

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

Kemy

Golden Dragons: the strongest among all the huge reptilians that dared to gain the skies. We had an empire, now we only have each other.

Once upon a time, there were thousands of us, but now there are only seven of us.

Our population was wiped out in a treacherous war. The Red Dragons lured and attacked us in our sleep, killing all of our elderly and young. This was the first battle, one that we couldn't fight, for it happened covered by the dark veil of night and the sneaky schemes of lies.

We watched our people die, and some of us—like my sister Mallory and I—lost more than our families and friends, we lost our freedom.

My sister and I were set apart and taken to laboratories, becoming our enemies' prisoners.

We would have died there if the Great Golden Dragon Spirit, the original golden fire that created us and reunited the souls and the songs of all Golden Dragons hadn't found its way to Earth.

The Spirit made its home in the soul of a young witch.

Fate brought the witch, brought Alma towards the golden clan, the few Golden Dragons who struggled to survive and keep our breed's legacy alive. She met our King Egan, and shared with him a night of love that never met the dawn. The fire of their love wouldn't ever fade, but rather it brought forth a miracle and a curse.

Alma was pregnant with the Golden Dragon clan's last hope, with the last dragon's heir.

But rather than the child in her womb, Alma ended up being our miracle, she gave our clan hope and helped us to fight and heal.

I didn't know her, I didn't know any of this, though I could feel something warm in my soul, as the light of hope extended its wings.

My dragon Ember could reach her and ask for help.

We were still in the claws of the enemy, lost in an eternal dream.

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## Blurb

After treacherous attacks from the Red Dragons, the Golden Dragons were almost eliminated from the face of the Earth, with only a few of them surviving and having to face decades of war against their persistent enemies.

In the middle of the conflict, a new hope was found; one more surviving member of the Golden breed, Kemely. Except there was nothing they could do to take her from her current state of unconsciousness.

Under the sun of her new home in Marbella, Kemy's future was unclear as the only reality she knew were her dreams, and her years of slumber.

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On the other side of the world, in the cold Alaska, Henry was very sure about his future.

He is a werewolf, who is supposed to take the Beta's daughter as his chosen mate and succeed his father as the alpha of the Boreal Keepers Pack, one of the most ruthless packs in the continent. The Boreal Keepers Pack only knows power, how to crush their enemies, greed, and tradition. There is something they and their alpha hate more than weakness; they hate dragons with passion.

Henry changed his ways when he heard a call to his soul, a call from his long-sleeping mate. He didn't know who she was, or where she was, he only knew that he had to find her. However, he never expected his mate to be Kemely, a dragon.

Will Henry leave his pack and his destiny, to help bring his dragon mate back from her coma or will he follow his father's orders and wishes and his Pack ways?

What will happen when, challenging the old feud between Dragons and Werewolves, destiny intertwines the ways of the Alpha's son and his sleeping Dragon mate?

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# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 1

## 1. Something is stirring

Alma

"I'm still learning about my powers, to listen to The Great Golden Fire and let it be one with me; be one with my soul, my consciousness, my dreams, and even my body.

Now I can see that there is a thin thread of light, invisible when one has their eyes opened, connecting me to all the Golden Dragons. We can follow the light, follow the fire and see where it leads to, to find Kemy," I explained to the rest of the Golden Dragons Clan as soon as Egan and I came back to the Clan's mansion in Marbella.

We interrupted our honeymoon after I dreamed about Kemy, after her dragon communicated with me and let me know that she was alive but unwell.

I looked at everyone's surprised faces, it was a great surprise, a miracle.

Without wasting any time, Marion used her special ability, transporting us to a safe place in London, more specifically the back of the Warlock Society building. They were our allies and quite powerful, so threats such as the Red Dragons and Meghan—the dark witch—wouldn't dare to come close to this place.

"Can you see anything?" Egan asked, wrapping his arms around my baby bump and pulling me into his embrace gently.

I closed my eyes and let the Dragon Spirit guide me. It didn't take long for a golden light of the thin and delicate fire to appear behind the curtain of my closed eyelashes. I saw the way, I knew where to go.

"Yes, they are close. We just have to follow the fire," I told them.

"My love, after we find the place they are keeping Kemy at, Marion should teleport you back home."

I sighed deeply and looked at my huge stomach; he was probably right, I was very pregnant, and I felt even more pregnant than I looked. These two babies should be popping out in five weeks and they liked to remind me of that by kicking the hell out of everything inside me; my womb was overcrowded with Egan's big dragon babies now—I loved it, even if my bladder hated it.

But I couldn't leave, Kemy was family, she was part of the clan. As their Queen and the holder of The Great Dragon's spirit, I felt responsible for her, more than that, I felt connected to her and I couldn't just leave her there suffering, and in danger.

"I have to stay and be here for her, I can summon spiritual fire to protect me and wrap my bump and our babies with it, just like Dragon burritos," I told him.

"We will give you cover, Alma. Egan, we will be careful, watch around before attacking and focusing on protecting Alma," Daniel told us.

"Fine," my husband exhaled deeply, pulling me even closer to him. The way we were going, Egan would be the burrito blanket wrapped around me and the golden bump. No complaints here, it did feel good to feel loved and protected, even though I knew I could kick and fry dozens of butts without running out of steam, or better said fire.

We got in a car and followed the invisible light through the city until it shone in a thick circle instead of only a thin thread. I could feel that Kemy was there, inside the small and seemingly abandoned two-storey grey house in front of us.

"Let's break into it!" Daniel exclaimed with determination and before I could even blink he shifted to an enormous Golden Dragon. He was hell-bent on rescuing his mate's sister.

