

Luna Graced | 27: Chapter 27

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ABIGAIL

Abby had been cooking and cleaning for hours.

Her parents had finally arrived that afternoon, and she wanted them to see what a lovely home Roman had provided for her. She wanted them to be proud of her.

So far, she'd marinated the steaks and made a large casserole dish of au gratin potatoes that had Roman hovering around the oven. And Mara had made a cake since Abby couldn't bake to save her life.

Maybe she'd ask Mara to teach her once things settled down.

After the Oracle told them there was enough time for her parents to get there for the marking festivities, Abby and Roman had set the date for the end of the week, giving everyone a few days to prepare.

And so far those days had flown by, with lots to do and a festive feeling in the air.

There were still plenty of loose ends to tie up, but Abby and Roman had been there to meet her parents, along with Logan and Rye.

She'd hugged them fiercely when they exited their vehicle, and they'd told her Alpha Edward wasn't happy they'd come but didn't try to stop them. He knew he'd have Alpha Luko on his doorstep if he tried.

Then they both bowed and showed their respect to her mate and his leadership before being escorted to Abby's former cottage to freshen up and rest before dinner.

Abby glanced at the time. Only a half an hour to go, but she'd be ready.

ROMAN

Roman scented the air... Abby's parents were approaching. A knock on the door announced their arrival.

“Michael, Fiona, please come in.” Roman shook both of their hands and stepped aside.

Fiona glanced around, a look of approval on her face. “You have a lovely home, Alpha Roman.”

“Thank you, but I can’t take the credit. It’s all Abigail.” He beamed with pride that she’d referred to his house as a home. Sure, the furniture and fixtures had already been there, but Abby had transformed it.

“I thought I recognized my daughter’s touches.”

“Thank you for having us, Alpha Roman.” Michael gave him a stiff nod. “We’re happy to be here.”

“Warrior Michael, why don’t we step outside and have a beer? I need to get the grill going.”

ABIGAIL

Abby smiled to herself while she watched her dad and her mate go outside. She felt Roman nudge her through the link, and she nudged him back before returning her attention to her mom, who winked.

“You’re glowing, my girl.”

“I’m happy.” She grinned at her mother over her shoulder as she went to check the potatoes.

Her mom’s voice lowered. “Has Carson tried to break through anymore?”

Abby frowned and shook her head as she closed the oven door. “No. Roman told me you said Carson was angry with you and Dad for not agreeing to bring me home... But he didn’t *want* me!”

Despite everything, Carson’s betrayal still hurt like a razor’s slice.

“He can be as angry as he wants,” her mom said in a hard voice. “You’re here now, with a mate who wants you and will treat you the way you deserve to be treated.”

“I hate that he’s trying to make trouble for you and Dad.”

“Your dad is going to talk to the alpha about coming here sooner than we’d planned.”

“Really? Will Alpha Edward allow that?”

“He has no choice,” her mom growled under her breath, before adding more brightly, “Tell me about the ceremony.”

“We’re going to mark each other privately tomorrow since we aren’t sure what to expect and the Oracle said everything will be more intense. The final ceremony will be at twilight the following day, with a feast after.”

ROMAN

Roman went inside to grab the steaks and two more beers, then shut the sliding glass door behind him and handed Michael one of the cold glass bottles.

Michael glanced inside at Abby and Fiona. “Abby seems much happier here.”

“I hope that she is. All of this has been very unexpected, but I consider myself a lucky man. To not only be blessed by the Moon Goddess but also be blessed with someone like Abby as my mate and luna...”

Roman set the steaks down and started to add them to the grill.

“I am humbled. And I’ll continue living to serve my pack, my luna, and the Moon Goddess. I will never take Abigail—my gift, my second-chance mate—for granted.”

Michael was silent for a moment. “Her mother and I have not been able to find much about graced lunas. We have no idea how this happened. We’re not of alpha blood ourselves, nor directly blessed.”

He cleared his throat before continuing. “Alpha Edward and Luna Hazel haven’t exactly been approachable on this subject.”

“The Oracle is coming over tomorrow to counsel us,” Roman said. “And I’d be honored if you and Fiona were present. She can help answer your questions.”

“Thank you. We appreciate that, Alpha.”

Roman nodded and began to flip the steaks. “I appreciate you coming. I know we aren’t doing this the traditional way, but I have no desire to parade Abby around like she’s a prize pony.

“We won’t be doing meet and greets with alphas and lunas across the nation. I protect my pack, and the less the wolf nation knows about us, the better.”

Michael chuckled. “You do have a rather...*lethal* reputation.”

“I will never apologize for protecting my pack. I’ve earned that reputation fairly”—he felt his eyes flash—“and I’m proud of it.”

