

***This chapter contains steamy content, it will be signalled between asterisks ***

Kemy

"What is it, Henry?" I asked again. My stomach was churning and my blood was cold with dread.

"They told me that if we don't heal Ember soon, you will... we won't be able to wake you up. If she dies, you will be lost forever in your dreams, Kemy. But we won't let it happen," he reassured me, cupping my face gently.

My breath trembled and I sobbed, trying to swallow the lump that had just formed in my throat. My poor Ember.

She couldn't die. I couldn't lose her. I couldn't stay here caged forever in this soon-to-be nightmare completely alone. If I wouldn't wake up anytime soon, I wouldn't want Henry to come, to have his heart broken and a life that was no reality, only an eternal suffocating dream.

I couldn't do it to him, he wanted a Luna, someone to rule alongside him, to live with him, and this dream-limbo was no life. I couldn't drag him to my cursed life. I tried to push him away and sit up, but he only pulled me closer to his chest. After a few seconds, I snuggled up and placed my crying face on his chest, making my clenched heart hurt a little less.

"Henry, I can't... do it," my voice was muffled by his chest, but I knew he could hear me clearly.

"What, Kemy?" He ran his fingers through my hair.

"I can't do this to you. If I am not waking up ever again, I don't want you to come back and be lost in a dream instead of living your life and building something real with someone else." I sobbed, not being with him would shatter my heart and dilacerate my soul, but I couldn't do it to him. He deserved real happiness, not only a few moments in an imaginary meadow, not only a cursed dream.

"Kemy!" his voice almost came out in a growl, as he tilted my face up and made me look at him. "Don't you ever say that again! I don't want anything real with anyone else! I don't care, I won't ever care for anyone else. It's only one, in a f*cking dream or not, you are the only person and only thing I want. Please understand that and don't mention this foolishness again. You are mine, I told you that already, forever mine and I am not going anywhere," he said firmly. Pain, a bit of anger and love laced his eyes and they were gleaming a little. I think Knight was on the surface.

"But..." I started.

"No, but, Baby. I will wake you up and save your rep-... your Ember. And if I fail, which won't happen, you will be the woman of my dreams and I will come back here every night, have you in my arms, look at your eyes and make love to you. That is all I need, this is more than enough to make Knight and I happy," he reassured me, a bit calmer now. He wiped my tears with his thumb gently and pressed me against his chest, covering the top of my head with kisses.

"You will wake up, my Love. I know you will," he cooed me, cradling me in his arms lovingly.

I believed his words because I had to. I could feel Ember within my soul, she still had hope and that was what kept her alive.

"*Hold on, Ember. You will heal and we will wake up. I love you, Ember. Hold on,*" I muttered to her and she whimpered in response, her voice strong and full of determination. My dragon was strong and she wouldn't give up on us, the same way I wouldn't give up on Henry. I would wake up for him, for my sister, for my dragon and myself.

After a few minutes of silence, in which I basked in my mate's warmth, I started talking. I wanted both to think about something else and to see if he was well, if my words were still stinging on him.

"Holding the most beautiful woman in the world in my arms and thinking about a way to overthrow my father," he replied almost casually. His muscles relaxed now and no trace of anger or worry on his face.

"Have you found allies within your pack? You will need many people to side with you, I assume," I told him.

Henry, exhaled deeply, "Not yet. I still have to find out who I can trust and who I can't. Maybe resume my training, I can't be out of shape when I challenge my father for the Alpha title."

I nodded. He was right. He had to be in his best shape, but he also would need all the support he could gather, from within and outside of his pack's borders.

I heard Ember's encouraging whine and I decided to embrace hope, to make plans. That would keep my dragon and me stronger.

"After I wake up I can go with you, help you to take over our pack. I can help a lot, I have fire!" I told him. It was our pack and our life together and I wanted, more than that, I should be by his side and face the challenges with him. I might not be a fighter, but I was a dragon-shifter and Ember's fire was quite strong, or at least it used to be before it started fading away. I sighed and pushed this thought away, focusing on my talk with my mate.

"It's not a good idea, it's too dangerous," Henry stated, running his fingers through my hair.

I sighed in frustration. "Henry, I'm a Golden Dragon, not a damsel in distress. It will be dangerous for them, not for me. Fire!" I furrowed my brows at him and pointed towards myself.

This was absolute nonsense, he was only one facing many, and he didn't even know how many supporters his father might have. He surely needed my help and I'd already started feeling responsible for our pack; I wouldn't let my mate lose it, lose his battle. Beyond anything, I wouldn't let him put himself at any crazy risk.

He was a very protective and stubborn man, but he wasn't the only one.

"The only fire I want now is the moistened one burning between your legs," he rasped, making me moan as his fingers wandered down my navel and he caressed my folds, finally thrusting a finger into me.

As soon as I could stop moaning, I shook my head trying to recover some of my bearings, "Henry, I am serious. I will help you."

"I can't wake you up, have you safe just to put you in danger again." He shook his head, his jaw clenched and his face contorted with sheer determination.

