

# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 91

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## 1. The Bltch is back Kemy

Strange! Henry was taking too long to come back, more than ten minutes. Did he go to buy the wine or what?

“Henry? Did you get lost in the kitchen?” I chuckled through our mind-link, but my words only met a wall. Why did he close our bond completely?

Suddenly, Ember started to whimper restlessly in my mind and called me to meet her out front of the house. Something was definitely wrong! Standing up abruptly, I went towards her.

She looked very distressed, moving her snout up and down and pointing to her left. Caressing her huge golden face, I tried to calm her down, “What happened, Ember? Are you hurt?” she couldn’t be hurt, otherwise I would feel it. Even though we could detach, we were still one.

She closed her light golden eyes and shared a memory with me. Despite the snow, Henry was leaving the house in his pants only, and following a brunette witch. Ember was trying to talk to him, attract his attention, but he just passed by as if she didn’t even exist. Ember was about to spit some warning-fire at the witch, when she and Henry disappeared through a dark portal.

“Was it dark magic?” I asked and my dragon nodded frantically. Shut! He must be under a spell, but who would do it to him and why? Just when you think the problems are gone along with your evil father-in-mate... I shook my head. I had to find Henry now.

“We will find our mate, Ember. Don’t worry,” I reassured her and patted her huge head before I headed to get Mal and Daniel and then to Anita.

The three of us entered Michael and Ashley’s house, where Anita and Cooper were staying, in a rush. After telling her everything Ember showed me, I asked for her help to find my mate.

“I will get a map and a crystal-pendulum and be right back. That’s so weird, there really aren’t many people that can manipulate dark magic,” Anita murmured.

“We seem to attract them like a magnet.” Mal sighed deeply, covering her face with her hands. Daniel wrapped her in his embrace, comforting her.

“Darkness is attracted to very bright light or fire. More than that, these people crave more and more power. A dark witch joined the attack on our mansion months ago, maybe she has something to do with it.” Daniel thought out loud.

"So, the bitch-witch is back? But why Henry? He wasn't even there when she attacked. Something is off," Mal added, snuggling into his chest.

A deep exhale left me. Never mind the sexy promises he had to fulfil, I needed the peace only his embrace could bring – except he was gone, and surely in danger.

Anita came back with a box and a map, and took my hand in hers, "the easiest way to find someone is using either their blood or personal belongings, but the mate-bond is even more powerful than that. Think about Henry, Kemy. Show us the way towards him."

"Where is Cooper?" Daniel asked, looking around the room. It was rare to see the new Beta couple apart lately.

"He is with Iris' kids... My bo-I needed some rest," Anita gave him an awkward smile. "Uhum." I knew well what kind of rest she needed. She must be sore down there, those wolves were deliciously horny

beats. the penauium over tne map. in an abrupt movement, the penauium new away from ner nanas ana nit the wall, breaking into many pieces.

Oh, Gods! Anita gasped, her eyes wide open, "That's some powerful dark magic!"

Iris was asleep now, and she would only wake up in fourteen hours. I started pacing around like a madwoman, trying to think about a way to find him.

"Do you think Esmée can help?" My sister asked. "No. When she knows something, she tells us." I sighed.

Suddenly, I heard Egan's stressed voice in my mind, "Henry is here and he—". "He what?" I asked desperately, but no response came. Alev was also out of reach. A deep exhale left me as my chest tightened in fear.

"We have to mind-link Marion, Henry is in Marbella and there is something very wrong happening. Egan and Alev are unreachable."

"I will call Alma," Daniel said.

"Marion, something is wrong in the mansion. Are you there? Did you see Henry?", I mind-linked her without even catching a breath.

"No, Adrian and I went/came to spend a few days in a Spa-resort. What is happening? Did you mind-link the others?" Marion sighed.

"They are out of reach. It's something involving dark magic. Daniel thinks that a dark witch that attacked the clan before you guys found me is back," I explained.

"I am going to your pack to meet you. We have to get to the mansion,"

she told me, closing the mind-link.

"Kemy, Alma said that the mansion was attacked, she felt something a few minutes ago and locked herself and the babies in the nursery using the fire spirit. She can't fight, she has to stay there and protect the babies. Do you think the witch is using Henry to kidnap the babies?" Mal's voice was laced with worry and terror

"I don't know." I covered my face with my hands and swallowed the lump of fear that formed in my throat. I hated that my mate was probably being used to hurt my people, our people.

(A few minutes earlier) Meghan

Now that I had the Alpha under my command, I met Shazza and Zhamyrah in Marbella. I was only a few feet away from the mansion that housed the treasure that would bring me my freedom.

"Now, now... ain't you a good boy?" I patted Henry's shoulder as I pressed the medallion in my hand. He didn't even react, numb and quiet as a man should be, just following orders. One's most prized possession is something powerful and the key ingredient for the dark spell that allows me to control their will and their every thought.

"Zhamyrah, have you used the oils and potions?" I asked the Succubus. I had to make sure that this time it would work, I wouldn't have a third chance. We couldn't fail.

"Yes, I will be even more irresistible than normal. When I let my aura grow, no straight male, mated or not, is able to resist me." The scarlet-haired demon smiled, licking her black-painted lips. Her eyes gleamed with lust.

Zhamyrah was a powerful Succubus. She was powerful to such an extent that she could come in and gaa inat Snazza managed to summon her from a deep pit OT Hell; It took many attempts, but it was worth it.

"Let's go," I told them and we strode towards the mansion. We had no time to lose. Zhamyrah would be forced to go back to Hell in a few hours. She couldn't last long in our world, not even dark magic allowed it. A humourless chuckle escaped me. Of course, they had a protection spell.

"Henry, ring the bell and tell Egan you are here because your mate is in danger," I ordered the Alpha and he did what I said. Our scents and auras were concealed, the Dragons wouldn't know about our presence until the right time came.

Soon, a distressed Egan opened the gate and called Henry in.

"Won't you invite me and my friends, Hottie Mcpants?" Zhamyrah asked with a pout, her dark purple aura radiating towards Egan.

"Who are you?" he grunted, clenching his fists tightly. He was trying to resist, but there was no way he could do it. A powerful Succubus whose seduction was increased by pheromones and dark magic was undeniable.

"I am your Mistress! And you will be a good boy and do what I say. Please, Daddy!" Zhamyrah winked at him, blowing a thread of soft red vapour towards his direction to reinforce her allure.

"Please come in, Mistress," Egan beamed as he moved the crystals on the floor and lowered the protection shield.

"So much better, Loverboy." Zhamyrah smiled, running her very long dark nails across Egan's chest and stomach softly.

"Zhamyrah, you can feed on him later. We have no time for that now!" I chastised her, pulling her in with me. I had to eliminate any other hindrance on my way and find what I was looking for.

Entering the house, we came across another male dragon, Alev. "What the Hell is happening here? You?" A ball of fire formed in his hand as he looked at me.

"Yes, Babe. I am back," I grinned at him, before motioning for the Succubus to do her magic.

"Oh, Lover, don't do it! Be nice to your Mistress' friend. Otherwise, I will bite your delicious fleshy lips as I ride you. You are so young and sexy and I can see that under all these muscles and this attitude there is a little broken heart. I will heal it and eat you completely," Zhamyrah purred, sweetly. Her hands roamed down his chest and her eyes fixed on his. These men were easy prey.

"Is there anyone else in the house?" Shazza asked, scanning the room.

"Answer her, Fire-Lover!" Zhamyrah said as she caressed Egan's arms. Her power was enhanced by the touch.

"Alma and the children," Egan replied, looking up the stairs.

A small smile surged on my face. Golden Dragon children. How rare! Some would call it a miracle. I called it an opportunity. They could give me so much money, so many people would want to have their own Golden-Dragolings.

"Shazza, Zhamyrah, take care of them and of whoever appears, I am heading to the office," I told them as I rushed upstairs. Soon, everything here would be mine. Above anything else, I would finally be free.

Kemy

Marion teleported Daniel, Mal, Adrian and me to the door of the mansion. My heart clenched painfully as I inhaled, the place reeked of dark magic, the air around heavy and polluted. Frustration.

"But we decided that we should put our unborn baby first and avoid taking any risks. Marion's pregnancy is risky and Doctor Emily prescribed rest and relaxation," Adrian added, wrapping his arms around his mate.

"Of course, don't worry Marion. Go back to the spa and try to relax. We will keep you guys informed," my sister reassured Marion and she smiled. We all knew that it was very hard for Marion to fall pregnant, it

took decades, heartbreaks and frustrated attempts, She had to protect herself and her baby now, and Adrian had to do the same, focus on them. Marion hugged the three of us and took her mate's hand, giving

us a sad look, before she teleported away.

"It's better this way," Daniel muttered under his breath before we headed to the mansion.

My blood boiled with anger and determination as the next words left my mouth, "We have to take the babies and Alma away, to safety. Then we have a bitch-witch to barbecue! No one takes my Alpha away from me!"

## The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 92

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### 1. Don't Succumb to the Succub!tch TOM

Mallory

"Mallory and I will go face the witch and distract her while you help Alma," Daniel whispered to Kemy and she nodded as we entered the mansion's garden as quietly as geckos.

Clenching my hands in fists, I could already feel my blood burning in my veins. I was ready to become fire and show this witch that no one touches our clan and family.

Daniel and I exchanged a look and we entered the house, ready to fight. "Egan? Alev?" I yelled in shock.

My eyes popped open as I saw Egan and Alev shirtless, leisurely seated by the feet of a tanned, crimson-red woman with red eyes. What in the Holy Golden Fire? Egan was feeding her grapes as Alev massaged her feet. She oozed dark magic and something outwardly. I took a lungful of her smell. It didn't seem like anything I'd inhaled before. Who was this woman and what kind of spell did she put on the men?

Daniel was about to breathe a torch of fire and I could already feel my flames leaking from my fingertips when the woman spoke.

"Oh, come here, Firebee, I have some honey for you too," She curled her finger up and my mate swallowed back his fire immediately following her command like a puppy-lizard. He was about to sit at her feet when anger burst within me and my fingers became fire. Aiming at the woman, I let the flames extend from my body, feeding on the air and everything around it.

"Stay away from my mate!" I yelled, feeling more flames flow through me. My body was getting even more heated, my arms were an extension of my flames. I was about to burn completely.

Egan stood up with a jolt and took my attack, shielding the woman with his body, "Don't you dare to hurt my Mistress!" he grunted, his eyes dark with rage yet totally absent. He didn't even acknowledge the burn wound on his chest. He was like a puppet!

Daniel was now on his knees, looking at the bitch as if she was holding the moon. My blood burned even further, but I had to control myself. Find a way to break the spell she had the guys under.

The woman ran her disgusting hands across Daniel's arm and pecked his lips. Next, she kissed him deeply, making my stomach churn ablaze as tears brimmed in my eyes. I tried to convince myself that it wasn't real. Daniel didn't kiss her because he wanted to, but my heart tightened painfully anyway.

"Firebee, keep this little she-dragon away from me. Show her that you are mine. She was a very bad girl, and you know... bad girls that try to steal what is mine get burned!" she said, caressing my mate.

No-no! All I wanted to do was to become fire and burn my way towards her. My heated breath hitched in my throat, making me cough smoke.

Terror and rage burned within me. She did it on purpose, using my own mate against me, because she knew I would never hurt him.

