

# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 9

## 1. Only in my dreams Henry

I stood up and cleaned the sand off from my clothes after the f\*cking reptiles shoved me onto the sand and teleported away, like cowards. It will have a payback!

*"If they hadn't used that toxic smoke, I would have shifted and shown them to their place!"* Knight growled in rage, he was about to take control and shift in the middle of the beach, surrounded by humans when I pulled the lash of control and stopped him.

*"I have to go back there! Sniff her again, groom her,"* he barked. He wanted to tend to his mate, as I did. It was only natural.

*"She was sleeping, Henry. Hell was breaking loose and she didn't wake up, she didn't even make a sound, she was like a still and beautiful statue. There is something wrong with her, maybe she is sick and that's why her wolf... her reptile reached to me. We have to help her, now! I am sure that she will wake up, if I shift and groom her, I will lick her face, nuzzle her neck until she feels better again!"*

Texhaled sharply and rubbed my hands on my face in agitation. I wanted to do it too, it was instinctive, not something that I could control or even think about, I had to be close to her.

"Kemy," I said her name tentatively once again, tasting it in my mouth, remembering her delicious scent.

All I wanted was to bury my nose in her hair once again, and bury my d\*ck in her, feel her skin, look at her eyes, hear her voice, hear her saying my name.

But I couldn't! She smelled like heaven, she was so gorgeous, even sleeping she made me harder than anyone else ever did. She was perfect. Yet she wasn't and she couldn't be more wrong for me. She was one of them, she was just like those slick reptiles.

I couldn't be with her.

Knight growled nonstop in distress within my head, he was so noisy that I was about to hit my own forehead to shut the mutt up.

*"I don't want to do it either, but we have to. We have to reject her."* I exhaled

He was hurting like hell, and I was hurting too. I just wanted it to stop, I just wanted to go back to my old life, without this stirring and this overwhelming desire reminding me of what I couldn't have.

I had to look for a place to stay tonight and tomorrow morning I would book the first flight available and go back to my father's pack, without bringing my mate but rather anger, frustration, and pent-up desire.

*"I won't submit to no Alpha! / won't go back with my tail between my legs like a purse chihuahua!"* Knight barked and I agreed with him.

We wouldn't, but in the end, my father was right, fated-mates were only problem-brewers. And the Fates were cruel Gods, with their jokes and ironies.

I had to reject her and end this craving, this f\*cking aching, but it was impossible because she was sleeping.

Kemy

The best smell ever entered my nostrils, fresh-cut grass and rain and I sighed dreamily. Then I felt a sweet sensation, pleasant tingles rose all over me and it was warm, cozy, and felt better than anything else.

Ember almost moaned, she could feel it too.

*"Is it the Fire-headed woman and her golden and fluid fire?"* I asked Ember but

she shook her head denying it.

Texhaled sharply and laid on the grass, it didn't matter where it came from, only wanted to enjoy this sensation for as long as I could. I breathed the delicious scent in deeply, trying to keep it forever saved in my lungs and let the sweet sensation wash over me, possess me, and be everything, my whole universe.

A smile formed on my lips, I was happy in a way I haven't been since I was captured by the Bloody dragons.

All of the sudden, the smell faded away and the tingles disappeared. My heart tugged with longing and I felt as if I missed something I didn't even know, I missed something I feared I wouldn't ever know.

sadder as never before after losing this smell and the warmth. I was there for quite a while, not that time mattered in my reality, I didn't even have a way to count it and everything felt too slow, and too long.

Ember let out a happy roar, making me sit up with a jolt and look at the direction her eyes were gazing at.

The White wolf was back; he was a shadow on the horizon. But faster than ever, he ran in our direction, his frame becoming bigger and much more clear. My heart

was beating fast, buzzing in my ears as he stood a few feet away from Ember and me. His blue eyes looked intently at mine, which made my heart stop for an instant in

realisation: he could see me.

Could he? I turned to Ember, trying to look for her confirmation and she nodded her huge head.

I've never seen such a big wolf before, everything in him screamed greatness. His fur looked soft and lush and I really wanted to run my fingers through it, his eyes were like beautiful oceans in which I wanted to swim... I wanted to sink in them and get lost forever. Yes, that was exactly what I wanted. He didn't move his gaze, making it clear that he could indeed see me.

Our eyes were locked into each other as if there was a magnetic spell between us, a link that couldn't be broken or even bent.

I saw something in the infinite of his eyes, it was like a mirror, a reflection of my soul. His smell entered my nostrils and I recognised the amazing scent I smelt before, fresh-cut grass and rain.

Suddenly, his shape changed and the gorgeous naked man stood where the wolf once was. His ocean-blue eyes were fixed on mine and I forgot how to breathe.

How could someone's presence feel so good? How could someone look like this? Only in my dreams, I guess. My gaze roamed down from his hypnotic eyes and I gulped hard, feeling a bit giddy.

He was so gorgeous, so close, and so naked!"