

Luna Graced | 12: Chapter 12

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THE ORACLE

The alpha jerked, and his glowing eyes met hers before he leaped up from his seated position, startling everyone in the room.

Baring his teeth, he stomped out of her house.

She followed him.

“Oracle...” He shook his head, so distraught he could hardly speak.

“I understand, Alpha. I experienced the same thing. But I promise you, she’ll be fine. She needs to rest. The young alpha won’t bother her for a bit, and you’ll feel him when he does.”

“Let me know the moment she moves.”

“You’ll feel it before me. Patience, Roman.”

“How do I help her?” His deep voice was rough with emotion.

“You already are, Alpha.” Logan and Rye came out her front door and went to Roman’s side. “Now go. Your pack has questions.”

He rumbled a low growl at her, and she rolled her eyes as she watched him walk away with his pack leadership.

She went back inside, where Bell was still seated at the kitchen table.

The Oracle was pleased that she’d stayed behind. She was fond of Bell.

She made her guest another cup of tea, and as she set it down in front of her, she could feel the young woman’s unspoken questions.

“No, the feeling won’t go away, my dear. Not now that she’s here and linked with us.”

“But, how could her pack let her go?”

“They are a lazy pack...selfish. They teach only the new ways, not the old.”

Bell took a sip of tea and then set down the cup. “Oracle...do you remember how I was training to be a healer before I met Rye?”

When the Oracle nodded, Bell continued. “Well, I remember reading...” She cleared her throat. “Is it true that a graced luna will die without a mate?”

“Yes.”

When the Oracle gave a one-word answer, it meant she was done speaking. Thank Goddess Bell knew her well enough to respect that.

Because there was only one man who could take the graced luna as his mate.

But would he do it?

ROMAN

Roman was exhausted and hungry. He'd just finished talking with his pack for several hours, and he hadn't eaten since that early-morning meal at the hotel.

Everyone was still feeling the effects of Abby's power, so they hadn't been as astounded by the news that she was a graced luna as he'd expected.

Offers to help her in any way they could had poured in.

Roman was proud of them, and he let them all know through the link. This was how a true pack behaved, taking care of their own. Family didn't always have to mean blood generations on the same pack lands.

Abby was going to have more help than she knew what to do with. But fortunately, the small house in the clearing was already ready for their new member. Clean bedding and everything.

Now she just had to wake up.

He linked the Oracle, who said there was still no change, and since it wasn't quite time for dinner, he decided to go for a run.

Logan went with him, their wolves running at top speed. The run refreshed him, and by the time they got to the pack house and shifted, his appetite was roaring.

Logan opted to go home to his mate, but Roman tore into his dinner like a savage. Then, fully fed, he went to his house and got into the shower.

The past few days had been stressful, and he welcomed the chance for some silence beneath the hot water.

As he stepped out, he felt a gentle nudge through the link. *Abby*.

"I'm coming." Still pulling on his shirt, he rushed out the door. His wolf surged, desperate for him to shift so he could run even faster, but he told his wolf to knock it off and kept running.

The Oracle opened the door before he reached it, a puzzled look on her face.

"Abby," he said, breathing hard.

She smiled at him, her eyes almost disappearing in a sea of wrinkles. "Ah! The link's much stronger than I thought. She's not awake yet, Roman, but she will be in a couple of days."

He moved past her and strode through the kitchen, opening the door to the spare room. Abby was curled up on the bed.

His wolf purred, and Abby sighed and stretched in response.

The Oracle came up beside him, and he glanced down at the top of her grizzled head.

"I can feel her, Oracle, but she's weak."

"She needs reassurance that you're here, but she'll be fine. She reached out for comfort. She and her wolf are struggling."

He groaned. "What do I do?"

"Go to her. Bell's here, but I'll clear her out and give you some privacy."

"I don't underst—"

"Because you're not meant to understand right now," she snapped. "You're meant to go to her."

The Oracle stalked off, and he waited until he heard her murmuring to Bell before he stepped into the room and shut the door.

As he approached the bed, his wolf paced. And before he even knew what he was doing, his shirt was off, along with his boots and pants, and he was under the covers and curled around Abby.

Warming her. Comforting her.

He might not understand what was happening, but this felt natural. Right.

His purr set the floors vibrating. Abby sighed deeply, her own purr weak but steady, and the entire pack let out a deep breath and relaxed.

THE ORACLE

The Oracle left her front door open and met Logan in her yard.

“Oracle.” He bowed his head in respect.

“Beta Logan, I expected you sooner, but I’m glad you took your time.”

“My apologies. My mate wanted to talk.” He smiled, and his eyes glowed bright orange in the fading light.

“I know. She’ll be better now. And there’s a surprise for you when you get home.”

The beta nodded, then eyed her house. She understood why: the power radiating from inside was incredible. The two wolves together were a force, but the two humans...

“We need to station warriors outside your home. I know we usually give you your space, but with the alpha here...”

“He will sleep for two days. When he wakes, he’ll be confused and lash out. We must prepare ourselves for his war of many sides.”

Logan paused to take in her words. “And the graced luna?”

“Graced.”

At her curt answer, he bowed. “Thank you, Oracle, for your service.”

Smart boy.

Smiling, she watched him turn and head toward his home, where his mate waited with his dinner.

Cooking, especially baking, used to be Mara's thing.

When she accepted Logan as her second-chance mate, she warned him she rarely had a monthly bleed. So when she got pregnant two years ago, they were both over the moon.

But Mara lost the pups and fell into a deep depression.

She hadn't cooked since.

Until today.

The Oracle closed her eyes, replaying the flashes the Moon Goddess had given her. Many changes were coming, and she needed to prepare for when the alpha woke up.

Roman would go to war with his own mind first, so she was going to rest while she could. She'd been preparing ever since she'd been blessed with the knowledge that Abigail Canaver of Pack Oru was a graced luna.

She curled up in her own bed, and the Moon Goddess blessed her with another vision. One that she would have to keep to herself. For now.