Daniel walked towards me and took me by my arm, "Leave, now!" he ordered dryly. His eyes didn't hold any love, any light. He wasn't my Daniel, only a spell-bound doll.

"Burn her!" the woman commanded with her repulsive sugary voice. How I wanted to burn this sugar, burn everything. She had kissed him! She dared to kiss him. Crazy enough, even though my life and my clan were at risk now, that kiss was what hurt most.

My Dragon Alessia roared within me. We would help them and this woman would get what was to the Succ...

"Daniel, I love you," I murmured.

Daniel looked intently at me and I tried to free myself from his forceful grasp. I was ready to let my body flow away in flames as I ran from this attack. I couldn't ever bring myself to hurt him, but I wouldn't let him or anyone hurt me either. Not anymore! I'd already suffered a lot, but suffering by the hands of my own mate – spelled or not – was a whole new level of pain. A pain I couldn't take.

To my surprise, Daniel only pulled me away with him, leading me towards the door. "Firebee, didn't you hear me? Burn her!" the women yelled, impatient.

"I can't," Daniel replied absently, taking me out of the house and returning to the b!tch. Taking a lungful of air, I tried to think straight and contain my flames. Wait, she could manipulate men with her touch and voice, she was a Succub!tch! I had to get to Alma and Kemy, break the spell and make this Succub!tch learn that the flames of Hell hath no fury as a mate scorned!

Suddenly, a chant entered my ears, piercing through my mind and giving me a searing headache. A scream broke through my lungs as I pressed my hands on my temples. It was a dark spell. When I managed to open my eyes, a tall blond witch was in front of me chanting something in a foreign language.

Inhaling deeply, I tried to reach to all my fire, the core of my powers. As soon as I exhaled, my whole body became flames. Before she could say any further word, flames enveloped her body, cutting her chant and her darkness. The witch screamed in agony, consumed by my flames. It didn't take long until I let go of her and my flames gathered again, reshaping my body.

Looking at her still form, I realised that she was still alive but half-burned and wouldn't be able to curse anyone with her darkness for a very long time. Now, I had to find my sister and Alma, and burn that Succubus back to Hell!

Kemy

I ran towards Alma's balcony on the third floor and breathed deeply. If I either shifted to Ember's form or fly on her back, I would attract lots of attention. It's not easy to be discreet with a big Golden Dragon – even though Ember is the smallest and youngest of our clan.

Holy Golden Fire and Moon Goddess together, I will have to do it! There was no other way. I stretched a little before starting to climb the house.

Good thing that I was never afraid of heights! I belonged high in the skies, at least when I had Ember's golden wings. Grabbing the bannister I propped myself up. I could do it! One more move and my hand slipped, making me fall butt-first onto the grass. Biting my lips, I held back a groan, trying not to attract the witch. Wait, I didn't have to climb my way up, I could astral project from here instead. My gift was so new that in the middle of this mess, I forgot about it. Sitting on the corner, I tried to focus on Alma's balcony,

frustrated and about to give up when a bright fire surged within my soul. When I opened my eyes, I was on the balcony. I couldn't get into the room, since I knew that my astral projection could get burned.

"Alma," I knocked on the glass door softly, seeing the barrier of dancing golden spiritual fire surrounding the whole room.

My eyes met a distressed-looking Alma, with two crying babies in her arms. Waving her hand, she made the part of the firewall in front of me retract a little so I could get in. Opening the balcony's glass door, I entered the room.

"Kemy, I have to take the babies to safety. I am afraid this witch is after them," Alma muttered as she replaced by worriea ciutched ups.

"You will both be fine, my little fire-angels," she cooed at them. Placing a kiss on her babies' bald heads, Alma inhaled to hold back her tears. The poor little things were only around one month old, so tiny and helpless.

"You can ride Ember and take them to Marion. I will tell her to meet you at the beach. We just have to cloak Ember so no one can see her," I told Alma and she nodded. Of course, the witches would be able to see Ember and having her flying in her golden glory would attract their attention anyway, but we had to keep the babies safe.

After Marion confirmed that she and Adrian would be there to take the babies, Alma took a lungful of air. Pressing her babies against her chest, she moved her hands in the air, carefully enveloping the babies with a protective coat of spiritual fire.

"Here is the cloak rune for Ember." Alma gave me the small grey stone with a green sign on it that she took from her drawer.

Ember didn't even take a minute to show up on the large balcony after I summoned her. I placed the rune on her forehead, and she absorbed its magic as the stone entered her skin, making My Dragon glow in a soft shade of green for a moment.

"I will be back as soon as they are safe. Meghan won't put her hands on our mates or anything that is ours!" Alma's words sparkled with fire as she climbed on Ember effortlessly. She was surely used to riding

a Dragon.

My mind was burning, my heart was pounding in the rhythm of desperation. I couldn't wait while that bitch was doing Gods know what with my Henry. I had to act. Closing my eyes and focusing, I returned to my body, back to the garden. The smell of burned flesh assaulted my senses, and I followed it. As I walked

around, I saw my sister beside a very burned witch. Was this Meghan?

"Kemy, I have bad news," Mal sighed as she strode towards me. She told me what happened when she and Daniel entered the house and I let her know about Alma and the babies. Hopefully, they are already safe and no bitch-witch minion followed Ember.



“So, Henry wasn’t there with the Succubus. Where can he be?” I wondered, covering my face with my hands.

“I think there is another witch inside the house, she must be the one spelling Henry. We have to find another way to get inside,” I murmured, pulling Mal by her arm and walking around the house. Looking at the large window of the gaming room, I had an idea.

“We break in and sneak upstairs. We just need a small hole in the glass, you can make your body become flames and burn your way in and I will astral project,” I told my sister.

Mal shook her head, “I hate that they have our men, mindless like dolls and under their claws, but we should wait for Alma, Kemy.”

“I can’t wait. I can’t lose my mate again, Mal. I have to get in now.” I swallowed back my tears. Mal wrapped her arms around me and drew soothing circles across my back.

“Let’s get in, Sis. Let’s get our men back!” Mal affirmed with conviction, a thread of smoke leaving her nostrils.

I burned a little hole in the glass just enough for the flames to get in.

My body was ablaze with determination – now it was time to bring the inferno in.

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### 1. **Bond’s Fire** Kemy

Sitting in a hidden place behind the bushes, I focused hard on the gaming room. As soon as I opened my eyes, I smiled at myself, noticing that I was astral-Kemy and I was inside. I was getting better at this, doing it faster and more easily each time. Mal’s body dissolved into flames and the thin threads of fire entered through the hole in the window. I watched in awe as the flames reshaped and formed her body. Her gift still impressed me a lot, how she could expand in flames, flow, pass by, and manage to be whole within seconds was impressive. As beautiful as her resilience and ability to be whole even after all she had been through.

“Let’s go!” I said, taking her hand as soon as she was completely reshaped.

“We have to be very quiet, Kemy,” Mal said in my mind. We walked on our tiptoes, as fast as possible, without making any noise. Only Hell knew the powers that Demon had.

A sigh of relief left me as we managed to get to the stairs without being caught. From what Mal said, Succub!tch was just in the adjacent room.

Taking a lungful of air, I tried to locate my mate. It was weird, I could sniff an ounce of his scent, but it was mixed with something else. Something dark and toxic, like rotten-eggish. This only fueled my fear, What was wrong with my mate?

Following my mate's scent, we reached the first floor. "Mal, he is not here. I think he is on the third floor, but I am not sure,

"I told my sister and she nodded.

We were about to climb the stairs when a dark red puff of smoke surged, imbuing the whole hall in no time. A tall blood-haired woman appeared in front of me, the guys were just/right behind her, looking numb/emotionless.

"Where do you think you are going, little rats?" she bellowed, frowning at Mal and me. Before I could react, she pressed the point of her long tail under my chin. It was very sharp, almost like a hook.

"Don't you know when you aren't welcome? Get over my love-slaves!" Her voice was soft and lethal, carrying a careless command.

"Get out of our house and take your claws off our mates!" I yelled defiantly, not bothered by her hook-tail.

"Stop!" Attracted by my sister's scream, I looked at Mal.

She was surrounded by Egan, Alev and Daniel, or at least their robot-versions. Egan had two balls of fire in his hands and Alev was oozing smoke. Oh, no! They were about to hurt her.

Moving away from the tail-hook and getting a little hurt by the movement, I kicked the distracted demon in her guts. Just like I imagined, that was enough to make Egan and Alev run towards the Succub; tch, leaving my sister behind.

Daniel was like a statue. He didn't hurt Mal, but also didn't move a scute to protect her. The demoniac spell and the mate bond were surely fighting inside him, bringing a paralysing inner conflict.

"Egan, Alev, please stop! You don't want to hurt me, and you know that. It's all a spell," I appealed to their rational side. They were still there somewhere under the strong grip of her spell. I could get back to my real body, but I wouldn't ever leave Mal alone here.

Their numb eyes were fixed on me and their hands were fisting balls of fire. Their fire could surely hurt was stiu enough to nurt me severeiy. I would be a medium-rare piece of Remy-steak in a matter of minutes.

"Get rid of the two of them! I don't care about Meghan's plans, you three are coming with me." Succumb!tch stated, folding her arms in front of her chest and making her watermelon breasts jump. If she weren't a demon she would have lots of back pain.

"You are not taking my mate anywhere!" Mal declared. Her arms became fire and enveloped Daniel in a protective-flame hug.

"Get her now!" The demons yelled, dark red smoke seeping from her body nonstop. Egan's and Alev's fire pierced through my sister's flame-arms and she yelped in pain. She was about to fall on the floor when Daniel finally moved his butt and took my sister in his arms, pressing her against his chest.

"What is wrong with you?" the very angry demon burst out, narrowing her eyes at Daniel. He didn't say anything, though he let go of Mal and placed her on her feet: he was still spelled.

Egan blew a torch of fire at Mal as Alev immobilised me with a painful hold. His fire-covered hands burned through my blouse, destroying half of it and scorching my skin. My screams joined Mal's, but they weren't even close to her agony.

"You are both dead!" Succub!tch declared as she played with her hair, a smile plastered on her face.

"You are the one dead!" Alma screamed as she approached us surrounded by spirit-golden-fire. Her light ginger hair glowing within the flames made her look like a dang Goddess, but in a pocket version.

Things seemed to happen in slow motion as I looked at them through my pains and piercing pain.

Alma's spiritual fire engulfed Alev and he floated away, letting go of me.

"Mistress! Mistress, let me go back to my Mistress! She is the one who won't ever leave me!" Alev cried, his words thick with pain. The she-demon was using his brokenness to manipulate him even further.

Poor Alev!

She was trying to reach Egan and stop him but Daniel moved fast, pushing Egan away with much more force than I could expect. Egan almost lost his balance, but soon he took an attacking stance once again.

Ignoring Egan, Daniel took a whimpering Mal in his arms and kissed her forehead. He was back to his real self!

Mallory

Clenching my fists and focusing hard, I tried to create a shield of fire to protect myself. But I wasn't fast enough. It would never be strong enough to halt Egan;

he was the strongest Golden Dragon that ever existed. I had no chance. The Succub!tch was right, I was dead. Looking from the corner of my eyes, I saw Alma help kemy. A breath of relief left my burning lungs, at least my sister would survive and my mate wouldn't be the prisoner of a demon-b!tch. Alma would save them. For me, it was too late. The wounds were too deep, I felt my conscience slipping away from me. My senses were about to go completely numb.