A deep sigh broke through my chest, but it soon became a moan as my mate twirled his finger inside of me

"This conversation is not over yet, Mr. Wolf," I tried to sound serious, even though my voice came out breathless, "Now, give me the real and thicker thing," I added, with a lopsided smile.

Henry chuckled, flipping me to my back and laying on top of me, he kissed my lips urgently, nibbling them more than anything else. I guess the Big-Hot-Horny Wolf wanted to eat me.

He nibbled at my ear before whispering, "Be on all fours for me, my Beauty. I need to take you deep and make you feel in every inch of your delicious body that you are mine, and it doesn't matter in which kind of reality or dream we are together, I won't. ever. leave. you." He punctuated each word with a kiss on my neck.

His words made me tremble as hot and wet desire leaked through my thighs. Henry leaned up and

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As soon as I was on all fours for him, he squeezed both my buttocks roughly.

"Legs widely parted for me, my Beauty," he rasped.

He pressed a kiss on my exposed s*x, before he entered me in a single smooth thrust, filling me completely and making me scream in pleasure. It was deeper and more intense than before.

He pumped into me wildly, wrapping his arms around my hips to keep me in place. Soon, he leaned his body on mine, mounting me, almost enveloping me completely with his muscular body. He fondled my breasts and pressed a few kisses on my back as he f*cked me raw and fiercely as never before, making me explode in an earth-shattering o.rgasm.

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Henry

A couple of days later, after many sweet words and hard thrusts, I convinced my sweet spitfire that nothing in the world would keep her from me. She was mine forever.

Now that my woman was duly reassured, I decided to take care of the other matters at hand.

I went to buy some more daisies for my Kemy and decided to meet Cooper on my way. After a few days of thinking about it, I realized that he could be exactly what I need to successfully take the magical instruments from the dragons without raising any suspicion.

I met Cooper in the café, next to the flower shop. Mind-linking with him wouldn't be enough, I had to talk face to face, to read his intentions and see if he could be trusted.

When I entered the café he was already seated on a table, looking intently at the door. He looked worried. I placed my order on the counter and sat with him.

"Copper," I greeted him and he nodded. He seemed much quieter than normal, something was unsettling him. Was it my father? Was he afraid? His heartbeat was normal, which didn't give away fear or tension, maybe some sort of disappointment?

"It makes no sense," Knight chimed in.

"What do you want me to do, Henry?" he asked, cutting directly to the chase, his gaze moving from me to his cup of coffee.

"Cooper, I need to be sure that I can trust you. I won't do anything against the pack, I wouldn't ever do that. But I intend to take some risks and if you are to help me, I need to know that you will keep everything between me and you, at least for a while." I told him truthfully, I wouldn't harm my pack. On the contrary, I would set it free.

The waiter brought my order, interrupting us. Cooper looked thoughtful for a while, looking into space until we were left alone.

He looked intently at me and started, "Henry, I wouldn't ever betray you. You don't know, but..." he stopped in his tracks.

"What?" he remained silent and it was upsetting both Knight and me. How could I trust he would help me and not hand all the magical instruments to my father immediately if I didn't know what he had to say? What secrets and information was he keeping from me? I didn't want to use my Alpha voice on him. Even though I wasn't the Alpha of my pack, Knight was a very dominant wolf and his command could make other wolves submit easily. But I was growing frustrated, and this plan must work. I needed the dragons' magic, I couldn't let my pack suffer; my father and his Beta abused the wolves, whipping and punishing them brutally whenever they were in a bad mood. I heard that years ago, before I was born, they used to be

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remember these kinds of generalized mistreatment have been a routine in the pack.

"Come on, Cooper. I don't have the patience or the time for that, spit it out!"

"You are important to me... your mother, she was a friend. So, I wouldn't ever betray her son." His words surprised me to no end.

"My mother," I murmured the words absently, trying to process them.

I knew nothing about her, I had nothing from her now that her medallion was in the witch's hands. Talking about her in the pack was a punishable offense, and when I asked about her as a child, I got lashed.

"What was she like?" I asked, I had to know.

I had to know that my mother was something better, someone better, and I wasn't fated to be like my father. I had to know that I had something better in me, something that wasn't like my father.

"Kind, selfless, brave and sweet. She was the best Luna our pack could ever have..." Cooper said, his eyes cast down and his breathing deep. I could smell his tears.

"Cooper, you have to tell me. What happened to her? Did he kill her?" I asked desperately, fury and fear mixing in my blood, making my breath ragged and my eyes gleam.

If father killed her, he was beyond any redemption and he shouldn't be only stripped of the Alpha title, but wiped from this world.

"Henry, I don't know... I am not sure. She might have escaped, or been... I don't know," he faltered quietly, his words laced with pain.

My chest panged, and I mourned for my mother, I mourned for not knowing what happened. Would I find out one day or would questions and uncertainties be the only things I could have from her? I exhaled sharply, sipping my Horchata.

