

Luna Graced | 34: Chapter 34

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ABIGAIL

Abby was startled awake by a large commotion outside. She growled, then relaxed immediately when she felt Roman reach out to her through their link.

“Mate.”

Buttoning up her pajama top from the night before, she padded into the kitchen and was confronted with the smell of Roman, alcohol, and barbecue sauce. Chuckling, she slid open the back door and stepped out onto the deck.

Roman popped up from around the side of the house, a lopsided grin on his face. He was wearing only a pair of athletic shorts streaked with mud and animal blood and was clutching a bottle of barbecue sauce.

“Alpha!” Abby couldn’t hold in her laugh. “Good morning!”

She saw Rye and Logan stumbling down the path away from their yard. She waved, and they waved back sheepishly.

Roman grunted, his eyes traveling over her, then frowned.

At first she didn’t understand, but when she realized he was looking for his mark, she slowly unbuttoned the top and let it hang off her shoulder.

She’d remove it completely when they got back inside, but she wasn’t wearing a bra and there were warriors milling around.

“My apologies, Alpha.”

He visibly relaxed, then bent down to rub his nose against it, inhaling. He rumbled happily. “Mine.”

He swayed a little and Abby pursed her lips. “Mate, would you like some breakfast? Maybe some coffee?”

“Sauce!” He thrust the bottle at her. “I woke Walter...you know Walter, right?...and told him how much you liked it, promised him something that I can’t remember, and he told me I could have *all* the sauce.”

He grinned and his eyes flashed. “You liked it...you licked it off me.”

Abby burst out laughing. “Thank you, Alpha. We should probably find out what you promised Walter.” She flushed and licked her lips. “And yes, Alpha, I thought you were quite tasty.”

She winked and went inside, and he followed her, stumbling slightly on the threshold.

The phone rang, and when she saw it was Bell, Abby picked it up and immediately started laughing. “Do you need help with Rye? I just saw him, and he looked like he was in the same shape as the alpha.”

“No, I was just wondering if he had help getting this drunk or not. Did Alpha Roman come home with barbecue sauce?”

“Yes, it’s...somewhat of an inside joke with us.” Abby wanted to maintain *some* privacy.

“Rye had it all over his face and shirt!” Bell snorted. “Oh Goddess...my mate just missed his chair and landed on the floor! I bet they got into Walter’s moonshine too.”

“Oh, is that what’s going on?”

She heard the water running in the shower. Good. Her mate was filthy. And maybe a shower would help sober him up. “I heard his moonshine was one of the few things that could actually get the guys drunk.”

“They’ll be like this for a bit. Feed and water as needed. I think their run turned into a bit of a stag party.”

“I think so too. Good luck with Rye, and call if you need anything. I’ll see you this evening!”

Abby hung up the phone, then fussed around the kitchen while Roman washed the stink off.

Her eyes fell on the bottle of sauce he'd brought home, and she chuckled to herself, then set it on the counter and started preparing a large breakfast.

ROMAN

Roman groaned as he eased himself under the water, watching the blood and dirt run off his body and down the drain. He was filthy.

They'd gone hunting and had taken down a large elk, feasting on the kill as a group, howling songs of triumph. And at some point, he'd decided he needed to get some of Walter's sauce for Abby.

And ended up crawling into some of his special moonshine.

He and Logan and Rye had sparred and talked shit, drank, and cussed all night, celebrating his matehood being half completed. He was officially off the market. Even though he hadn't been *on* the market.

He chuckled to himself, vaguely remembering something involving Walter...

He'd probably agreed to help build that new storage shed that was more like a two-story barn—he had to give it to the man, he was crafty—but it was well worth it.

For Abby.

The moon hanging from his neck caught his eye, and he brought it to his lips, desire to see his mate flooding through him.

He rushed through the rest of his morning routine, careful to make sure he didn't have any more blood on him, and by the time he swaggered back into the kitchen, he was a much more put-together alpha.

Abby had put on a thin-strapped tank top, showing off his mark, and he grabbed her with a low growl and pulled her flush against him, his eyes glowing.

"Did you sleep?" He kissed his mark, and electricity pulsed between them.

"A bit. Are you hungry?"

A deep hunger hit him that he thought might have been coming from her. "Starving. How about you?"

“Starving as well. I have no idea where this appetite is coming from.”

“We could talk to the Oracle if you want.” Roman made her a plate, and one for himself, and sat down at the kitchen table.

He moaned when he took a bite of the eggs.

Abby joined him with her own moan about the potatoes. “I swear, this is the best thing I’ve ever eaten. The flavors are bursting in my mouth.”

She took another bite and wiggled in her seat, doing a happy dance. “Everything is so much better. Do you notice that at all?”

He took a sip of his coffee and swallowed it, giving himself a second to settle down. He might need to go for another run and possibly do some training before the day was through.

“My senses are definitely heightened right now, but not to the degree that I think you’re experiencing.”

Abby blushed. “I’m sorry. Maybe I *should* call the Oracle.”

“Don’t apologize. You were dying. I imagine it’s normal to feel life more acutely. And I’m very much enjoying watching you experience it. We can call the Oracle if you like, but I think you should embrace it. I sure as hell am.”

“Thank you, Alpha.” She took another bite. “So...barbecue sauce, huh?”

He felt his cheeks flame, and she burst out laughing.

“Yes.” He grumbled under his breath.

He made sure the link was shut, not wanting everyone to know his exact thoughts about his mate and his mark sitting so proudly on her shoulder.

“I look forward to another midnight snack.” She squeezed his hand. “Are you feeling a bit more yourself now?”

“Yes, thank you for the breakfast.”

He stood and helped clean up, moving slowly around her in the kitchen. He was tired, full, and very content—and more than curious whether she’d crawl back into bed with him for a nap.

“I like the idea of going back to bed for a bit.”

Roman snorted and shook his head. “You can still hear me, even when I have it closed?”

“More like...feel your thoughts. When it’s open, I can hear you. But when it’s closed, I *feel* you. I can’t describe it.”

Last night, Logan had encouraged him to let his new luna know what he wanted and needed from her.

His wolf started to purr. “I want you lying beside me, Abby.”

ABIGAIL

She shivered at the glow in his eyes, and a soft breath puffed out of her when his big hands cupped her hips and pulled her against his strong body.

They’d slept next to each other so many times already, but his glowing gaze told her he meant something more. He brushed a strand of hair off her face and tipped her chin up with one finger.

“I’m on fire for you, mate,” he kissed her lightly, then sighed. “But we both agreed to wait to consummate our marking.”

She nodded. Sleeping next to him would be sweet torture.

But when they slipped into bed and he held her in his arms, she’d never felt better.