It was okay, they would survive. The ones I loved would survive, that was what mattered.

Alessia screamed in my head and I didn't know if it was a hallucination of reality, but I could hear clear words coming from her.

"Mallory, don't you dare to die. You matter too. You have already lived for so many people. Remember

what our mate taught us, our desires and feelings, our life matters too and a lot. Now, it matters more than anything else. Open your eyes and survive!"

Opening my exhausted eyes through the non-stop flames, my gaze met Daniel's grey eyes. Something twinkled in them and, for the first time since he entered this house today, he actually looked at me. Before I could blink, desperation contorted my mate's handsome features and, with the power of a shifted-dragon, he pushed Egan away and wrapped me in his arms.

"Mallory, my Love. I will heal you, protect you. Even if for that I have to kill Egan, "he whispered in my mind, kissing my forehead.

Egan was everything for Daniel: a king, a friend, a brother. Even with the bond uniting us, I never imagined that he would go to such an extent for me. Alessya was right, I mattered and I should get used to

the fact that my mate would do anything for me, even snap back from a demoniac trance.

A small smile formed on my face. I had to survive, for our love, for him and for me. Holy-Fire, I wanted to survive and this desire burned within me!

Daniel turned to Egan, "Don't you ever dare to touch my mate!" His voice was like thunder. Infuriated, an inevitable force of nature, of something that couldn't be stopped by any other force.

A golden shield formed between us and Egan before a very angry Alma came towards him, floating in a cloud of fire.

"Egan, snapback!" Her voice carried a command as she wrapped him with spiritual fire.

The golden shield decomposed itself into small fragments of flame. They surrounded me, lying on my wounds and making my body feel cooler, soothing

my pain. It was easier to breathe, my lungs weren't burning anymore. Were they healing me?

"Daniel, is it Alma's spiritual-fire?" I asked, confused. I knew that Alma's fire could do many things, even healing Golden Dragons sometimes.

"No, it's different," he sounded astonished, surprised. His eyes were moved from my wounds to the little golden flames.

"What is it? It feels like... it feels like it's healing me," I mumbled, trying to keep my eyes open. Being burnt was rather exhausting.

"It is healing you, my love. It's golden and... it's the fire of our bond, our love. I've heard about it, that each great love has its own fire and it can be summoned when an extreme need arises. I thought it was a legend, a fairytale. But it's real, now it's real, because I love you beyond logic and reality," he murmured, looking at the golden points of light-fire.

"It's real because you love yourself enough too, Mallory. You couldn't fully embrace your mate and call for this fire before you decided to embrace yourself and fully understand that your life matters, that you are magic, light and a miracle in yourself," Alessia said in my mind. It wasn't a hallucination, I was actually hearing my dragon speaking words. It was a miracle of our bond, our love, and my own love.

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### 1. But Love will Alma

"Egan, snapback!" I told my Love, cocooning him with spiritual-fire.

He reeked of dark magic and spoiled-omelette. Gods, how could they fall for the seduction spell of someone that smells that bad? Stinky demon! How did Meghan even manage to summon a demon? I've heard that it was impossible.

Placing both my hands on Egan's cheeks, I looked intently at his eyes.

"Egan, you are my soul. Don't let her spell win, our love is stronger than the magic of hell! Please, come back to me. Feel me." Closing my eyes, I let my flames flow through the bond, projecting the twin fire

that moulded our souls into his mind. He had to feel it, the connection forged in our soul, in our fire. We were one, body and spirit, only perfect and complete when united. "Feel me. Feel my love. Come back to me, Egan," I murmured.

Hearing him inhaling a lungful of air, I opened my eyes.

"Alma?" He wrapped his arms around me, pulling my body against his broad chest, "What is happening?"

"Ab!tch from hell got into your mind. But you are back and we have to fight." I pulled away enough to be able to look at his beautiful bicolour eyes. He was back, his eyes full of love once again.

Egan and I turned to hell-b!tch, she was trying to liberate Alev from my fire. Looking around, I saw Mallory cuddling in Daniel's arms. Her wounds were being treated by some kind of thin fire. Kemy walked

towards them. She seemed a bit disoriented.

"Mal?" Kemy asked softly.

"She is fine now, just tired. I am so sorry, Kemy. I was out of my mind," Daniel muttered, without moving his gaze from his mate. His voice was laced with guilt, but it wasn't their fault. A scoff escaped me,

it was time for the hell-b!tch to pay!

"I don't know from what part of Hell you are from, but you are playing with a fire that is hotter and more dangerous than anything you have ever seen. You will regret putting your dirty claws on my husband!" I yelled, looking intently at her other-worldly eyes. My spiritual-fire was dancing around me, high, angry.

The demon hissed, throwing a cloud of dark smoke towards me, but my fire dissolved it all. "I have to go for Henry," Kemy murmured, looking between Daniel and me. "Do it. We will deal with the homewrecker from hell." I told her and she nodded.

When Kemy was about to climb the stairs, the Succubus moved her hands towards her. Not so fast! Engulfing her with my fire, I pushed her away from Kemy.

Mal sat up slowly, she seemed alright, but Daniel wouldn't let her get out of his protective embrace.

"Daniel, Mallory, please forgive me!" Egan asked with a deep exhale. I could feel his deep guilt, shame and sadness flowing from him.

"It wasn't your fault, Egan. But now we have to barbecue Succub!tch!" Mallory declared, looking at the fire-wrapped demon.

Daniel still had a huge frown and his gaze threw fire-daggers towards my Egan. Not that I blamed him, Mal's wounds were very bad and for a moment they terrified me. I was afraid she wouldn't survive, but it

The she-demon didn't stop trying to free Alev, he was her only puppet now. But the grip of my fire was firm; Alev was now surrounded by the spiritual force of all Golden Dragons that ever lived and they wouldn't let him go. They wouldn't let him fall prisoner of a toxic demon trance.

The four of us aimed at the demon with all we had, but only my and Mal's fire reached their aims.

"I don't know why, but even though my self-control is back, I can't hurt this nasty demon," Egan murmured, moving his fire frantically.

Every time his flames were about to reach her, they retracted into his body, in some kind of physical reaction.

The same was happening to Daniel. He huffed and reinforced his hold on Mal as thin threads of fire left her fingertips. A small smile formed on my lips; Mal was still tired and hurt, but that woman was a fighter and nothing would stop her.

"So, it will be a girl fight!" I stated, looking at the demon and raising a defiant eyebrow at her. The golden-spiritual-fire crashed towards b!tch-demon like a tsunami, drowning her completely.

"Get this! Never dare to come back from Hell and touch my man, you Succub!tch!" Mal grunted, her fire getting stronger and brighter. Daniel looked at her in awe. His mate was extraordinary.

"I can't forgive myself for what I did to Mallory. All want is to protect you all, my clan, my people." heard my desolate Egan's voice in my mind.

My heart clenched for him, even though it was something out of his control, I understood his pain. That was the pain that came along with great love and great responsibility. I was also sure that Mal wouldn't blame him, she was a protector herself.

"My Love, she will forgive you. Daniel too – although for him, it might take more time. Let's burn this demon back to hell and find a way to heal Mal completely." I glanced at Egan and took his hand in mine before pushing further with my fire and calling to the soul of magic.

A loud roar pulsed within me and the spiritual-fire took the shape of a dragon. A Golden Dragon made of soul, of the spirits of so many, vibrating with the flame that crosses between the veil of the worlds of life and death.

Mal let out a fierce cry and her fire grew, joining mine and, finally, we burnt the hell-b!tch and made her semi-naked body become dark smoke only.

My fire retreated slowly and I was about to fall down, dizzy, drained. When you are nursing two baby-dragons, roasting a demon is much harder! I should write about it in a blog for nursing mothers.

Egan scooped me up in his strong arms, "You have to rest now, Little Ruby, and we have to help Mallory."

"I am fine now, the nasty wounds are already closed. Now I only have a few bruises," Mal replied.

"Mallory, we need to heal you completely," Daniel said, nuzzling her hair. She was once again wrapped in her mate's arms.

"We need to help Kemy," she protested.

"I will go and help kemy. Daniel, can you please take the ladies somewhere safe and call Jen to heal them. Alev should go too," Egan said, and Daniel nodded even though he was still frowning.

A sigh left my lips as I looked at Alev sitting on the floor, looking around completely lost. His eyes were filled with sadness, he didn't have a bond of love to return to, after the b!tch spell faded away. He was

thrown from demon-magic-induced ecstasy to nothing.

"I am not hurt!" Now it was my time to protest. They would need all the help they could have and I was sure I could still summon my spiritual-fire. Egan's foreneaa creased with worry, ana i noaded at nim. His ups curied up in a tiny smile ana ne plantea a few kisses on my forehead and cheeks, pressing me tightly against his chest.

"I can't have you that tired and weak, my precious!" Egan husked in my mind, sending me the warm and fluttering waves of his love.

He was right. Even though I wanted to fight that dark-witch and help them, I had to go back to my babies, make sure they were okay. They were too little to stay that long out of the nest of my arms and my

fire.

Kemy

Following my mate's scent, I went to Egan's office. I was about to open the door when Henry opened it, making me suck a lungful of air in surprise. He looked even more gone than Egan and the others. His eyes were blank, he was a perfect puppet.

"Now, now. What do we have here? A little rat escaped my demon-cat?" the dark witch shook her head, looking intently at me. The darkness exhaling from her was so thick that it made it hard to breathe. She was toxic!

"Take care of her, I still have a lot to do!" she told my mate. He was about to grab my arm but I dodged faster. Using the space between Henry's arm and the wall, I breathed fire directly at the witch.



She engulfed my fire in her tendons of darkness and laughed at me, throwing her head back. "You are only an infant dragon, you can't even scratch me," she flashed me a smile.

Before I could say anything, Henry grabbed my arms and dragged me away from the office. His hold was hurtful and careless. I wouldn't let fear dictate my decisions and wouldn't get back to my body in the

garden. Determination filled my whole body with fire, I was here to rescue my mate and that was what I would do!

"Henry, it's me, Kemy! Please wake up!" I yelled, but he kept dragging me by my arm like a piece of furniture.

"Henry, come on! I woke up for you, you woke up from death to be with me. I can't lose you to a dang witch! Come on, my Love! Come back, my Alpha!" I insisted, tears of anger and despair forming in my eyes. I couldn't lose him. I wouldn't accept that.

"Let go of her!" A roar filled the hall as Egan glared at Henry, heated dominance oozing from his body.

Henry didn't say anything, only kept dragging me as if nothing had happened. Egan surrounded Henry and me with the thick smoke he exhaled. In a fast movement, he whisked me away from Henry's hurtful grasp and placed me behind him.

Egan stated firmly, "Henry, I know you are spelled. But try to fight it, else I will have to fight you!"

My heart leaped in the rhythm of anxiety at his words. In a frantic movement, I placed myself between my mate and Egan.

"No, Egan! You can't fight him! That's Henry! He is somewhere there, you can't hurt him!" I yelled, ordering and begging. My whole body was trembling. Anger. Fear. Desperation. Love burst through my veins.

"Kemy, stay away from him! He will hurt you!" Egan told me. I could see the worry creasing his forehead. It didn't matter, I wouldn't let anyone hurt Henry.

"He won't. He is my mate, I believe in him. I believe in our love!" At that point, I didn't know if those were words of faith or of insanity, but they surely were words of love. I wouldn't give up on my mate. I had

to bring him back.

