

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 14

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1. The Last Golden Dragon Kemy

My hope was doomed. My sister wasn't around and I probably was the only Golden Dragon alive, I didn't have a home to return to. Tears of mourning and desperation burned in my eyes. I hurt for my past, the past of my kind and for my future.

A soft sigh left me, Ember's attempt to contact the red-head lady was in vain.

I tried to calm down and stop crying, I had to be strong for Ember and for myself. For so long it had been only the two of us, and I knew we could do it; we could be enough.

Ember whined, and I knew well what she meant: we could be the last Golden Dragon and had lost our family and our people, but we have him, Henry. And of course, Knight too, our knight in the shining fur.

Maybe he couldn't save me, or maybe he is already saving me for all I wanted was to stay in his arms.

I sighed and snuggled further into his embrace, being close to him gives me some peace and some comfort in the middle of my pain and dread. It made me not want to give up reality and sink deeper into my dreams.

I had to tell myself, convince myself further that I wanted to wake up even when there was nothing left of my home and my family. Ember and I could start again, alongside our mate, start a new life and create a new home.

Ember roared in response, her voice resonating with power and tiredness. I know that she wouldn't ever give up on me, on us, on life.

My thoughts accelerated as my mind tried to find a way out of this labyrinth of impossibilities and obstacles.

"Maybe to wake me up, you have to go back to where my body is sleeping," I thought out loud.

"I think that's the only way, I can take you to a healer, I will find the best one in the world and you will wake up," he said with conviction, cupping my face and looking intently at me, a promise in his blue eyes, his fingers wrapped around a lock of my hair.

I nodded at him, as I caressed his face, he was so handsome, his square chin was chiseled to perfection! Ember released a naughty whine and I shook my head at her, I know she couldn't help it as I felt the same. I was also absolutely drawn to him and my soul was aching to be one with his. My gaze roamed down to his large shoulders, and his strong chest and I felt a warm shiver dance down my spine. My soul and my body were both tingling to be one with him, to be his.

"You have nothing to worry about, my beautiful mate, I will rescue you, bring you back and take you to my pack," he reassured me, looking intently at my lost eyes.

But now my eyes weren't only lost in sadness, tenderness and desire also overtook me, I was a mix of contradictory feelings.

"How is your pack?"

"It's in Alaska, it's quite cold and dark there, we are surrounded by nature in its rawest stage, which demands from us a rigid hierarchy in order to survive and prosper." He sounded almost stern talking about his pack, he sounded like something he used to hear rather than his own perception about the place.

"Do you like your home there?" Curiosity was picking through my mind.

"Before coming here it was all I knew; it isn't a welcoming place, and things are rather complicated there. But it will change." Determination and energy vibrated in his voice once again, coupled with a wink. And just like that, he made a smile form on my face.

Alaska might be cold and dark, but I am fire and light, I could make it easier for his people, and for

Henry

It was time for change to come to my pack, and finding my mate was the spark I needed in order to realize it. I couldn't let the wolves of The Boreal Keepers Pack in the claws of my father much longer. I followed his rules and lifestyle for my whole life and tried to believe in them; well, I was rather forced to believe in them. But I never could do it completely and I was starting to see that there was much more in the world and in life than what I knew before, than what I was taught.

"But first, before thinking about what to do about the pack, I have to rescue you from that mansion."

"Henry, don't do anything crazy. Don't get yourself hurt." Kemy's face was contorted with worry, but her voice carried the undertone of resolution.

"I won't," I said, looking away for a moment.

"*We definitely will, anything to save our mate,*" Knight growled in my head.

It was pure wolf instinct: protect and defend our woman. Now that I realized I couldn't be without her and she needed me, I would do anything to keep her safe.

Kemy shook her head. "You look like someone who will do something crazy, your eyes are glowing." She could read through me so easily and so fast, and that made me chuckle.

"I will do whatever it takes, but I won't die and leave you and my pack. I promise you Kemy, I won't leave you."

"You better not." The sides of her lips twirled in a smile.

Suddenly, I felt my body getting lighter—f*ck! I was about to wake up. Maybe I should get some sleeping pills to increase my time with her. But I couldn't, I had to be awake to find a way to rescue her and meet her for real, not only in a dream.

"Kemy, I'm going now but I'll find my way back to you." Before she could reply, I crashed my lips on hers without wasting time. Too soon, our kiss was cut by my eyes popping open. I woke up cursing, not knowing when I could meet her in her dreams again.

"Let's go to the mansion and rescue her!" Knight growled in my head; he was restless, almost going feral and he had a single goal in his mind—save our mate.

"If we do everything out of impulse like last time, we will achieve nothing and it won't help her at all. This time we have to succeed, we need a plan, and a very good one. We have to cover our scent and we will observe the dragons in their mansion, wait for as long as it takes and when some of them leave the house or they are busy, we will get there and rescue our mate."

"Good, during the night and in my form, I can enter the mansion without making any sound, silent like a deadly hunter"

"That would be perfect, we just need to wait for the perfect moment. Maybe we can use a diversion before we enter the house,"/suggested. I could look for potions, maybe something to make me invisible or to put the dragons down.

"That could work," Knight agreed, hesitantly. He didn't want to wait any longer to save her and neither did I. F*ck I wanted to break in and take her in my arms now.

They were hurting her and her reptile, and only the thought of that made my heart clench and my blood boil in wrath and yearning for revenge. I tried to situate myself. My eyes found the small digital CLOCK ON top of the bedside table, it was already noon.

A yawn left my lips inadvertently, reminding me of how tired I was. I had hardly slept at night as I was watching Kemy, making sure she was safe. Since the werewolf tried to kidnap her, I've been doing this: watching her sleep, guarding

her. I couldn't not do it, I was too worried, too restless to be able to sleep in my room and leave my sister alone.

I wouldn't fail her ever again!

Alma entered the room, followed by a brunette witch, she had warm honey-coloured eyes and looked older than Alma, she was probably in her thirties.

"That's Jen, she's a healer. I've talked to her about Kemy's issues since we've rescued her and I finally could get Jen here. Jen, you remember Mallory, no?" she said, looking between the witch and me.

"Of course I do. I'm glad to see that you are feeling better now. You were in shock when you arrived at the mansion and now you look full of life," Jen flashed me a warm smile. My hand roamed to my cheek and I grew a bit self-conscious, I knew I had dark bags under my eyes and I was looking everything but full of life, or at least I wasn't feeling like this. But Jen seemed to be a very kind woman.

"Thank you for helping me when I needed it," I told her.

"It was my pleasure, Alma and Niki became quite important to me in the last months and I am glad to help their friends. I'm sure that soon your sister will be awake and healthy just like you," the healer added and I flashed her a small smile.

Treally hoped so. I was afraid for Kemy and for Ember, and I was afraid to have hope.

Jen placed her hands on Kemy's forehead, took a long breath and closed her eyes. She was silent for a moment, which made me gulp hard, filled with anticipation and anxiety. After a couple of breathless minutes, her hands went to Kemy's chest, just over her heart.

Suddenly, Jen's eyes popped open, almost making me jump off my accent chair.

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1. **Between the Devil and the d...**
Mallory

"A piece of her, more precisely of her dragon, was cut. That's why she can't wake up, her dragon's soul was mutilated. That's why she is very weak and doesn't have the strength to wake up," Jen explained.

I covered my face with both hands, wiping my tears and trying to settle my breath. We didn't have time for me to have a panic attack now, we had to help my Little Sister.

. "I talked to Ember, her dragon, and I could see that she is growing weaker by the day. If she dies, Kemy goes with her. They are closely connected, their souls are intertwined. We have to heal Ember soon, only this way can we bring them both back from this long sleep."

"Ember will need the piece of her soul back, or at least part of it. Otherwise, she won't be able to wake up," Jen sighed deeply. Her words were making my heart race in the somber rhythm of dread and desperation.

It was all a huge nightmare.

Alma placed her hand on her chin and looked at Kemy for a moment, "we need to find a way to make her and Ember whole again, but the Fire Spirit couldn't reconstruct this part of her soul. The most curious

thing is that I feel that in theory, the Great Golden Fire within me should be able to do it, but it simply won't, it doesn't want to. Which is rather odd, the Great Golden Spirit is within me, came to this world to help the golden dragons."

"Why doesn't it want to help my sister?" My anger and hopelessness were clear in my voice. It wasn't fair! Nothing that happened to my sister and me in the last decades was fair!

"Because the Great Golden Fire might know another way, a better way to heal Kemy and make her whole again, a way that we still don't understand, at least not fully.

"You told me she has a mate-she needs him, where is he?" Jen asked, looking at Alma. Her hands still pressed against my sister's chest.

Alma simply nodded. After knocking, Egan, Marion, Daniel and Adrian entered the room.

"Thank you for coming, Jen," Egan smiled politely as he walked close to Alma and wrapped his arms around her baby bump gently.

"It's my pleasure, Lord Egan."

"I was telling Alma and Mallory about Kemely. Her mate's presence would help her, the souls of mates are made of the same cosmic energy and one can complete the other, feed and heal. She needs her mate's presence, touch, his mark. They have to be one for Kemy to find a way to be one within herself," Jen said.

I noticed that Adrian and Daniel cast their eyes down at Jen's words. They seemed very disturbed.

"Her mate is... he is dangerous and he might hurt her, maybe it's even worse. We shouldn't take the risk," my voice was low, almost broken, as fear ran through my veins making my blood cold like ice.

"I don't think there is another way to help her. It's either her mate or wait for an ancient spirit to change its mind, which I think won't happen," Alma added.

