

## Luna Graced | 32: Chapter 32

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ABIGAIL

Abby's heart pounded as Roman settled her between his legs on the large chaise lounge. The fire crackled, and brightly glowing stars dotted the clear night sky. The moon was high.

The sweet anticipation of their marking each other could be felt all around them, though she knew the warriors guarding the house had moved farther back into the trees to give them privacy.

Roman's purr was low and comforting, and she leaned back against his bare chest and relaxed into his embrace.

"I enjoyed my bath bomb. Thank you."

"You're welcome." He nuzzled her cheek. "I like the scent on you. It's soft. My wolf liked the smell too. And it didn't hurt that it was called 'blush.'"

"You picked well, Alpha. I would have chosen the same scent for myself."

His purr picked up, and she vibrated in response. They sipped their drinks quietly for a few moments, relaxing against each other as the heat radiating between them continued to grow.

She felt Roman's breath against her ear.

"May I remove your top?" he whispered.

ROMAN

Roman trailed his nose down the side of Abby's neck, and she responded with a soft gasp followed by a sigh. He could smell the heat pooling between her legs, and he rumbled deep in his chest.

He was ready to mark her, eager in fact, but he wanted to make this pleasurable, and an experience unlike her first one.

"Yes, Alpha," she said, sounding breathless.

He set down his drink and moved his hands to the front of her top, then slowly unbuttoned it. By the time he was done, she was purring almost as loudly as he was.

He slid her shirt down her arms, trailing his fingers over her soft skin, feeling the raised bumps his touch left behind.

She leaned back into him and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

He ran his fingers up and down her arms—he could swear he saw sparks a couple of times—and stuck his nose into the glorious pile of her hair. He drew in a deep breath, reveling in her unique scent.

He gently slid the delicate strap of her bra down her shoulder, baring it for him.

Placing a kiss there, he felt her shudder and smiled against her skin. His canines elongated to razor-sharp points.

“I take you, Abigail Canaver, as my mate.”

Being as gentle as he could be, he sank his teeth into her shoulder and held them there as he wrapped his arms around her.

She relaxed against him while he tasted her blood, letting it sing against his tongue. Finally, he released his hold on her and withdrew his canines.

He swiped his tongue against her flesh, tasting her blood once again and sealing her mark.

## ABIGAIL

Abby closed her eyes and breathed in deep. The intense burning sting was gone, soothed by the alpha’s tongue.

Turning in his arms, she put her head against his chest and listened to the beat of his heart, taking a moment to gather herself and enjoy the quiet with him.

When she felt ready to take her turn, she slowly moved to straddle him. Purring in pleasure, he gripped her hips and settled her firmly against his pelvis. She blushed when she felt the evidence of his appreciation for her.

His eyes glowed a deep gold as he watched her, and when they fell to where he'd just marked her, he rumbled smugly.

Abby took her time looking over the fine man the Moon Goddess had gifted her. He was fire and power, sex and strength. Warmth flowed through her body, and she placed her hand on his shoulder.

"I take you, Alpha Roman Luko, as my mate."

She rubbed her nose against his chest, and her canines elongated. His fingers dug into her hips as she moved closer, placing a kiss on the naked shoulder that still bore Remi's faded mark.

Drawing back her lips, Abby sank her own teeth through his flesh, tasted his blood.

His power raced through her body. And when she released his shoulder, a ball of light exploded between them and a golden rain began to fall.

The euphoric feeling was indescribable.

They clung to each other, and the moon glowed with a pulsing light, bathing the pack lands. The place he marked her burned, but not in an unpleasant way.

Staying anchored to her alpha, Abby felt every drop of gold that hit her skin, giving her life. Her toes curled, and she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

She leaned back and held out her arms and tilted her face toward the sky. And as she did, the golden rain morphed into golden threads that laced through the land.

ROMAN

Roman sensed his warriors moving closer before he saw them. Threads hung along their fur much like ropes of tinsel, decorating even the fiercest of the pack.

The shower of gold eventually slowed, then stopped altogether. The glow dissipated, and the pack lands were quiet and serene.

Roman felt a steady strength coming from his mate that he hadn't felt before. "Luna, how do you feel?"

"Amazing." She grinned at him. "How do you feel, Alpha?"

"I must admit, I feel amazing too."

"I'm also starving."

He chuckled. "Then, by all means, let's feed you, Luna. I could use a snack myself."

He felt so invigorated he thought of going for a run, but he didn't want to leave his luna's side. Holding her against his chest, he rose from the chaise lounge and carried her inside, then sat her on the kitchen island and opened the fridge.

He pulled out several containers and platters and put them on the island, unsure what he was looking for. Abby seized a turkey leg and held it out to him, and he took a massive bite and then another.

He devoured the entire leg in a matter of minutes, licked his lips, then returned the favor, holding out a barbecue rib for his mate. She took a big bite and moaned.

Roman couldn't stop the testosterone spike and pheromone burst when he heard the sounds his mate was making. He enjoyed watching her eat so voraciously, and when she licked her lips, his tongue ran over his own.

Abby tore off another chunk of meat, rolling her eyes as she chewed.

"This is so good, Roman! The flavor is just incredible." She grabbed his hand, pulling the meat-covered bone closer to her with a low growl.

She bit off another piece, smearing sauce all over her mouth.

A million thoughts raced through his mind, and all of them were about what he could do with this sauce and her body...

His wolf purred, and Roman stuck his nose against Abby's cheek, consumed with thoughts of licking the sauce off her lips.

Snatching the rib out of his hand, she picked the rest of the meat off and tossed it aside. He could feel her euphoria and deep hunger throbbing through their link.

Was this part of her recovery from dying? A need to replenish what she'd lost?

“Luna, are you okay?”

Abby rubbed her face against his shoulder, purring, then pulled back and grinned up at him. “More than okay, Alpha.” She licked a smear of sauce off his shoulder.

Roman jerked and inhaled sharply, fighting to control the moan building in his chest. His wolf was antsy, and he needed to run and get some of his energy out in a way other than exploring his mate's body.

He didn't want to rush things, wanted to wait at least until they'd exchanged the mating pact, making it official. He sure hoped she liked the ring he'd picked out...

“I want you so much,” she whispered, and the moan burst out of him.

He just couldn't help it.