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ABIGAIL

Abby was fed up.

Ever since she'd moved in, Roman growled at her every time she tried to leave his side. Even if she wanted to go to the kitchen to make him coffee or tea for herself, he turned wolfy on her.

She knew he was anxious about her health, but all the time she'd spent sleeping in his arms had her feeling almost as good as new. And after three days of not leaving the house, she couldn't stand it another second.

So she'd opened the link and told Logan and Rye to *please* come get him.

Roman was grumbling about it as he dressed.

"Alpha," she chastised gently, "I'm fine. The doctor said a few days and it's been that. Please go run and let your wolf out. Or watch the groups train. I've enjoyed being with you, but it's good for mates to spend some time apart."

He sighed. "At least come to the training grounds with me. You can sit and watch the elite group, maybe offer some advice."

"I'm going to go help in the kitchen."

When he growled at her, she put her hands on her hips. "Don't you want another hot breakfast with the elite warriors?"

"No," he snapped.

Abby burst out laughing, and he smiled at her and rolled his eyes.

"Are you sure about that, Alpha? Hot pancakes, strong coffee...that doesn't sound good at all?"

He grunted as she moved toward him, his eyes glowing.

"Maybe some bacon and"—she touched his arm gently—"warm syrup." As she felt the smolder spread through their link, she knew he felt it too.

He rumbled as he pulled her body flush against his, and they shared a pulse of electricity between them; their eyes glowed as they felt the mate bond forming.

He held up one hand, and she touched her fingertips to his. And when he bent down and brushed his lips against hers, she felt their souls meet at each point of contact and their power combine.

He moved his hands to her face and deepened the kiss, nipping at her bottom lip, and Abby's hands crept up his chest and around to the back of his neck.

Their wolves were ecstatic, and their mingled purrs vibrated as she pressed herself against him.

Roman slid his hands down her back, then hoisted her up and sat down on the couch with her straddling him, erasing their height difference.

She cupped his face, the green glow of her eyes illuminating it, and leaned in to continue their kiss—

Roman growled fiercely, startling her, and there was a knock on the door.

ROMAN

Roman set Abby aside, careful to handle her gently as his growling intensified. He was *not* happy about the interruption, but he didn't want to accidentally take it out on his mate.

"Go," she told him. "I'm going to change my clothes."

As he went to open the door, he heard Abby laugh in the bedroom. He paused to sniff the air, wondering if she was putting on the black lace panties he'd taken such a liking to, and scented the dampness between her legs.

He rumbled and adjusted himself—he was sporting his own evidence of their make-out session—then flung open the door and snarled at the two men standing on his porch doing their best not to laugh.

Logan bowed. "Alpha, good morning."

Roman just glowered.

"Should we assume it will be a rough day for the elites?" Rye said, grinning.

Roman heard his mate come out of the bedroom and glanced over his shoulder.

“Good morning, Beta Logan, Gamma Rye,” she said, putting her hair up on top of her head. Thank you for coming and getting him.”

She smiled sweetly and they both smiled back, which pissed Roman off even more. “Gentlemen, would you excuse us please?” he gritted out.

Still smirking, they nodded and stepped down off the porch to talk to the warriors milling about.

“Roman.” Abby touched his arm gently. “I’ll walk with you to the training grounds.”

“Thank you.” Purring, he rubbed his nose along her neck, then smiled when she responded with her own purr.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her onto the porch, where she stood on tiptoes to whisper in his ear.

“You can wonder which panties I have on.”

He scooped her up, and as their laughter echoed throughout the link, joyful howls rose out of the woods, a song of thanks once again.

Once they made it to where the elites waited, Roman set Abby down gently.

And as he did, he caught the scent of cotton...and *her*. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, wondering about the color, now hoping for the pale pink pair that matched the bra, his other new favorite.

She nudged him through the link. “*You have an audience.*”

He snapped his eyes open. The elites were all staring at him, stupid grins on their faces. He snarled, and they took off running while Rye and Logan dissolved into laughter. But an angry roar sent the two of them running as well.

Assholes.

Abby giggled, and they walked hand in hand the rest of the way to the training grounds as the elites finished their warm-up run.

“I need to get to the kitchen,” Abby said when they stopped under a tree.

“No.” He crossed his arms and puffed out his chest. “I like you being here with me.”

“I understand, Alpha, but I would like you to have a warm breakfast this morning.”

He grumbled. “Dirty fighter.”

“Not anymore. I used soap...thank you very much, Alpha.”

He grabbed her and nipped her jaw while she laughed. “Warm syrup?”

“Yes, Alpha.”

He pushed her up against the tree and kissed her, his tongue swiping her bottom lip as he sucked on it. Her arms went around his neck, and heat and sparks exploded between them.

Mmm...soft lips, legs, soap, black lace, pink bra...

A loud whistle sounded, and Roman tore himself away from Abby with a growl. Logan was waving his hands while running toward them.

“Alpha! Close the link!”

The warriors had all returned, and some were red-faced while others were trying not to laugh. He snapped the pack link shut, then closed his eyes and cleared his throat.

When he opened them again, Abby was blushing and biting her lip to keep from laughing.

“*Ahem*,” Logan fake-coughed into his hand. “I think it’s safe to say you’re both starting to accept each other?”

Abby took the opportunity to escape to the kitchen, giggling as she left, and Roman reopened the link to command a few of the warriors to escort her to the pack house.

“Alpha,” Logan said, laughing. “If you keep this up, we might have a boom in pups.” He dodged Roman’s swipe.

Roman jumped up on the observation deck and watched as Abby went over the hill, the warriors trailing behind her. He nudged her.

“Mate.”

“Yes, Alpha?”

“Warm syrup.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

He could feel warmth spread through the link and knew it was because she was smiling.

“What are you wearing under that pretty skirt?”

“Alpha!”

He knew she was red in the face.

“I’m hoping it’s pink.”

“Maybe.”

“Can I kiss you again?”

“Yes, Alpha.”

LOGAN

Logan was grinning, along with everyone else who’d just overheard their alpha’s private conversation. First, they’d gotten flashes of both Roman and Abby’s amorous feelings—what was that about soap anyway?—and now this!

He chuckled, and Roman glanced over at him.

“What?”

“Pink what?”

Roman growled at him. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're hoping something is pink?"

Roman snarled and went after him, and Logan took off in a full sprint toward the training ring where the rest of the elites waited.

"Gotta learn to shut that link, Alpha!" he called over his shoulder.

When he got to the ring, Logan turned and faced his alpha, who was stalking toward him, flashing his eyes.

"I can't fucking help it!" Roman growled.

"You'd better learn quickly, the way things are progressing!" Logan danced around, trying to tease Roman into attacking.

Roman charged, and they clashed furiously, then proceeded to put on a show for the men who were watching.

"What is it with you and warm syrup, anyway?" Logan asked, panting as he narrowly avoided Roman's much longer reach.

The warriors burst into laughter, and the alpha stopped and growled at everyone to run sprints. They all took off, but Logan hung back with Roman.

"She's special, Alpha."

Roman smirked. "No kidding, Beta. But that's not going to stop me kicking your ass."