"This is not like the Succubus spell. It's something much stronger and darker. He didn't come back at your or my words. Words didn't surface him, Kemy," Egan argued.

"But love will!" I declared, turning towards my mate and taking a few steps closer.

# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 95

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

## 1. Shadows, Light and Fire

Kemy "Henry, please! I love you, and you love me too! Remember me, listen to me and not to the witch's

spell."

I could feel the heat of Egan's fire just behind me. He was ready to attack Henry, but I wouldn't let him do it. I wouldn't move a finger out of his way.

Henry's eyes were distant, and his canines grew, covering his bottom lips. His hands were fisted in tight balls. He was ready to attack, but I wouldn't give up.

"Kemy, he will attack you; move away now!" Egan yelled, but I didn't mind his words.

"Knight, please. I am talking to you. Please, bring Henry back, My Wolf," I begged, trying to find any light in my mate's eyes, trying to find any hope.

"Kemely, move away!" Egan commanded. We weren't werewolves, so even though I could feel his command in my bones, I wasn't compelled to obey him.

"I won't! Would you give up on Alma? No, you wouldn't, not even if she became a zombie, so I won't give up on my mate either. I don't care what happens, Egan. I can't give up on him; it would be the same as giving up on my soul. We are one now, and nothing in this world or any parallel dimension will make me let go of Henry!" I cried out. In an impulsive act, my hand reached for Henry's. My lips formed a gasp as a sparkle of light rose from our touch.

Light and fire were one.

It was only a single tiny sparkle, but it combined our energies, our souls. With the force of my desire, would convert this sparkle into a new aurora, into a raging sun. His other fist moved towards me, but I didn't let go of his hand. Closing my eyes, I allowed our light and fire flow from me to him. I had to remind our soul that it was now united with mine, that there was nothing between our souls. They were completely intertwined.

Light and fire flowed from my body reaching his skin. I could feel it. The light was so bright that not even the curtain of my eyelids could cover my vision. It was all around, and it was inside of me.

“Henry, listen to me, look at me, feel me. Come back!” I said without words, light conveying the meaning that my soul screamed.

“Kemy, the spell is too strong!” I heard Knight’s weak bark in my mind.

“Our love is stronger! We can do it, Honey! Please, come back to me. You are my life, my heart, my soul,” I murmured, pushing more of light, fire, and love towards my mate. A sudden breeze made my hair fly, everything around was covered with a soft glow.

“Henry, you are and always will be what I love the most. You are my dreams, and what makes me wake up – you are my cure. Follow my voice, follow our light. Let go of everything else, find your way to me like you did many times before.” My words carried the hope of a prayer and the desperation of an urge.

Henry

Following her voice, I entered the darkness submerged in murky waters. Everything that existed was her voice, her darkness surrounding me. I followed.

With my eyes closed, the heavy mist, the wind carrying whistles, and the water pulled me down. I

The dark water covered my waist and filled me with thousands of winters. I followed.

A crowd of faceless shadows made me walk straight, following her voice as she clenched my heart between her cold fingers. I had no choice but to follow her. She was the way, the destination, and destiny all in one.

Another voice entered my ears. It was soft, strong, and alive. It wasn’t the same voice I had been following. I wasn’t compelled, I wasn’t following a command. However, all I wanted to do was go to that soft voice, find it and listen to it over and over again.

My finger felt warmer for an instant, the dark coldness dispersing only a little, though it was enough to raise me, and my consciousness started to recompose itself slowly.

I could recognize her voice. It was familiar, intense, and sweet. It felt like a dream, a dream in a daisy field, where a beautiful young woman ran free. Her soul was made of fire; her eyes were soft and lively, a promise of an eternity of love hidden in them.

All I wanted to do was to take her in my arms, to be there with her and listen to her giggles. She was golden like the sun, and her smile was warm, washing over me.

She was my dream among all the nightmares surrounding me with their hissing shadows.

The light touched my skin once again, entering my mind and making me see beyond the penumbra. Two thick shadows walked towards me, and piercing me with their edgeless coldness, they tried to push me forward in this mindless march.

But I refused to go. Looking down at my hands, I noticed that they were half shadow and half skin and flesh. I wasn't like the obscure crowd mindlessly following into the darkness. I wasn't one of them.

They tried to pull me down, making me submerge in the somber river. Despite their efforts, I stood my ground, firm as a stone. I had to find the girl within the daisies.

"Henry," she called desperately. That was my name; I could remember it. Her voice enveloped me completely like a ray of golden light.

I didn't know who she was, but she was everything I looked for. I had to find my way back to her.

After crying their last whistles, the shadows faded away slowly, chased by the light. She was the light. But she wasn't just any kind of light. The light within her vibrated with fire.

"Come back!" she murmured.

My heart yearned for her. I had to find a way back to the woman of my dreams. Something stirred within me, something strangely hairy and white. Looking at my limbs, I saw the blurry image of a wolf. It soon disappeared and was replaced by a human body.

I was Henry, a man. Except I knew for a fact that I was this wolf as well. This wolf was at the same time me and someone else, a voice of comfort, a bark in the dark silence.

Now I couldn't hear him, but I knew his voice from within my own soul. He was a light-warrior, he was Knight.

My memory started to come back to me. Kemy was my dream, and I could remember the dreams we shared in the daisy field. I had to wake up from this spell and get back to her.

However, I failed to open my heavy eyelids. It was as if I was stuck in a heavy and drunk slumber,

"Just if your drink of choice is dark-magic-vodka, Henry!" Knight said. A relieved exhale left my chest – I was glad I could finally listen to him. For the last few hours, I couldn't feel anything, not even myself.

Finally, my eyes opened slowly, making me realize that they were indeed closed for all this time. Fuck! Opening my eyes was of no help, since everything around me was darkness. Her light was only

in my imagination; she was a dream inside a dream. I tried to reach for my body, see what was happening around me. I could barely catch sight of what was before my very eyes, only the shadows of a hall. I felt completely detached from my body, from everything was doing.

My body was still following, even though my mind was freeing itself from the cage of shadows the witch threw me in. Yes, the owner of the voice that made me submerge in darkness was the witch little Esmée told me not to listen to. I wasn't listening to her darkness anymore, at least not completely.

"It's like we don't own your body anymore. And that place with the shadow army was worse than death. Not that now is much better. Everything is haunted, toxic and cold. I can't even see my tail, Henry. Do you think it's still there?" Knight asked me, barking nervously.

"What?" I asked, still very confused and lost in the toxic vapors of the omnipresent darkness.

"My tail, Henry! Don't you listen? I know we have to get to Kemy, but my tail is important too! What will Ember say if I have no tail?" Knight barked.

Suddenly, a spot of light and fire broke through the darkness. I could almost touch it, but it escaped my hands, fading away as fast as it rose.

Thad to go back to my family and my mate. The voice that lured me chanted loudly, and she clenched my heart with her fist. I couldn't breathe. I had to follow again.

"Our love is stronger! We can do it, Honey! Please, come back to me. You are my life, my heart, my soul." I heard Kemy's murmur. Her voice was another beam of light.

Realization hit me. The witch didn't have my heart in her hands; Kemy had. She was my heart. The witch may have something important to me in her palm, but my heart was Kemy's.

"I will always find my way to you, Kemy." This time my words were what created rays of light small flames. I held onto that thread of light and felt her light-fire pushing in, and with both my hands as well as my whole being, I held onto our light. Something burned in my chest, making shadows fade away. I was on fire; I was enveloped by her fire.

It had to be my way back to her.

"I love you, Kemy. I love you, Sweetness! No shadow, death, nor any kind of darkness can fade the light of this love." I heard myself saying the words out loud and, as my eyes could open completely, she was in front of me. Taking her into

my embrace, I buried my nose in the crook of her neck and inhaled her sweet scent of lavender and amber. She was my dream, and I don't know how I could believe even for a second that my heart would be anywhere but with hers.

"I am here with you, my Love," I murmured, tightening my hold around her. Kemy didn't say anything; her body felt strangely cold and she looked way too pale. As my gaze searched for her face, she fainted. What the fuck was going on?

"Wake up, Sweetness. What is happening to you?" I asked, caressing her pale cheeks frantically in an attempt to wake her up.

Looking around us, I tried to find a response. The hall was washed over by light and the fire of a very angry-looking Egan.

What have I done when I was lost in the shadows?

## The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 96

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

### 1. Family Fire Henry

My heart dropped when I saw my mate fade away before my eyes. Her body disappeared with the light, and only Egan's fire remained. Before I could panic, I heard her voice in my mind.

"The astral projection doesn't work anymore... I am too tired to hold both things, the projection, and the light." Her voice sounded weak and exhausted.

"Where are you, my Love?" I couldn't hide the worry in my voice. I wouldn't let go of my Beauty ever again.

"In the garden. I really need to take a nap... but I know we have a witch to barbecue,"

she murmured.

My eyes met Egan's furious bicolor ones; fire rose from his limbs, and he looked like a comet about to strike me. "Did you hurt her? What happened? The dark magic captured her?" he yelled.

"She is fine. She was astral projecting and exhausted herself. I will find her and take her somewhere safe, then I will be back," I told him, heading to the stairs.

"Take care of your mate, Henry. I can deal with that nasty witch," Egan said..

Before I could reply to him, Alma's voice filled the room, "No, Love. We will fight together and end that b.itch once and for all!"

Joining Foan, Mal, Daniel, and her rushed upstairs, joining Egan. "Alma, you..." Egan exhaled sharply, worry contorting his features.

"The babies are fine, and Jen healed Mal. We are a clan, my King. We should fight together," she flashed a small and sure smile at her mate in sync with his hesitant nod.

"How about Alev?" Egan asked, looking at the stairs as if he was waiting for Alev to come and join them.

"Jen said that he should stay a little longer with her. He is... having a hard time recovering from the Succubus spell. He felt the high of her magic and now that it broke, he has nothing to replace it with; no mate bond, no warmth," Mal replied, looking down for a moment.

"I will be back too," I told them before heading to my Sweetness at the top of my speed. I couldn't leave her alone for a minute longer.

She was in the back garden, hidden in the bushes, half-asleep. Not wasting time, I scooped her up in my arms and held her tightly, showering her face and forehead with soft kisses.

"You are fine, my Sweetness. I am here with you, and nothing will hurt you. I will protect you, my life," I cooed at her.

"Henry, let's kick her ass," Kemy whispered without opening her eyes, making me chuckle. My fiery angel was so feisty and brave.

"Beauty, you have to rest." I pressed the holder of my heart against my chest and looked at her sweet sleeping face. How many times did you manage to save me, my Fire?

"After the witch's skinny b.utt is duly kicked! She hurt you, Henry. She broke my heart and I need the closure that only my feet on her bottom can give me," Kemy affirmed.

"We can do it, Henry. We will protect Kemy and give her the witch's a.ss in a tray,

" Knight barked, making me shake my head at the weird image.

"No, Sweetness," I said softly. Kemy's eyes snapped open, and she gave me a searing glare. A green fire danced in her eyes.

"Henry, I don't have to ask for permission. I am your mate, not your daughter. Let's go there. We will be fine!" she stated. She was right, even though I hated it, I couldn't forbid her from doing things. She was a grown-up and strong woman, full of her own fire.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Knight barked in my mind.

