

## Luna Graced | 36: Chapter 36

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ROMAN

Roman remained standing through his pack's enthusiastic applause. Feeling the waves of Abby's emotion through their link, he reached out to her, yearning to see her, excited to make this official.

A hush came over the crowd, and he turned to see the Oracle stepping forward. He smiled fondly. He may be the alpha, but that old woman could command the pack's attention in a way he never could.

Only the crickets and cicadas could be heard in the quiet.

The Oracle raised her arms, the sleeves of her robe flowing around her bony wrists, and the trinkets woven into her long braids chimed in the night breeze.

"Pack Luko!"

"Oracle," the pack sang back.

"Many of you have felt the incredible gift the Moon Goddess has bestowed on the pack. The gift of healing."

Excitement rippled through the crowd.

"As many of you know, our new luna was dying. The golden rain last night was the Moon Goddess blessing Luna Abigail and giving her immediate healing while she and the alpha marked each other.

"The golden threads that followed, that laced through the lands, are a sign of new beginnings, of being sewn back together. You will continue to see this for a while. Do not be afraid."

Roman felt the pack's emotions through the link. Joy, relief, nervousness, and acceptance flowed in waves. He noticed the Oracle glance at the edge of the meadow, and he followed her gaze.

Abby was standing there. Mara and Bell were with her.

The Oracle stepped back, and Roman jumped off the platform to meet his mate.

#### ABIGAIL

Abby watched as Roman made his way toward her. The pin she'd given him was displayed proudly on the dark vest that hugged his chest. His moon necklace shone in the light given off by the torches.

Dark jeans covered his muscular legs, and his boots added an extra inch to his already tall stature. His dress shirt was rolled to his elbows, allowing his tribal tattoos to show.

"You look beautiful, Luna."

#### ROMAN

Her dress was stunning. It was the same deep green as her eyes, with one arm covered by a sleeve and one shoulder bare, allowing his mark to be seen. Her feet were bare as well, showing off freshly painted toes in a pale pink.

Her hair was pulled half up, and soft curls that he had to restrain himself from touching cascaded down her back.

"You look quite handsome yourself, Alpha."

When he grabbed her hand, a pulse of light blew outward. Several of the closest pack members gasped, one started giggling, and another wiped his eyes.

A ripple of awe floated through the pack and a hush fell over the gathered crowd as Roman escorted his barefoot luna onto the decorated platform.

The Oracle raised her gnarled hands. "Pack Luko, it is time for our alpha and new luna to exchange the mate's pact!"

Her eyes glowed bright violet. "Begin!"

Roman stood up to his full height, looked down at Abby, and recited the words of the pact:

"I, Alpha Roman Luko, thank the Moon Goddess for my gifted mate.

From Mother Earth below to Moon Goddess above,

As the stars shine,

As the wind blows,

As the grass grows,

I take you as my mate.

I will respect you,

I will accept you,

I will protect you,

As my mate.

You will respect me,

You will accept me,

You will protect me,

As the stars shine,

As the wind blows,

As the grass grows.”

The Oracle gently placed the rings he'd bought for Abby on his palm. He slipped a delicate diamond band on his mate's finger, then an emerald solitaire that was the same shade as her eyes, followed by another band of diamonds.

Abby's shock and excitement rippled through him as he held her hand, and when she nudged him through their private link, they shared a smile.

Abby took a deep breath, and the pack felt it through the link. Anticipation was thick in the air.

“I, Abigail Canaver, thank the Moon Goddess for my second chance at life and my gifted mate.

From Mother Earth below to Moon Goddess above,

As the stars shine,

As the wind blows,

As the grass grows,

I take you as my mate.

I will respect you,

I will accept you,

I will protect you,

As my mate.

You will respect me,

You will accept me,

You will protect me,

As the stars shine,

As the wind blows,

As the grass grows.”

When the Oracle handed Abby a ring, Roman’s eyes widened. He hadn’t been expecting this. And when his mate slipped it on his finger, he knew she could feel how honored and pleased he felt through their private link.

It was time to seal their bond with a kiss. He leaned forward to claim his luna’s lips, and the second his touched hers, a powerful wave of energy radiated out through the pack, momentarily lighting up the sky.

A loud roar rose from the crowd as gold rained down upon them, followed by golden threads. Their stomping feet sounded like thunder, and their clapping was heard for miles around.

THE ORACLE

The Oracle scanned the crowd, then looked up at the sky. The Moon Goddess and Mother Earth were putting on quite a show.

She needed to pay close attention, committing everything about the night's events to memory.

This was a history-making moment, one that would be talked about for generations—long after her ashes were swept from this earth. So every smell, feeling, and sight needed to be documented in precise detail in *The Book of Wolf*.

She sighed, suddenly feeling every one of her one hundred twenty years.

It was almost time to share her most recent vision.

It was bittersweet, knowing her job would soon be done. But Roman had lost the first two battles in his war of many sides, and soon he'd lose the third and completely surrender to the graced luna.

But the final battle needed to be fought together, and it needed to be won.

The battle for the wolf nation.

ROMAN

Roman took in the power as it rained down upon them, absorbing every moment of what was happening, then looked down at his mate's glowing green eyes. He cupped her face.

"Mate," he rumbled quietly, drinking in the sight of her like she was a fine wine.

"Mate," Abby breathed out, holding his gaze.

Looking at his gift, Roman felt more alive than he had in many moons, so many he'd forgotten how long it had been. "How do you feel?"

"Amazing," she said, her eyes reflecting his golden glow. "Don't let me go, or I'm going to float all the way up to the stars."

"I'm never going to let you go," Roman whispered as the pack celebrated loudly around them.

It felt like they were standing in their own golden bubble, enveloped by a shared euphoria. He wrapped her in his arms, and another surge of power pulsed out from where they stood on the platform.

She studied his eyes. “How do *you* feel, Alpha?”

How *did* he feel?

His wolf was very close to the surface, and the raw power flowing through him was unlike anything he’d ever experienced. This was a different level of alpha, and he was trying to embrace it.

He felt extremely protective over her and the pack, and his wolf felt stronger than ever. But he also felt like there’d been a massive shift in the wolf world. It was a little unsettling. He’d need his luna to keep him grounded.

“I’m here, Alpha.”

A vague unease crept deep inside his bones, but he shook his head, allowing the euphoria to push it away.

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Once the pups had been put to bed with warriors to guard their houses, Walter’s moonshine came out, and the ensuing celebration went on until the sun started to rise.

Laughing and howling mixed in the cool, misty morning. A final run had been organized as the end to the celebration.

Roman smiled down at his mate. “Are you ready, Luna?”

Abby returned his smile. “I was born ready, Alpha.”

They both disrobed in the trees, then shifted.

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Roman’s massive wolf paced and chuffed with his head held high as he waited for his mate. He saw her green eyes before he saw her wolf emerge from the shadows of the trees.

Her coal-black fur shone in the dawn, and he let out an appreciative growl as she approached.

He nudged her with his massive head, then tugged on her ear, and they took off with the pack, running free.

## ALPHA EDWARD

Edward had been meeting with his son when the night sky lit up.

Carson shot up from the kitchen table, eyes wild. “What was *that?*”

They both ran outside. The sky was glowing gold for as far as the eye could see, and when it dimmed, a shower of stars and meteors followed. Both men growled, feeling a shift in nature and a ripple of threat.

The warrior guards in their wolf forms growled as well, and a few whined, unsure what they were sensing.