I looked around me, trying to find something even though I didn't know what. I was losing my mind, fear was clenching my heart and soul tightly and covering my eyes with an imaginary veil of darkness.

"What if he hurts her? Are all mates good?" I asked, half-absently. "Not all of them, but only a monster would purposely hurt their own mate. Most would do it because it took a while for his words and his undertone to register in my mind. His words were laced with pain.

"We investigated him, I followed his scent and found the hotel he is in. As we assumed, he is still in town. His name is Henry ..., from the United States." Adrian let us know, exchanging a look with Daniel

"I've just talked to Lady Ira and she looked at the Pack's memo in the archives of the Warlock Society. Henry is the son and heir of Alpha Isaac from The Boreal Keepers Pack. He couldn't be from a worse pack, his father is considered a bloody monster who pillaged and destroyed all the packs of Alaska to become the only Alpha in the region; he killed and tortured the ones who didn't submit to him, his own kind. Alpha Isaac is also rumoured to have killed his mate and Luna," Egan added.

My heart almost stopped in my chest, someone like the son of this psychopath couldn't get even close to my sister. Before I could blink, Daniel was by my side, he took my hand in his and squeezed it gently.

"Mallory, we won't let anyone hurt Kemy. Never, be assured of it," he told me.

Alma sighed deeply, taking a seat on the accent chair and placing her hand on her heavy belly, "We have to do something besides keeping him away from her. This isn't an option, having him close by is the only thing that could help Kemy and Ember."

"Considering everything they found out, Kemy's so-called mate would hurt and kill her without thinking twice," Marion chimed in, voicing my thoughts.

Hopelessness and desperation constricted my chest making it hard to breathe and Daniel's hand in mine was the only thing grounding me, anchoring me to a reality beyond my panic.

We were caught between the devil and the deep blue sea.

*

After some time, everyone left the room and I was once again alone with Kemy.

"We will find a way to save you, without having to depend on any mate, on any man," I muttered to my sleeping sister as I caressed her light brown locks.

I took a hairbrush from the drawer and started brushing her hair as I used to do when she was little. "I miss you so much," I sighed, "I will find a way to wake you up, Little Sister."

I heard someone clear their throat and that was when a gush of Daniel's mint and cedar scent entered my nostrils. I turned around and looked at him, had he not left the room? was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't realise it.

"You are not alone, Mallory. I and the rest of the clan would do anything for you and for kemy," he said and a soft smile formed in my tear-stained face. I knew they would, I was sure about that.

"What if we can't do it?" I asked, looking down at my feet as I felt my heart drop.

"We will succeed, even if we have to keep the werewolf restrained and tied to have him close to her," he replied and I turned to look at him, my chin falling and my eyes wide open.

"We wouldn't mistreat him or do anything against him, we aren't monsters. But if the only way to help Kemy is to have him nearby, we could make sure he is near without representing any danger to her."

Inodded, "I hope we find another way, I would only agree with it if it's the only option. I ... I don't like the idea of having someone captive, tied...", I gulped hard as the phantom of memories threatened to come back and make me sink in pain and darkness.

The laboratory, the monsters, my torn clothes, all the repulse and pain their forced touch provoked. A shiver shook down my spine as my blood grew cold and my stomach churned in strong nausea.

"We won't do it LO NIM, we won't do anything you aon't want. YOU WILL DE Ne one deciding and saying what we should do about Kemy and about this werewolf. It's your choice, you have control," he reassured me.

Choice. Control.

Those were the things I didn't have while I was kept captive and I was their breeding experiment. Once again Daniel seemed to know what to say to make me see a little light among the shadows and give me a sliver of peace in my inner chaos.

I breathed deeply and closed my eyes, counting until ten slowly before I took a few steps in his direction. His scent surrounded me, calming my racing heart. I felt better when I was close to him.

“Not even a psychopath werewolf should lose his freedom or... be forced to stay...” I said, looking down.

“I know, Mallory. I wouldn’t, just if we didn’t have any option. But it will be your choice, you will have the last word. Whatever you say, whatever you want, I will do it for you.”

His words washed me over with reassurance. I would have the last word, they would respect my choice.

My gaze moved up and I smiled at him, “It seems like a good idea.”

I knew he probably wouldn’t want a mate like me, I was too taunted, too damaged. I didn’t blame him, but he was good to me and he cared about me just like the other clan members did. Maybe one day we could become friends.

My Dragon Alessia almost rolled her eyes in my mind. But she surely knew that it was true, who would want us?

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1. **Nothing is as it seems**

Alma

Egan and I left Kemy’s room and went to ours. He ran his hand through his hair anxiously.

I sighed, it was hard to see a way through. But I trusted the Great Golden Fire and I knew that if it decided to not help Kemy, it was because it wasn’t supposed to be like this. There was a better way, a way in which she could be more than whole and wake up to a better reality; and something told me that this other way had everything to do with her mate.

Egan turned to look at me and placed two gentle hands on my shoulders, “I know what you are thinking about, Little Ruby. But if we let him come close to her, he can use this proximity to harm our clan. We harbour powerful magic and powerful magical instruments in this house, itens the Alpha-to-be of a power-hunger pack could be greedy for. His father didn’t seem to hesitate to kill, torture and destroy to gain and maintain power, so what would his son do to obtain such powerful magic?”

I looked into space as many thoughts swirled in my head. It was a reasonable argument, and he wanted to protect Kemy and the clan. But what if that wasn’t the case? I didn’t have to go too far to know that there is no guarantee a child will take after the parents, I just needed to look in the mirror.

"Egan, I know the stuff you found out about Henry's pack is pretty bad. But come on... he crossed the ocean and came here for her, the first thing he did was take her in his arms. It was pretty clear that he wanted her, that he likes her. He can't be that bad."

"Kemy is in a very delicate state and her dragon is very weak, we can't take risks," he added, pulling me to his arms.

"Waiting and not allowing her to have this bond is also taking a risk. This might be her only hope." || sighed, sinking in his arms. I was tired and the babies were playing a lot around the almost non-existent space of my womb.

"What do you think we should do, Ruby?" He tilted my chin up delicately.

"We don't have to trust him and give him the key to our house right away, but we could talk to him and give him a chance. Maybe put him on probation and pretty much spy at all his moves, don't let him be alone with Kemy, but also don't prevent him from being close to her," I suggested, my hand going down to my super-swollen stomach and rubbing the kicking babies in calming circular motions.

I was proud of myself and how I had grown. Who could've said I would come up with something so reasonable? I guess losing everything, starting over and finding the family your soul really connects with, and also becoming a mum, changes you.

"Fine, my Love. I will talk to him. We can listen to what he wants and find out his intentions regarding Kemy. But if he makes one sole mistake, we won't allow him to get close to her ever again."

I knew that as their Duke he had always been very protective of the Golden Clan, especially since there were only seven of them left, but I had to tease him.

"Aren't you speaking like a protective dad?" I giggled, placing his hand on my stomach. Egan's serious expression was replaced by a tender smile and he kissed my cheeks and my nose, caressing my belly.

"I have to protect what means everything to me: you, our babies, our clan. They are our family too," he told me and I smiled.

"You, Niki and them are the best family I could ever ask for. Oh, I can't forget our Burbus!" I replied, as my eyes roamed the room looking for my orange fat cat.

I sank into my husband's arms, I was more at peace now since we agreed to open the door to the actual chance to wake Kemy up. My stubborn hot dragon was open to talk, to give a chance to the one guy

Henry

I went to a witchery shop, which was much easier to find in this town. I bought a potion to hide my scent and some confusion and sleeping bombs to use on the dragons. I knew that I was outnumbered, so I had to act smart to distract them and take my Kemy out of their lair as fast as possible. As much as my blood was boiling with anger, avenging her was secondary. I had to save her first, I wasn't sure how to, though I needed to have her safe and sound in my arms immediately.

I tempted the little vial of scent-covering potion in a gulp, trying to not mind its detergent flavor, and I walked towards the mansion after the sunset. Now I had to observe their habits and schedules, study my prey to know the best time to attack.

Knight was howling anxiously in my mind at the prospect of engaging in a good hunt and rescuing our mate.

When I was almost there, I heard an odd noise and turned around, looking in all directions in an attempt to find the source of it. Have some Dragon guards spotted me and were about to capture me?

"I can't smell any dragon. I can only smell humans, the sea and steak," my hungry wolf chimed in.

A sharp exhale left me, it must be some humans. Passing in front of the house, I noticed they had a new security system: a camera pointed to the front of the main door, which now had a digital lock.

"They must have set alarms too, these cunning dragons reinforced their security!" I grumbled under my breath.

I hid behind the closed beach kiosk in front of the mansion and started observing them through the small holes in the fence, lending Knight's enhanced senses. His senses were outstanding even for an Alpha, the elder in the pack said that those were the perks of being a white wolf. But I always had the feeling that there was something more to it.

In the first hour, I didn't see any movement, but afterward, I saw the first dragon I've met when I arrived at this house a few days ago and the brunette witch; they were walking around the garden.

The witch was giggling, and pulling the man by his hand, leading him behind the bushes. Soon, the only sound I could hear were moans and groans and they weren't noises of pain.

I scrubbed my face in aggravation, trying to cover my ears. I didn't come here to see, or rather listen to, their amateur p*rn. And f*ck, their little show only made me wish that I was the one in the throes of pleasure with my very beautiful and very sleeping mate.

All I wanted was to go back to bed and hope I could meet her in our dreams. Now the naughty couple moved to the swimming pool, and this time I could not only hear them but also see a lot, too much.

