

## Luna Graced | 25: Chapter 25

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ABIGAIL

Abby was embarrassed by her reaction.

But she hadn't been expecting him to ask her parents—or to be so formal about it. She clapped a hand over her mouth to hold back her nervous giggles.

She picked up the plate she'd dropped, grateful it hadn't broken, and Roman shook his head and gave her a playfully stern look. Her heart flipped, as it always did when he looked at her.

Electricity crackled in the air between them.

"Is everything all right?" she heard her dad ask through the phone.

"I—I dropped a plate, Dad. I'm fine. I was just surprised."

"Alpha Luko," her father rumbled. "If I'm being honest, I'm also a little surprised. How did this all happen?"

"There's a lot to discuss."

Roman told them how he felt something the first time he touched Abby back at their pack lands, how his wolf and his alpha power kept surging when he was near her.

He *didn't* share how he'd lost his temper with her before he figured out why he was so drawn to her.

"This is all very sudden," Abby's father said when Roman paused. "I'm sure you understand that Abby's mother and I will have to think about this before we give you our answer."

Roman sighed. "Warriors Michael and Fiona, there's more."

"Is everything okay?" her mom asked, sounding wary.

“I don’t want to alarm you, but I’m under a time constraint to mark your daughter...”

“What’s going on, Alpha?” her dad barked.

“Abigail is dying—”

Her mom gasped and her dad growled, and then they both started shouting out questions.

“Please,” Roman interrupted. “Let me explain... I have an Oracle here in my pack.”

“*What?*” Her mom’s shocked voice rang through the speaker. “There hasn’t been an active Oracle in years!”

“She’s under my protection. It was from her I learned Abigail is graced. She had a vision. But apparently, if a graced luna is not mated, she can’t fulfill her purpose of bringing power and healing and will...burn out. Like a fire with no fuel.”

He took a deep breath. “When Carson rejected her, he set her death in motion.”

“My Goddess, how do we stop this?” Fiona cried, tears evident in her voice.

“The Oracle believes the Moon Goddess has gifted Abby and me to each other as second-chance mates, and we’re hopeful that our acceptance of each other will reverse the effect of Carson’s rejection.”

“We have a meeting with the Oracle this evening about what we can expect at the marking. It will likely be different than what’s normal, which is why I wanted to ask your permission.”

Abby wrapped her arms around Roman’s waist as she spoke into the phone. “Mom, Dad, it’s going to be okay. I’m so glad we got a chance to talk. I miss you both so much.”

Her parents were silent for a moment, then her mother’s gentle voice came over the phone. “Abigail? How do *you* feel about all of this?”

“I’m happy, Mom.” Abby tipped her face up to look at Roman, and the glow in his eyes sent tendrils of affection through every part of her. “Alpha Roman is more than I could ever wish for in a mate.”

“Will you call us as soon as you find out what the Oracle says?”

Roman squeezed her gently as he answered her mother. “Absolutely.”

“We agreed to send you there knowing Alpha Luko would protect you,” her father said, “so I’m glad to hear he’s keeping his promise. But there’s some issues with Carson that we’d like to discuss with the alpha privately.”

Abby sighed. “I’ve been having some issues with him myself. Apparently I’m still connected to him, but I’ll let Alpha Roman tell you and Mom about it.”

“Alpha Roman, we’re in your debt. Thank you for connecting us with Abby. We’ll be waiting for your call. In the meantime, Fiona and I need to have some words with”—he growled—“Alpha Edward.”

Her father’s voice softened. “We love you, Abby. And miss you.”

Roman cleared his throat. “I’d like you to consider holding off on speaking to Alpha Edward about what we’ve discussed. I’d prefer to not tip our hand until we know what we’re dealing with regarding Abby’s health.

“It’s concerning to me that he’s attempting to cut off communication. I’ll call you after our meeting with the Oracle, around nine o’clock.”

“Thank you, Alpha. We’ll be waiting for your call. Take care of our girl.”

“Yes, sir.”

Roman winked at her and disconnected the call. “Let’s enjoy our dinner. And the relief that you finally spoke to your parents.”

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Although the food smelled delicious, Abby didn’t have much of an appetite. She took only a few bites of everything before pushing her plate away.

Roman ate the rest of her dinner while she fidgeted in her seat.

When he was finished, he wiped his mouth and put down his napkin, then stood and stretched his hand to her. "Let's trust the Moon Goddess, okay? I'm nervous too, but remember, we're in this together."

The moment she put her small hand in his much larger one, an intense connection crackled between the two of them.

ROMAN

Roman watched Abby close her eyes as the warm pulse between them grew, until each beat came with a surge so powerful the lights in the house dimmed and brightened again.

He felt the pack land take a big breath and exhale a burst of power.

Abby gasped and opened her eyes. They were glowing emerald green. "Did you feel that?" she whispered.

"You didn't see it, but the lights dimmed," he whispered back. "It was intense." He brought his voice back to normal volume. "We need to see the Oracle."

"I'm afraid, Roman."

He tugged her hand and drew her close, breathing in her unique scent. "The Oracle can be intimidating, but she's also kind. She'll take care of us."

"The Oracle is lovely. It's not her I'm afraid of." She paused and drew in a hard, deep breath. "I don't know how to be a mate, Roman. I failed with Carson. I don't want to fail you."

Anger rushed through him at the thought of what the insolent young alpha had done. "You didn't fail with that pup, *he* failed ~you~. That whole pack failed you, everyone except for your parents."

He took a deep breath before continuing.

"Now, as far as being a mate, I don't see why you think you could fail. You've been amazing, Abby. You make me laugh. You're kind and passionate. You have a fierce warrior inside of you.

"Your strength is admirable, and your patience and protectiveness are a gift. You smell good and you let me kiss you. And, you look good in a towel. Really good."

He grinned as happy tears filled her eyes. "I could not be any prouder to call you my mate."

She hugged him hard, pressing her face to his chest, and he closed his eyes, allowing himself to feel every strand of emotion weaving between them.

ABIGAIL

Abby did her best to stay strong against the waves of uncertainty washing over her. Roman's arms around her were solid as rock, his chest a wall of brick. With him holding her, there was no way she could fall.

Roman nuzzled the top of her head, then tilted her face up to his and brushed the softest kiss over her lips.

But it hit her like a bolt of lightning. She felt like she was being filled with sparks of light.

Roman rumbled in surprise. They each took a step back, only to move together again at once. They clung to each other, both breathing heavily.

"We're meant to be together, Abby. Can't you feel it? How can you be afraid of this when it feels so good?"

Giddiness overcame her, and laughter bubbled up and out. She stood on her tiptoes to kiss him. "Let's go hear what the Oracle has to tell us. I can't wait for you to mark me."

Roman glanced at the remains of their meal and frowned. "You didn't eat enough, mate. You radiate an enormous amount of energy, give so much, that it's important for you to replenish yourself."

"The steak was good, but I just wasn't very hungry." She patted her belly. "Nervous about what the Oracle is going to say."

"Then let's not wait another minute."