"We should listen attentively before breaking into it, to find out how many people are there and where they are," Alev chimed in before he shifted to his dragon form, but to my surprise, his scaly huge body immediately reduced to a mini version of himself.

So that was his special power, how didn't I know that before?

The mini cute Golden Dragon flipped his wings fast, moving around the building and trying to find out the information we needed for a safe attack; the plan was to burn only the Reds—if needed—and not hurt our Kemy.

*"It is hard to see anything, this building has only one window. The walls are very thick, but in my Dragon form, I managed to hear something, five heartbeats. So, there are only four Reds there, in their human form. They surely didn't see us coming. The dorks don't know that our Golden Queen has a connection to the spiritual world. One of them seems to be sleeping, his breath is shallow, another one is close to the main door, I am not sure about the other two,"* Alev mind-linked all of us. Now that Egan and I were mated, I could communicate with the whole clan this way. Everyone but Kemy, she was still unreachable in her deep slumber.

"Let's go, my Love. Please stay behind me, and the others," Egan said, wrapping his arm around my shoulder, his gaze trailing between the two Golden Dragons that remained in their human form.

I closed my eyes and conjured a torch of spiritual fire. In a few minutes, the door became a black piece of metal on the floor and we entered the building followed by Alev's tiny dragon. Soon enough, Daniel pushed his dragon's massive body against the wall, demolishing it like a crazy and huge lizard-tractor. A Red Dragon did everything but pissed himself when he saw us. I snapped my fingers engulfing him in a blanket of Spiritual Fire, effectively immobilizing him, pinning him to the wall like a gasping gecko.

"The shallowest breath is in the second room on the left side, it must be Kemy," Egan told us, even in his human form his hearing was insanely sensitive.

On our way through the long hall, two Red Dragons showed up, wearing brass armour and helmets even. These two seemed less scared and better prepared to fight.

“Leave now, our Lord and the rest of the army is coming!” one of them threatened.

Daniel flew between us abruptly, breaking the walls on the way and his huge muzzle almost making Marion lose her balance and fall. He replied to our enemies’ threat with a torch of fire as a loud roar broke through.

To my surprise, when the fire vanished, the Red Warriors were pretty much unburned and taking a fighting stance. They were aiming at me, thinking that I was the weakest link.

My hands tingled as spirit fire escaped them and I moved them in mid-air, creating a shield around us, I knew that it would only last a couple of minutes, so we had to act fast. I exchanged a knowing look with Egan and we both attacked at the same time, we held our hands as I moved my free hand in circles and Egan breathed a fire typhoon. His bright orange fire and my golden-ish spiritual fire intertwined in a colourful spiral reaching the Red Dragons and making their armours melt, consequently hurting them. It wasn’t something pretty to see!

Without looking at it, I walked further, surrounded by Egan and the rest of the clan. Egan tried to open the door of Kemy’s room, but a jolt of electricity coursed through his body, throwing him to the opposite wall with a loud thud noise. Before I and my huge belly could crouch down to help my man, Marion helped him to stand up.

*“I am well, my Love. You have nothing to worry about,”* he used our mate-bond to reply to my unvoiced concerns and took a few steps towards me, wrapping me in his warm and protective embrace.

Daniel flew back in the hall getting enough impulse to crush the wall with his muzzle, no closed doors would stop him—he was fighting for Mallory, for whom she cared most, her little sister.

We all entered the room and looked at her. She was on a hospital bed, sleeping deeply. I looked intently at her, at her light-brown locks splayed on the pillow, she was snow-white pale, her last sunbath was probably before I was even born.

Her chest raised and fell slowly, she wasn’t in pain, but rather at peace, at an almost too quiet peace just as a statue would be. I closed my eyes and let myself feel her, feel what she was feeling, and communicate with her soul. It was quite hard, she was weak, seeming like her last breath of life was about to leave her body at any moment.

My gaze moved from her to this sterile-looking bedroom. I gulped hard as my eyes trailed between the ultrasound machine and other machines that I didn’t even know what were there for, and a cupboard stocked with vials and bottles. It

was something between a clinic and a Frankenstein lab, a macabre place, and the smell of hospital alcohol made my stomach churn big time.

A Red Dragon in a lab coat came through the door, he looked frantically, "You can't take her, you will ruin it all for nothing," he declared and his words got him burned, as Alev's tiny dragon spat a small rope of fire on his arm.

"She won't ever wake up, she is gone!" he yelled, looking at Kemy's unconscious form. His grey eyes carried certain care, affection maybe?! Who was this man?

"She will wake up!" Egan burst out, approaching the man using his extraordinary speed before his opponent could react. Egan knocked him out with a burning punch, his fist was on fire and the man fell on the floor.

"Is she gone?" Marion asked, her voice weak, almost broken and her eyes filled with tears.

"Her dragon, Ember, told me that she still has time, but we have to act fast. She will wake up, we will take care of her," I told them. I had faith that the dragon Gods were on our side and they wouldn't give us Kemy only to take her back.

She had to survive. We will find a way.

"Her breath is shallow, but her heartbeat is normal and she seems fine, let's take her home," Egan said with determination, detaching the many weird cables that were on Kemy, mainly stuck to her head and forehead. He scooped her in his arms gently and she stirred in her sleep, something close to a smile formed on her lips.

Maybe she or her Dragon Ember knew that she was finally going to safety, that she was going home.

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## Henry

I was sparring with the Beta when I felt something stir in my chest.

An electric sensation crossed my whole body paralyzing me for an instant and making me get a punch straight on the face.

"Never let anything distract you, Young Alpha!" The Beta grinned, looking at my confused face.

I had to continue my training, but it was hard to snap back from that feeling. It was deep, piercing, a persistent ache.

I knew that my wolf, Knight, felt the same, he released a loud howl inside my mind.