I looked away and exhaled sharply. I'd been here for three hours, two of which were like torture. But after some time the two of them stopped scr*wing like dogs in heat and started talking. That was when something useful caught my attention.

"I can't wait for Friday! We will have so much fun in Ibiza!" the Witch giggled.

A small grin formed on my lips. In two days the house would be emptier, "If we find a way to distract the other dragons, that could be our chance," I told Knight.

He barked his agreement.

"But we still should come here tomorrow, maybe at a different time and observe more, get to know their schedule to find out what's the best time to invade the house," I added.

Knight was pacing around restlessly, moving as much as a pup full of fleas. He didn't want to wait, it cienching achingly, we naa to stop wnatever mistreatment was napping to nemy immediately.

Knight growled agitatedly, "It's enough for today, Henry! We have to sleep to meet her, I need my mate!"

Tagreed with him, my heart was also growling in my chest. I needed to have her in my arms now, even if it was in the only way I could, in our dreams.

After arriving at the hotel and taking a warm shower, I fell asleep immediately. I couldn't stop smiling like a lovesick pup when I saw her, she was running in my direction, her red dress flowing with the wind and her perfect breasts bouncing up and down. My beautiful Kemy.

She dove into my arms, and her green eyes met mine. "I see that my assumption worked and you are not naked anymore," she giggled looking at my loose

pants.

Only now I noticed that differently from the first times I had been here, I'd not arrived in Knight's form, but rather in mine, with pants attached.

"Kemy." My voice was softer than ever, I could hardly recognize it, but I didn't care. I tightened my hold around her and claimed her lips with mine.

How I missed you, my Pretty Spitfire! How could you manage to inhabit my every thought after we only truly met in this dream field?

I was also growing too gushy for an Alpha, for my father's son.

But I didn't care, because for the first time in my life I felt this warmth, her warmth and something that I guess is called happiness.

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1. Getting into your knickers

Kemy I threw myself in his arms, feeling his warmth, breathing his scent in.

"I missed you, beautiful mate," he muttered against my lips before covering them with his once again. His tongue swirled into my mouth, in a heated and passionate kiss that matched the look in his eyes.

I sank into our kiss and his tongue's rough caresses.

Henry's fingers ran through my hair as his other hand slid from my waist to my hip. His fingers dug into my skin, his touch was something between sweet and possessive.

After getting lost in our kisses for a while, Henry looked into my eyes and started talking.

"I have to talk to you now before I'm not able to stop kissing you anymore and I end up waking up without telling you what I found out." .,

Tonly nodded, half-absent as I was melting in his arms.

"There is a way for me to invade the house and rescue your body. I will do it tomorrow, you will be my arms in both our dreams and reality," he assured me.

"Please be careful. These dragons are dangerous and ruthless. I can't bear having anything happening to you." I cupped his face and looked intently at his eyes, "If things get out of hand, you leave me there and flee. You promise it?":

"Kemy, I can't leave you there..." he started, but I cut him off.

"If you die you will leave me for good and I can't be without you. This dream will become an empty nightmare without you, Henry. So don't you dare to die on me."

"I promise." He exhaled deeply, hesitantly. I knew he and my white Knight were willing to do anything to rescue me, I could feel it. So, I had to put a limit on it.

"Don't try to be the buttheaed hero and get yourself killed, there is nothing good in that," I added.

Tonly wish I could wake up and help myself. I have never fought, my sister was the one who wanted to become a warrior, while I was more into teaching the kids of our clan. But I was sure that even though Ember was a very young dragon, she could help using her fire.

That was when the thought occurred to me. Henry hadn't seen Ember yet.

"Can you see Ember? She's near the tree." I pointed to the only tall tree we had in the meadow. "Most of the time, I can only see her outline. It's hard for her to materialise in our dreams, but I know she's always here with me. Maybe if we get closer, you'll see a golden glow," I told him. Ember and Henry were all I have and I wanted him to see her.

He scooped me up in his arms making me squeal in surprise. I wrapped my arms around his strong neck inadvertently, as if I had done it my whole life.

"I can walk," I giggled, even though I was enjoying being carried.

"And I can carry you. I don't want to waste a second without having you in my arms. f**k, Kemy, it was hard to be awake and do anything else when all I wanted was to be here with you. I might as well get into a coma to not have to leave, if only I didn't have to rescue you and wake you up."

I laughed at his words, "No, Henry. I want to be awake and have a life with you."

He pressed his lips on mine, kissing my smile. Soon, we were close to the tree and he put me down to my feet.

"I can't see your reptile, Kemy," he said, turning to look around, in all directions.

I narrowed my eyes as my lips tightened into a thin line, "Hey, don't call her like that! She is your mate too and if you call her a reptile, I will call Knight a mini-poodle." call ner like that again.

Wait, what was that in his back? I walked around him to take a better look at it.

"Your back," I gasped as my eyes found the scars of very deep cuts between his shoulder blades and descending along his spine. Thick and vertical lashes were engraved on his flesh, covering the centre of his back almost completely, it looked like a drawing of pain.

"My father," his voice was deeper than normal and quiet.

My heart clenched painfully. How could a father do such a thing to his child?

I gulped hard and ran my fingers across the scars as if this way I could heal him a little, bring him some comfort. Maybe I was rather trying to comfort myself.

"I thought werewolves could heal fast and completely, like us dragon shifters," I thought out loud.

I didn't want to sound like an insensitive jerk but I had to know... I had to know all about him, my soul craved for that and only this way I could love him in his worst and his best.

Ember whined her agreement.

"We can," his reply confused me and made me wonder how could so many scars have formed?

Henry replied, noticing my silence, "We normally heal fast and completely... but not when it's done with pure silver and very often."

Thugged his back inadvertently, wrapping my arms around his chest and placing my face between his shoulder blades. My kisses met his marred skin on their own accord. My soul urged me to comfort my mate.

"It's alright, Kemy. The last time it happened was years ago, before I shifted to Knight's form for the first time.

I had to sniff back my tears. His father did this to him when he was a kid!?! Henry turned around, and took me in his arms, tilting my chin up and making me look at his blue eyes.

"Don't be sad, it was a long time ago," he caressed my face tenderly and I nodded, still having to make an effort to hold my tears back.

"My father wasn't ever a good father and he isn't a good Alpha. I will be different from him, especially now with you by my side, as my Luna."

"I know you will!" I murmured.

I haven't met him many times, but I felt him, I felt this strong connection between our souls and I was pretty sure that my Henry wasn't a monster.

"What can I do to make you make it better?" I knew it happened long ago, but I couldn't brush off the feeling

"Just stay here in my arms," he replied, tightening his hold around me. I melted into his embrace, didn't want to be anywhere else.

"How about your mum?" I asked again, spinning around in his arms and looking at his face. His eyes were a bit distant, a bit cold. There was deep pain in them, but I knew that we could heal together.

Henry

Kemy spun around, straddling my lap. Did she know what she was doing to me? She was driving me insane. I only wanted her, I wanted all of her.

I pushed this thought away and answered her question, looking at her expectant eyes. asking questions only put me in trouble. Maybe i snouia nave asked them anyway, Texnalea snarply, I only had one thing from her, but this little thing brought me so much more," I added, thinking about the little medallion that brought me everything, brought me to my mate.

She might be dreaming, but she was my dream.

She was nothing like the other dragons. Sweet, beautiful, full of spirit, and smart, she was perfect and she was mine.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, lacing her arms around my neck and pressing her body against mine. I breathed her in, rubbing soothing circles on her back.

"Sweetness, it doesn't matter anymore. It's in the past," I comforted my sweet mate. And she nodded, getting her body impossibly close to mine, sitting on my d*ck.

I cursed under my breath. I didn't want to talk about it, not now and probably never. Talking about things wasn't the way of my pack, the way I was used to. Even though I felt somewhat comfortable talking to her, I would rather stop. And f*ck, now I only wanted to kiss her and touch the sinful body that was pressed against mine.

I put enough distance between us to look at her moistened eyes, noticing that her green eyes changed to a shade of blue when she was sad. I kissed her forehead before my lips roamed down to hers.

"Henry..." she murmured against my lips.

"Kemy..." I replied, my lips trailing down to her neck, and her hesitancy was noticeable, "This is all I need, kemy. You."

She relaxed, throwing her head back and giving me better access to her skin. I grazed my teeth on the juncture between her neck and shoulder before soothing her skin with a kiss. My canines were aching, almost elongating, yearning to sink into her flesh and make her mine. That was the place my mark would

1.

"*Soon,*" Knight barked in my mind. "*But not soon enough. I want her now, and you know you do too,*" I replied.

I leaned my beautiful mate down and placed her on the grass as I hovered over her. My mouth went to the swell of her breasts and she moaned softly, twining her fingers in my hair.

I adjusted myself between her legs and ground my hard-on against her warm s*x. I could feel her hot wetness through my pants, I could smell her arousal and it was the best thing I've ever smelled. I cupped her breast as my other hand caressed her thigh, lifting her dress until her hips. I licked the sweet curve of her breast, sucking her skin into my mouth, she undulated her body in response, bucking her hips and pressing herself against my erection, almost grinding against it.

She was a bad girl. I loved it!

My d*ck was aching, ready to thrust deep into her.

My wandering fingers found her underwear and I was about to rip it and have my woman bare for me, when she smacked my hand off.

"Those are my only clothes. I don't have a dream closet and I can keep dreaming naked." Her voice was breathless yet firm.

I grinned, that wouldn't be a very bad idea.

"I am seeing that naughty smile, and the answer is no, Henry!" she protested, pursing her lips.

