

Luna Graced | 15: Chapter 15

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ROMAN

After stalking away from Abby's house, Roman had returned to the training grounds and worked up a sweat alongside his warriors, trying to get his mind off what had just happened.

Training was just finishing up when he heard a sharp whistle. He jumped on top of a wooden climbing structure just in time to see a streak of color in the trees.

He grinned. Abby was outrunning one of his fastest master warriors, who was soon graduating to the elite group.

"What is it, Alpha?" Rye looked up at him.

"Tory's getting his ass handed to him by Abby."

ABIGAIL

Abby was grinning when she came to a halt at the back of the pack house, and several women clapped for her. Tory came up seconds behind her, red-faced.

"Mother Earth and heavens above," he panted.

"My apologies, Warrior Tory, I decided to push a little. Felt good to get the kinks out."

"A little? You call that a *little* push?" He bent over to catch his breath as Abby laughed. He grinned up at her. "Try training with us sometime and see if you're laughing then."

"I'd like that." She'd been raised as a warrior until her luna training began, and even then, she'd spent as much time as she could spare training with the warriors.

She went inside and guzzled the big glass of water Bell handed her, then washed her hands and jumped in to help with breakfast.

She didn't want to overstep, but she couldn't help making a few small suggestions on how to make the preparations faster and smoother.

When the others effusively expressed their thanks, Abby ducked her head and blushed.

She didn't think she'd done anything all that special, but she was pleased the luna training she'd undergone in her old pack had given her something to offer here.

ROMAN

When Roman and his elite warriors arrived at the pack house, they found their table set and the food ready for them, much to their surprise.

Breakfast in the pack house was usually a circus, and they were lucky if anything was actually hot.

Roman rumbled out his pleasure to the women who'd made it happen, then sat down and glanced around for Abby. He found her sitting in a chair out of his line of sight, as far from him as possible.

He frowned but started to fill his plate to indicate that the rest could follow.

Was she afraid of him? Pack members were sometimes intimidated by him, but he never wanted any of them to actually *fear* him.

ABIGAIL

Breakfast was a loud affair, and Abby enjoyed it. Alpha Edward didn't like a lot of noise, so they'd had to eat quietly at Pack Oru. It was only one of the differences she was noticing between the packs.

As everyone was finishing up, Abby started collecting plates from the others and separating the utensils.

"Alpha, may I?" she heard Bell say.

"You may."

Abby tried hard to act like she wasn't listening to their conversation.

“I’d like to ask if Abby can be assigned to the kitchen. She was instrumental this morning in making sure your meal was hot—which I’m sure you all appreciate.”

Cheering and clapping erupted from those within earshot.

Alpha Roman glanced down the table at her. “Abigail, what would *you* like to do?”

“Whatever would please you, Alpha,” she said, making sure to behave with the utmost respect. She was determined not to give him any reason to lose his temper with her again.

ROMAN

Roman’s purr started up again, and he shot a meaningful glance at Logan, who began to clear out the dining room.

When everyone else had left, Roman addressed Abby in a low, calm voice.

“Relax and look at me.”

Her green eyes met his briefly, and his wolf rumbled.

“Yes, Alpha.”

“I’m sorry I lost my temper with you before.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

He felt her power silently embrace his own, and his wolf surged, purring even louder. His eyes were glowing and he couldn’t stop it.

He didn’t want to.

“You seem to enjoy working in the kitchen. Is that where you’d like to be assigned?”

She hesitated, still not meeting his gaze, and his heart twisted at how subdued and submissive she was acting. He’d brought her here to protect her, but she was clearly feeling threatened.

And it was all his fault.

He'd always prided himself on running this pack with compassion and leading by example. He tried to be firm but fair. His pack knew he had the final say, but they also understood they could trust him to take care of them.

He'd have to try harder to show Abby the same thing.

"I did like helping here," she said in a soft voice. "But..." She kept her gaze downcast, but her voice firmed. "I was brought up as a warrior. This morning, I ran with the warriors. I would like to train."

Roman paused to consider this. Her parents were skilled warriors, and Abby was fast and strong because of them—and more than that, from being a graced luna. But they had never had female warriors in this pack.

He got up and approached her, then winced when she hunched her neck slightly. He took the seat beside her so he didn't tower over her.

"I was beyond thrilled with the hot breakfast, and I know the kitchen crew appreciates the help. You clearly made a difference this morning."

She didn't look at him, but he could see that her eyes glowed in response to his praise.

"I could help them fix something that can be made ahead of time then baked, which will still allow me to train. But...I'll go where I'm needed, Alpha."

"Would it make you happy to be allowed to train with my warriors?"

She nodded, and her glowing green eyes met his. "Yes, Alpha."

It wasn't how he ran things here, but Roman nodded his agreement. "Tomorrow morning. We'll see how it goes."

"Thank you, Alpha."

His next question spilled out of him before he could hold it back. "What if I told you I needed help with pack business?"

"I would be happy to help with that as well."

A memory of Remi sitting next to him in his office flooded him, and he jumped up and stalked away, leaving Abby at the table.

Once in the kitchen, he slammed his coffee cup into the sink, shattering it.

He couldn't do this! It wasn't right! He had to protect the graced luna, but he also had to remain loyal to the memory of his mate.

With an angry growl, he stormed out of the kitchen.

LOGAN

Logan came back into the pack house dining room just in time to hear a mug shatter and see Abby shoot up out of her chair. Tears filled her eyes as the alpha stormed out of the kitchen and rushed out the door.

"It's okay," Logan said, walking toward her. The poor thing's hands were shaking.

A ripple of the alpha's anger and sorrow came through the link, and Logan's soul ached with empathy for his alpha as well.

Roman had never behaved this way before, but clearly it had something to do with Abby. Logan wasn't sure what was going on—and if the Oracle knew, she wasn't saying—he only knew he had to help them both.

"What happened?" he asked her.

She shook her head, and a single tear rolled down her cheek. "He's so angry with me, and I don't know why. I can't bathe or hum, can't offer to help... I'm afraid my presence is upsetting the alpha, and I don't wish to do that.

"I don't know what to do. I...I think maybe I should consider going nomad."

Suddenly, power and anger surged through the link.

"Abigail, Oracle's house. Now!"

"Yes, Alpha."

"Logan, escort her. She is NOT leaving!"

"Yes, Alpha."

The link snapped shut, and Logan and Abby just stared at each other, wide-eyed.

Then Logan held out his arm. "Shall we?"