"We can trust him, Henry. He won't betray us. He will help us keep the stolen magical instruments safe until Kemy is awakened, which is when we can head to our pack and save it from that beast who calls himself an Alpha," Knight said with conviction.

He was right, besides many questions, Cooper's words brought us the certainty that we could trust him.

"So, this is what we will do. I will first try to see what can be taken from their magical treasures, and what can be used. Then I will wait for a moment of distraction, ideally when someone else from out of their clan is in the house, this way I can deflect their suspicions. I will hand you the magical instruments and you will keep them in a city nearby Malaga, and wait for me there, without saying anything to my father. The Dragons will surely blame me once they find out that they were stolen, but they won't be able to find anything with me, thus their suspicions will crumble. After I am ready to go, I will meet you in Malaga and we will fly to Alaska." I shared my plan with him carefully, my eyes looking intently at his, my usual way of trying to find any sign of hesitance or doubt.

Of course I didn't mention that I was waiting for my mate to wake up, before going to Alaska. I was starting to trust Cooper, but not enough to tell him about my most important treasure: my mate.

I wouldn't leave her while she needed me most, she was sleeping and helpless. But once she was awake, things would be different and I would claim my pack, our pack, and give my Luna and my people everything they needed and deserved.

He nodded, "Fine, I will stay here in Marbella waiting for you to mind-link me with more information. About your father, I'd only told him that you were trying to steal the dragons' magic and return to Alaska. I



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that you successfully infiltrated the dragons' den," he told me, stirring his coffee nervously.

He must really fear my father beyond anything that I expected. I wondered what my father did to him.

"Maybe he could be our ally, Henry. Help us to overthrow Alpha Isaac," Knight barked his suggestion.

"We should be careful and see if he can be completely trusted before telling him about our plan to take over the pack. Only time will tell," I replied to the impatient wolf in my mind.

I finished my horchata in a single gulp and left a bill of twenty euros on the table before standing up, "I am heading back to the mansion, Cooper." I couldn't take too long here and raise suspicions. I bought a bottle of Axe Body Spray, to conceal any trace of Cooper's scent and got the flowers for my mate before returning to the mansion.

After knocking on the door, it was opened by a dragon with a big frown on his face. He was the one I saw with the brunette witch in the garden and then in the pool.

"Those were images that will haunt me forever," Knight barked, placing his paws on his face in aggravation.

"What is this mutt doing in our house?" he yelled, making my eyes gleam as my wolf and my rage came to the surface.

Alma

I saw Alev head to the door and followed him as fast as my belly allowed me to with Egan right behind me. We could hear Alev's words and I felt the surge of angry testosterone lifting in the air. I could even smell it. It was even mixed with Axe body spray. Men, I shook my head.

"Alev and Niki just arrived from their party trip and we still didn't have the time to update them, Henry. And Alev, Henry is here because he kind of lives here now," I told them and Alev turned around to look at me, without moving from the front of the door or letting Henry in.

He had a huge frown, even bigger than Daniel's on a bad day, and his eyes were gleaming in a gold shade. He really hated werewolves and having a tall, hot and tanned Australian werewolf flirting with Niki a few months ago, really didn't help him to like wolves any more. They were really too much.

"Enough, Alev! Don't look at my wife like that!" Egan intervened calmly but firmly, placing his protective arms around me and pulling me back against his chest.

Alev huffed, but his eyes came back to their light brown colour and he allowed Henry safe passage. And to think that Alev-boy used to be our easygoing dragon guy...not anymore, not when jealousy and prejudice came to play together because, as far as Alev was concerned, the feud between werewolves and dragons was very personal.

"I will explain everything to you when you stop acting like a baby... better said, like a dragon in an egg!" I told him, wrapping my arms around his and walking him into the house. A scowl wouldn't scare me, not when I'd already fought big dragons and I myself was made of fire.

Henry and Egan followed suit, "He will come around. We all want what is best for Kemy," Egan told Henry calmly.

Henry was growing on us, even though I still felt like I had to have a deep and serious conversation with him. I had to know more about him, about their bond and see how it could help unlock Kemy from her dreams' prison. Niki and our girl's party could wait a little.

"Alev, let's get another shot of tequila!" An overexcited and still in party mood Niki almost jumped on him, giving him a shot glass, "Oh, what is wolfie doing here? Is he part of the clan now?"

I shook my head at her half-drunk innocence and Alev growled.

"No, Niki. Let's have some water instead of tequila silver, shall we? They look the same but are very very different!" I told her as I whisked the tequila glass away and passed her to Alev, giving him a knowing look. Frowning, he nodded and took Niki with him to the kitchen.

"Henry, when these two are around it's always very... exciting. But as you can see our clan is never boring," I said, as I exchanged a look with Egan with my hand wrapped around Henry's arm.