I pressed a kiss on the top of her breast and moved up, kissing her lips and swirling my tongue into her mouth, sucking her tongue and nibbling her juicy bottom lip. My hand snaked between us and I pushed her away.

"No, Henry." She looked into my eyes, her face looked beautifully relaxed with pleasure, her lips red and raw from my kisses.

"Why not?" I asked, moving my hand up to the side of her neck and caressing it. I was growing a bit frustrated. I didn't understand all the mixed signals: what she said when we chatted matched her body's response, which was great, so this refusal from her didn't make sense. I haven't given up on convincing her yet. F*ck, she was dripping wet for me.

"I don't want my first time to be in a dream." Kemy bit her bottom lip, but seemed firm in her unexpected conviction.

"It's okay, it barely counts and I can take it again after you wake up anyway," I reassured her. I smiled inwardly, my sweet and innocent mate. Of course, she was a virgin, she had been living in a dream for so long. That explained a lot, and the unsettling feeling of her refusal melted away. I had no problem with taking her virginity twice; come to think of it, the Moon Goddess must really love me to give me such a present.

She arched her brows at me, "No. It counts for me and you are only getting into my knickers after you wake me up." She pushed me away by pressing her hands on my chest. Her sweet and thick accent only made it harder to resist, how I wanted to get into her panties now. I exhaled sharply in frustration, my balls would turn blue before it happened.

"They are already blue, Henry. They might only get purple now," Knight took the piss out of me.

"Fine. I will wake you up *and* give you many sleepless nights, beautiful." I flashed her a c*cky smile, even though it would be hard to wait. I wasn't happy with that at all, and my c*ck was twitching angrily in my pants.

"We won't have to wait long, Henry. We will wake her up soon," Knight barked in my mind, he was also trying to deal with his pent-up lust. Our mate was irresistible.

"I will hold you to that promise," Kemy smirked, nibbling at my bottom lip. I loved her fire and her warmth. "I won't disappoint you, we won't," I said looking between her face and my very visible hard-on. She giggled in response; her face was pure light. "Well, Mr. Wolf, I hope you are not only words." My lips were about to kiss her again, when I felt a little jolt and woke up.

I cursed under my breath, rubbing my face with my hands. I looked at my pants, the hard-on was still there, very real and throbbing. How could those damn dreams feel so real?

I stood up at once, knowing that I wouldn't be able to sleep again and get back to my kemy. I might as well get to the mansion and observe them, to find the best moment to invade it.

To my surprise, a few minutes after I arrived there, I saw the dragon and the brunette witch entering a taxi, he was carrying all of her suitcases, the five of them.

"Are you sure you need that much for a three-day trip, Niki-baby?" he asked and she shuddered.

"I've packed some toys, not only clothes... we never know when we will need a plug. I also brought a pillow, I hate to wake up this early," she yawned.

I shook my head, I was happy that those two were away and it was for more than one reason. A tall brunette dragon, oozing elegance left the house as well and walked towards the couple.

"Are you joining the Ibiza party island, Marion? Isn't Adrian coming along?" the witch asked, making

"No, I have a meeting to talk about the launch of my fashion brand and I am... trying to be discreet, so I called a cab as well." She smiled.

A grin stretched across my lips, this was turning out to be better than I expected. After the three of them left, I focused, trying to hear everything that was going on in the mansion. It sounded calm. Besides my Kemy, three dragons and a witch were in the house, but almost all of them were breathing evenly. They

seemed to be sleeping, oblivious to what was about to happen.

First of all, I went around the street towards the substation to interrupt the electricity supply to the house. This way I wouldn't trigger their alarms. I went back and forced the gate open as quietly as I could, doing the same with the front door.

Knight barked excitedly inside my mind, he was even swishing his tail like a pup,“

Everything is

working out!”

I shifted to Knight’s form, knowing that he would be more silent than me. He was a great hunter. *“Yes, no caribou”, no squirrel has a chance!”* he agreed. That was the right moment to rescue my mate, to have her in my arms, completely, and in reality. *Elks from North America

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 18

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1. **Breaking Through** Mallory

I woke up with a convulsive movement as I heard a weird noise. I was still sleeping every night in Kemy’s room, it brought me peace. This time I would make sure she was safe.

My hands rubbed the sleep off my eyes and I looked around trying to find the source of the noise. I jumped out of themakeshift bed as soon as I saw the werewolf in front of me, this time he was naked, which only made my panic increase.

I was almost hyperventilating as cold sweat dripped down my forehead. I couldn’t remain still as he approached my sister, his thing hanging dangerously.

I gulped hard and breathed deeply, my dragon Alessia was humming soothingly to calm me down and give me strength. I felt my body starting to grow hot, burning.

“Don’t you dare to get close to her!” I yelled, fury and fear interlaced in my voice.

“Stay back! Now, I only want my mate!” he almost growled, baring his canines at me, his eyes glowing a threat.

A shiver roamed down my spine and I had to make a huge effort to keep my knees straight and not fall into tears.

He was feral, primitive. Only violence, muscles, and canines.

“You were to be a warrior, Mallory! You can’t cower now, you can’t let them stop you once again can’t lose Kemy!”(This novel will be daily updaed at ” I muttered inwardly, warm tears streaming down my face.

My trembling legs took another step closer to him, my hands fisted in two balls of fire, ready to attack him, but before I could move the werewolf threw something at me. Smoke arose, covering the room, making my vision blurry and my breathing troubled. I leaned towards the closest wall, trying to recover my

balance and prevent him from hurting and kidnapping my sister.

My limbs were feeling heavy and almost giving up, unable to sustain my weight. I started coughing uncontrollably, the magic smoke entering my lungs and making me dizzy. I closed my eyes, knowing that I was about to reach the ground, but before I could feel the impact, warm arms wrapped around me, and tingles rose across my skin.

The touch added up to my fears but also brought me comfort at the same time. I opened *my* eyes slowly through the fog and looked at Daniel's grey orbs. How haven't I noticed how handsome he is?

My eyes closed completely before I could even tell him about Kemy and the werewolf. Were they still here? My hazy mind and racing heart accelerated in thoughts and beats before everything went blurry and I drifted into a slumber.

Kemy. She was the only thing I could think about, as my senses turned off.

Henry

The she-dragon was about to attack me when I threw the paralyze spell on her. She was covered by a veil of smoke and I took advantage of the diversion to scoop my Kemy up in my arms. I placed a kiss on her forehead, she looked angelical and at peace in her sleep, oblivious to all the chaos unfolding.

"You will soon be safe, my beautiful mate!" I said inwardly and Knight howled in agreement. We wouldn't have it any other way, even if it meant that we had to break the promise we made to her, but her safety and well-being would always come first.

It felt good to touch her in real life too. The dreams felt real, almost the same, but nothing compared to the strong tingles exploding all over my skin now that I had her in my arms. Inunær. To my surprise, ne diant launch at me or even spare me a LOOK. He actuauy ignorea me completely and ran towards the blond she-dragon, taking her in his arms and cradling her carefully.

I saw out of the corner of my eyes as he placed his hand on her heart and caressed her hair lovingly. These Red Dragons monsters might have a half-heart when it came to their own breed, but what they did to my Kemy was unforgivable.

"We will get our revenge later!" Knight barked in my head.

"Stop there now! You aren't going anywhere!" he yelled when I was about to pass through the door. His eyes roamed up from the woman in his arms to me, grey fire burning in them.

"No! You won't keep my mate captive!" | growled back, holding my woman tighter, protectively as rage pumped through my bloodstream.

Knight was coming to the surface, fighting me to shift and attack the dragons. But I wouldn't do it, I wouldn't let Kemy out of the shield of my arms.

"What did you do to my mate?" he yelled menacingly as he placed the blond woman on the bed. (This novel will be daily updated at So, she was his mate. I made it as if I was launching at her, but at the last moment, I dodged and scored a powerful punch in his direction, my fist making contact with his stomach and causing him to fall down on his bottom.

"She is fine, only paralyzed. Stay with your mate and let me be with mine!" I growled, suspecting that he wouldn't leave his mate alone and fight me, at least I wouldn't leave my Kemy. I was about to reach for the small bag with bomb spells and take another paralysis bomb when the brute reptile set the bag on fire after standing up with a jump. I threw it away as fast as I could and it exploded midair, dark smoke covering the room with its thin veil.

I held my breath to avoid inhaling the toxic smoke and took a few steps forward, reaching the hall and leaving the dragons behind. I was about to make it to the stairs when in a matter of seconds, a huge torch of fire left the dragon's mouth, circling me without touching my body. The flames grow brighter, tall and proud, dancing around Kemy and me, caging us in its heated danger.

"We can jump it, this way the flames will only hurt your legs and they won't touch her," Knight suggested. It was a great idea and I was about to do that.

Before I had the chance to do it, a pregnant red-haired witch and a tall and broad dragon walked towards us.

"What is going on here? Can't people give a very-very pregnant woman a break?" she gasped as her eyes roamed from the dragon to Kemy and me.

"Leave her alone! Else we will have to imprison you, we don't want to harm you for you are Kemy's mate, but you aren't leaving any other choice!" His voice thundered with the command and power of an Alpha.

He pulled the pregnant woman behind him protectively, shielding her completely, but she poked her head around him, looking at me and Kemy from behind his arm.

Was he some sort of dragon alpha?

"You don't want to harm me? That's bullsh*t! You kidnapped my mate after killing her people, her family! Stay away!" I used my own Alpha command, only hoping that it would have some sort of effect now that I didn't have any other weapons.

I took a few steps back in the narrow area I could walk to get enough impulse to jump the circle of fire and take Kemy out of here. the Rea dragons! sne asked,

looking snockea, ner green eyes open wide as sne 10oKepetween me ana the dragons.

