

Luna Graced | 20: Chapter 20

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ROMAN

Roman was feral. His eyes were still glowing, his body was streaked with dirt and sweat, and his alpha power and smell were heavy in the air.

But he didn't want to bother putting clothes on until he looked at Abby, made sure she was okay. He felt her nudge him in the link, her voice weak but there.

"Mate?"

"I'm here, Luna."

Abby took in a long, deep breath, and began to purr. When she curled back up, he visibly relaxed.

"Roman, go wash."

He whipped his head around. The Oracle had her back to him and was looking out the window.

He growled at her.

"Don't you start with me. You scared everyone." She paused. "She'll wake up soon."

He rumbled at her as he stalked into the bathroom and turned the water on. He could smell Logan with food coming. Rushing through his wash, he scented the air occasionally for both Abby and Logan.

The Oracle was still looking out the window when he got out of the bathroom. He pulled on a pair of cotton lounge pants and a tank top, and sniffed the air to make sure everything was okay. His wolf was starting to calm down.

He took a deep breath and released it. "Thank you, Oracle."

She turned to him and smiled, her eyes glowing. "You're an excellent mate, Roman, and I'm proud of you. Be gentle, and stay close to her. You must remain together now."

He felt his chest tighten. "Will she want me?"

"Roman, has she not been reaching for you?"

"Yes..."

"Then you have your answer."

"Is it time to mark her yet?"

"Soon."

LOGAN

Logan was pacing the open reception area when the Oracle slipped out of Roman's hospital room. For such a frail-looking old wolf, she moved like a shadow.

She nodded to him. "He's fine, Beta. But he's feeling extraordinarily protective of her, and we need to respect that."

Logan frowned. "But...is she still dying? The Moon Goddess wouldn't give him another mate just to turn around and take her from him, would she?"

"The Moon Goddess is to be trusted."

"Are they really second-chance mates?"

"Yes."

With that, the Oracle turned and walked away. Logan sighed. Sometimes he wished she'd be more forthcoming.

His wolf caught the scent of his mate, and Logan lifted his head and rumbled. Her scent was getting stronger.

He burst through the double doors once again, and there she was. His beautiful mate. Walking down the path to the hospital, carrying a basket. It was the first time she'd been out in so many moons that he'd forgotten the cycles.

Her eyes lit up when she saw him, and he started to purr.

“I thought you and the alpha might be hungry.” She handed him the basket, which was giving off delicious smells.

“Starving. We had a pretty good argument.” He showed her the bite marks and scratches on his arms and chest. They were almost healed.

“Is the alpha okay?”

“Yes. Cranky, but fine.”

“I can’t wait to meet the graced luna.”

“She’s...different. You’ll see what I mean soon. But I’m not sure I want you near the room right now. He’s very protective and damn near hurt the doctor.

“Thanks for the food, and the alpha thanks you as well.” His eyes ran over her, then flashed in appreciation of her tight jeans. “You look good, Mara.”

“Thank you, Beta.” She smiled and flashed her violet eyes back at him.

He grabbed her, and she giggled as he stuck his nose behind her ear and nipped her jaw.

“Flirt.”

He swatted her on the ass, then watched her walk back the way she came. His wolf purred. His mate was *happy*. It had been a long time since he’d felt that emotion from her.

He heard the alpha growling as he approached the door.

“Alpha, it’s Logan.” Opening the door slowly, he was met with a pair of gold, glowing eyes.

Roman was sitting in a chair, blocking the view of Abby with his gigantic frame. Logan had to bite down on his lip to keep from grinning.

Then the powerful pulses coming from his leader forced him to bow his head.

“Your wounds, Logan?”

“Healed, Alpha. And yours?”

“Fine.”

“Hungry?”

“Yes.”

But when Logan started to move forward, Roman rumbled a warning.

He wasn't sure what to do. He understood wanting to protect a mate, especially a newly recognized one. But this was another level.

Did it have to do with his mate dying? Or was it because she was graced?

“Do you want me to stay or go?”

“I want you to stay. My wolf wants you to go.”

“Let's appease the wolf.” He set the basket down and slid it toward Roman with his foot. “Eat. It will help. Link me if you need me, Alpha. I'll be at home eating with Mara.”

Closing the door softly, Logan left Roman alone with his second-chance mate.

ROMAN

When Logan left, Roman felt his wolf relax and let him take over again. He was starving and ate everything in the basket.

When he was finished, Abby nudged him harder through the link, and he scrambled to get his clothes off and into bed. He pulled her closer and started to purr.

There was a much stronger warmth coming from Abby now. Her purr was steady, and he could sense her wolf starting to recover.

He woke up to Abby stirring. A burst of warm sunshine filled him, and he felt his chest expand involuntarily.

He felt different. Bigger and more powerful. His wolf was stronger, and all of his senses were heightened.

ABIGAIL

Stretching her arms over her head, Abby felt a warm, comforting pressure against her back.

Mmm. The alpha was still with her.

She took in several deep breaths, inhaling the raw male power in the air. She also smelled something citrusy...and grass? She wondered where it was coming from.

She rolled onto her back, and when she opened her eyes, the alpha was staring down at her.

ROMAN

Roman's wolf surged when he realized he was smelling his mate. A purr rumbled from his chest.

"You smell of autumn rain and sun-warmed cotton," he whispered, gazing down at her beautiful face.

"You smell of male power, lemons, and grass," she whispered back.

"How do you feel?"

"Confused, but okay." She gave him a small smile. "I have a lot of questions."

"As do I." His wolf agreed.

"How do *you* feel?"

"Same as you. A second-chance mate was never even a thought in my mind. But I'm humbled the Moon Goddess has chosen to bless me. And the pack."

She lowered her eyes. "I didn't mean to minimize that with my answer, Alpha. I wasn't sure if you wanted to speak of it."

"Look at me, Abby." He waited for her eyes to meet his again. "I'm sorry for the way I behaved. I didn't understand why I was feeling so out of control."

She reached up and touched his cheek. “We have a chance to start over... But does this mean I’m no longer dying?”

He sure hoped so, and he sent up a silent prayer to the Moon Goddess that it should be true. “We’ll have to ask the Oracle how this all works. A graced luna is so rare. You, Abby, are so rare.”

She ducked her head briefly before meeting his eyes again, and he could smell the blood rushing to her cheeks. But the smile that followed sent splinters of dazzling sunlight through every part of him.

“I’m glad for the second chance, Alpha.”

He scented the doctor coming, and growled while moving out of the bed. When the knock came, he jerked the door open.

“Alpha!” the man cried out in surprise before bowing his head.

“Don’t touch her!”

He saw a nurse duck behind the front desk, then heard Abby say, “Alpha...please let the doctor in.”

Rumbling a warning, Roman moved aside and stood over the trembling man while he checked the machines.

“Alpha, he needs to examine me, and you’re crowding him.” Abby let out a calming purr until he stepped back.

“I’m going to check her eyes now, Alpha.”

Roman growled but kept still as he watched Abby. The doctor continued to tell him what he was going to do before he did it.

“I think we can release you, Abigail. Alpha, she should take it easy for a couple of days.”

As soon as the doctor unhooked Abby from the machines, Roman gathered her into his arms. He needed to get her out of here as soon as possible.

He needed to get her *home*.