"I heard that Kemy was talking in her sleep— having you by her side is really helping, Henry. It's great progress, and I am sure your bond is the key to waking her up, but I don't know how much time we have. I want to let the Great Golden Fire, the combined spirits of all golden dragons that existed, to feel Ember's soul. If she is really dying at the rate I think she is, we have to rush and wake Kemy up as soon as possible." I told him, leading him upstairs. The super protective Dragon Daddy was obviously right behind us.

"Have you marked each other in your dreams?" I asked, looking at him and climbing the stairs in slow motion, it was all I could do with a huge stomach like mine.

"No, only mated. I was afraid to mark her and make it worse for her. I am not sure what can help and what can hurt her, Alma," Henry exhaled sharply, as a few lines of worry creased his forehead.

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"How about Ember? How is your relationship with her?" I asked as we reached the third floor, where Kemy's room was.

"Ember?" he furrowed his questioning brown brows at me.

"Kemy's dragon." I turned around completely, flashing him a confused look. He didn't know Kemy's Dragon's name?

"I know that, what I meant is I don't have any relationship with it. I haven't ever seen it," He replied, making my forehead crease with lines of worry and surprise.

Ouch! The word 'it' was not the way to refer to 'her.' If I referred to Cyrus like this, my big dragon guy would whine like a baby dragon.

"For you to have a relationship with her, you should first stop thinking about Ember as an 'it.'" Egan chimed in and I nodded, giving Henry something between a dirty look and what should soon become my motherly look.

Henry exhaled and shook his head. He loved Kemy, but he was really having trouble connecting with, and maybe even accepting, Ember.

"Ember is your mate too, it's not only Kemy. They are both two sides of the same coin, there isn't one without another. Ember is part of Kemy, and you can't love Kemy completely if you don't love the big and golden-scaly lady," I told him and he only nodded, looking thoughtful.

We entered Kemy's room and Henry took a seat beside her, placing the bouquet of daisies on her bedside table and taking her hand in his. His gaze on her was of pure love and longing. If only he looked at Ember that way too, she might heal a little.

With my husband's attentive eyes on me, I sat on the edge of Kemy's bed and placed my hand on her forehead, letting the Golden Fire guide me in and connect my consciousness with Ember's soul.

I heard her deep whimper, she was fierce and her voice resonated within me. But I could feel how weak she was growing. She was much weaker than the last time I felt her and communicated with her. My heart clenched painfully and I felt a tear slide down my face. Ember was fading away, becoming only a smoke of a dragon, almost no more fire, and no more life left.

I touched her deeply, seeing her golden eyes almost absent from any sparkle of light and I could feel her struggle, her willingness to fight back for herself and for Kemy. But there wasn't much she could do. She didn't have the strength to fight, her soul was too battered, too shattered and mutilated for that.

I opened my eyes and gasped for air, **"She doesn't have much time. We have to wake Kemy up, as soon as possible. Now!"**

Only now I noticed that my shoulders were trembling, Egan's arms were wrapped around them from behind, as he gave my sobbing spirit warmth.

He scooped me up in his arms and I snuggled into his chest. I left out a sweet moan, as his cozy warmth made me feel at peace. He felt so good.

"How much time?" I heard Henry's somber voice behind me.

"I don't know exactly... a couple of days I would say," I replied with a deep sigh.

"Little Ruby, we are going to our room now. You should rest. We will find a way to help Kemy soon. Anita and Doctor Emily were supposed to come next week for the birth, but I will ask them to come tomorrow morning instead. Hopefully, they can do something for Kemy. We will try everything until we find a way," he reassured me and took me out of the room even before I could spare a look at Henry.

I sighed deeply, my heart hurt for him. He must be soul-shattered now.

30. The Clock is ticking

Unknown Point of View

Pulling my small suitcase behind me, I walked down the long and awfully crowded hall.

My mind was absorbed in many thoughts and memories of her. Her perfect face occupied every corner of my mind, and soon we would be close to each other once again.

With the chip implant, it was very easy and quick to track her— It only took a couple of minutes. As soon as I finally convinced Peter and Liam to help me take her back without telling anything to Lord Darion and the others, I was ready to go to her.

The last thing I wanted was for her to go back to a laboratory; it wasn't the right place for her. Besides, she shouldn't be around the others, I didn't trust them around her.

She should be mine only.

My glance trailed at Peter as we both boarded the plane to Spain. Liam would join us in a few days. He was busy, but he was my brother, so I knew he would have my back and help me recover the precious treasure that was once mine.

I huffed at the annoying sharp light of the plane, disturbing my sensitive eyes—going among humans rather than flying there was the safest and more discrete option. I didn't want Lord Darion to find out about my plan, I didn't want him to find *her*.

"It better work out, Dude, and you better pay me what you promised." Peter whispered-yelled, taking his seat and giving me an annoyed look.

He was a good friend and an even better one when I promised to pay him handsomely for his help. He hesitated at first, surely fearing our Lord's wrath, he also wasn't that keen to join such a risky mission, breaking through the Golden Lair. But I duly reassured him that we would be discreet and careful, only acting when the Golden snobs were distracted and she was alone, waiting for me.