“He is obviously lying to get off it. He tried to kidnap Kemy, for the second time, besides hurting her sister(This novel will be daily updaed at ,” the dark-haired dragon took a few threatening steps towards me, fire haloing his clenched fists.

His words incapacitated me for an instant. It couldn't be.

“Her sister? Kemy told me that her sister died! You are the one lying!” I lashed back, my words carried the undertone of a growl.

I felt my aura increasing, projecting in such a way as never before and somehow I managed to form a magnetic field catapulting the dragon against the wall with a loud thud. I didn't even know I had such a power, but it seemed to surface now just when my mate needed me most.

Knight's piercing growl filled the air and I was about to find a way to use my power again at the same time the dark-haired dragon's treacherous fire jerked in my direction. I turned around to cover Kemy with my body and protect her completely.

I wouldn't let anything hurt her. Ever.

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 19

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1. Moving on Henry

I shielded my mate from the fire with my body. Of course, they wouldn't hesitate to hurt or even kill her, they were monsters. The only odd thing was that they didn't do it before. Did they want to use her in any of their sick experiments? This thought alone made a growl of wrath thunder up my throat.

“Stop this now! You are all insane!” The witch screamed and I glanced at her, noticing that she waved her hand, making the dragon's fire retreat towards her fingertips in slow motion.

“Stop attacking each other, don't you idiots see that the only way to solve this insane misunderstanding is by talking to each other like civilized people?” the pinch of a witch said firmly, trying to step forward and be in front of her Dragon Alpha, but he wouldn't have it; he kept her behind his body protectively.

Knight growled in my mind, not so happy to be down-talked, but I kept him at bay. What if Kemy's sister was indeed alive and in that bedroom?

"He is a *werewolf*, he can't be civilized!" the dark-haired dragon lashed out, fire in his eyes.

"Daniel, Alma is right. He can't move or take Kemy anywhere, the circle of fire is caging him, so we might as well listen to him. We have to try and you know that," The Alpha Dragon said calmly but firmly.

The dragon huffed but nodded his head, almost baring his neck.

"*Loser!*" Knight barked in my mind, almost laughing. "Wait, you said you talked to Kemy, right? How?" Alma asked, looking intently at me.

"In her dreams, our dreams. She told me that you... that the Red Dragons kidnapped her," I explained, even though I didn't know if I could trust this witch, if I could trust them.

"*You shouldn't! They are reptiles, independent of their color!*" Knight snarled in my mind.

"*Yes, but the witch stopped the fire, they could have me immobilized and even killed by now, taking our mate away.*" I tried to argue with my almost feral wolf.

"*You are the feral one!*" he barked back and I ignored his outburst. At this moment, and when he was hunting squirrels, he could see no reason.

"They did it, but we rescued her and brought her home a few days ago. This is her home, not her captivity. We are her clan, her family. She is safe here." the Alpha-dragon stated.

"You are the only danger to her," the dragon they called Daniel replied.

"Well, that's technically true... but it doesn't have to be like that. We all want what is best for Kemy, so we could work together and help her to wake up," Alma added, looking between the dragons and me.

"You can't be serious, Alma. How can he want what's best for her? He just broke into our house to take her away, abduct her." Daniel opposed, narrowing his eyes, a grumpy expression on his face.

The witch took a step forward and her man wrapped his arms around her very rou eyes were flaring with determination and her fire hair was floating slightly as if embers were dancing around them.

"Daniel, please! Can't you see that he just did that because he thought Kemy was in danger? He came to this house, and put himself in the line of fire, literally, knowing that he was quite outnumbered, to rescue his mate. If that doesn't say something good about him and how he cares about her, I don't know what would. He is either crazy or very much in love with her. I would go with 'crazy in love? No one does anything that insane if it doesn't mean a lot, everything for them," Alma reasoned, placing her hands on her hips.

"Exactly, I was trying to save her. I promised her I would do it and I'll do anything to bring my Kemy made my mate whimper almost inaudibly.

I didn't like or trust them, they were dragons. But my instinct told me they were telling the truth, they weren't the ones who abducted her, they weren't the Red Dragons.

Alma's dragon-mate looked intently at Kemy, his mouth agape.

"Henry, Kemy! She whimpered!" Knight growled with excitement. He was right, it was a great sign. It meant she would wake up earlier rather than later.

"You are right, Little Ruby. Kemy needs her mate. And even though he isn't what we expected, he should stay close to her," he told Alma before turning to look at me, "You can come and see Kemy, be close to her with supervision. We know about your pack and where you come from, yet we are giving you a chance to prove yourself trustworthy, be close to your mate with supervision. Kemy is my clan member and my family, mate or not we won't put her at any risk by leaving her alone with a m..." he started, but his witch gave him a dirty look, arching her brow at him.

"I guess we know who the Alpha is among them," Knight snorted in my mind. He had the sense of humor of a pup.

"...Leaving her alone with someone we don't know. We have to be careful," he concluded.

Oddly, I understood his urge to protect his people, they were his pack. Knowing that my mate had been looked after before I arrived here, washed me over with relief.

"I understand and I appreciate that you are taking care of my mate."

Alma waved her hand and the circle flames surrounding me retracted, as she pulled them towards her fingertips and absorbed the fire. She must be a very powerful witch.

"Well, now that everything is clear, let's move Kemy back to her bed," the Dragon-Alpha said, motioning for me to go first. I placed Kemy beside the sleeping blond dragon and planted a kiss on her

forehead.

"We can't leave her and come to visit later, Henry. We can't," Knight growled loud in my mind. The thought of leaving her there was making him restless and he started pacing back and forth in my head, almost digging holes in my mind with his fidgety pace.

He was right. I couldn't leave her side for more than a few hours. If I did it, Knight would lose his mind, and I would follow suit.

My father was right, the bond between fated mates was overpowering, almighty and it reigned over you. But it wasn't something I dreaded or feared the way he did; hell no, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. This bond and this woman next to me gave my life sense, connection, direction. That wouldn't make me worse Alpha, but surely a better one.

"Coming here to see her isn't enough. I can't leave my mate, I want to move here," I told them, looking at the witch and her Dragon. They exchanged a look, seeming to have a silent conversation.

"Would that be possible?" I asked, their silence was making Knight and me even more restless.

"Yes, but you will be in some kind of probation time. You are her mate, and it's crystal clear that you care about her, but we have to protect our clan," Alma said.

"Someone will always stay with you, especially when you are with Kemy," he added.

"This won't work. All we know about him is that he is dangerous and comes from a ruthless pack!" Daniel grumbled and the Dragon-Alpha silenced him with a look.

"Daniel, you know Kemy needs that. Don't be Mr. Grumpy Pants," Alma shook her head.

"So, they know about our pack. We aren't like your father, Henry!"

" Knight told me and I knew he was

Scanned with CamScanner

+10 Bonus

1. Moving on

I looked between Kemy and them, the three of them seemed to refuse to leave the room, it felt annoyingly crowded.

Knight growled in my mind, he didn't like the idea of surveillance, we were an Alpha for Goddess's sake, *"She is our mate, they can't do it!"*

"Now what matters is to be close to her, wake her up. Once she is awake, we can take her to our pack," I argued. He wasn't happy about it, but stopped growling.

Theld her hand and brought it to my lips, kissing her smooth skin. *" How I wanted to be dreaming with you now, my Beauty. Only you and I, no one else."* I said inwardly.

This surveillance situation was far from ideal, I wanted to be alone with my mate. I exhaled sharply, trying to convince myself that it would be something provisional, I wouldn't have to stand these dragons for a long time.

Besides, staying here would be perfect. I wouldn't only manage to be close to my mate and wake her up. But I was also close to many powerful magic instruments. In this house I could surely find something a spell or a rune-to help me take my pack over, and become the new Alpha of the Boreal Keepers Pack.

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 20

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

1. A Staring Contest

Henry

Alma brought me some clothes and I stayed there in Kemy's room with her, watching her sleeping, reveling in her delicious scent. It calmed Knight down a great deal; he was an almost tamed beast now.

Almost being the keyword... The fact that we were kept under surveillance made me want to shift and shove Daniel away. The grumbling dragon was there too, sitting on a chair close to his mate, Mallory. He kept staring at me awkwardly, his face long with a permanent frown. I knew he didn't trust me and assumed to know what was best for *MY*mate, but he didn't.

"I can bite him only a couple of times, nothing lethal..." Knight suggested and I shoved him to the back of my mind since I was tempted enough to do so without hearing Knight's encouraging ideas.

I stared back at him, I was an Alpha and I wouldn't cast my eyes down nor bare my neck to anyone, especially not a grumpy reptile!

His frown only grew and his eyes started glowing in a shade of golden. Knight was pissed off and so was I. I couldn't -and maybe didn't want to- hold back my wolf's annoyed snarl.

"Can't you at least pretend to be civilized? You are disturbing the women," he grumbled. *"That's it, I had enough, / will jump at him!"* Knight growled in my mind.

I was about to launch at Daniel when I saw Mallory stir in her sleep. She opened her startled eyes and sat up abruptly. When her eyes met mine, she went pale and her lips opened in horror.

"No! You kidnapped us! No!" she was visibly trembling between her tears.

"Mallory, he didn't. I am here, we are home," Daniel walked closer to her and sat by her side, without even touching her.

Why wasn't he comforting his mate? Why didn't he wrap her in his arms? Maybe that is why he looked that grumpy, he really needed to get off some, and soon.

"Someone has an even worse case of blue balls than you!" Knight barked in my mind. Idiomatic wolf!