To my surprise, my mate placed a soft kiss on my lips and stood up slowly albeit full of determination, offering me her hand.

"Let's go, Honey," she said with a small smile.

"Okay. But let me carry you so you don't waste your energy," I offered, and she nodded. With my mate in my arms, I reached the third floor and met the others. The spiritual fire was leaving Alma's fingertips and filling the hall.

"Why are you waiting here?" I asked, confused.

"There is still lots of dark magic and shadows in the air, the dragon spirits are chasing it away. This darkness feeds Meghan's power, if we eliminate it before confronting her, our fight will be easier. I am almost ready, and very, very eager to put an end to that nasty witch. She messed up with the wrong family!" Alma explained.

"She will pay!" Mal declared, her fingers wrapped around Daniel's.

Mallory came closer to Kemy and placed a little kiss on her forehead, making my sweetness smile.

"I am fine, Mal, only tired. But I know I can't rest until the witch is down!" Kemy exclaimed, and her sister nodded. She knew well that no one could convince my fiery mate otherwise.

"Mallory, I am so sorry for what I did to you. I hope you can forgive me one day," Egan exhaled sharply. Even though I didn't know what happened, I was quite sure it wasn't the first time Egan had apologized. His clan, we, meant everything to him. That was what made him a great and inspiring Dragon Alpha.

"Egan, don't be sorry. It's not your fault. We will get Meghan. She will pay, and then we can put this behind us. Daniel will too, right, Baby?" Mal asked her mate, glancing at him.

He nodded under the weight of her soft eyes. However, he didn't seem the least convinced. His eyes were still grave and full of angry fire as he looked at Egan.

"I am ready, let's go," Alma said.

"Alma, can you cast some kind of spiritual-fire protection around Kemy?" I asked and Kemy shook her head, a small smile on her lips.

"Sure, I will do it for all of us. That nasty b!tch won't hurt our family more! We won't give her that!" Alma declared. Egan marched towards the door and opened it, making a startled Meghan glance at him with narrowed eyes.



Shadows danced around her, surrounded by thick grey smoke. She was soaked with dark magic as if it was some kind of extension of her body.

As soon as the dark witch moved her hands and started chanting something under her breath, light rose from Alma's eyes, forming a shield of golden fluid flame between the witch and us.

"You can't hurt us, Meghan! We are all the Golden Dragons that ever existed. We are the divine flame that can never be extinct, not through death or darkness. Our light always prevails, renewing itself for eternity." Alma's voice sounded outworldly: deep but soft. surged from our couch, crossing Alma's sniela ana striking the witch.

Her shadows faded away slowly, melted by the flames of light, as Meghan started screaming, "No!"

"Take this, bitch! No one hurts my man!" Kemy almost roared, and I had to contain my smile.

As soon as I looked at Meghan's dark eyes filled with hatred, my smile was replaced with a guttural growl. "Worse than hurting me, you hurt my mate and for that, you will pay!" I added.

"That's for my tail, which might not be there anymore!" Knight barked in my mind, running within me and becoming a furry ball of light. To my surprise, his action made our light-fire double its size, expanding through the room like a searing sun for a brief instant.

A powerful torch joined Kemy's and my strike, making the witch lose her balance and fall onto the floor. Looking behind my shoulder, I saw that Mallory and Daniel joined us, attacking the witch.

"You won't ever hurt us again!" Mallory screamed like an amazon! Determination was clear in her voice, posture and attack. She was indeed a natural warrior.

The witch bent on her knees, crying in pain as she desperately pressed a golden object in her palm.

It was my mom's medallion, the object I gave a witch in London months ago in exchange for information on my mate.

"She was using my mom's medallion to control me. It was the only thing I had from my mom while growing up! It used to be my most precious object, filled with my wish to meet my mom, to have something

else from my former life in Alaska." I thought out loud, gaping at her.

"You found so much more than the hope this medallion represents. You found Iris. You found me. Real love and not only the hope and imagination of it. Maybe

that's why she couldn't control you anymore." Kemy told me, looking intently at my eyes.

"This medallion symbolized my heart, but now my heart doesn't fit in any object; it can't be reduced to any amulet. You are my heart, Kemy. Not a possession or a jewel, but a love that nothing can contain, a love that's life, fire and light itself," I murmured in her mind.

"Honey, if we weren't fighting that witch, I would kiss you so much now," Kemy giggled, her eyes filled with emotion and moistened with tears.

"Meghan, you are so done!" Alma yelled. Egan wrapped his arms around his mate, and her shield of spiritual fire shone with actual flames – his flames – engulfing the witch and making her convulse in pain on the floor. All the remaining shadows around Meghan were gone, and she was alone and half-burned on the floor.

"So, that's how bitch barbecue smells, nasty!" my mate shook her head.

"We won't kill her, only ask some questions and send her to the Warlock Council. They will deal with her. She will probably be executed for her crimes after going through judgement," Egan explained. Letting go of Alma, he took a few steps towards Meghan and asked her, "What were you doing? What were you looking for in my office?"

"My freedom... I needed my freedom," she murmured before her eyes rolled and she fainted.

Egan exhaled sharply and Alma ran to him, throwing herself in his arms. "We will find answers, Egan. The Warlocks will question her and tell us what she wanted, why she attacked us two times. It must be something powerful enough to get her freedom from whatever is endangering her," Alma sighed, and Egan nodded.

"It can't be the runes. The runes drawer was opened and she didn't take anything. I have no idea what

Egan took the medallion from Meghan's hand and, after getting something from one of his drawers, he handcuffed the unconscious witch. "I will call Lady Ira from the Warlock Council. She surely will send some enforcers to take Meghan away. We have to take care of the other witch too."

He handed me my medallion, "It's s/embedded with dark magic. We have to clean it out. The remains of dark magic are like a poison vine; they grow and spread fast."

Nodding, I let light flow from my palm and engulf the jewel, making it hover a few inches over my hand.

"I will use the fire spirit to clean the house, wipe all the dark magic stench and bad energy away before we bring the babies and Marion back," Alma told her mate, and he nodded...

"Fine, Little Ruby. Just don't overexert yourself." Egan placed a kiss on the top of Alma's head.

"Don't worry, the Spirit Fire will do the work. I will only walk around the house and garden. I really miss my babies," Alma told him, pouting slightly.

"Henry," my mate murmured, attracting my gaze to her pale face. I took her in my arms before her dizzy body met the ground.

She was once again exhausted.

"You have to rest, my Beauty," I exhaled, walking away from the office with her in my arms. The last thing she needed was to breathe the traces of heavy dark magic.

"Beautiful, when you recover, your sweet as.s will get red for all your naughty actions," I muttered in her mind.

"I hope so, Alpha. I am looking forward to it!" She giggled, as she squeezed her eyes.

"Kemy, you have to eat something. It will help you to regain your strength. I will get you something and take it to your room," Mal said, following us down the hall. Daniel was right behind her.

"Mal, I am not hungry. I am nauseous. I just want... orange juice," Kemy murmured, burying her face into my chest.

"Fine, but please rest!" Mal added, running her hand down Kemy's arm. "I will, Mal. Don't worry. You should rest too," my mate replied. "That's a great idea, Baby. You, too, should eat something and go to bed. You take care of everyone

and get about yourself. You can't do that. But if you do forget about yourself, I am here to look after you," Daniel said, scooping his mate into his arms and making her chuckle.

Taking Kemy to our bedroom, I laid her on the bed gently and joined her. Nesting her in my arms after she drank the juice Mal brought, she fell asleep fast.

"Knight, let's create a protective barrier so no remnant of dark magic can disturb her sleep," I told my wolf and he nodded, swishing his tail in my mind.

"Look what I found, Henry! It was just behind me this whole time!" Knight barked, turning to look at his tail and making me chuckle inwardly. This wolf was a little insane!

Expanding our consciousness, Knight and I created a dome of energy around Kemy and us.

After texting Anita and Cooper to let them know we were safe and sound, I showered my Kemy's serene face with soft kisses and fell asleep. I wanted to stay awake, watch her sl myself. Exhaustion made my eyelids heavy and I dozed off fast.

A few hours later, I woke up to Marion's soft voice, "Sorry, Henry. I just want you to know that I can teleport you both to Alaska whenever you want. Mallory told me about your mother and the attack on her pack in France. So, I imagined that you wanted to go back to her and your siblings soon."

A smile formed on my face – Marion was ever so thoughtful. She was right: I had to get back home now, she was still vulnerable and under a sleeping spell.

Taking Kemy in my arms, I withdrew the protective dome of magic, and Marion took us to our small provisional house in Alaska.

"Cooper, I am back. If you need anything, let me know, "I mind-linked my Beta.

"I am glad to hear that. Anita and I are still at Iris' house, watching the kids and guarding them. But it's all good here," he told me.

That was what I needed to know to join my mate in her sleep once again. I was still exhausted, the shadows and the dark magic took a heavy toll on me. But I knew that now no darkness could touch me, and I had my angel of fire in my arms. We would be fine.

I was fast-awake when her sweet voice filled my mind, "Henry, sweetie, are you awake? I am worried about you. Can I come to your place?" my mom asked.

"Sure, but don't worry. Kemy and I are fine now. The witch is gone along with all her darkness." seemed so deep asleep that not even a hurricane or Esmée and Andre would wake her up.

"Our little siblings are like hurricane-pups!" Knight barked in my mind.

Soon, after a soft knock, my mom came in and sat on the edge of the bed. Sitting up, I hugged her tightly.

"I am sorry for worrying you, mom."

"No, sweetie. It isn't your fault. I am sorry I couldn't be there for you," she cupped my face, her blue eyes in the same shade of my own were full of tenderness.

"I think you and Kemy could use some healing, some light," she said before hovering a hand over my chest and sending me the comfort of her light. Light made of pure love.

A deep breath left my lungs, she made the lingering memory of the shadows dissolve. My soul was once again at peace, embraced by hers.

“Doesn’t matter how old you are, sometimes only mom’s hug can heal and make nightmares go away. Oh, and ear licks, no one can do it like my mamma!” Knight chuckled a bark. The big Alpha became an overgrown pup every time our mother was near- in human or wolf form.

“Thank you,” I murmured before she engulfed me in another hug.

After a few minutes, she hovered a hand over Kemy’s chest, and a smile formed on my beauty’s face as the soft white light entered her, “she is fine, only tired. After a few more hours of sleep, she will be fresh and strong again,” my mom let me know.

Suddenly, the door burst open and giggles filled the room as a sweet trio entered the room.

“Henry, you listened to the witch! Don’t you read stories? When a bad witch comes with sweets, you say no!” Esmée told me as she jumped onto the bed and threw herself in my arms, “I am happy you stopped listening to the bad woman and listened to kemy!” She placed a kiss on my cheek and gave me a bright smile, making me chuckle.

“We were worried, Big Brother! I asked Colton to take me there. I wanted to help you, but he said no. don’t know why,” Andre shook his head.

“Because you are not even seven yet! Your Lycan still has baby teeth! Lizzy added, laughing. “He doesn’t!” Andre crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“It’s okay, my sweet little Alpha. Henry and Kemy are fine now, Baby,” mom cooed to him, kissing his little frown away and tickling his belly slightly.

“I will make waffles and croissants, pups! You all must be hungry,” mom smiled, and the kids nodded eagerly.

s so good to be surrounded by my whole family again. Surrounded by love.