A smile formed on my face as I murmured inwardly, **"My beautiful golden princess, I am coming for you."**

Henry

Alma's words sank in heavily and deeply like a stab. We didn't have time, only a couple of days. I was about to lose my mate or at least to be condemned to only have a ' *life*' with her in our dreams. Half a life, in which I couldn't give her all she needed and deserved: our pack, our pups, a real life together.

I laid beside my mate and pressed her against my chest, wrapping my arms around her and exhaling deeply.

Gloom made my blood cold in my veins. Without her, life was cold, dry, a stupid struggle to survive in a pack calloused by silence, frost and blood. Kemy was what motivated me to claim my life and my pack. To fight to have a good life, and give a good life to the wolves of my pack.

She didn't have time and I didn't know what to do. Not even the Golden Dragons' powerful magical instruments and relics could help her now. No f*cking power, richness, and golden treasures mattered. They were all useless, if they couldn't save her.

Not being able to do anything was almost driving me mad. I was an Alpha and being powerless was contrary to my very nature and DNA. Especially in what concerned my mate, I was biologically designed to protect my female, and fight for her.

"Sweetness, how can I bring you to me? How can I bring you back to life?" I whispered, looking at her closed eyes.

"*Henry, we can't give up! Ever!*" Knight growled, almost jumping in my mind. He was running—better said, almost flying—from one side to the other like an insane rocket.

"We won't, Knight! This isn't even an option!" I replied, burying my nose in Kemy's hair, and inhaling her sweet scent in. Her absent presence was all the peace I could have now, whilst everything was fear and powerlessness.

I tried to sleep, to dream with her and mark her in our dreams. Maybe marking each other was what it would take to wake her up, I was about to try and see. But I was too tense to fall asleep, so I stayed with her for a few hours, until it got dark. I decided to go to the suite to which I was allocated and take a long hot shower, hoping that was what I needed to doze off.

When I came back to her bedroom, half an hour later, I almost breathed fire as those reptiles do.

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Mallory

After Alma woke up from her long nap and ate more banana pancakes than I thought was possible, she told me about Ember and that we were against the clock.

I went to the cellar behind the kitchen and hugged a bottle of whiskey before I gulped it, trying to dissolve my misery and fear in its intoxicating effects; trying to sink my sadness on the bottom of the bottle.

The strong taste of the drink burnt through my throat, making me cringe but I didn't stop drinking it. I couldn't even remember the last time I drank more than a sip of alcohol. It was probably before my parents died and I had to grow up fast and look after my little sister. It felt like another life. I sighed, taking another sip of the burning drink, it was another life, one in which I was untainted, carefree, and I knew how peace of mind felt like.

As I walked back to the living room, with my bottle in hand, Marion placed my bottle on top of the shelf and took my hands in hers, giving me a reassuring look.

"I can't even imagine how you are feeling now, Mal. But we will find a way to help Kemy."

31. Whisk me away

Marion shook her head, "Why don't we, Alma and Niki have some ladies' time over some tea and biscuits? We all could use some chat and comfort," she suggested and I nodded, taking my whiskey bottle back to the safety of my arms.

Her talk about tea didn't convince me, so I took a good look at *my* bottle, my tipsy eyes reading the drink's name for the first time. This whiskey would do what no tea ever would! Jack Daniel's was all I needed... Oh, Daniel.

"Among all the bottles in the cellar, I chose you," I told my whiskey as I shook my head and chuckled quietly, even the whisky made me think about him. When I looked around, I saw Alma, Niki, Marion and a tray of tea and biscuits coming in my direction.

"Oh, Mal! I want a sip too!" Niki giggled, she was drunk.

"The pregnant lady, who can't drink is here and saying that you both already had enough," Alma chimed in, her hand rubbing her very swollen stomach.

"She is jealous because we can and she can't, don't mind her!" Niki giggled, hooking her arm with mine and leading me to the sofa, where we both crashed on. From here things swirled much less, I did like this sofa!

"Hey, why don't we go to Kemy's room? This way, she can be part of our girls' time too!" Niki suggested, taking some biscuits in her hand and devouring them like a famished dragon.

"That's actually a good idea and it's close to my room, so my future tired self won't have to climb the stairs in two hours," Alma smiled, placing her hand on the small of her back and moaning quietly.

"I can teleport us all there, the pregnant and the intoxicated ladies," Marion smiled and within a couple of minutes, we were all comfortably seated on the small blue couch and the couple of accent chairs in Kemy's room.

Hum, I knew these accent chairs quite well, I giggled at myself. My gaze went to Kemy, but before another wave of sadness crushed me in, I put Daniel... Jack Daniel's into my mouth and took a large gulp.

"Slow down a little, Mal. We Dragons don't get drunk easily, but you almost emptied this bottle in a matter of minutes.

"Oh, I need another bottle!" I concluded dizzily and Marion shook her head as she sipped her tea. How could she be so put together?

"So, Mal... how are you and Dragon Grumpy doing?" Niki asked, which earned her some dirty looks from Alma and Marion.