"So, why?... how? I don't understand..." she whispered, moving away from Daniel and taking Kemy's hand in hers as she looked intently at her mate. .

"You are safe and Kemy is too. We found out that the... that Henry here only wanted to take Kemy away because he thought we were the Red Dragons keeping her captive. He might be a mutt," Knight growled out loud at his words, but surprisingly, even though Daniel didn't trust me at all, he was saying those things to reassure his mate and soothe her distress, "but he was trying to save Kemy. So, Egan and Alma decided to let him stay here to help wake Kemy up. Of course, he will remain under strict supervision and we won't let her alone with him, we will keep her safe and bring her back before it is too late," he added, ignoring my growl.

Mallory nodded and stroked Kemy's side. How did I not register how she cared about Kemy the first two times I saw them together?

"Among the chaos and the need to save our mate, everything else gets blurry. It's only instinct, to save, protect, keep our woman in our arms. Warm, happy, and sated after we fill her with..."

"I get it, Knight!!" I cut him off. Realization hit me, what did Daniel mean by too late?

"Bring her back before it's too late?" I asked them, apprehension making my muscles stiff and my breath hitch.

"Alma went inside Kemy's soul and she saw that Ember was dying. If her dragon dies before Kemy wakes up, she won't ever wake up again. We have to either find a way to heal Ember or to wake Kemy up

"F*ck!" I cursed under my breath. I had to find a way to help my mate and soon.

"How long do we have? Did you consult with a healer? Maybe someone can help," I blabbered in one breath

"We don't know. Yes, a healer was here and she said that..." Mallory gulped hard, stopping in her trail and turning to look at Daniel. Was she hiding something? Keeping some information? Damn, slick Dragons!

Thuffed and narrowed my eyes at Daniel, they were all like this and his wariness was surely brushing off on Mallory.

"Are you men still having the piss competition?" Alma sighed, as she entered the room and looked between the Dragon and me.

"Everything is fine, Alma," Daniel replied, shaking his head.

"Good to know. Come on Daniel, you can go now and Mal should get some proper rest and relax a little," she added, looking at the couple.

"I'm not going anywhere," Daniel opposed firmly, moving closer to his mate but it only made Mallory move *away*.

"Maybe they had an argument and she sent him to the dog house, or better said the lizard house Knight taunted; he was enjoying Daniel's misery.

"You definitely should, you are smelling like ashes," Alma started, "And Mal, you have nothing to worry about, I will be here with her, and Burbus too," she said looking down and only now I noticed the orange cat walking closer to her. I think I'd never seen such a chubby cat before. "Please take care of yourself a little too, a warm bubble bath and some sleep would do you good," she added and Mallory sighed but nodded.

"Does Egan know you are staying here alone with this ... werewolf?" Daniel asked.

"He doesn't have to know, he isn't my Dragon Daddy... he isn't my dad," she furrowed her brows at him and placed her hands on her waist.

!"

The dragons left and Alma took Daniel's place on the accent chair, the fat cat jumped on the chair joining her.

"Have you talked to Kemy in her dreams?" she asked, a soft smile on her face. She seemed much better than the dragons, I didn't know what she saw in them.

"Yes, in a meadow. She is fine there, she isn't in pain, but she has to wake up soon. That's not a life. She deserves much more, she is full of light and warmth," I told her.

I didn't know why I felt comfortable telling these things to this witch, I didn't know her and she was part of this devious clan of reptilians. Besides, I wasn't ever one for that many words before I left my pack.

My eyes moved to Kemy, maybe our bond was already changing me in more ways than I knew about.

Mallory

I was about to enter my room when Daniel's words stopped me.

"Mallory, can I talk to you?"

I turned around and my eyes met his grey ones, the memory of his arms around me while I was falling, brought tingles to my mind. I didn't know if those were good tingles or tingles of anxiety and fear.

I breathed deeply trying to keep my nerves in check. I was tired of being only a mess of fear like a

*This attack... made me think about something. I heard that you started the warrior's training before...

"It was just for one year, I didn't learn much. Mostly theoretical things," I told him half-ashamed, looking at my shoes and biting my bottom lip. I wasn't a warrior, and I'd never been one. I was only a joke who couldn't protect the people she loved when they needed it the most.

"That's how the first year in the academy works. I was a General in the Royal Army, and before that, the Main Tracker in the Royal What I want to say is, I thought you would like to learn how to protect yourself, how to fight back and I could help you with the training."

His words surprised me and my gaze roamed up, meeting his eyes. He looked uncomfortable, maybe he didn't want to do that, and was only offering help out of pity.

"You don't have to do it, you should have better things to do," I replied.

"No, I don't." He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, "I don't have anything better to do and I want to do it if you want it as well."

"... I think so. I want it," I replied, breathing some courage in, that would be good for me, to learn how to fight properly, it would make me feel more secure and even safer. My Dragon hummed her agreement.

"Good. Let's meet downstairs later today, around 3 pm?" he asked and I nodded.

I didn't expect to start these training sessions that soon, but that was a good thing, the earlier I started training and making myself stronger the better.

"See you later, Mallory." "Thank you, Daniel," my voice was quiet, almost inaudible.

Daniel flashed a small smile in response. It was the first time I saw him doing something similar to smiling and it made my heart beat faster.

Stop it, Mallory! It's only about training! I told myself, entering the room and diving to my bed.

Alma was right, I could really use some sleep. The nights spent sleeping on the accent chair on Kemy's bedside weren't easy; I didn't want to lay on her bed and disturb her.

But now she wasn't alone and Alma would watch her, I only hoped-even though this hope was small and barely existent-that the werewolf wouldn't hurt her.

I couldn't deny that anymore, my sister needed him, but it also gave him the power to crush and destroy her.

May the Great Golden Fire protect my sister!

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 21

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

1. Fighting for you Mallory

After resting for the rest of the morning, having a relaxing bath and a dish full of ramen, I put my sports leggings on and went towards the stairs.

I sucked some air in, trying to stick with my decision. I couldn't stand being only a scarred and scared little hare anymore, I was sick of it. I was sick of being afraid and unable to help myself. I had to rise, to become at least able to protect Kemy and myself.

I could do it, step by step my legs moved down the stairs.

Daniel was already there, waiting for me and wearing a tight sleeveless shirt that marked all his chiseled muscles, his biceps exposed... and the grey pants really agreed with his amazing butt. I pushed my gaze away and gulped hard, I was gawking. I think I've never looked at a man and felt my mouth water before, normally I only felt my stomach getting queasy. But no one else had ever made my stomach less queasy than him.

Maybe it was the mate bond or the fact that he was gorgeous and sweet in his own way. I shook my head, trying to snap back from this spiral of thoughts that wouldn't bring me anything. "Mallory," he said, turning to look at me.

"I am sorry that I am late," I told him, my voice small again. Damned, I didn't want to be that weak. But he was making my knees weak.

"It's okay, don't worry. Let's go downstairs, there is a gym and a tatami there. Or do you prefer to train outdoors?" he asked.

"Maybe outdoors," I replied.

I could surely use some air. It would help me to think straight. He nodded and I followed him outside, to an empty grassy field behind the swimming pool.

"First we should stretch a bit," he said and I copied each of his movements, my eyes fixed on his sculpted muscles.

He stretched his large shoulders, his neck and then bent his upper body and stretched his arms, touching his feet. I was about to do the same, but somehow I got lost in the perfect design of his muscles, losing my balance and falling on my butt.

"Mallory," he stopped immediately and ran closer to me. His face contorted with worry. "It's okay... I am fine," I replied, standing up and putting some distance between us.

Getting closer to him, feeling the heat radiating from his body and his skin touching mine brought a lot of confusion. I didn't know if I was afraid of it, or afraid of liking it, needing it.

I only knew that I was definitely afraid, and all I didn't want to feel now was even more fear.

Daniel

I was glad we were doing this, she would feel better soon, feel stronger. I would always protect her, with my life. But I knew she needed this feeling of fighting back and never feeling helpless anymore. She needed to feel strong.

She had no idea of how strong she already was: standing here after being kept in a hell of a laboratory for decades and always putting her sister first, were more than enough to make everyone see that about her, everyone but herself.

She was oblivious to her strength, and telling her about it wouldn't be enough, sometimes words didn't help. She had to feel the adrenaline pumping through her blood, into her fire. She had to see that progress

I looked at her from the corner of my eyes, she was so beautiful! Her golden hair tied in a loose ponytail, her rosy lips slightly open and her face flushed. My eyes wandered down to her breasts, I could see their round shape through her loose top, the perky points of her nipples. I exhaled sharply and averted my gaze before my blood became molten lava and my Dragon started grumbling in my mind, desperate for his mate.

I shouldn't be thinking about such things while Mallory was still struggling to recover and get into her right foot.

After stretching, we were ready to start with some simple fighting moves. She was surprisingly fast, "You have a good speed and balance, I am sure you will make a great warrior."

She shook her head, "I am not that sure. I am..." she stopped in her trail and looked away. . "You will, you only need training and time. I will show you some self-defense moves first," I told her and she nodded. I took a few steps closer to her, slowly, without overcrowding her space.

"Besides using your fire, knowing how to engage in a physical fight is important, it will without a doubt surprise your opponent. You could go for a few

combinations, like groin kick and spit fire in their eye level —that will disorient them completely-and the surprise element is very important,” I explained, taking another step closer to her, “If your opponent grabs your arm from behind, you can turn around fast, throw your weight on them, elbow their stomach using your free arm and breathe fire on their face. They will expect you to run, so going towards them will confuse them for a moment.”