## The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 97

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

1. **Completed**  
Mallory

Once Marion and the babies were back, I could finally relax. The Great Golden Spirit cleaned our home from all traces of black magic. Sighing in relief, I looked out of the window at the Warlock enforcers disappearing through a portal with the two dark witches. They were finally gone, heading directly to jail. Our home was safe and at peace again.

"Come on, Baby. I will prepare you a bubble bath and I will order food for us," Daniel told me, scooping me up in his arms.

"I am fine, don't worry. I can make the food now," I told him.

"No, Mal. Let me take care of you. You are my love and my life, Mallory Aureus and I want to cherish and worship you every day of my life. Please, understand that," he said very seriously.

A smile stretched across my lips. I was not used to being taken care of, but I did want what he was offering. The idea of having my handsome and strong mate taking care of me made my heart swell, and my s\*x clench and leak with desire. I could get used to that.

"Yes, my Love. Do whatever you want to me," I murmured, throwing my head back. Daniel chuckled; I guess I got too excited about the idea.

"I will, Baby. Be sure of that." He kissed the tip of my nose.

In a few minutes, we were in our bathroom about to enter the lavender-scented bubble bath. He placed me in his lap to start cleaning me carefully. The shower-sponge went down from my neck to my breasts in a caress as Daniel cupped my chin and turned my face towards him, immediately kissing my lips.

After washing down my belly, my mate palmed my mound and his fingers brushed against my already slick folds.

"If you aren't too tired, I want to..." he started.

Spinning around in his arms, I covered his lips with mine, "I will always want you," I moaned in his mind. My mate cupped my butt and his finger entered me slowly as his thumb played with the sensitive spot within my core.

I needed something bigger and thicker, "Baby, please. I need all of you deep inside me. I need to be one with you," I cried out, my eyes clenched and my heart beating fast, love and desire filling my whole being.

Daniel lifted me in place, and lowering myself slowly, I took him in completely. My lips opened in a gasp and I moaned at the delicious sensation. I was complete, full and filled with love.

"You will always have all of me, Mallory. All my love, my d.cik, and everything. I am yours," he groaned, thrusting upwards and caressing my insides.

"Yes," I cried out. That was all I could say, my body possessed by pleasure and desire. As I bounced up and down with reckless abandon, Daniel licked my mating mark, taking me close to an infinite sea of ecstasy. In a few minutes, we were both undone in each other's arms.

After making love again and taking a sweet nap in each other's arms, Daniel and I headed down the stairs to get our food. He ordered sushi for us and my mouth was already watering at the thought of it.

"Are you still angry with Egan?" I asked, looking intently at Daniel's grey eyes. A sharp exhale left him and he stopped in his tracks before we could go down the last flight of

"No. It wasn't his fault. But what happened was hard, too hard to process. I almost lost you, Mallory. There is nothing without you, Love. You are my whole heart, my life. Now that I have you safe in my arms, I won't let you go. I will protect you with my life, Baby," he told me, taking me in his embrace.

"I know you will. I will fight for you as well, Daniel. I love you beyond anything, much more than I thought possible... I... it's like a miracle! You brought a piece of my heart and soul I thought were forever gone back to life. Your love made me find myself and love myself again." Tears brimmed in my eyes as I smiled, love overflowing my soul.

"You too, Baby. You are the love I never thought I deserved, but I always secretly yearned for. You are my happiness, Mallory." He kissed both my hands gently, before our lips joined in a sweet kiss.

My stomach made a funny noise, reminding us of our sushi. I chuckled, pulling away.

Descending the last flight of stairs, we went to the living room, coming across a worried-looking Egan. He was holding his phone in his fist so tightly that I was sure it would break into pieces at any moment.

"Lady Ira from the Warlock Council just called me, Meghan and Shazza were taken. The Portal they were taken through was somehow hijacked and they never arrived at the Warlock Prison. The enforcers escorting them were left somewhere in China, in the middle of nowhere, confused and without any recollection of what happened. They smelt like ashes and dark magic. Lady Ira believes that whoever took the witches, either killed or harmed them severely."

His words made my chin drop as surprise and worry overwhelmed my system. Daniel wrapped me in his protective arms, reassuring me and making me know without words that whatever happened I would be safe.

But nothing could stop the thoughts that raced in my mind. Maybe the person who took them was the one Meghan was talking about when she said that she needed her freedom. Somehow, whatever she was looking for in Egan's office would grant her freedom. That was the reason behind her two attacks. Hoped that whoever this person or people were, they wouldn't come for us next.

I only

Kemy

I woke up with a smile on my face, his warmth comforting my soul. My hand cupped his face gently while my Henry opened his eyes, and taking my hand in his, he kissed it.

“Good morning, Sweetness,” He covered my face with kisses.

“Good morning,” I giggled, lacing my arms around his neck. After all the chaos, all I wanted was this peace, this deliciousness, this amazing man.

His hand roamed down my waist, and I pressed my needy body against his. Our lips moulded against each other, and his taste melted in my mouth as his tongue plunged into me. My pussy was already leaking with moisture. I was burning for him as if I hadn't seen him for days. Nothing could extinguish this fire, only his dick deep inside me while he looked into my eyes. The flames of desire and love intertwined.

My hand wandered down the way of happiness his belly led to, but when I was about to grab the happiness in my hand, my mate took my hand in his.

“Sweetness. I want you more than anything, but you slept for more than thirty-five hours, you have to eat something before I start taking you hard and making you exhausted all over again.” He cupped my face, a deliciously dirty promise in his smirk.

Thirty-five hours

“I will prepare a warm bath for you,” Henry said, standing up.

“Am I smelling?” I asked, sitting up and raising a confused eyebrow at him. Come back here, I need some d.ick, Handsome, I smiled to myself as the thought popped up in my mind.

Henry chuckled at my question, “Of course not, Beauty. I just want to take good care of you. I don't want to see you weak or in pain ever again. I will protect you and take better care of you, my Love. You are the most precious thing that exists as far as I am concerned.”

My heart swelled and I nodded, a silly-in-love smile on my face.

Soon, I was completely relaxed and my belly was full. Now I only needed my mate to fulfil his other promise.

My mate took me in his arms, but instead of taking me back to the room, he covered me with a thick jacket and headed to the door.

“Where are we going?” I asked, confused, looking intently at him. “I have a little surprise for you, Beauty,” he smiled. Hum... I liked the sound of that.

After more than ten minutes of walking, I saw the facade of the new pack house. It was a three-story mansion, but smaller than the old one, although it looked



cosier, and much more inviting. The old house was made of dark wood and it took the rustic-minimalistic concept to an extreme. The new one was made with pinewood and the bottom part was made of cobblestone.

"It's almost completely ready, we just need to sort some small things inside," Henry told me, without stopping his walk towards the mansion.

"That was incredibly fast! And Gods, I love this house." I smiled, without taking my eyes off it.

"That's what happens when Dragons and Wolves work together." He kissed my lips, his eyes full of love. We were indeed very good at working together, at doing everything together. "I am glad that you like it. This will be our home, my Love. It's completely empty now and the only furnished place is the Alpha and Luna suit. I think we should inaugurate it by making love all over the place," Henry had a mischievous smile on his handsome face.

"That's a great idea, my Alpha. We should definitely practise our countless puppy-making skills," I joked, and he chuckled at me.

Entering the house, we saw the large and empty hall. The only things there were a thick carpet, a few cushions and a fireplace. As I lit the fireplace in a single breath, my mate placed me on the cushions and undressed fast. Before I could even touch his perfectly sculpted abs, he was already placing me on his lap and peeling my clothes off. His lips attacked mine, flaring my desire up with a scorching kiss. He was as eager as I was.

"My Beauty, I have to spank your pretty ass for your recklessness," he rasped in my mind, making my pussy clench and my back arch towards him.

"Yes, Alpha. Please." My words came out in a desperate moan. Henry claimed my lips once again as his hands went all over my body, caressing, squeezing, branding my skin with pleasure.

He laid down on the cushions as he made me straddle his hips. My wet heat so close to his dick made me tremble as my blood felt like molten lava. Hot, electric, pure desire. His hand played with my aching nipples, rolling and pulling them slightly, teasingly.

"Alpha, please, touch me! You know where I want your hands," I moaned, rocking my hips towards his magic stick.

Henry chuckled, and I knew well that he was only starting with his teasing. Lifting me up by my waist my way to orgasm paradise.

He fingered my butthole and it was all I needed to fall down the edge, but my mate wasn't having it. Before I could come, he lifted me up and made me straddle his dick, filling me to the brim. A scream of pleasure parted my lips; I was so ready to melt in pleasure. However, my mate seemed to have another thing in mind. He didn't move, only stayed there looking at me as my urge to cum became an ache, a desperate need.

"I will spank you first, Beauty. Your delicious o.rgasm will have to wait." Henry flashed me a mischievous grin. He was such an evil man! His strong hands squeezed my butt cheeks hard.

"Please," I cried out, bouncing up and down slowly. Henry steadied me with his firm grasp and gave my bytt two hard and good smacks. Another moan escaped me, my body was going into overdrive and I almost couldn't deal with the desperation of my pleasure. I was there hanging on the cliff. It wasn't a cliffhanger, but a damn clithanger\*, and it wasn't funny at all. It almost hurt!

"My Beauty, be a good little Luna and wait for your Alpha to spank and fuck you properly." He tried to be serious but I couldn't miss the undertone of a chuckle in his voice.

Two more spanks met my bytt, making me drool my juices all over my thighs. I couldn't take it any longer, I needed the pressure and the pleasure that only his d.ick could give me.

"Count the spanks, Beauty," he commanded, smacking my buttocks once again. "One," I moaned, rubbing my c.lit against him in a failed attempt to get close to my release. Two more delicious smacks made me moan, "Two, three."

As soon as the word 'ten' left my lips and the skin of my butt was already heated and red, my mate stopped with this t.orture and started thrusting into me.

"Please, Alpha. Please," I moaned, burning for him. He angled his hips and his thrusts felt even better as he reached all the right spots inside me.

"What do you want, Sweetness?" he asked, filling me completely once again. "You... more, all," I mumbled mindlessly.

Another smack and a deep thrust had me screaming his name, "Henry." My hips bounced up and down on their own accord, but this time my mate didn't stop me and I could fill myself with his girthy dick.

"You forgot the number, Beauty. If you do it again, we will have to restart the counting," His voice was grave and full of desire and his words made my pvssy clench around his hardness. Yes, let's restart. Let's never stop.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" he chuckled and I only moaned in response.

"Alpha, I would love that," I said as soon as I recovered my breath, and the crashing wave of pleasure invited me to take a ride. I was so close.

Two more smacks and whimpers of ecstasy filled the room as I tried to push the words out of my dry lips, "Twe-elve, thirteen."

By the time I was trying to say the word 'nineteen', a strong o.rgasm broke through me like a volcano, making my whole body shake and a sharp scream leave my lungs.

"Fvck, Beauty! Your pussy feels so perfect!" he groaned, his thrusts growing faster and erratic. My s\*x was clutching around his d.ick tightly, and soon he filled my channel with his warm spurts, groaning my name and spanking my bytt.

Without leaving my body, he pulled me onto his chest and cuddled me in his strong arms. Giving my lips a soft kiss, he murmured into my mind "I love you so much, my Sweet Fire. Catch your breath, we are

So sweet and so dirty, holy Gods, he was making my pvssy giddy all over again. I had to catch my breath fast, cause I couldn't wait to take him everywhere.

