

Luna Graced | 19: Chapter 19

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ROMAN

A light knock on the hospital door had Roman growling a low warning. But he stopped when he smelled coffee and food. And his beta.

Logan poked his head in. “Alpha, did I wake you?”

“No, it’s okay. I didn’t catch your scent at first. The cleaning solutions in here mask everything. I’ll be out in a second.” Roman waited until Logan shut the door to get out of bed.

He pulled on pajama pants and a long-sleeved shirt to protect him from the hospital’s chill, and tucked Abby back in, brushing his knuckles across her cheek. She hadn’t moved much during the night.

She and her wolf were in a deep sleep, aided by the sedative.

He slipped out the door and pulled a chair in front of it and, sensing his warriors outside, thanked them through the link before sitting down.

“Here.” Logan handed him an enormous cup of coffee and several breakfast sandwiches. “Thought you might be hungry.”

Roman took a bite and groaned. “Mara?”

Logan rumbled with pride as Roman inhaled the first sandwich. “Yes, Alpha. She’s been doing better since the graced luna came.”

“Many are.” Roman took a bite of his second sandwich and washed it down with his coffee. “Speaking of Mara...the Oracle said I’m being gifted a second-chance mate too.”

Logan laughed. “That explains a lot. I’ve been wondering what was going on with you.”

“It’s crazy, Logan—the Moon Goddess wants to bless me for taking care of her shunned children.” He shook his head. “But I never looked at it like that. You remember what it was like after I lost Remi. I was an empty shell.

“Caring for the lost and the rejected, making them my family, saved *me*. The Oracle says the pack is being gifted too, that the Goddess told her they deserve to have the light that Abby brings.”

“And Abby?”

“We’re *each other’s* second-chance mates.” Roman couldn’t help the grin on his face or the glow in his eyes.

“So what was all that at the training grounds, with Tory?”

“She felt Carson with someone else. Their connection *still* isn’t completely broken, and the Oracle said the exertion of training weakened her defenses.”

Logan narrowed his eyes. “He’s going to be a problem. I think he’s forcing himself through the bond to get to her.”

“I’ll teach that pup a lesson!” A deep growl ripped from Roman’s chest, and a nurse fussing at the front desk bowed her head and bared her neck.

“How do we keep this from happening?” Logan asked. “If training is going to do this to her... I don’t want to harm your second-chance mate, Alpha.”

“Training isn’t the main issue. I had a dream last night where Remi told me Abby was dying because her mate hadn’t accepted her.”

At Logan’s alarmed expression, Roman clarified. “Her *second-chance* mate hadn’t accepted her.”

Remi was his past and Abigail was his future. A future *he wanted*.

Logan’s eyes glowed orange as a smile spread across his face. “And why is that?”

“He’s an idiot.”

They both burst out laughing.

Roman felt the link open, followed by the lightest nudge from Abby. “I need to get back in there. She just nudged me in the link.”

“*I’m coming...mate.*”

His heart beat wildly in his chest as he thought about Abby being his mate and the whole crazy ride. He'd already lived through so much, but he was looking forward to a future with his second-chance mate.

Logan grinned at him. "By all means, Alpha, please go comfort your mate. I'll have Mara take care of your meals. It's good for her to have something to do."

"Please give Mara my deepest thanks. I don't want to open the link for a while, so please let the pack know all is well."

"I will, Alpha. Go, comfort her."

The men grinned at each other, their wolves' eyes glowing while they gripped forearms.

Roman returned to the room and quietly removed his clothes before crawling back into bed with Abby. He pulled her against his warm, naked skin, and she sighed.

When she woke up, they'd have to talk about what the Oracle had told him. What Roman himself had finally accepted. There was so much to discuss, but for now, she needed her rest.

He was dozing off when he smelled someone coming. He growled a warning as the doctor poked his head in.

"My apologies, Alpha. I wanted to see how Abigail's vitals are this morning."

When the doctor made a move toward Abby, Roman leaped from the bed and issued a steady warning growl punctuated by menacing snarls.

He bared his teeth, every muscle tense. "Do *not* touch my mate," he snapped, his wolf demanding to be set free.

From the corner of his eye, he could see Abby writhing on the bed.

"Alpha..." The doctor held up his hands. "I need to touch her so I can check her vitals. It will only take a few minutes."

Roman's snarl ripped through the room. His wolf was close to breaking free despite his efforts to get him under control.

Saliva pooled in his mouth as his canines elongated.

“Do *not* touch my mate,” he repeated.

Moving with swift ferocity, his wolf backed the doctor into a corner, and the part of Roman that was still human heard the nurse shouting for Logan.

They could not touch her. He would protect her.

“Alpha, please.” The doctor bowed, baring his neck. “I’m not here to harm your mate.”

Roman flicked his eyes to the needle the doctor was holding. *It would hurt her.* His wolf surged, and he growled and snapped his teeth at the man cowering in the corner.

LOGAN

Logan let out a burst of his scent as he entered the hospital room, the Oracle right behind him. He wanted to alert the on-edge alpha of their presence without startling him.

“Logan!” Roman roared as he wheeled around.

Abby moaned lightly, and the alpha whipped his head toward her, then dropped to all fours. His bones popped and cracked as he began to shift.

“Alpha, leave the room now!” Logan commanded, baring his teeth in a challenge.

“Roman, leave.” The Oracle repeated his order with quiet authority. “The doctor is not going to harm her.”

Abby whimpered, and Roman—his shift completed—charged the doctor and snapped his jaws at him, inches from his face. The doctor sank to the floor, his arms over his head.

The Oracle’s eyes flashed violet. “He isn’t a threat to her, Roman. She’s reacting to *you!*”

Logan felt himself start to shift in response to the raging alpha, but he forced his wolf down. He had to stay in control.

Rye burst into the room. "I cleared the halls, Beta! I told everyone to shut the doors to their rooms, and I opened the closest set of exit doors. Let's get the alpha out of here."

ORACLE

"Alpha, out *now!*" The Oracle pulsed her own power, which she used only rarely, and the alpha's huge black wolf tore out of the room and into the hall.

Logan and Rye immediately raced after him. The Oracle peered out the door just in time to see them follow the alpha outside and shut the double doors behind them.

"Doctor, move quickly," she snapped. "They won't be able to keep him away for long."

The doctor's hands shook as he quickly did his checks. "Her vitals are good. I think she'll wake soon, but I'm going to give her a shot to help speed her along."

He gave Abigail an injection, then took out another syringe and drew some blood. "Just in case, so I won't have to come back in for a while." He laughed nervously.

He went to clean the tiny drop of blood off her inner arm.

"Stop!" the Oracle barked out. "If he smells her blood on you, he'll kill you."

"If he sees the blood, he'll kill me!"

"I'll clean her up. You must leave now. He's coming back, and he's pissed."

The Oracle smirked as the doctor scrambled out of the room. Then she wiped up Abby's tiny drop of blood and rubbed Roman's shirt over the wound. She flushed the tissue and washed her hands with unscented soap.

She was drying her hands when a naked alpha burst through the door.