Michael raised his beer. “I respect that, Alpha. And thank you for saving my daughter’s life. First when you agreed to adopt her into Pack Luko, and now by taking her as your mate.”

He offered his hand, and the two of them clasped forearms.

Roman began to pile the giant slabs of meat on a platter. “I don’t know about you, but I’m starving, and Abby wouldn’t let me taste the potatoes.”

“Warriors are good at defending their territory.” Michael grinned. “Her mother taught her well.”

ABIGAIL

Abby turned at the sound of male laughter, and Roman’s joy warmed her through the link.

“Sounds like we have some hungry men to feed,” her mom said, smiling. “Let’s get the food on the table before they riot.”

Roman and her dad came in with the steaks, and the four of them took their places at the table. After Roman poured the wine, everyone made short work of the delicious spread while chatting and catching up with each other.

“So,” Roman said, leaning back in his chair and looking at her parents. “When will you two join us here in Pack Luko?”

Her father sighed. “We’d like to come as soon as possible. But I know that separating from Pack Oru won’t be pleasant. Alpha Edward hasn’t been receptive to even speaking to us about the change.”

Abby looked at Roman, and she knew he could feel her nerves when he gently took her hand and his wolf began to purr.

But he kept his gaze on her parents. "I'll escort you, along with my elite warriors. You just tell me when you're ready."

"Thank you, Alpha, your generosity is appreciated," her father said. "But we don't wish to cause any additional strife between Pack Oru and Pack Luko."

Roman nodded. "We'll have to revisit this topic, but in the meantime, I'd like to invite you both to train with the elite group tomorrow morning."

Her mom grinned. "I'd be most honored."

"As would I, Alpha," her dad said. "Thank you."

Roman gave her parents a quick nod, then frowned when Abby let go of his hand.

She smiled sweetly at him. "I have dessert. Mara made a cake."

"There is no way you have a cake in this house," Roman rumbled at her, failing to hide his smirk.

"Oh yes, there is." Abby winked at her mom. "Maybe your sense of smell isn't as good as you think it is?" She laughed as he stood up.

"Where on earth are you hiding a cake?" He advanced on her with his hands on his hips. "One of Mara's cakes at that? Is it chocolate?"

"Can't tell you, or I'll lose my hiding spot. Yes, one of Mara's cakes, and yes, Alpha, it's chocolate."

He sniffed the air as Abby's parents watched, wide-eyed at their daughter teasing the notorious Alpha Luko. Abby chuckled, then pretended to shiver.

"Alpha, would you please go grab my wrap?"

He narrowed his eyes at her. "I know what this is."

"Thank you, Alpha," she said breezily, then watched as he stalked out of the room. As soon as he was out of sight, she ran to the coat closet, where she'd hidden the cake in an airtight container.

She had the cake on the counter by the time he got back.

Her parents were tight-lipped as he handed her the wrap and sat down.

“Family conspiracy in my own home!” He barked out a laugh. “I *will* figure this out, Luna.”

“Until then, let’s enjoy some rich chocolate cake with ganache.” She set the wrap aside.

He shook his head. “You didn’t really need it, did you?”

She folded her hands in her lap and suppressed a smile. “No, Alpha, I did not.”

ROMAN

“I want a big piece,” Roman grumbled as he grabbed Abby’s hand and kissed it.

A burst of power dimmed the lights, and when they came back up, Fiona and Michael sat back and inhaled deeply.

“Moon Goddess!” Fiona exclaimed. “Is that what you were telling us about, Alpha Roman? I feel...invigorated...like a breeze just blew through me.”

He nodded. “It’s something else, isn’t it? It’s more frequent now, but neither of us can tell when it’s going to happen. And we don’t know *what* to expect tomorrow night.”

His phone rang, and he pulled it out of his pocket. “Rye, everything okay?”

“Alpha...I...I need you to look at something. I know that you have Abigail’s parents there, but that pulse thing... I just... Can you come outside? We’re almost there.”

“I’m coming.” Roman shot out of his chair so fast that Michael and Fiona did the same, baring their teeth, ready to fight.

“I have no idea what’s happening,” he said, shoving his phone back in his pocket. “Stay here with your parents, Abby.” Then he jerked the door open.

Rye and Bell were rapidly approaching his front porch. He went down the steps to meet them.

“My apologies, Alpha, but look!” Rye pointed at Bell, who stopped and pulled her shirt collar down, baring her shoulder. “It’s gone...that huge scar is just gone!”

Roman stepped closer. The area between Bell’s neck and shoulder, where Rye’s mark had been ripped out by a rogue, was no longer damaged.

“May I, Bell?”

When she nodded, he gently touched her shoulder.

“It felt really warm, Alpha, for just a second when the lights dimmed, and then it was just...*gone*.”