"I love you, Henry. And give Knight a round too, the poor wolf almost lost his tail. He really needs some love," I told Henry, making him chuckle.

Knight was always eager to take control of Henry's body and have his sweet time with me. He was wild, but a gentleman, a gentle-wolf.

"I will, but only after I make you cvm five times for me. I also have to spread a soothing cream on this beautiful red a.ss before I take you again," he smiled, looking at his handwork on my skin and caressing it very softly.

"How did I get so lucky to be in the arms of the man of my dreams?" I smiled, placing a kiss on his chest.

"Sweetness, you were the best dream I ever had. You saved me from my nightmares and from becoming a nightmare. Your fire, your light and your smile made me rise from the darkness. So, I am the one with a Goddess-given gift wrapped in my arms. I am the lucky and blessed one, Kemy. You are my world, my love and my life," he looked intently into my eyes, cupping my face. His eyes were two blue pools

of love, a love that I shared and could feel in every inch of my soul.

Henry went away for a moment and came back with a bottle of water, a soothing cream and a box. To my surprise, instead of lying back beside me, he took my hand, making me stand up.

My lips opened in a gasp, as my n.aked mate went down to his knees, and took a small box from the bigger one. My heart swelled, for the Holy Golden Fire, what was my delicious n.aked man doing?

## The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 98

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1. **Together**  
Kemy

My lips opened in a gasp as my n.aked mate went down to his knees and took a small box from within the bigger one. As he opened it, I saw a golden ring with a beautiful yellow stone surrounded by smaller diamonds.

“Kemely Aureus, you are the love of my life and, as I told you, I want to make you mine in all ways. possible. My light, my fire, my mate and Luna, do you want to make me the happiest wolf on earth and be my wife too?” he asked.

Completely dumbfounded, I kept looking at the delicious, sweet and perfect n.aked me in front of me. No word left my trembling lips. My heart jumped out of my chest, went up to my mouth, flew away for a moment and came back.

I loved my Henry more than anything and the answer was clear, and for the record, I don’t think any woman would be able to say no to a very n.aked Henry.

“Kemy?” he asked again, his gaze searching for my lost eyes.

“Oh, my Gods, Henry! I do, I do, I do, I do a hundred billion times. Of course I do!” I jumped, giggling like a little girl and making it hard for my poor mate to put the ring on my finger. I couldn’t control myself, I was overwhelmed with happiness. I even felt flames rise on the tip of my fingers, but I successfully called them back. I couldn’t risk setting our new home on fire.

Going down to my knees as well, I wrapped my arms around his neck and my mate kissed me. I felt my heart glow with a flame of light.

“I love you, my beautiful Luna,” he murmured in my mind before laying me on the cushions and covering my body with his. Setting between my legs, he entered me with a single movement.

“Now, I have to show you how much I love you, my bride,” His smile held a delicious promise.

“Show me everything, my Alpha. I want to feel all this love,” I moaned senselessly, completely filled by my man. My heart was full with his love, and my body filled with his magic d.ick.

I still couldn’t believe how happy I was. Henry was the most beautiful dream I woke up to.

After lots of s.ex and love, we ended up falling asleep in each other’s arms and only waking up to the light of a new day. Looking at the clock, I gasped, realising it was already noon.

“We had a very long afternoon and night, Sweetness, it’s okay to oversleep.” I heard his husky voice beside me as he pressed a kiss on my shoulder.

Yes, the best night of my life! My mate managed to make it even better than the time we marked each other and set our bed on fire. A silly smile formed on my

face as I looked at my beautiful ring. Every day, Henry seemed to be getting better at making me happy.

“Cooper said that they are waiting for us in the living room. He and Anita had to tidy and clean our mess up,” he chuckled.

After a quick shower in the half-furnished bathroom, we both went downstairs. My stomach was already howling like a wolf. To my surprise, a table full of delicious-looking food was set and Iris, the kids, Anita, Cooper, Suki and Miranda were sitting there, waiting for us. The two newly mated couples looked over the moon and I didn't miss the sweet way they looked at each other; Miranda and Suki were even holding hands. Now that fated couples could be together, it was clear that love was what this pack needed

“Since we decided to wait to have your Luna Ceremony after things get better in my mom's pack, and Jean-Luc is safe and sound, I asked them to make something for you,” my mate told me. We agreed that we couldn't have my ceremony before Jean-Luc was back. We both knew that even though Iris was being strong for the kids and Henry, she was worried sick about her mate. It was not the right time for celebration. But as soon as the right time came, we would have so much to celebrate: our love, our pack, the Luna ceremony, and our wedding!

“Thank you, Honey,” I hugged him, and he kissed my lips gently. “Everything for you, my Fiery Luna,” he murmured in my mind.

“Come here, Kemy, you look hungry and we have cake!” Esmée giggled, taking my hand as Andre took Henry's hand and the little ones guided us to the table. Beside the many sweets on the left side of the table, there was a beautiful cake with a little crescent moon on top and the words Luna-to-be written in blue. Iris was a really talented confectionist.

“Kemy, do Dragons ber...bername-hibernate?” Andre asked me, his green eyes full of curiosity.

“No,” I chuckled at him. Dragons seemed to fascinate him. Maybe he would also have a Golden Dragon mate. Lizzy shook her head at him and gave him a sisterly -told-so-you look. A smile formed on my face – Lizzy really reminded me of Mal.

“Why did you sleep soooo much? I thought you were hibernating. Are you sure you were not?” he told me, rubbing his head confusedly.

“I am sure. I was very tired, but now I am awake and I won't sleep that much again.” I chuckled.

“I hope so. I think Henry missed you like mom misses dad,” Andre said. Iris looked at him sadly and took him onto her lap.

“Your dad will be back with us soon, Sweetie. He is almost done with solving all the issues in our house,” she reassured her little boy.

"Was it a raccoon attack?" he asked, making Lizzy laugh. "Raccoons with super-powers, right, Mamma?" Esmée added, jumping to their side.

"No, babies. I am quite sure it wasn't raccoons this time," Iris replied, chuckling. A smile surged on my lips, and those two pups managed to improve her mood without even trying.

"I hope it is raccoons next time," Esmée said, making the Betas and the Gammas laugh as well.

"We too, little Esmée. Hopefully, all the attacks will be the doing of confused raccoons. Now let's eat before these racoons steal our food," Cooper told her, and Anita smiled.

"That's a good idea," Esmée said, looking at her food worried.

"Let's toast to our Luna," Suki said, raising her glass as everyone said in unison, "To our Luna," before the adults sipped their wine and the kids their grape juice. My heart warmed up, and this house was already becoming a home.

"We have something else to toast to," Henry announced. I lifted my hand up, showing everyone my new ring. I couldn't stop giggling and smiling, my heart was a party.

"Congratulations!" Iris had a huge smile on her face as she stood up to give us a long and warm hug. Esmée and Andre were next; they jumped and gave us many hugs.

"I am so happy, Kemy! Now we will be like sisters!" Esmée smiled, jumping up and down like an overexcited rabbit.

"A Dragon sister, how cool!" Andre gasped, his eyes shining. The others congratulated us as well, with smiles on their faces.

"We have so many things to celebrate! Maybe we could have another wedding soon and fill this house

"Would you like to be my flower girls and boy?" I asked Henry's siblings. Under the table, Henry took my hand in his, "That's a great idea, Sweetness." Lizzy smiled enthusiastically and Andre and Esmée exchanged a confused look. "A flower girl?" Esmée asked me.

"Yes, you will need a beautiful white dress to walk in while scattering petals to let everyone know I am about to walk the aisle, and be by my side during the wedding ceremony," I explained to her.

"A white dress? Will I get married too? To who\*? Can I marry my griffin?" she asked, half confused and half-excited. I loved the fact that even though she carried so much wisdom and could hear the Moon Goddess herself, Little Esmée was still an innocent five-year-old.

Everyone around us laughed and Iris shook her head before explaining everything whilst holding back her own chuckles, "No, sweetie. You won't get married. You will be like a little flower fairy, paving Kemy's way with flowers before she joins Henry in the Moon Goddess' temple."

"Oh, I like it. But I liked the idea of getting married too. I guess I will have to wait," she shrugged with a giggle.

"Yes, you will have to wait many, many years until you grow up and find your mate. You can't marry your griffin, Esmée," Lizzy added, and Esmée nodded, pouting a little. Poor Esmée still didn't know that a Moon Priestess can't get married. She was still too little to have to deal with it.

I couldn't stop smiling, the happy times were only starting. Hopefully, soon Jean-Luc would be reunited with Iris and the kids, and our family would be complete.

"To Henry and Kemy." Iris raised her glass. We toasted once again before helping ourselves to the food. Everything looked and smelt so good.

"Kemy, this lunch is only a small thing we made for you. Soon, you will have a beautiful Luna ceremony along with everyone you love... and of course, your wedding. I am so excited!" Iris had a sweet smile on her face. She was really a Sugar-Fairy.

"Thank you so much!" I told her. I was not only lucky in the mate-department, but also in the mother-in-mate one.

"Thank you for making my pup happy. I am so happy I found not only Henry, but you too." "I couldn't be happier here with all of you," Henry added, looking at me, his mum and his siblings.

My gaze roamed at everyone around the table. People were smiling with love, affection and happiness beaming from their faces. Who would say that not only fire, but love too could make Alaska the warmest place on Earth?

My mate took my hand in his and kissed it, "Our pack already love their Luna, how could they not?"

"There are only a few people here, and they are family," I chuckled at him.

"Still, Sweetness, they all love and admire you, your bravery, care and your sweetness." He smiled, making me giggle. Needless to say, I could feel the love, strong and bright like a flame in my heart.

Beyond anything, I had my mate's love and this made the best in me awake. It made the naive and scared girl I once was become a strong and brave woman, ready to take any challenges to be his dream and his reality as much as he was mine, and always try to be a great person, mate, and Luna.

Everything was beautiful, magical and sweet. It was even better than a dream-come-true — and trust me, I know dreams very well. Love intertwined light and fire.

# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Epilogue

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

Henry

Five years have passed since the night I proposed to my Sweetness. We were happy, complete, overflowing with blessings.

My gaze met my beautiful mate's as she moaned in discomfort. Kemy was heavily pregnant with our second pup. She was overdue and about to go into labor at any moment. We were walking around the

"Henry, I don't want to do these walks anymore. I am too tired," my poor mate moaned and groaned, her hand roamed down her swollen stomach. It was beautiful and round, and Knight loved to lick it. I loved to look at her and see how her curves changed in a delicious way as she swelled up with my pups, but now it was too much and she was suffering. Even walking was hard for her.

"Beauty, Doctor Liliana said that's one of the best ways to induce labor," I told her. Little Jeremy was looking around curiously and giggling. He loved the snow.

"Maybe it's because she is not the one who has to walk with a over-grown dragon pup who thinks it's too cosy and warm inside and doesn't want to pop out," Kemy grumbled.

"I know, Sweetness. Let's go back home," I told her. I knew very well that disagreeing with her at this point was dangerous. No man can win an argument with his heavily pregnant mate.

"By the way, Knight. I am saying it again. If you keep insisting on having twelve pups, I will find a way for you to be the one to carry, birth and breastfeed them," Kemy said, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Maybe ten then?" Knight said through my lips, making Kemy let out a humorless chuckle.