Right now, my head felt so light and everything felt so... *airy* that I didn't care about a thing, "You mean Daniel, right? That very handsome and not Grumpy Dragon?"

Niki giggled, "If you say so," she shuddered.

"We kissed. He wants me after all, he even said so. Can you imagine? I don't know why, but he does. I just hope he doesn't give up soon! Maybe he already did." Even though I kind of wanted to cry, I chuckled and Alma took my hand in hers.

"I am not sure you will remember this tomorrow, but even someone blind could see that Daniel is mad about you. He is completely in love, Mal!" she said, looking intently at my eyes. She must be drunk too!

"Wait! Now, I get it. Do you mean my whiskey? Jack Daniel's, right? He does like me." I mumbled, thoughtfully, trying to grasp the meaning before her confusing words.

"Oh, Gods! Dragon Daniel—he loves you! And Jack Daniel's is coming with me now!" she said, snapping her fingers and making a transparent flame emerge from nowhere, take my bottle from me and

31. Whisk me away

I pouted at her, hugging a pillow instead of my poor bottle. That wasn't fair!

"You know, I had lots of fun with Alev! We are like an explosion together. Lots of s*x, party, drinks, more s*x and ... s*x again!" Niki laughed, and I swallowed hard. I was happy for her, but I didn't want to hear that.

"But," Niki paused, looking at the three of us, "I still can't stop thinking about my wolf. Have you met him, Mal? Apollo, the hot, tanned werewolf from Australia that was there in the mansion back in London?" she asked and I nodded. I knew well about her little encounter with Apollo and how it thickened Alev off.

Alma squeezed Niki's hand, but she was too intoxicated and in the zone to notice anything. She was much drunker than me!

Alessia hummed her agreement in my mind.

"We only kissed, but it was wow! I can't forget it, it feels like his kisses and his awesome hands were tattooed on my skin and I just can't get over it! I like Alev, I do, a LOT! I am crazy about him and we have so much naked, hot, wet fun... the s*x is incredible! It's more than that, but his..."

"How are you, Marion?" Alma asked the tea-drinking Dragon, effectively cutting Niki off.

I breathed in relief, Niki's words were making me nervous and taking me back to the memories of the forced and disgusting touches I couldn't get over. It tainted my skin and made me feel dirty. I cringed only thinking about it and Alma gave me a cup of tea, a gentle look in her eyes.

I guess Niki didn't know exactly what happened to me. Only Marion and Alma knew the extent of the torture I was submitted to. I shook my head and drank the tea, only wishing it was my Jack Daniel's instead.

"I am fine, the things with the new brand are going very well and our first collection should be released in Spring!" Marion beamed. I saw the little cute clothes and I was sure her baby clothes collection would be a success!

"How about babies? Any progress?" Niki asked and I elbowed her, flashing her a dirty look.

Even with my head spinning, I knew it wasn't something we should ask. Marion's face contorted with a few lines of tension and the smile on her lips twirled down.

"Jen helped me with some healing, and we are trying. But I am waiting until things get a bit calmer to have Jen and Alma using healing magic and Golden Fire on me simultaneously and see if it works." Marion had her eyes fixed on her cup of tea.

"I have faith in the Great Golden Fire! It will work," Alma reassured her, squeezing her hand and Marion nodded.

"I wonder why the Great Golden Fire doesn't help Kemy too. This is not fair! It should help her," I mumbled, closing my lips in a thin line in an attempt to contain my tears.

"Mal, we will find a way," Marion reassured me and I nodded, looking into the distance trying to blink my tears away.

I was sober enough to know that we might not find a way. After a few minutes, Alma fell asleep on the sofa, placing her head on Marion's shoulder, as she stroked Alma's stomach. Niki took advantage of it and took the bottle of whiskey from Alma's side. She almost emptied it out with a single sip, making me chuckle. There wasn't much there, but it was still impressive.

"Why don't we give Kemy some whiskey? Maybe she wants some too!" she joked.

At this exact moment, Henry entered the room, his hair wet and his eyes gleaming in anger.

He ran towards my sister on the top of his speed and scooped her up in his arms. "Mine!" He pressed

31. Whisk me away

making his eyes gleam. "Stop it! You don't know how it can't harm her," he burst out in a growl, glaring at Niki.

"Chill, I was just kidding. I wouldn't give it to her!" Niki told him, showing him that the bottle was actually empty.

"She is my mate, my world, and her health and safety are not something that should be the object of your jokes." He furrowed his brows, his voice radiating finality and indignation and his aura increasing and filling the air with tension.

"Henry?" I called him, but he ignored me completely, taking Kemy out of the room with him.

I left the room, trying to reach them, but I only saw them entering his room. I breathed deeply, burying my face between my hands. I was such a mess!

"Mallory!" I heard Daniel's deep voice and looked up, my eyes meeting his grey ones.

I gulped hard and threw myself into his embrace.

He wrapped his arms around me hesitantly, but after a moment, he rubbed soothing patterns on my back and cooed me.

