

# The Awakening of His Luna by T. R. Durant Chapter 3

## 3. The wolf, the mirage, and the dream

Kemy

My gaze found the wolf's silhouette on the horizon, a majestic shadow within the golden sun. A smile formed on my lips as he took a few steps closer— would he finally come close enough?

My heart skipped a beat as he kept walking, he was close enough for me to see more than a mere outline, the sun illuminated his snow-white fur; he was beautiful and huge.

Maybe I could have a pet and feel less alone, I sighed happily.

I heard Ember's protest in the form of a roar, we were so close and entangled here alone in my dreams that I could understand her well, just as if she could use words and not only feelings and instinct to communicate.

Besides that, our connection was so great, that sometimes I could see her form in front of me and even caress her muzzle. Those were my happiest moments: that and when I saw the wolf.

She didn't think he was a pet, not at all. I had to agree with her, as my mouth hung open as the huge white wolf changed his form slowly, and a very naked man stood there instead. Bathed by the sun, his rippled muscles looked almost gold.

Was it a hallucination? Some sort of mirage? Was I losing my sanity?

Ember released another roar, denying it. She could see it too.

That could only mean one thing; we were both going insane.

He stayed there still, under the sun like a golden statue of a gorgeous man. My eyes couldn't stop trailing every inch of his illuminated skin.

"No Ember, it isn't about to become a wet dream!" I replied to her funny thoughts.

I sighed deeply, pushing my eyes away from him. I didn't want to be a pervert and look that much at that statue of an imaginary man... maybe he was the man of my dreams.

He stood up and took a step closer, I still couldn't see much of his face from this distance, only enough to distinguish that he had dark hair and seemed very real. My eyes were attracted to the length hanging between his legs and I gulped hard, looking away. It did... seem very, very real indeed.

Ember whined ironically, almost wanting to say that she told me so.

The realisation hit me, and I gasped, he was a werewolf. I remembered the history lessons where my kind, Golden Dragons, and Dragons in general, had an old feud with werewolves to such an extent, that they ended up dividing the world to not have to bear each other's presence. Werewolves were in the Americas, Oceania, and Africa, while we Dragons stayed in Europe and Asia.

I should loathe him, or at least want him away. But I didn't; I wanted him close and Ember wanted it too. I was lonely and even though I had only seen the dreamy outline of him—and a lot more of him now—for some unknown reason beyond loneliness, I already liked him.

He looked in my direction for a moment, before looking past me, his eyes never focusing. I guess he couldn't see me.

Maybe he was short-sighted? Or maybe I was dreaming alone, I sighed sadly, sitting down and hugging my legs against my chest.

The only time in this long dream that I saw someone, the said someone couldn't see me.

I was still alone. Ember protested with an annoyed roar.

"I have you, girl! It's only you and me."

After a few minutes of gorgeous-man-gazing—and avoiding his length—I heard Ember roaring non-stop, in a restless way.

"What is happening?" I asked, looking around worriedly.

I closed my eyes and tried to listen to her, to feel her.

My eyes open in a wild surprise.

That couldn't be, I thought it was impossible.

~ \* ~

**Alma**

Marion teleported us to the mansion and Egan crossed the hallway carrying Kemy, Mallory left her room and remained there paralysed, only her eyes moved among Egan, Marion, Daniel, me, and her sleeping sister. She seemed like someone who had just seen a ghost.

"She's alive," Mallory muttered, still unable to believe her eyes, focusing them nowhere specific. I think she was having a hard time believing it, even after I told the clan about my dream.

Before I could tell her anything or help her to snap back from her state of shock, Daniel took a few steps towards her almost inadvertently. When he noticed that his hand was in hers, he almost jumped, and immediately took his hand from hers. They exchanged a startled glance for a split second before he pulled his gaze away.

Their souls were calling for each other in the hypnotic melody of the mate bond, but they were both like wild hurt animals—skittish and fearful. I just hope they could see that they have the key for what they need before their eyes: their love is what they need to find some peace of mind. If only they could stop running away from it.

But it will come with time, hopefully.

"We have to find a way to wake her up," Mallory gulped, taking a few hesitant steps towards our Dragon Sleeping-beauty, "I should have joined you when you went to rescue her," she added, casting her gaze down and wrapping her arms around herself.

The whole clan knew that she shouldn't have gone and put herself in that position. She was rescued from the same kind of captivity a few months ago. Going back there, seeing the Red Dragons, would only reopen her still-open and aching wounds.

Daniel looked between Egan and me, his jaw was tense, he wanted to say something, but our normally blunt grumpy dragon remained quiet. I guess Mallory and his fear to get close to her made him lose his words.

