't a she-wolf!" Knight remarked. He looked surprised, unsettled, pacing around my mind. I could feel him, torn between the amazing feeling of having her close and touching her, and the unsettling news.

I breathed a lungful of lavender and amber again, trying to distinguish her wolf's smell among her intoxicating aroma.

She wasn't a she-wolf! She was a dragon! A growl vibrated in my chest.

Before I could think any further, the chaos breaking in around me demanded my attention as I felt the male dragon's filthy hands on my shoulders.

"Let her go now! I'll kill you!" The male dragon yelled at me, trying to push my

Only now my gaze took a good look around and noticed the big commotion.

Mallory

The Werewolf burst into the room, passed by me as if I was invisible, and took my sister in his arms, sniffing her in their animalistic ways. His hold seemed possessive but also filled with care.

I breathed deeply, this couldn't be happening again! No one would take Kemy from me this time, I would die before I allowed that to happen.

Alessia released a sharp growl of agreement within my soul, we would fight, fail and even die for my little sister.

I was about to pounce on him when I heard him muttering the word, *Mine.*

A ray of light beamed in the room for a split second, the air was vibrating with particles of electricity. What magic? What kind of bond was that?

gasped and heard Alma's and Marion's surprised gasps as well, which attracted my eyes to them, everything seemed to happen in slow motion. I could see Alma's spiritual flames flowing towards the werewolf as Marion took a defensive stance in front of our pregnant Queen. Niki was running towards them, she seemed to also want to shield Alma's belly.

Alev was right behind his girlfriend. He was the only man here now, the other ones were setting their professional lives in the city, as a way to interact in society in a low-key way and not raise any suspicions among the humans. 'They were low-key CEOs' as Alma put, chuckling at the irony.

But the w*ord mine p*aralysed all of us, except Alev.

"Alev, wait!" Alma yelled, waving her hand and making the spiritual fire retract back to her fingertips fast.

"He... he is dangerous, but you can't kill him! He is her mate, if he dies, my sister dies too!" My words carried a loud and sharp cry.

I placed myself between Alev and the crazy man-wolf trying to abduct my little sister from right under our noses.   the first time in decades to restrict Alev, attack him, and even get beaten if necessary, but I wouldn't let Kemy suffer nor would I lose her!

Almost no dragon could survive the death of their mate, it was something so rare that I've only heard about a couple of cases. *We* couldn't risk Kemy's life and w*e*

wouldn't.

"Mallory, l… I didn't know, I won't kill him or hurt him, or Kemy," Alev said calmly, lifting his hands up in surrender.

I looked down at myself, and I gasped as I realised that the lower half of my body was fire. I was becoming fire; it was my special power and it was manifesting inadvertently when I was burning in anger, just like when I was young and not high on the medications and suppressants they forced on me in that dreadful lab.

I noticed that my *eyes* were burning with tears, except that they weren't tears but sparkles of flames.

"Mal, we won't let anything happen to Kemy's mate. Don't *worry*," Alma told me, her voice soothing like a beacon of light among the blinding fire.

I took a lungful of air slowly, trying to calm myself and my inner fire down. Soon, the fire disappeared and my stiff muscles relaxed a bit.

My eyes found the tall and sturdy werewolf, he still had my sister in his arms, his *eyes we*re on her as if the tumult unfolding in this room didn't matter at all.

His strong arms pulled her closer to his chest and leaned down, motioning to place her back in her bed before he gave up with a huff and buried his nose in her hair and inhaled deeply.

He was taking her away. My heart raced as panic filled my mind, leaving a trail of cold sweat on my forehead and neck. Mate or not, no one would take Kemy from home, from us.

"Put her back on her bed, you won't take my sister anywhere!" I burst with determination, pulling his arm and attracting his blue eyes to me. It was the first time I voluntarily touched a man-besides hesitantly holding Daniel's hand for a few minutes once-but I would swallow back my fear and fight for my Kemy.

glowing eyes full of aggression and his fangs down his bottom lips.

Before I could blink, Daniel was beside me and pulling me into his arms. I let my tense body sink into his embrace as he wrapped two protective arms around me.

"Stay away from my mate and her sister! Never yell at her or even think of coming close to her!" Daniel lashed out, his skin was hot against mine, burning with rage, "Kemy might be your mate, but you aren't taking her anywhere!"

His protectiveness tugged at my heart and made my mind, and even my dragon, a bit hazy. It was almost like a hallucination, something I could hardly process. I had been looking after myself and my sister for so long, having someone defending me so heartily and fiercely felt surreal.

"We won't kill you for we won't hurt Kemely, but you aren't welcome in this house, leave and never come back, else you will spend the rest of your feral life

in a dungeon!" Egan's imponent voice attracted my glossy eyes to him. He was holding his wife protectively, his body shielding hers.

"Egan, he is her mate, she needs him, maybe that's the key to wake her up" Alma tried to argue, behind the man-mountain surrounding her.

"His kind can't be trusted. We only trust Apollo due to his connections to the Warlock Society and to Kaitlyn," he replied.

Alev growled, "I never trusted him!" His jaw was locked, and his hands fisted in tight balls. I didn't need to have much experience in the matters of love to know that Alev was clearly jealous. He and everyone else in the mansion knew that the werewolf had his eyes settled on Niki, and she reciprocated his attention. But now Niki was with him, and Apollo was gone with Kaitlyn.

Now that I was slightly calmer, my eyes went to Daniel as I fully realised that I was still wrapped in his protective embrace. I looked at him nervously, my body didn't know if it could relax under the tingles and warmth of his touch or panic at the overwhelming proximity. My heart raced in this unfindable doubt, and dizziness, and confusion. But a sob broke through my throat as fear won once again.

Daniel withdrew his arms from me and muttered, "Sorry." His eyes cast down.

contemplation.

"Leave now! *You* are clearly outnumbered!" Marion chimed in, narrowing her eyes at the man who claimed to be my sister's mate.

He let out a loud, pained growl and pressed Kemy against his body, kissing her forehead. It didn't seem like he would leave her.

Egan exchanged a look with Alma and she nodded after sighing deeply. In a matter of seconds, Kemy was involved by spiritual fire which shielded her from the werewolf and placed her back in her bed gently.

Without wasting the momentum, Alev, Egan, and Marion ran towards the werewolf at once; Egan tried to reach for his arms, but he got a punch landed on his stomach. Our Duke didn't even cringe, and breathed out some smoke, surrounding the werewolf with it and making him cough a lot and breath with difficulty as he still tried to land kicks and punches on Alev and Egan. Our Duke took advantage of the werewolf's confused state to pounded at him, restricting his arms firmly.

Kemy's so-called mate didn't seem to give up, he simultaneously kicked Alev and tried to turn around moving his shoulders in a circular motion and placing his weight over Egan to make him lose balance along with his hold on him.

"Stop fighting. We don't want to hurt you but we won't let you take Kemy!" Marion intervened, her normally calm voice was laced with resolution.

"Never!" the werewolf hissed, his eyes glowing behind the cloud of thick smoke.

"Since you want to be shoved away, we will show you the way to the door!" Alev hissed as he was finally able to capture the Werewolf's kicking legs.

They tugged the struggling man away, his eyes vibrating with anger and desperation, "Kemy!" he called her before disappearing through the door. My heart hurt for him, but I didn't trust anyone, nevermind his kind, around my sister, mate or

not.

I knew that they attacked our people and killed our children more than once, they were brutes, bloody monsters, and I swore to myself that I wouldn't ever allow any monster to come close to me or my little sister again.