

Luna Graced | 30: Chapter 30

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ABIGAIL

As Abby spent the morning with the women, enjoying their company and a light brunch, the fear and pain from Carson's attack eased from her mind.

She opened a few gifts, including a new emerald-green dress from her mom that matched her eyes and would show off the alpha's mark.

Some of the women had gotten together and knitted a blanket featuring a moon surrounded by an intricate design. Abby loved it and thought it would look lovely on the alpha's bed. She thanked everyone profusely.

Then she brought out the etched champagne glasses Roman had given her and went through his basket of gifts while the others *oohed* and *~aahed~* over his thoughtfulness.

When she showed them all that her scar was gone, a few shed tears of joy, and a number of the women spoke up about their own physical and healing. Their gratitude moved her to tears.

Her mom leaned in, purring with pride, her own eyes shining with unshed tears. "I've always been proud of you, Abby, but the impact you've made on this pack is truly astounding."

But it went both ways, Abby thought, shaking her head in bemusement. Everyone at Pack Luko had been so welcoming, she truly felt a part of their family. They'd changed her life as well.

A loud cheer was carried in on the breeze, and Mara caught her eye and grinned.

"It's time."

"For what?"

Mara jumped to her feet. "For us to escort you to the training grounds, where the alpha will be doing his very best to impress you!"

Abby chuckled as she got up. This was already so very different from the formal affair she'd experienced with Carson. "Well then, let's not keep him waiting."

She hurried to the bedroom to the sounds of loud cheers, stomping feet, and howls and quickly changed into jeans and a button-down shirt.

The jeans molded to her body, and the shirt was the same color pink as her bra and panties—the ones Roman liked so much—and the roses he'd given her. Her feet were bare.

She quickly put her hair up, adjusted her wildflower crown, and added a little makeup. She smiled at herself in the mirror. She felt pretty. And ready to face whatever the day had in store.

As the group of women walked with her across the meadow, laughing and chatting, the noise coming from the training grounds got louder and the smell of testosterone grew heavier in the air.

Many pack members from all over the pack lands were already there and mingling, and Abigail smiled and waved. Long tables were being set up, and groups of wolves were moving about on patrol.

When they reached the small hill that overlooked the training grounds, she was astonished.

There were all sorts of pack games going on—tests of strength, agility, and skill. But in the center of it all was her mate, shirt off and feet bare, chugging from a large beer mug he was holding in his hand.

He slammed his mug down, and a loud cheer went up. Then he sniffed the air and snapped his head in her direction.

ROMAN

Roman scented Abby as soon as she entered the training grounds, and his eyes followed her as she joined the other women under the umbrellas the men had set up for them.

He was pleased to see she was wearing his new favorite color. And with the flowers in her hair, he thought she looked gorgeous.

So he told her as much through the link.

“Beautiful.”

To his satisfaction, Abby turned the same color as the roses he’d given her. And her wolf started purring, which the pack obviously heard as well since smiles broke out all over the sea of faces in the event area.

“Alpha,” she replied.

He grinned, ready for the next show of strength. They’d be flipping wooden telephone poles from one end to the other, and he looked forward to showing off for his mate.

Roman and a number of others lined up in front of their respective poles. A whistle blared out and he was the first to flip his, then Logan, followed by Michael, Rye, and Tory.

The sound of the poles landing was thunderous, and Roman couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt so alive as he flipped his pole again.

He was three flips ahead of the rest when he reached the end of the grounds. A loud cheer went up, and he raised his fist in the air, glancing at Abby. It pleased him greatly to see her cheering for him.

The games continued, everything from sparring to running relays, and then it was time to feast. When a whistle sounded, everyone headed over to the long tables, which were heavy with food.

ABIGAIL

When Roman reached Abby, his chest was puffed up and his swagger was full of raw male power. She was struck again by how handsome he was, with his tall, muscular frame and long, dark hair.

He held out his arm. “Luna, would you like something to eat?”

She blushed and took it. “I would, Alpha. Thank you.”

Large, jovial groups of pack members surrounded them, calling out congratulations and well-wishes as they made their way to the table that held plates and utensils. Roman took a special ornate platter that had been set out just for them.

As they walked along the tables, Abby pointed to what she wanted and Roman piled their platter with food. And when they were done, he led her to an umbrella with a pretty blanket underneath.

It was surrounded by a crowd of picnicking pack members.

After they sat down, Roman picked up a morsel of food from their tray and held it up to her lips. The crowd hushed, and Abby felt everyone's eyes on her as their alpha fed her the first bite.

He'd fed her like this once in private when they talked about marking each other, but their audience understood how significant it was for him to do this in public.

She fed him the next bite, and he nipped the tips of her fingers, making her gasp then throw her head back and laugh.

"Are you enjoying yourself, mate?"

"I am. Very much." Her throat tightened with emotion, and it dawned on her that she hadn't thought about what happened this morning in hours. She took a moment to gather herself before asking, "Are you?"

"I am. Honestly, I didn't expect all this, especially considering they only had a few days to pull it together. The leadership really outdid themselves, and so did the rest of the pack. But it shows you what I've worked so hard to protect."

They both ate in silence for a few minutes, then Roman leaned back and propped himself on his arms. "How are you feeling after this morning?"

She wiped her hands on a napkin and sighed. "I'm concerned, but not afraid. And I haven't let thoughts of him sully this perfect day. Everyone's been so wonderful..."

"I almost feel a little guilty over not having a public marking ceremony."

“I understand, however I’m looking forward to spending some time with you alone, relaxing at home. Perhaps we can enjoy a drink at the fire pit?”

She smiled nervously at the thoughts his words evoked. “Um, definitely looking forward to some quiet time.” She thought about the bath bombs he got her. “I could use a long soak in the tub.”

Roman and his wolf both rumbled, and his eyes glowed gold as they took her in. “I think we should head home *now*.”

Abby blushed.

“I like that color on you, mate.” He scented the air and his purr kicked in. “And I *really* like that color on your underthings.”

He winked at her and stood up, then helped her to her feet.

They said goodbye to her parents, who hugged and kissed them both, taking her alpha off guard.

Then they gradually made their way to the edge of the training grounds, calling out their thanks to various groups of pack members scattered around.

They made sure to personally thank Mara and Logan and Rye and Bell, who’d been responsible for orchestrating the day’s events.

THE ORACLE

The Oracle sat in her kitchen in front of a cup of tea that had gone cold.

She’d been monitoring the pack link, enjoying the festivities vicariously—and nibbling on some sweet treats Bell had brought her from the picnic.

So when the alpha reached out and expressed his appreciation to the pack, apologizing if he’d missed thanking anyone in person, she knew it was time to go.

She hoisted her old bones out of the chair and linked her warrior escort to meet her at her door.

Dusk was setting in as she walked toward Alpha Roman’s house, but the jovial atmosphere was still vibrant, the alpha’s pride and happiness filtering through to everyone in the pack.

Lanterns and torches were being lit, and a small platform was being erected where the alpha and his luna would exchange the ancient mate's pact.

She could feel how much everyone was looking forward to the official ceremony and after-celebration the following evening.

The Oracle and her escort reached the alpha's home just as the alpha and his luna did. She went inside and spent some time with them, making sure they were calm and ready to truly accept each other as mates.

After assuring them she would be available if they needed her, she put her hands on their heads and blessed them. She saw a blanket of gold settle over them as she stepped back, smiling, then she turned and walked out the door.

The alpha and the graced luna were alone at last.

It was time.