"I heard about Ember. We will find a way, I am not only telling you that to make you feel better because I will do anything and everything to bring your sister back," he reassured me, and I snuggled into his chest. That was all I needed, no whiskey, no tea, no Jack Daniel's... only my Daniel.

My. I smiled at this word between my tears. I hoped, wished, needed him to stay, to not give up on me. I was selfish because I knew I couldn't be a good mate, a proper mate for him, but Gods, I needed him.

I just hoped I wouldn't hurt him, he didn't deserve that, he deserved so much better!

"Can you... can you sleep holding my hand tonight? In separate beds but holding my hand?" I asked between sobs, pulling away from his hug and placing my palms flat against his muscular chest.

"Of course Mallory. I would love that," he smiled, making my soul warm.

***This chapter contains steamy content, it will be signalled between asterisks ***

Henry

After laying in 'my' bed with Kemy, and cuddling with her, I could finally calm down and fall asleep to our dreams.

I ran towards her as fast as I could and took her in my arms, pressing her against my chest like a desperate man. I was afraid as never before, afraid and pained for her, for me, for us. She deserved so much more than dreams, than this sleeping curse.

"Henry, is everything okay?" her voice was muffled by my almost-crushing embrace.

"Sorry," I muttered, loosening my hold on her a little. My gaze was fixed on her worried eyes and I breathed deeply before I told her everything. I couldn't keep it from Kemy, it was her life and her future and she needed to know it, "Alma said that Ember is almost dying, we only have a few days to wake you up. We can do it, I have an idea. It will work, it must work." I babbled, without even stopping to breathe.

"Henry," she sighed deeply and gulped hard.

"I've been thinking about it and concluded what must be the solution: mate and mark each other, consolidate our mate bond, unite our souls. It will help to heal Ember's soul," I added, cupping her face gently. Kemy nodded although she looked gloomy and distant. Her characteristic sweet smile and the light in her eyes were gone, replaced by a teary gaze.

"My love, doesn't matter what happens, I will always be with you. Don't ever forget that," I reassured her, caressing her face and looking intently at her eyes.

"Make love to me, Henry, and let's mark each other," she asked, pulling her dress up and exposing her soft, milky skin to my hungry eyes. I cupped her breasts, twisting her nipples teasingly.

"Kemely, please, Sweetness, have hope and faith. It will work." It had to work, the Moon Goddess couldn't have given me the best gift ever only to do that to my Kemy and me. She couldn't be that cruel. I heard my father saying more than once that our family was cursed, but I didn't believe it, at least not in what had to do to me. I was blessed, I had her and I would have her completely, in every way possible.

I ran my fingers through her hair, my hands roaming down, until they found the waistline of her 'knickers' and I pulled them down, having my mate completely naked for me. Now, I only had to put a smile on her face and make her voice come out in moans of pleasure, before we became one and put an end to her long slumber.

"I can do it, shift and as soon as she sees me she will smile! I have this effect on women, especially on our woman," Knight barked in and I cut him off.

"We need to mate now, Knight. We can't wait for you to charm her by swishing your tail." I knew his idea wouldn't work and Alma's words played in my head over and over again like, filling me with impatience and the guttural urge to act now before it was too late.

I covered her cheeks, chin, nose and lips with gentle kisses, until her lips curled up in a small smile.

I was already shirtless, so I took my pants off and placed my mate on the grass, my pants under her ass.

"I love you," I whispered in her ear before capturing her earlobe between my lips.

"I love you too, Henry. Wake me up, please," her voice was deep with emotion.

"I will, I promise. You will wake up with me, my love," I looked intently at her moistened eyes and her small smile, and kissed her lips slowly. Soon, she started to kiss me back, which filled my lips with passion, and lust.

32. The Last Hope

Kemy ran her hand through my back, and even though it disturbed me and I had the urge to pin her hands away, I didn't stop her. I nibbled at her lips instead, distracting myself with her taste, the soft and warm feeling of her mouth.

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My hand reached down to her folds and I caressed her moistened s*x, entering her with a finger, Kemy moaned in response, relaxing at my touch and my kisses. I wanted to make her forget all her worries, everything but this— my di.ck, my mark, us.

My lips wandered to her collarbone, as I kissed and nibbled her deliciously soft skin. My thumb circled around her c.lit, as I pumped faster into her, adding a second finger and twisting them inside her. She started wriggling as her pleasure built up, when I pinched her cli.t, it was her undoing. She moaned louder, whimpering, and her legs trembled as she soaked my fingers with her pleasure.

My fingers left her warmth, and I brushed the tip of my throbbing co.ck against her folds, making her buckle her hips towards me.

“Please, Henry. I need you... I am burning,” she whimpered, her eyes squinted in pleasure as she ground her pu.ssy against me with feverish, urgent motions.

A smile twisted on my lips and I obliged, filling her to the brink, “Everything for you, my Beauty.”

