

Luna Graced | 11: Chapter 11

11: Chapter 11

ABIGAIL

Abby gasped and clutched her head, covering her ears.

She was only vaguely aware of the warriors getting in a protective formation around her and Rye pushing Bell behind him.

Alpha Roman crouched in front of her and put his hands over hers. “Breathe, Abby,” he said, looking into her eyes. “Block him. Bring your warrior forward. Let it go, just like you did in the restaurant.”

She shook her head in his hands as Carson’s voice ripped through her. She couldn’t!

She’d been raised to love her ex-mate. To honor and obey him. They’d been bound, and despite the rejection, part of that bond remained.

No matter how much she tried to fight it.

ROMAN

“You can do it, Abby. *Release the warrior.*”

As he unleashed his alpha power, she shuddered under his hands. Then, an even stronger burst of power came from her, a wave that knocked down several of his warriors and Bell.

Roman’s wolf growled a warning—Abby was shifting under him.

He pushed his power over her. “Do not shift, Abby. You control this, not him.”

Her jaws were snapping, her claws had extended and were gripping the earth...but she didn’t complete her shift.

He murmured comfortingly to her as Logan ran up to them.

“Did you feel that?” he heard his gamma say to his beta. “Mother Earth, what the fuck was that? And the alpha...did you feel *him?*”

“We have some things we need to talk about,” Logan said, and Roman glanced up just in time to see him and Rye share a look.

He knew they had a lot of questions.

So did he.

ABIGAIL

Everything went quiet.

She couldn't hear a thing, but she could feel the deep rumble coming from the large man holding her head. It was making her body vibrate, and she was starting to relax.

She sighed and kept her eyes closed as she felt herself get lifted into the air. She had no energy to open them, or protest.

She barely felt the bite to her wrist. Instead, she curled up with her wolf and went to sleep in the powerful arms that held her.

ROMAN

Roman barked orders to his men, telling them he'd be at the Oracle's house, then carried Abby to the SUV. Logan drove, and Rye and Bell came with them.

The tiny old woman was already waiting for them when they pulled up.

“Put her on the bed in the spare room,” she commanded in her gravelly voice. She sniffed the air, and her eyes flashed violet. “You bit her wrist already. Good. Talk to her through the link.”

“I bit her without permission,” he grumbled to no one in particular.

“You had to establish the link. She'll understand. This was to help her.”

She waved him away, and he went into the small room and placed Abby carefully on the bed. She didn't move or open her eyes.

THE ORACLE

“Get your wolf under control, Roman,” the Oracle snapped as she stood in the doorway to her spare room. His purr was so strong it was vibrating her windows.

Yes, he was her alpha, but she was old—and powerful in her own right. She rarely wasted time with formalities.

“I’m trying, Oracle,” he said, rubbing his face. “He’s curious and he knows she’s hurting. That alpha pup, their connection... I don’t understand.”

She sighed. She’d been answering to “Oracle” for so many years, she couldn’t even recall what her name had been. Though if she thought hard enough...

When Roman moved toward her, she stepped aside so he could pass, then went to the kitchen to offer her guests some tea. She might be too old to remember her name, but she hadn’t forgotten her manners.

Only Bell accepted, and as the Oracle poured them both some tea, Roman began to pace the hall just outside the spare room.

His eyes were closed, and his breathing came out as rumbles deep from his chest, in and out, over and over again.

Logan and Rye were watching him with concern, and the Oracle felt a twinge of compassion. She sometimes forgot what it was like to know only those things you could see with your eyes.

“His wolf saw a glimpse, and he isn’t letting that go,” she explained, setting down Bell’s cup in front of her and taking a seat with her own. “They’re two very powerful wolves, and they marked each other.

“With her being graced, she’ll feel much more than a normal luna. It’s the dark side of being blessed with her level of power. Her ties may be severed with that other pack, but their connection remains. It’s broken, but still there.”

“She’s a graced luna?” Rye blurted out.

Roman’s eyes flew open and he growled in warning.

“Yes,” the Oracle whispered, raising a gnarled finger to her lips. “But she does not know.”

The others immediately fell silent.

“So how do we sever the link completely?” Roman grumbled after a minute. “He shouldn’t be able to get to her ever again.”

“Now that she’s linked to Pack Luko, the new link might shut out anything else. We’ll have to wait until she wakes up to know for sure. Talk to her through the new link, Roman. And be gentle. Her wolf will be protecting her.”

ROMAN

Roman ceased his pacing and sat on the floor next to the doorway, his large body taking over the small space.

He leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes, then took a number of deep breaths. As his purr quieted, his alpha power increased.

He isolated the link from the rest of the pack and slowly reached out to Abby. She sighed quietly, and his purr increased again.

He rubbed his face, then looked at the Oracle, who peered at him over her cup of tea with slightly raised eyebrows.

“Talk to her, Roman. Do you feel that?”

He closed his eyes again. “Yes, Oracle...with my whole body. My wolf too.”

He reached out to Abby again, and without warning, a radiating energy came from her soul, slamming into him so hard he recoiled and hit the wall hard enough to crack it.

THE ORACLE

When Logan and Rye jumped up, growling, the Oracle held up her hand.

“He’s fine.”

Yes, their alpha had a great battle coming, a war from many sides. But he was strong, and the young graced luna was already making him stronger, just as he was doing for her.

Roman's eyelids lowered once again, and the Oracle could feel him embrace the warmth of Abigail’s energy and pull it to him.

As he did, the house itself felt like it took a deep breath and exhaled. She felt Abigail sigh and her wolf curl up. A calm settled over the vast territory, and everyone felt at peace.

Roman opened the pack link and let the warmth flow.

Moon Goddess above!

The Oracle had never experienced anything like this in all her years on Mother Earth. She felt good, better than she had in years. And so did everyone else in the pack.

Feeling the graced luna's power brought some to their knees. Others were euphoric and giggling. Some cried, while others sat quietly in awe.

She clutched her chest. "Close it, Roman. *Now.*"

He rumbled in protest.

She couldn't fault him. She had to fight against her own desire to remain in this feeling.

Bell began to weep, and Rye put his arms around her. Logan was staring off into space with an expression of joy on his face.

"Close it, Roman!" the Oracle commanded, more forcefully this time.

His glowing eyes snapped open to meet hers, and he growled a warning.

She might respect her alpha, but he certainly didn't intimidate her.

"She needs to heal and rest," she said firmly. "This will drain her, and she will let it. Her gift is to comfort, and she'll want to comfort her new pack even if she doesn't know or understand."

He continued to growl at her as she approached.

"I know, I know...you have peace, Roman. But remember when I told you that you'd need to have patience? She'll be fine. We'll all be fine. I promise."

ROMAN

Unshed tears burned in Roman's eyes. His wolf was trying to protect Abby and didn't want to leave her. He didn't understand where this was coming from—

A snarl ripped from his throat. He *wasn't* leaving his new pack member.

A burst of alpha energy came from him, and everyone in the room bared their necks to him. Everyone but the Oracle.

He ripped another, deeper, snarl and snapped his teeth.

He felt Abby in the link, and his eyes closed as he drew in a breath. A quiet sigh came from her, and a peaceful calm settled over the house once again.

“Alpha Roman Luko! Break the link!”