Mallory nodded, “I never... really elbowed anyone. Or fought them,” she murmured.

“You can try on me. Knowing your own strength and speed will make you feel more secure. You are a Golden Dragon, if you try you can put lots of power in your hit and cause your opponent to lose their balance. Our key elements are: surprise, diversion and fire. When you are very tired, your fire might falter, so you have to learn the other two elements well.”

“Do you want me to punch you?” She tilted her head slightly and arched her brow at me.

“Yes, and elbow me. Let’s start with punching. You need to see the impact your fist can cause, go for the stomach and other vulnerable areas. Be quick, look to one side and go for the other one to confuse your adversary,” I instructed.

She looked at me in disbelief once again, her blue eyes wide open and I nodded in reassurance. “Fine,” she muttered then she did as I said and punched me carefully, softly,

“Mallory, you can do it. Don’t hesitate, I can take a few punches.”

She leaned forward fast and her fist met my chest. I could feel the impact and she could feel it too, she bit her lips and kept punching me again, fast and continuously. A smile formed on my lips, I liked to see her energy, to see her fighting back. The little pain didn’t bother me at all, what mattered was helping Mallory to regain her confidence.

She started panting slightly and after a remarkable stronger punch, she seemed to lose her balance. Before I could catch her, she pulled my shirt to break her own fall, her eyes opened wide. I swirled us around to not crush her with my weight, I didn’t want to hurt or scare her. My back met the floor and Mallory landed on top of me.

As much as I wanted to keep her in my arms, I made sure I only kept her safe during the fall, releasing her body almost immediately; she shouldn’t ever feel trapped, never by me.

I could feel the warmth radiating from her body, her breath, her chest rising and falling against mine, the softness of her breasts pressed against my body. It was mesmerizing. I trailed from my eyes to my lips. I was about to nip her up when she surprised me by brushing her rosy lips against mine in a feather-light kiss, soft, delicate, hesitant, outworldly.

But as fast as her lips touched mine, she withdrew the contact completely, standing up with a jolt.

"I am sorry," she murmured, her hands tapping her lips and her breath ragged, she was startled, even a little pale.

"Mallory, no. I am sorry..." I started, but she ran back towards the house before I could say anything

else.

Damn it! I thought I was making progress and she was feeling better, more confident. But all that happened would only make her more skittish. I shouldn't have let her fall.

I cursed under my breath and sat up, slapping my forehead in frustration. My legs stood up and I went back to the house, heading to my room. I should occupy myself with work now, read through the documents to set up our new company. I shouldn't go after Mallory now, the last thing she needed was me overcrowding her space.

Texhaled sharply, scratching the back of my neck. Why couldn't do anything right when it came to her? I would end up failing her, just like I've failed my family before.

I should have stayed away, I should stay away. Yet, I couldn't.

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 22

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

1. To be one Mallory

After a long hot shower, I went back to Kemy's room. Adrian was there, watching my sister and the werewolf. Henry was holding Kemy's hand, his eyes on her. These weren't the eyes of a tormentor or a monster, like the gazes that inhabited my nightmares. His eyes were tender, sweet. Although I didn't trust him, I wasn't blind to his dedication towards her either.

Was this love? I didn't know. I was only used to tormenting gazes when it came to men. Except for Daniel's gaze; I knew he wouldn't hurt me, ever. That was clear, but I still couldn't wave my fear, my stupid fear.

His gaze was pure encouragement, care, friendship and I ruined everything by kissing him. Mate or not, no one would want someone as broken as me. Too tainted, too marred, too damaged to be good to anyone.

I sat on the accent chair in front of Henry and sipped my tea slowly. Gods, why did I kiss him? What was I thinking?

He didn't want me. I couldn't be with him, not even if he wanted to, not even if I wanted to. I could hardly bring myself to be close to him... I was physically unable to do it, to be a mate.

I wasn't fire, only fear.

After a few hours, losing myself in my thoughts and doubts, the door opened and Daniel's fresh mint and dry cedarwood scent spread through the room and he took a seat on a chair, not that close to mine, and sat in silence.

Surprisingly, it didn't feel awkward like it was supposed to, but his silence was comfortable, almost cozy. I breathed deeply, letting his scent in, my eyes trailed to Kemy and Henry. He was now sleeping on the chair in a very uncomfortable position, his body bending forward and his fingers intertwined with Kemy's.

A small smile formed on my lips as I witnessed his dedication. Yes, he liked her.

Kemy My heart clenched in my chest, I was so afraid, terrified. His plan must have gone wrong.

Something must be happening to him, sometime ago I felt the tingles, he was there with me. His body was around mine, his touch sparkled my soul. It felt so good.

But then, everything around got hot, scorching, and I wasn't surrounded by him anymore. Only the tingles in my left hand lingered.

The Red Dragons must have hurt him with their fire. He must be burnt, in pain, in trouble.

Gods, I didn't even know if he was alive or not-surely if the worst happened to him I would be able to feel it, right?

My throat clogged with tears and I laid down there on the meadow, looking at the immutable sky, cursing my prison. Ember materialised next to me, rubbed my head with her muzzle and whined. She was afraid as well, but she was comforting me anyway.

I wiped my tears and sighed, I was angry. I was angry that I felt so helpless and I couldn't do anything to help my mate.

I should be fighting alongside him, but the only thing I could do was sleep like a mummy.

Before panic took over me, I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the amazing smell of rain and freshly cut grass invaded my nostrils. My heart jumped inside my chest and my breath hitched as I

My gaze found the incredible sight of him walking towards me, the sun shining behind him almost gave him a halo. He looked like a smoking hot cross between an angel and a knight.

My Henry! And to my surprise, a fully clothed version of him. Dang, I missed the abs!

I stood up and ran towards him as fast as my legs could take me. I jumped into his arms and kissed him like never before. It wasn't a sweet kiss, I poured all my fear, my desperation, my relief and my longing into it. My lips molded against his, trying to consume, to absorb, to eat his lips. My tongue entered his mouth, wanting to stay, wanting him to stay. Henry kissed me back with as much passion as I kissed him, sucking my bottom lip, caressing my tongue with his, dominating the kiss,

He wrapped his strong arms around me, lifting me up and I wrapped my shaking legs around his hips. I pressed my body against his; we were glued together, not even a strand of hair could pass between us, but it didn't seem to be enough.

My fear melted in relief, in happiness and overpowering love. But I was sure that the only way to calm my trembling and racing heart was by being one with him.

Henry

Kemy jumped on me, surprising me with the best f*cking kiss of my life. Her lips were melting against mine, her boobs flush against my chest. I lifted her by her waist and she wrapped her legs around me; her moistened warmth pressed against my d*ck. All things combined, made me impossibly hard.

"You will surely get purple balls today," Knight taunted me. What was wrong with that wolf?

My little teaser of a mate ground her s*x against my erection, making my c*ck twitch painfully. She was such a bad girl and was going too far with this teasing me and not letting me have her. I shook my head and put her down to her feet, breaking our kiss. My hand was itching to spank her naughty bottom, of course I wouldn't hurt her. Only wanted to give it back to her, all the teasing.

Her green eyes were filled with confusion as she looked at me.

"Sweetness, if you keep teasing me you will get yourself into trouble. Good trouble, but still trouble," I told her, placing my hands on her shoulders.

"Henry, I am not teasing. I... I thought you were hurt or even... I thought that something had happened to you. Gods, I was so afraid." Her voice was laced with emotion.

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her against my chest, covering the top of her head with kisses and rubbing her back.

"I am safe, Kemy. I am fine, I promised that I would get back to you and here I am." I tilted her head up and looked at her eyes, "I won't ever leave you, Sweetness. I promise."

I placed a kiss on her forehead and cupped her face gently, "I have good news. It turns out that you were already rescued from the Red Dragons' captivity, and have been in the Golden Dragons' mansion for some days, you are safe there. They care about you." I didn't like the dragons, but I had to give them that, they were taking good care of my mate.

Her face lit up and the most gorgeous and genuine smile formed on her lips, "They aren't all gone? Pinch me, I can't believe it! I think I am dreaming, no... wait, I am dreaming!" she giggled, almost jumping without leaving my arms.

"As far as I know only a few of them survived, a bit more than a handful of them. Among them is your sister Mallory. She is alive, Kemy!" I smiled, giving her the good news.

Kemy's mouth dropped open and she froze for a moment before a few tears of joy left her eyes and

I wiped her tears away, and smiled at her, "She is alive!"

Seeing my mate happy was making me hyper. And hell, I wanted to see that smile as many times as could. No, I wanted to cause and be the cause of that smile.

"Is she okay? How is she? Did you talk to her?" Kemy asked excitedly, like a pup.

"She seems fine. I haven't had a chance to talk to her yet. When I arrived there trying to rescue you, things were a bit messy, but no one got hurt so no need for you to be worried. She was with her mate, he looked like a grumpy guy, but he was there for her."

Kemy sighed deeply, "I am so happy and relieved. Henry, my family, my clan is alive! That's great, now I don't only have you, but a whole family. I am so glad you guys are getting along well," she beamed. I wouldn't say we were getting along all that well or that even wanted to get along with them, but no blood was spilled, which was a great start given the history between our species. I didn't want to spoil her happiness with my words, I only lifted her up in my arms and kissed her smile.

She kissed me back, smiling into our kiss. Her happiness was an uncontainable ray of light.

"Henry, when I saw you... I made a decision and I want to do it now. I don't want to wait until I wake up," she said, chewing her fleshy bottom lip and blushing a little.