"I... I should have gone," Mallory murmured nervously, her gaze fixed on her feet. I knew how much she wanted to have her sister back and the fact that she still blamed herself for what happened to Kemy. Not going was hurting her, but it was the right decision.

"She is at home and safe now. Everything worked out in the best way it could, having you there wouldn't change anything," Marion reassured Mallory, squeezing her hand gently.

"She is back, Mallory. She is at home and we will look after her and help her to recover," Egan added and Mallory nodded, still not seeming completely convinced.

Egan took Kemy to the room beside Mallory and laid her gently on the bed, Mallory's eyes never left her sister.

After a few minutes, she approached the bed and muttered, "I am so sorry, little sister. I should have been able to protect you, to not let them take you." Mallory's hand brushed against Kemy in a feather-light touch, but it was enough to make Kemy stir in her sleep once again.

"It's a good sign, she is reactive, she will wake up," Egan said with determination, even though as his mate I knew that he was somewhat afraid—we all were. We couldn't lose our Kemy.

I heard the noise of little paws and my chubby orange cat, Burbus, entered the room swishing his tail and looking like the owner of the house. I was looking a bit startled at him when he jumped on Kemy's bed and sniffed her for a moment before he mewed and looked at me.

Burbus wasn't a normal cat, that everyone knew already. Besides his intuition, he had an uncanny affinity with the Great Golden Fire and he was literally on fire sometimes.

What was he trying to tell us now? He pulled a bracelet on Kemy's arm with his paw and looked back at me. I smiled at him, understanding what he wanted to show.

I went closer to Kemy and took a careful look at her bracelet, it said *Patient Zero* and had a date on it. It stated a date from thirty years ago, maybe the day she went to the Frankenstein-lab. Besides the small date in blue ink, I read another date, only a few weeks afterward.

"Maybe it means that she went into a coma only a few weeks after she was captured," I thought out loud. It was good, it meant that she probably didn't go through all the trauma and abuse I knew Mallory went through, maybe that's why I could feel that she was at peace when first saw her in the lab.

"This bracelet brings more questions than answers...What did they do to send her into a coma? Patient Zero? Does it mean that they submitted her to an experimental treatment? We should have brought the Red Dragon along with us

and made him answer our questions," Egan exhaled, running his hands through his golden-brown hair.

Mallory started to cry softly, almost silently, looking at her sister.

I glanced at Daniel with the corner of my eyes, his muscles were stiff with tension, he looked even worse than the tin soldier he was when we first met. He seemed restless, almost like someone who really needed to use the bathroom, but couldn't. But I knew it wasn't about toilet business, he was actually aching to comfort his mate, Mallory. But once again, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"I thought she would wake up once she was reunited with us, with me," Mallory murmured sadly, brushing a lock of light-brown hair off her sister's pale forehead.

I sighed deeply and exchanged a look with Egan. To be honest, I thought the same. I believed that once we rescued her, her soul would feel at peace and she would wake up.

My hands hovered over her still body, and I tried to focus; maybe the Spirit Fire within me could bring her back, wake her up.

Behind the curtain of my closed eyes, I could see only an empty meadow. Yet I could hear Ember's deep whining, and feel her soul. I felt pain, love, sorrow, and a very strong wish to stay alive.

I felt Ember's weak, fading soul, and her strong and enduring connection with Kemy. Their love for each other was so beautiful and strong, it was what helped Ember to survive for that long, even though her soul had started to extinguish itself in shadows and ashes a long time ago, maybe on the same day Kemy went into a coma.

Ember knew no suffering besides her struggle to survive and the agony of remaining captive in her dreams. I opened my eyes and swallowed hard as what she let me feel sank in.

My heart clenched in my chest, now I could understand it fully. Ember wasn't fighting death with all she had only because she didn't want to leave Kemy behind, but because if she died, Kemy would follow the same destiny.

I took a lungful of air before breaking the news to the others, I knew that it would be hard for Mallory to hear. She was still very fragile, even though she has grown less skittish and more relaxed around us. Recovering from abuse is a gradual process, and a very hard one.

"Kemy can't wake up because her dragon is almost dead, her spirit is almost crossing the veil between worlds. We have to find a way to heal Ember, to push her back to our side of the veil, to the world of the living. "Now I finally understood that Ember and Kemy are two halves of the same being. Apparently and precisely because they stayed alone together for so long, they formed a much stronger connection than anyone else ever had with their dragon. So, one

can't survive without the other, at least not fully; Kemy's life without her dragon will only be an eternal slumber."