

## Luna Graced | 18: Chapter 18

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ROMAN

Abby lunged for Tory's throat, but he managed to flip her onto her back.

His advantage didn't last long though. Abby moved fast and hit hard, and soon, she had Tory on his back again, his legs hooked over her arms in a dominating, almost sexual position.

She let him go and pulled back, issuing a warning snarl and a much stronger pulse of power.

No warmth and peace this time—now she was sending out waves of ferocity and rage.

She circled Tory as he struggled to get to his feet.

The pair of them faced off for no longer than a heartbeat or two, and then they both tore up the ground running toward each other at top speed.

"She's going to fuck him up," Rye said, shaking his head.

They collided so hard it vibrated through the link, Abby's fury rippling through them all.

Still in the process of shifting, Abby clamped her jaws around Tory's neck. He just hung in her grip, stunned, as the dark hair tumbling over her shoulders became the glossy black pelt of her wolf.

This had gone too far. "Abigail! Back off!" Roman roared, stalking toward her.

But Abby wasn't obeying. A low warning erupted from her, and she increased the pressure on Tory's neck.

"Tory, stay still."

The rest of the warriors watched, unsure what to do. What had started as a friendly but fierce competition had turned into something much darker. They could all feel Abby's fury, her feelings of betrayal. Also, her fear.

Roman spoke calmly. "You're okay, Abby. He challenged you, and you kicked his ass."

ABIGAIL

Abby's entire body shook as she issued another warning snarl.

"Goddess, you're beautiful," she heard Roman say, his words barely registering. "And a beast of a warrior. But I need you to let Tory go. I understand your rage, but it's not for him to suffer it."

He crouched in front of her and spoke through the link. "*You're okay, Abby.*"

She was *not* okay. Not at all. ~"Dying!"~

Roman's eyes began to glow and a purr rumbled from his chest. "*I'm not going to let that happen.*"

"*Dying...*"

"*You're going to be okay. I promise.*"

Feeling her anger ebb, Abby released Tory and shifted back to her human form. After taking a moment to pull herself together, she stepped back with a bow and put her hand out to the stunned warrior on the ground.

A loud round of applause went up, and Tory accepted her help up and returned the bow. Then, to her surprise, he pulled her in for a quick hug.

"So...want to train tomorrow?"

He winked, and the other warriors burst into laughter.

"Are you sure I *need* to train?"

When Tory let out a loud groan, Abby released the breath she'd been holding, grateful that he didn't seem to be holding what happened against her.

She was proud of fighting so well, but not that she'd almost taken it beyond a sparring match and into something else.

One of the warriors handed her a bottle of water, but when she went to open it, an agonizing pain sliced through her stomach, followed by a rush of agony mingled with intense pleasure.

Waves of ecstasy and searing anguish forced her to her knees, and she couldn't hear anything but the rush of blood in her ears as she arched her back and screamed.

She was only dimly aware of the alpha scooping her up in his arms before she lost consciousness.

## THE ORACLE

The Oracle entered the exam room just as the alpha was trying to explain to one of the pack doctors what he was feeling from Abigail.

"Something is hurting her," Roman said to the man, growling and pacing the floor. "But also there's...pleasure." He bared his teeth in a grimace.

The Oracle slammed the heavy book she was carrying down on the counter, causing both of them to jump. "The foolish young pup who rejected her is mating with someone else."

She gave the alpha a hard stare. "Her wolf needs your strength right now, Alpha. She's exhausted from running and sparring, and it's making her vulnerable."

Roman paced for a few more seconds, muttering and grumbling to himself, then halted and barked out, "*My* room."

He lifted Abigail from the exam table and strode into the hall, leaving the Oracle to grab her book and scurry after him.

When she and the pack doctor walked into the alpha's personal hospital room, which had been outfitted with a bed big enough to accommodate his six-foot-five frame, Roman was already covering the young luna with a blanket.

He wheeled around, his eyes narrowing on the needle in the doctor's hand.

"*No*," he growled, causing the man's eyebrows to fly up.

