

Luna Graced | 29: Chapter 29

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ABIGAIL

"I'm coming, Abigail."

Abby shrieked as Carson kicked open the cracked door hard enough to knock her off the bed. She cried out in pain when she hit the floor, and Roman leaped up, his eyes glowing with rage.

She tried to link with Roman and tell him she was okay, but Carson's voice slammed into her over and over, each word like a knife stabbing her mind, her heart.

With a scream, Abby mustered all her strength and managed to close the old link.

As she lay panting on the floor, she felt Roman sending out bursts of alpha rage. She tried to reach Logan and Rye through the pack link, but Roman's fury drowned out her attempts.

The warrior guards outside began to howl, and Roman's growls intensified. Abby lifted her head to look at him. His nails and teeth had elongated, and his joints popped as he stood to his full height to scent the air.

She heard banging on the door.

"Alpha!"

It was Logan's voice.

Scenting her parents, Abby began to stand, but Roman growled a warning to stay down, so she crawled back onto the bed.

ROMAN

Roman roared as he prowled through the house, whipping his head back and forth. The sun and moon were switching places, but it was still dark. He jerked the door open and saw Logan and Rye standing on the porch.

Abby's parents were running down the path to his house.

ABIGAIL

Abby's heart was finally settling down, and she didn't feel any more from Carson. So she waited quietly for everyone to come into the house.

Roman stalked back through the bedroom door. His eyes were glowing, and his teeth were still elongated. An alpha was most dangerous when he was vacillating between man and wolf.

When he reached her side, he bent down and stuck his nose in her neck, all the while rumbling and growling. Running his nose up to her cheek, he pushed gently and inhaled.

"Mate," he growled.

"I'm okay, Alpha." She bared her neck and closed her eyes, letting her wolf purr. "He's gone."

But even as she said it, she felt pressure on the old link. She forced it to stay shut and sat up in the bed. Roman—who was now fully shifted into his human form—gathered her close.

Abby stayed still, waiting until the alpha and his wolf were satisfied that she was okay. He growled at her every time she moved, and she had to rein in her own responses.

She understood he was worried and being protective, even if it was a bit overbearing.

Finally, he let her up, but he still refused to let her out of his sight, hovering inside the closet as she pulled on a pair of jeans. And when he grabbed one of his sweatshirts and handed it to her, she put it on without question.

She knew he wanted his scent on her.

They entered the kitchen to find the concerned foursome quietly talking. Abigail greeted her parents, who pressed their noses against her cheeks, checking her while Roman stalked around the kitchen.

"We felt that through the Pack Oru link. It woke us up." Her father ran his hands down his face.

Abby was quiet as she made a strong pot of coffee. “It sounded like he was speaking right in my ear, it was so strong. I managed to close the link, but I think he’ll be able to get through again.”

Her father crossed his arms. “Is this what Carson’s been doing to you, Abby?”

“Yes, sir, but he’s been quiet for a while. I thought maybe he was finished tormenting me.”

Roman let out a low rumbling growl, and she could tell he was teetering on the edge of shifting. She took a deep breath and exhaled, reaching out for her alpha.

The calm that settled over her when they connected spread through the link, but Roman was still on edge.

Maybe humor would help?

Abby smiled at the group as they drank their coffee. “What an interesting way to start our marking day! Here I thought maybe I’d get a spa day or perhaps breakfast in bed.”

She threw her hands in the air. “But no! I have to have an angry ex yelling in my head, and all before sunrise! No mimosas?”

She started giggling when she saw the looks on everyone’s faces.

LOGAN

Logan was the first to start laughing in response to the warm ball of sunshine that bounced around inside him as Abby giggled. Rye joined him right after, then Abby’s parents.

“Mimosas,” the alpha drawled, looking down at Abby with a raised eyebrow, but it seemed to Logan like he’d started to settle down.

Then his eyes flicked to Logan, who gave his alpha an almost imperceptible nod before nudging Mara in the link.

Alpha Roman had spent a few hours in town yesterday getting some special things for Abby, and Logan and Mara had been keeping the basket at their house.

As soon as he scented his mate approaching, Logan was at the door to meet her, linking Rye to grab Michael and Fiona and pull them into the entryway.

He let them know Roman had something to give Abby, and the Canavers immediately agreed to go with him to the training grounds, giving the mated pair some private time before their big day started.

Logan quietly opened the door, and there was his mate, holding a large basket, eyes twinkling and cheeks flushed with happiness and secrets.