"Start looking for a way to carry and birth them, and when you find it, we can talk," she told him and he barked in my mind, shaking his head in disappointment.



I laughed at him, "Our Sweetness has a very good point, and it's fair enough. Just for you to understand, YOU will carry the pups, Knight. I have nothing to do with it!"

"Henry, I will talk to Mama Sapphire and find a way for me to carry these pups! I will be the first and very proud sea-horse wolf," he barked back, narrowing his eyes at me.

"Mama," Jeremy cried, trying to jump into Kemy's arms. He missed his momma's hugs, but right now Kemy could hardly carry him while walking.

"Little one, you have to be gentle with your mom. Remember I told you that your baby brother or sister is in her belly?" I told him, placing a kiss on his cheek and snuggling him further into my arms. He nodded, rubbing his face with his hands and fussing a little.

This time, we chose not to know if we were expecting a girl or a boy. Knight and Kemy both really wanted a little girl.

"Soon mommy won't have a watermelon attached anymore and we will cuddle, my baby boy," Kemy told him, ruffling his light-brown hair. Jeremy had Kemy's hair color, beautiful smile and my eyes.

"Our pup is the perfect combination of you both. I saw his wolf, Henry. He is the perfect mix of my sexy Ember and me. The little furball has beautiful white fur and Golden Dragon wings!"

Knight told me, wiggling his tail over-excitedly. I didn't fully believe him, but I nodded. Having a very tired and moody mate made me very tired as well, and I had no energy to argue with Knight about his crazy ideas.

Back home, we came across a surprise visitor: Lizzy almost ran towards us and took Jeremy in her

arms. "I miss you don't too! Un, Kemy! You are so pregnant!" she agreed, Tinauy looking at us. Her eyes opened wide at the sight of Kemy. I was very happy Lizzy could make it, but Kemy and I would miss the rest of the family around.

"I know! I miss seeing my feet. I don't even remember what they look like anymore! I miss my work too. More than anything, I miss cuddling with my boys properly!" Kemy said, flashing Jeremy and me a nostalgic glance.

"I miss her too, taking control of your body and mounting my beautiful Kemy. But I would wait as long as it takes, our new pup is worth anything, any time and any sacrifices!" Knight barked in my mind. He was a great dad and loved to play with our toddler.

Besides her Luna duties, Kemy was teaching pups to write and read at the Pack's Kindergarten. Her dream was teaching little ones to fly, but the only ones she could do that with were our little hybrid pups.

“Lizzy, I am so happy to see you!” Cooper exclaimed, attracting our eyes to the stairs where he and Anita were descending with their one-year-old twins in their arms. They had a boy and a girl, Rhytt and Hazel.

Sukki and Miranda lived with us at the pack house as well and they were planning to extend their family soon by adopting a little pup. Soon, this house would be filled with pups running around.

“Hey Colt, Anita. I miss those cuties too!” Lizzy cooed, closing the distance between herself and the Beta couple. She squeezed Hazel’s chubby cheek softly and made funny faces at the three babies. Jeremy couldn’t stop giggling at his aunt and Hazel was the same. Rhytt, on the other hand, was harder to charm, but I was sure Lizzy wouldn’t give up. She was mad about children.

“Ah,” Kemy, moaned, placing a hand on her belly and arching her back. I wrapped an arm around her and looked intently at her face.

“Henry, it’s time! I can feel it and I know that this time isn’t a false alarm,” she said with difficulty. Scooping her up in my arms, I laid her down on the sofa –as she still calls it – comfortably.

“I am sure it’s time, Kemy. Your water is broken.” Anita gave little Hazel to Cooper and rushed towards Kemy, squeezing her hand in reassurance.

“Finally,” Kemy cried out. Crouching down next to her, I placed a kiss on her forehead and looked intently at her beautiful green eyes.

“Our little angel will be in our arms soon,” I reassured her and she smiled between her whimpers.

“I will mind-link Doctor Liliana. Let’s go upstairs, to the fire-proof bathtub,” I told my mate and she nodded. Scooping her in my arms, I took her upstairs and laid her on the bathtub we placed by the window. Kemy really wanted to have a very natural Dragon birth: a fire birth.

“Henry, I think our pup is coming,” she told me, squeezing my hand firmly. I entered the tub and adjusted her in my lap.

“I am here with you, Sweetness. Doctor Liliana will be here in a few minutes.” I kissed her temple and tried to pour all my love through our bond, surrounding my mate with reassurance.

“I will breathe... the fire,” she told me and I nodded. With a couple of breaths, my mate filled the tub with her bright flames.

The fire soothed her and she wasn’t even whimpering anymore. Our clothes became ashes and we were there raw, natural. Knight let out a guttural howl, this situation brought his primal side to the surface. We were instinctive and complete, my mate and I as one, bringing a new life to this world.

"I am here," Doctor Liliana came with fireproof clothes, followed by Anita. The Doctor took a look at

Kemy did what she said, pushing fiercely as she strangled my hand. She looked raw and divine, like a fire warrior-Goddess. After a few more pushes, a sweet cry filled the room and, without waiting for Doctor Liliana, Kemy took our baby from the flames and pressed the little one on her chest. The flames danced higher, embracing the three of us.

Doctor Liliana stepped aside, a huge smile on her face, "You did everything on your own, didn't even need any help. I guess instinct kicked in."

Kemy didn't reply, she was completely lost in her own world, looking at our pup. Her eyes were filled with sheer love. My amazing mate covered the little bald head with kisses, tears sliding down her face, "My sweet baby, you are here."

Knight released a deep howl of celebration, he was running around my mind and swishing his tail senselessly, not able to contain his happiness.

"It's another little Hybrid, I can smell it!" he barked, over-excited. Snuggling my mate and baby in my arms, I showered her temple and our baby's head with soft kisses. My chest swelling with happiness and love as I looked at them.

Kemy looked carefully at our pup, making sure the baby was okay, "It's a little girl, Henry! We have a little princess!" she giggled, between tears of happiness.

"She is beautiful, my Love. You were incredible! This was the most fascinating thing I've ever seen," I told her, pecking her lips.

Jeremy's birth was at the pack clinic, but this time Kemy wanted to go all natural. Nature knew well how to work its miracles. Seeing my mate and wife that way achieved the impossible; it made me love her even more.

"I love you, I love you both so much!" I told her, showering my girls with many kisses. Looking intently at our little girl's eyes, I couldn't stop smiling. Her eyes were green like Kemy's. She was perfect!

Ember knocked on the window with her big muzzle and Anita opened it, letting her place her head in. The bath was positioned in such a way that Ember would be able to touch Kemy. She placed her huge head next to Kemy and licked her cheek before kissing the baby's head. A sweet whimper left her, her dark golden eyes were leaking with love.

"I really missed my Golden Lady!" Knight rumbled. We all missed Ember. While pregnant, Kemy couldn't detach from Ember or even shift in the last few months.

"I am so happy to see you, Girl!" Kemy kissed Ember's muzzle, making her purr like a cat.

"She is beautiful. I will leave you guys in your happy-bubble and get back to my pups," Anita cooed, leaving the room.

"Mama, Mama!" We heard a cry, and to our surprise a floating Jeremy entered the room, followed by a dumbfounded Lizzy. She finally managed to capture him in her arms, just before he reached the tub.

"I am sorry! I didn't know he could fly like that!" Lizzy murmured, her eyes and mouth wide open with surprise.

"We didn't know that either; our little hybrid is full of surprises. He surely sensed that his little sister was already here and wanted to join us," I told Lizzy, motioning for her to come close, and Kemy's flames lowered their bright curtain only enough for me to take my toddler in my arms. Now our little family was complete.

The fire embraced Jeremy as well, making him giggle. It seemed like their mom's fire brought both of our pups comfort.

Pressing a kiss on the top of his head, I rocked him slightly. He looked at his mama and his sister with

"Lana," Kemy added, a heavenly tired smile on her face. "It's a beautiful name, Sweetness."

"It means light. She is our little light. A bright light born within flames." She brushed her nose against my stubble and smiled at me.

"It's the perfect name, my Love!" I pecked Kemy's lips once again.

"Everything is perfect now, my Alpha. Only love, fire and light; the three of you," Kemy gushed, laying her head on my chest and getting comfortable before she placed her nipple into our cooing newborn's mouth.

Looking at them, I couldn't feel anything but infinite love. Fire, light and love.

#t

## THE GOLDEN DRAGON'S SURROGATE

### Blurb:

Nicole is a young Dragon-summoner witch. Different from all other witches, she has neither coven nor attachments. The only things she carries are secrets, many of them. She is completely alone, with no place to go, nor anyone in her life. Nicole seems to have a penchant for getting into trouble. As a result, she finds herself in such a predicament of being desperate for money.

She decided the fastest way possible to get what she needed and solve all her problems was by becoming a surrogate to a Golden Dragon. Little did she know

that even at the height of her desperation, this kind of transaction would not be easy. In fact, it becomes impossibly difficult to separate business and pleasure when she can't stop herself from desiring and craving her surrogate baby's daddy. Secrets and a haunted past stand in her way of truly allowing herself to fall in love. It's something forbidden

Alev is one of the last Golden Dragons in existence. Suddenly abandoned by his girlfriend, he's devastated and completely heartbroken. The last thing he wants is a relationship, or love. He only wants a baby, which only a Dragon-summoner witch, or his fated mate, can give him. After an extensive search, he chooses a young, beautiful stranger amongst the few Dragon-summoners in the world. For an unknown reason, Alev feels undeniably attracted and compelled by her unique sad blue eyes and the mystery he sensed they held.

An unexpected desire explodes between them, like wildfire. A passion that threatens to be all-consuming, leaving them even more lonely and heartbroken than they've ever been. A Love that promises to burn brighter and resurrect the ashes of the broken fragments of their souls.

Nicole's destiny crashes into her reality as she has to contemplate leaving the baby she carried in her womb, as well as leaving the man who seared his very existence in all her thoughts and dreams. Alev's

growing craving for the mysterious young woman he hired to carry his child. Her soul beckons to him as much as her body captivates him beyond his wildest imagination. Their fiery passion for each other is a mere kindling, the beginning of an irresistible inferno of inevitable love.

Excerpt:

"What did you say? I am not sure I heard it right: you hired a surrogate to carry your baby?" Alma asked, placing her hands on her head.

"Are you serious, Alev?" Egan asked.

"Is this because of your breakup with Niki? Some sort of rebound? Alev, please... It's a very serious matter, a very important decision to take in such a rush, and by impulse. You are being reckless."

"A baby can't be a rebound! And you are paying someone to have your baby; that sounds wrong!" about to nave. And we need more Danies to save our species.

"Not like this, not with a stranger and for money. Who is this woman? Have you ever met her?"

Few people could carry a Golden Dragon baby, only a female Golden Dragon or a Dragon Summoner witch, much like Alma. There were only three adult female Golden Dragons in existence and they were all mated, so I had to choose the one to carry my future child among the few Dragon Summoners that existed.

They also weren't that common, or easy to find.

“She is a Dragon Summoner like you, Alma. She doesn’t have extensive powers like you and her spirit dragon isn’t the Great Golden Dragon, only a regular Golden Dragon, but it’s enough for her to be able to conceive and carry my child.”

“If you want a child, we can find another way, without having to pay someone. Having a family, bringing a baby to this world shouldn’t be a matter that involves money,” Alma sighed deeply.

“Which other way?” I asked.