"Alpha, I have to help her." He held out the syringe. "It's just a sedative."

Roman's black eyes flew to the Oracle's, flaring gold as his wolf surged, but when she gave him a reassuring nod, he stepped back just enough that the doctor could give Abigail the injection.

As soon as the doctor finished, Roman shed his clothes and slipped into the bed beside the graced luna. The Oracle could hear his deep purr as he curled himself around her.

The wall was crumbling.

Smiling to herself, she closed the blinds and curtains, darkening the room, while the doctor finished hooking Abigail up to monitors. She waited for him to finish fussing and leave before speaking.

"You had a vision of Remi."

"It was a dream." Roman kept his voice low, but Abigail whimpered.

"It was a *vision*," the Oracle insisted, rolling her eyes. "I would know, Roman. Stop fighting."

A pause, then a long sigh that spoke volumes. "Remi said the same thing."

The Oracle lowered herself into the rocking chair in the corner, then opened *The Book of Wolf* and took out a pen. She was documenting everything for the future generations.

"Tell me what you feel from her. And not what you already told the doctor."

He rumbled. "Every time I touch her, I feel this warmth, like sunlight, and an insane power surge."

The Oracle nodded and jotted down his words in her shorthand.

"Hmm. That's the second-chance mate bond trying to form." She waited for him to protest but felt nothing but silent acceptance. *Good.*

"Her soul called for me," he mumbled after a few minutes, sounding sleepy. "Before we slept for two days."

"I know. I felt it as well."

"She's a *graced luna*, Oracle... Why me?" he asked, his voice breaking.

“You are the alpha that she needs. And she is the luna that you need.

“The Moon Goddess recognizes how well you’ve cared for her children, Roman. Do *you* recognize all the good you’ve done for those who’ve been abandoned, shunned, and rejected?

“She entrusted me with the vision for this pack, but you are the one who fulfilled it.

“And Abigail...she’s pure love and light. She deserves a second chance too. Do you see now that both you and the pack are being gifted? This pack has suffered enough. They deserve the light and life that a graced luna brings.

“They’re already lighter. They feel better. But you have more battles coming, Roman. You must know which ones to fight.”

“I want to save her, Oracle,” he rumbled, eyes glowing.

“Yes. But first, sleep.”

He closed the link, and she felt a calm settle over the pack.

The alpha had just lost his second battle: Abigail had won his heart. But her heat was coming sooner than he realized.

The Oracle closed her book and ran a hand over the embossed leather cover.

*Let the battle of the flesh commence.*

ROMAN

The Oracle was gone, but Roman was still awake.

His thoughts were racing. It was mind-blowing to think that not only was *he* being given a second chance, but so was the entire pack.

He needed to talk to his beta, but he couldn’t leave Abby right now.

“*Logan!*”

“*Yes, Alpha?*”

“*I need you to come to the hospital tomorrow morning.*”

*“Of course, Alpha. Please rest.”*

*“Thank you, Logan.”*

Abby hadn't moved except for an occasional deep breath. He couldn't feel her wolf either, which put him on edge. Pulling her even closer into him, he mulled over his dream about Remi, then the Oracle's words.

*The mate bond trying to form...*

That was why he'd been able to feel her in the shower. Her soul was calling to his. It also explained why his protective feelings were so heightened and his wolf was constantly trying to surge.

He brushed his fingers over Abby's bare arm, feeling her shudder faintly under his touch. Warmth still radiated from her, but it was much weaker now. He nuzzled her hair and closed his eyes, letting himself relax into her.

He couldn't believe he was in bed with her again—the first female in five years since he lost Remi and the pup. Yet...he could feel where she fit into his life and the pack.

He understood now. There was room for both her and Remi's memory. It was time to stop fighting it.

Curled around Abby and finally content, he began to drift off, his wolf purring his acceptance, happy they were both being given a second-chance mate.

Abby moaned softly, and he murmured his comfort against her.

He hated that she felt even a single moment of pain or pleasure from that cracked bond, and he'd do whatever it took to free her from that past life and help her make a new one.

Even if it meant going to war.