He knew the basket she brought held pink roses, bottles of champagne, delicate stemmed glasses that read *Luna* and ~Alpha~, and also some bath bombs, candles, and Bell's special relaxing blend of tea.

Mara passed it to Logan, who slid it inside the living room and then stealthily ushered everyone out the door.

ABIGAIL

Abby was rinsing coffee cups when Roman entered the kitchen with a large basket tied with a ribbon. She quickly dried her hands. "Roman?"

"This was not how I imagined our marking day starting either," he said stiffly. "We'll talk about what happened later, but right now? I'd like to start the day over. Please go put your pajamas on and get back into bed."

She eyed the hulking man carrying the girly-looking basket and was silently glad she'd slipped away to visit a jewelry maker on the pack lands. "Yes, Alpha."

As she waited for him in the bed, Abby could feel him stalking through the house, still on edge. Her hands fluttered around the covers, trying to smooth them out along with her nerves.

When she heard a champagne cork pop, she jumped. Then smiled. She'd only been trying to lighten the mood with her talk of mimosas, but her alpha had surprised her.

ROMAN

After Abby had gone back to bed, Roman took a few moments to try and center himself. Not that it was working all that well. He could fucking *feel* Carson hovering in the background, trying to break into the link.

This could get ugly very quickly.

He poured a few inches of fresh orange juice into the champagne glasses, topped it with chilled champagne, and added a strawberry to the rim. Then he pulled a rose from the bouquet and carried the glasses to the bedroom.

Roman's wolf settled down a bit at the sight of Abby tucked under the covers. Shadows bloomed under her eyes, but she smiled when he sat on the edge of the bed. He took a deep breath and cleared his throat.

"Good morning, mate." He handed her a glass, placing the rose on her bedside table.

"Good morning, mate."

They tapped the rims of the delicate glasses and sipped.

"This is a nice surprise." She picked up the rose and smelled it. "Thank you, Alpha."

Roman's body sang with nerves. It had been so long since he'd felt emotions like these.

"I have a few other things for you, Luna."

ABIGAIL

Abby's eyes fell to her glass and saw the stem was filled with tiny golden moons and stars, and *Luna* had been etched on the side. "Thank you, Alpha. The glasses are gorgeous."

Her finger traced the letters. "And this was so thoughtful." Her glowing eyes met his, and she reached up to cup his face with her palm.

The ensuing pulse of light and energy was the largest so far, and Abby rocked back, cold orange juice and champagne sloshing onto her, as a burning sensation hit her.

She grabbed her shoulder with a low cry, knowing even before she touched it that her skin would be smooth.

ROMAN

Roman's eyes grew big as he watched Abby undo the top few buttons of her sleep shirt and bare her shoulder. The scar that asshole had given her was gone.

Her relief could be felt through the pack.

Her eyes closed and a few tears escaped, and his fingertips brushed them away.

"It's okay, Luna," he whispered. "You've been blessed. The Moon Goddess is preparing you."

Abigail opened her glistening eyes. "I thought I would always have to wear the shame, even with the addition of your mark."

She wiped her eyes and looked up toward the ceiling. "Thank you, Moon Goddess."

Then she kissed him gently, warmth radiating between them even after she drew back from their kiss. "Thank you, Alpha. I will wear your mark with even more pride."

He pulled her back to him for a deeper kiss, and as he devoured her lips, excitement rippled through the pack and the link.

He paused and cocked his head to feel it with the pack and let out a rumbling laugh at the howls in the distance and the stamping of paws that was getting louder and closer.

"Alpha?" Abby couldn't contain her laugh as she also connected with the pack's enthusiasm.

"It seems the pack would like to celebrate with us." He stood and drained his drink as a knock came from the front door. "I believe that's for you, Luna."

Abby grabbed her robe and tied it around herself while rushing out the bedroom door, and Roman began to get dressed for the day, speeding up after Logan linked him to get himself outside.

He was rumbling happily as he walked out of the bedroom and into a house full of women—including Mara, Bell, and Fiona—chatting and drinking.

“Ladies.” His deep voice sounded over the crowd of happy women in his kitchen.

The group addressed him in unison. “Alpha.”

His eyes glowed when they found Abby. She was wearing a crown of wildflowers on her head and holding a drink in her hand. Her glowing eyes met his.

“Luna.” He gave her a deep bow, his eyes never leaving hers.

“Alpha,” she replied with her head bowed slightly, keeping her eyes locked with his.

A loud group of howls came from outside, and Roman stood tall. “Ladies, enjoy.”

He winked at Abby, who blushed, and quickly made his way outside to the waiting group of wolves.