"You mean that you want to have your first time in your dream, in our dream?" I asked, and Knight released a celebratory howl in my mind. The irony made me

chuckle in my mind; the animal who taunted me not long ago had been more desperate than he was letting on.

“Yes, that’s what I want. When I thought I lost you, and I had you back... I realised how much I want, how much I need it. Not only because I am horny, but my soul too... my soul isn’t horny, I mean my soul longs for that, to be one with you. Being close to you isn’t enough, I need you inside me.”

I cursed under my breath and scooped my woman up in my arms, taking her delicious lips with mine before I looked around the meadow, trying to find a good spot to place her. It was all the same: short green

grass all around. I laid her close to the tree and covered her body with mine, moving faster than ever.

She pulled my shirt up and ran her hands through my chest and abs, trailing the ripples of my muscles, provoking sensations I never felt before despite all my experience.

“Are you sure?” I asked, looking at her beautiful green eyes.

“Yes! Don’t you stop kissing me!” she murmured, pressing her body against mine, her soul was definitely horny

I did what she said, getting rid of my pants and kicking them away before I leaned up slowly to take off her dress without ripping it off. It was hard to resist the f*cking urge of getting rid of it. But I succeed, now her knickers’ were the only thing between what I wanted most and my d*ck.

I placed her dress under her ass and curled my fingers on the hem of her panties, “I will get into your knickers now,” I chuckled as I pulled it down and felt the heat of her skin against mine. She moaned at the contact, pressing her mound against my erection.

Kemy laced her arms around my neck, pressing her delicious boobs against my chest, her hardened n*****s so perky. She would soon drive me crazy, I was about to put her in her hands and knees and f*ck her with reckless abandon, the beast in me was yearning for that, yet contrary to his every instinct, even Knight agreed that I couldn’t do that to our sweet mate. Dream or reality, it was her first time, our first time together.

So, I would make love as I’d never done before—a first for me too. I looked at her face once again, her eyes were barely open. She looked so beautiful and so mine this Defore my kisses roamea from ner jaw to ner neck, aiming at ner poods.

“Henry, I know it’s impossibly too soon, and I don’t know when people say those things... but I love

you.”

Ichuckled at my sweet mate, looking up at her face. The feeling her words triggered, coupled with the sincerity in her voice, were nothing like I ever felt before. It wasn't only lust yet I couldn't explain it, it was more and better than that. "I also don't know and don't care about when people say that." I kissed her lips before adding, "The only thing that matters is you and me. I love you too, Kemy."

The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 23

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

1. 2 Completely Mine

This chapter contains steamy content, which will be signalised with asterisks.
"**** Kemy

My heart beat fast at his words and the feeling of his skin on mine. Everything felt so real and just a dream, all at the same time. His lips dove back to the swell of my breasts and I jumped up as he sucked my nipple into his mouth, grazing his teeth on my sensitive skin and licking it energetically.

It was such an overwhelming sensation, neither in or my body knew what to do, how to react to this intense and unknown pleasure. I threw my head back, forgetting how to breathe as he sucked my nub once again. I was shuddering, almost convulsively. My whole body was fire, desire, chaos.

"Kemy, keep still, I have to ravish you," Henry rasped, his voice deep with lust. He placed two firm hands around my waist, trying to keep me in place.

"I don't know if I can," I whimpered, making him chuckle. I could hardly open my eyes, I was lost in some intoxicated pleasure state and we were only beginning. Gods, I would soon combust.

He slapped the side of my breast slightly as I kept trembling, it didn't hurt at all, only surprised me, and it also helped me to ground myself. (This novel will be daily updated at His kisses moved to my other bosom, as he cupped boob number one gently.

*** His hand wandered between our bodies and he caressed my mound, making me gasp and open my eyes in surprise. I wanted this badly, I was burning for it. But it felt so overwhelming and unfamiliar, I'd never been touched like this before.

His fingers trailed down to my lower lips, and he parted my thighs slightly. I did the rest of the work spreading my legs open and placing them between his body.

Henry groaned in approval, his mouth full with my nipple. I moved a bit, my folds were pressed against his warm and very hard *thing*. The tingles at the contact were explosive and made my heart race.

He sat up, his knees straddling my waist, and an inadvertent whimper left my lips at the loss of contact of his *thing* with my *thing*. I wanted *the things* together!

His blue eyes were looking intently at my barely open ones, his gaze heated, intense, dark. I wrapped my hands on his waist, trying to bring him down, to have him close to me.

"No, Sweetness. I want to look at you, to see your face while I make you c*um for the first time."

Holy Golden Fire! His words only made me hotter and I nodded frantically, my lips dry and out of words.

He opened my legs with his knees and caressed my folds slowly and teasingly before his finger found a very sensitive spot. His finger rolled around it, making my body jerk on its own accord, Henry's possessive grasp on my hips steadied me.

As his face moved down for a moment and he nibbled at my nip.ple, making me mumble incoherently, "Henry... .."

His eyes were once again lost in mine, "You are so beautiful, my love. You feel so good, you are mine." His words were sweet, but his voice carried an animalistic growl.

He circled my tender spot once again, making my core throb and my walls clench around nothing. Soon his finger circled my opening and he entered *just* the tip of his finger inside of me as if teasing, and I was in heaven! My walls clenched around it, wanting to pull it in.

Once again he looked intensely into my eyes and my soul; without words, he was asking for my consent. I nodded in confirmation before I whispered, "Please..."

His impressively thick digit entered me slowly, it felt a bit uncomfortable but good at the same time. I

"I can't," I moaned, running my fingers across the sculpted muscles of his chest and stomach. I wanted more, I wanted all as never before.

He thrust his finger gently back and forth and dove down to capture a nip.ple into his mouth. (This novel will be daily updtaed at His blue eyes were dark, almost grey, and fixed in mine. Tingles broke across my whole body and my breath grew heavy and short, I was panting for air.

A burning sensation started to build up on the pit of my stomach, as my insides hugged his finger. "Can you take one more finger?" he asked, caressing my face gently with his unoccupied hand.

I nodded. I had to, more than that, I wanted to since my goal was to take the big thing between his legs soon.

His second finger fit very tightly, stretching my insides and causing my breath to hitch for a split second.

His lips met mine in a passionate kiss before leaning down and kissing his way down my breasts, his lips made contact with my mound, making me tremble as a whimper of hot desire and surprise escaped my lips.

Without withdrawing his fingers, he kissed my folds, making my hips jerk up as a jolt of electricity broke through all my nerve endings.

"Henry, what are you doing?" I asked. I wanted to ask him to stop, I wanted to beg him to continue, but when his tongue caressed my sensitive skin down there, all my doubts faded away and my fingers wove into his dark hair, pushing him to the place I wanted him.

No doubt nor hesitation, only desire overtook my body.

Henry

Between Knight howling inside my mind like a mad beast because of the sweet scent of her arousal, and the sweet scent of her arousal itself, I was going insane.

She tasted sweet and was so f*cking wet and warm, ready to take my c*ck in, to be mated and marked, to be mine.

I cupped her ass cheeks pulling her towards me as I licked between her folds, around her clit, before I sucked her nubbin slowly. Her thighs were trembling, pressed against my face.

She felt warm, feverish, filled with fire.

I've only tasted women a couple of times before. In my pack, every time I stayed with a female, it was only about quick s*x, a need, a craving. With Kemy, it was about everything: about her, about us, about love. I wanted to please her, to have my woman sated and content, filled to the brim.

Her p*ssy was rippling around my fingers, pulling me into her tightness, as I licked and tease her soft folds. I grazed my teeth at her nubbin, making her body jerk up. Her body was so responsive to my touch.

"Henry," she moaned breathlessly. Even the way she breathed and every sweet little noise was insanely sexy and it only made me harder than I thought I could ever be, prec*um already dripping from my d*ck.

I pulled my fingers out of her and she whimpered in protest. My sweet bad girl!(This novel will be daily updtaed at She wanted it all! And she would get something bigger than my fingers, very soon.

I licked a straight line from her swollen entrance to her cli.t-hood, my fingers digging into the flesh of her as.s possessively, only enough to steady her. She was

mine to pleasure from now on. My tongue thrust into her opening, she was so f*cking delicious, coating my lips and my chin with her pleasures as

I looked into her face, her eyes closed and her mouth opened slightly. Beautiful, delirious, possessed

"Sweetness, open your eyes. I want you to look at me as I make you c*m." I told her and she did what I said, opening her green eyes slowly.

I circled a finger around her c.lit and pumped my tongue into her fast, frantically, stroking her insides. After a few minutes, she was whimpering louder, and thrashing around.

"Henry, I...I..." Her voice carried a desperate tremor, she bucked her hips towards me, and I increased my pace.

Her eyes opened wide, they were full of fire and had a twinkle of surprise as she came for me, her tight channel spasming frantically. I licked my lips and my fingers, not wanting to waste a drop of her delicious juices. Leaning up, I hovered over her, pressing my erection onto her damp p*ssy.

"Henry," she whimpered and I replied by kissing her lips, letting her taste how sweet she was. "Are you alright?" I asked, caressing her face. She nodded dramatically, lacing her shaking arms around me. "I am... you are so good..." she mumbled, making me chuckle. She was overwhelmed

I pressed my erection flush against her pu.ssy and she pushed her hips towards me, grinding her wetness over my throbbing d*ck. She was completely ready for me and Knight was growling in my head like a mad dog. Hell, I couldn't wait a second further. I had to have her.

I looked intently at her eyes, as I aligned my tip with her entrance, (This novel will be daily updated at "You are about to be completely mine and once it happens, nothing in the world will keep us apart. Nothing in the world will keep you from

me."