

## Luna Graced | 14: Chapter 14

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LOGAN

Logan ordered everyone to get back to training, then called the Oracle and blurted out what had happened.

Her sigh was loud enough to hear through the phone. "I'm aware, Beta. And I'm almost to her house."

"Thank you, Oracle."

Leaving the warriors under Rye's watchful gaze, Logan took off for Abby's house at a sprint. As he burst into the clearing, he could hear Roman shouting.

"You can't do that!"

Abby was cowering on her front porch, wearing a robe, her hair wet. "I'm sorry, Alpha! I don't know what I did!"

"You can't shower! And you can't...you can't touch yourself like that!" Roman paced in front of her, throwing his hands up in the air.

"Yes, Alpha."

Logan felt someone touch his arm and looked down at the Oracle, who was watching the scene with narrowed eyes.

"She was washing, that is all," the Oracle said.

Logan shook his head, confused. "He doesn't want her to wash?" He'd never seen his alpha in such a state.

The Oracle didn't answer, just cackled gleefully.

Alpha Roman growled from deep in his chest. "And you *hummed*."

"Yes, Alpha," Abby said, keeping her head lowered.

Logan glanced at the Oracle. “Do I need to get him?”

“No.” She shook her head, and the beads and charms in her braids clicked softly. “He’ll leave on his own. This is the first battle. With his mind.”

Roman let out a roar and a pulse of alpha energy before he turned around and started toward them. Logan could see his eyes flashing even from a distance.

He kept his voice low. “What’s—”

“Go with him back to the training grounds,” the Oracle interrupted. “I will go to her.”

He knew better than to argue with her. “Yes, Oracle. As you wish.”

The alpha stomped up to them, his expression twisted with a palpable fury. Logan bowed his head but snuck a peek. Roman’s dark eyes were aflame and his big fists were clenched.

“Her legs!” He cried as he tossed his hands in the air.

Logan couldn’t see anything wrong with Abby’s legs, but *something* about them had set off the alpha. With one last glance at the newest pack member, he turned to follow Roman.

ABIGAIL

“Is there a rule about bathing, Oracle? Or humming? I didn’t see anything about it in the pack law book you gave me yesterday.”

As Abby sat on her new porch with a mug of tea cooling in her hand, anxiety twisted inside her. She still wasn’t sure what she’d done wrong, only that it had been something big.

But Alpha Roman had rushed off without explanation, right before the Oracle had tapped on her door.

The old woman had encouraged Abby to make some tea and settle on the porch with her, and after quickly changing into some workout clothes, she did. But Abby still wasn’t calm.

“He was so angry with me,” she whispered. “What did I do wrong?”

“Nothing, my dear.” The Oracle gazed off into the distance. “His war of many sides has begun.”

Abby tried to digest this information, but it still didn’t make sense. Did all oracles speak so cryptically? They hadn’t had any seers in Pack Oru. And she hadn’t heard of any at other packs either.

Though she supposed that would be the kind of thing a pack would keep secret.

Well, it didn’t matter if the Oracle believed she hadn’t done anything wrong, because clearly something about Abby had set the alpha off. He’d been furious with her. He hadn’t even been able to look her in the eyes.

Her presence or her actions had either hurt him or made him angry. Her fault or not, it was still because of her.

“What can I do to help?” She took a sip of tepid tea and put the mug down on the little table with a grimace.

The Oracle tilted her head and gave Abby a small, serene smile. “Keep doing what you’re doing. This is *his* war.”

“Yet I’m the target,” she pointed out.

“Indirectly, yes, but he doesn’t mean any harm.”

Abby contemplated this. It was obvious that the alpha had remained connected to her somehow.

“I didn’t open the link to him, Oracle. I shut it last night so I could have some privacy. But he still felt me.” She peered into the old woman’s bright eyes. “How did that happen?”

The Oracle shook her head and chuckled dryly. “It’s not my place to say, young lady, and the person whose place it is has to figure it out himself first.”

The house phone rang, and Abby stood up and asked her guest to excuse her.

“I’ll be at my house if you need me.” The Oracle gave a curt nod and left.

Abby hurried inside and grabbed the phone. She hoped it was Roman and dreaded that it was at the same time. "Hello?"

"Hi, Abby. It's Bell."

Relief flooded her, along with some curiosity. Did Bell know what had gone on this morning? Did everyone?

"Eventful morning?" Bell asked with a hint of humor in her voice.

That answered that question.

Abby huffed. "I apparently can't bathe or hum. Can you tell me what page that's on in the rule book?"

Bell burst out laughing, and Abby couldn't help but join her.

"Would you like to come help at the pack house?" Bell asked, still chuckling. "I manage the kitchen, and the warriors will be coming in for breakfast soon. We could use some help."

If Abby wanted to become part of this pack, that meant helping where she was needed. "I'll be right there."

She hung up and stretched. The pack house wasn't far, but a run would do her good.

As she stepped back out onto her porch, she saw a group of male warriors heading toward the pack house. She didn't recognize any of them, but gathered her courage and walked over.

She'd been part of the same pack her entire life and had never imagined herself needing to make new friends. Or a new family.

She drew in a breath. "Good morning, Warriors. Bell asked me to help with breakfast, and I was about to run there in human form. Any of you care to join me?"

One of the men grinned and nodded. "Yes, ma'am. The name's Tory, and I'll race you. It's about half a mile, slightly uphill. Are you up for it?"

Abby returned his grin and eyed the rest of the group. She sensed their interest in her and felt the same about them. A few of the men murmured about taking bets on who'd get to the pack house first.

Warrior Tory looked her up and down. "Rumors say you're fast."

Her grin widened. "Rumors have to start from somewhere."

Abby got into position next to Tory, and one of the other warriors stood in front of them, hands in the air.

He dropped his hands and let out a loud whistle, and Abby took off, arms and legs pumping in a synchronized rhythm, hands slicing through the air like knives.

She crested the hill and picked up speed on the way down, blurring past several wolves who'd come out to see what was happening.

Joy spread through her with each step. The wind blew her hair out of her face as her feet pounded. She ran even faster, not looking back to see how close Tory might be.