She gasped a moan as her eyes grew wider, “So...good,” she breathed, twining her fingers in my hair and pushing her hips towards me.

I licked her lips, thrusting my tongue into her mouth at the same pace I pumped into her. ***O***

I kissed her jaw and suckled at the smooth skin of her neck, my lips trailing down until they found the spot her neck met her shoulders. I licked and nibbled at her skin, softening it for my bite. Kemy pressed a kiss on the side of my neck as well, and at the same time my canines extended and pierced through her skin, I felt her elongated teeth brushing against my neck. I pumped into her fast and deeper as we marked each other at the same time; I felt as if my body was about to explode in ecstasy, and by the way Kemy's body trembled and her inner walls clenched around my shaft, I knew she was feeling the same. A jolt of electricity flew through my body and my sight was blinded by a searing white light.

I woke up with a start. My eyes blinked through the overwhelming light that lingered, making it hard for me to see anything. My hands reached for my mate and found her sleeping beside me, her heart rate as slow as ever! She didn't wake up. She wouldn't wake up. I sank my face between my hands and cried as I hadn't done for as long as I could remember.

My gaze went to Kemy's neck, her skin was unmarked. I exhaled heavily, touching my neck trying to feel for my mating mark, but it wasn't there either. Our marks remained only in our dreams.

Knight released a kept howl of pain in my mind, making my soul vibrate in agony.

Blinking a few times more, the light dissipated from my eyes and I looked at her through the darkness, pressing her body against mine and sobbing hopelessly.

The only thing that I thought could work, failed. Maybe I was indeed cursed.

~ * ~

Mallory

Daniel placed a small makeshift bed beside mine and slept holding my hand in his, and for the first time since I can remember, I slept at peace. I didn't wake up in tears in the middle of the night nor had any nightmares, and I knew it wasn't because of my 'date' with Jack Daniel's; it was all because of my mate. His mint and dry cedarwood scent and the warmth radiating from his hand into mine lulled me to sleep.

cheeks burned with embarrassment at my drunk behaviour. I was so forward and selfish, jumping in his arms and asking him to stay.

I shouldn't have done that! Alessia roared softly in my head, stating her disagreement. At least she wasn't embarrassed and she only enjoyed his proximity.

I stood up and went for a long and cold shower, hoping that when I returned, Daniel and my embarrassment would've gone away. But to my surprise, he was still there, seated on a chair beside my bed, a tray of breakfast on the accent table in front of him.

I gulped hard and forced my gaze to meet his grey eyes. I knew I was bad at it, and soon he would give up and leave me.

"Daniel, I am sorry for yesterday. I was..." I started, my cheeks heated with discomfort once again.

"You have nothing to say sorry for, Mallory. My Dragon and I, we really enjoyed spending the night close to you," he cut me off, making me breathe in relief. A smile of hope formed on my face, maybe, just maybe, he would always stay.

He stood up and took my hand in his, guiding me to the accent table and making me sit beside him.

"You should drink lots of water, it will help you with any hangover you might have, and eat," he said, giving me a glass of water.

"I am fine, no hangover." I flashed him a tight smile.

"Drink it anyway," he added softly.

The morning light coming through my white thin curtain, made his eyes look warmer, almost blue. He was so handsome, I sighed dreamily, looking away and taking a sip of my water.

"Mallory, I can't even imagine how worried you are about your sister, but Anita—Marion's witch friend—is coming in a few hours and she should be able to help. We will find a way, but now all we can do is wait," he told me, taking my hand in his and squeezing it gently.

My head nodded in response. He was right, I had to wait and find a way to not drive myself insane in the meanwhile.

"I got Egan to make you a mushroom omelet, Marion said it's your favourite."

A small smile formed on my lips at his words, he was so sweet, I didn't understand why the others called him grumpy.

"It's delicious," I told him before taking another forkful of it.

We ate breakfast in silence, but to my surprise it didn't feel awkward, but rather comfortable, it felt homey.

"We should keep training, with or without involving kissing. Even though I surely prefer training with kisses," he said, attracting my gaze and my smile to him.

"Yes, we should," I replied coyly, fidgeting with my hair.

"I think you should train in your Dragon form too, we can fly to some mountains and caves they have in Sierra Blanca mountain and train there."

Alessia roared happily in my mind, she loved the idea and me too. It had been so long since I last shifted to my dragon, and how it was to be in her skin that I even wondered if I still knew how to do it.

"Daniel, maybe Alessia doesn't know how to fly anymore," I confessed shily, hiding my face with my cup of coffee.

Even Alessia seemed to shy away inside my mind at my words. Dragons learn how to fly when they are only a few years old, not knowing how to fly was embarrassing to say the least.

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If Alessia can't fly there my dragon, Aelred, will be more than happy to make your acquaintance, and carry our mate" he said it pointing to me before adding, "on his back to the caves, and you can shift there," I smiled and blushed at his suggestion, Alessia mirrored my smile inside my mind, but didn't blush.

My heart swelled in my chest. We were both looking forward to flying with Daniel and Aelred.