

## Luna Graced | 38: Chapter 38

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ROMAN

Roman was having trouble sleeping.

After the ceremony, he and Abby had napped until early afternoon, then feasted all evening before falling back into bed. But he didn't think too much sleep was the problem.

His wolf was anxious. Something was coming, and he wasn't sure what it was.

He hesitated to leave Abby while she slept, but it was bothering him so much he decided to seek counsel. So he kissed the top of her head and slipped out of bed.

As he stalked silently through the house, he linked the warriors outside to stand down; he was going to see the Oracle.

When he arrived, she was already waiting for him, her door open and lanterns lit on her porch.

"I expected you sooner," she said when he ducked through the door.

Roman snorted. "I didn't want to leave Abby." He sat down across from the Oracle. There was already a cup of tea waiting for him in the spot. He recognized the smell of Bell's calming blend.

The Oracle took a sip from her own cup. "Her heat is coming."

"I wondered. My wolf has been on edge."

"Your wolf is preparing for *war*, Roman."

He narrowed his eyes and growled, low and dangerous. "He's coming for her."

"Yes. You must start training any and all."

"I felt it." He jumped to his feet and started pacing. "Last night, during our ceremony. I could feel the shift." He needed to talk to Abby's parents immediately.

“As did the nation.”

He halted, then turned toward the Oracle. “Can you see anything?”

“I see many things, Roman,” she said, holding his eyes with her violet gaze. “The Moon Goddess will protect her children.”

He knew he wasn’t going to get anything more out of her. She wasn’t a fortune teller or a psychic—her gift of sight was fleeting, revealing only snapshots. She had to interpret what she saw.

“Her heat…” He rubbed his forehead and groaned. “I feel such an intense connection with her already.”

“All will be fine. A graced luna is the most vulnerable when she has her heat, but the Moon Goddess will protect the two of you.”

“Thank you, Oracle,” he said, glancing at the door. He needed to let his wolf out. And he needed to talk to Logan and Rye.

She chuckled and shook her head. “Go, Alpha. Run.”

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It was hours before he returned home from the western border. The sun was just starting to come up when he stepped onto his back deck.

He glanced over his shoulder and narrowed his eyes. He’d have scouts there by nightfall.

Carson would be coming from that direction.

ABIGAIL

Abby felt Roman when he came back from his run. She wasn’t surprised he’d left. He’d been restless since the ceremony.

She, on the other hand, had been feeling calm, almost serene—despite the massive appetite she’d woken up with.

Clearly her body was fueling up for something.

Scenting her mate's approach, she flipped the pancakes she was making and poured him a cup of coffee.

## ROMAN

Roman could smell pancakes and strong coffee when he opened the door. He was starving—and filthy—from his run. “Luna, smells good.”

Abby smiled at him. “Go shower, Alpha. It'll be ready when you get out.”

“I'll be out in a few.” He stalked off to their bedroom, inhaling deeply as he went.

There was something in the air...something he couldn't place.

But his wolf was urging him to hurry, not wanting to be away from Abby for long, so he put it out of his head.

He was scrubbing his body as quickly as possible when he felt a wave of desire come through their link.

He whipped back the shower curtain.

## ABIGAIL

Abby flushed. She'd been thinking about Roman in the shower, had been imagining his naked body under the water...

She squeezed her thighs together until the moment passed, hoping he didn't feel it.

Her hands shook as she set the platter of pancakes on the table, and she was still so keyed up, she jumped when she heard Roman clear his throat.

She wheeled around to see her mate watching her, wearing nothing but a pair of unbuttoned jeans, his hair still sopping wet from his shower.

Her eyes roamed over his strong, broad shoulders, his tattooed chest and arms, the trail of hair that went down into his waistband...

“You okay?”

“Yes, Alpha. Just...hungry.”

She had to bite her lip to keep from grinning like a fool.

## ROMAN

As Roman sat down in his chair, his nerve endings lit up from being near Abby, he accidentally brushed his hand against her arm.

Golden sparks fell like rain, and a deep pulse of pleasure hit him in his lower abdomen.

After taking a moment to gather himself, he cleared his throat and looked at his mate. She was staring at him wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Clearly she'd felt it too.

"Well, that was...unexpected." He didn't know what else to say. His body was stirring, and he needed to focus.

Abby just nodded her head. He wasn't surprised she was at a loss for words, because so was he. What he'd just felt was *intense*.

She snapped her mouth shut, and when she began to fill his plate, he grumbled at her. He preferred to serve her first. It was the alpha in him.

Still, he proceeded to inhale everything on his plate before piling it high again. He attributed his massive appetite to the run.

"I'd like to take you out tonight, Luna. On a date."

He had no idea how he was going to court Abby while preparing for war, but it was important to him to take his time with her. And according to the Oracle, he didn't have much. Her heat was coming soon.

He didn't want to mate with her for the sake of mating, he wanted to take it slow and do it right.

## ABIGAIL

Abby smiled, feeling waves of intense...*everything* coming from her mate, and desire slammed into her again, making her body tingle like she'd just put her finger in a light socket.

She swallowed, then said in a shaky voice, "I'd like that. Thank you."

Roman's hand suddenly shot out and grabbed her, pulling her onto his lap so she straddled his hips.

She gasped, and an intense burst of power pulsed from them as he settled her onto him, her wetness and heat against the hard ridge of his arousal.

Snaking a hand through her hair, he captured her lips with his, and their bodies melted into each other as they lost themselves in passion.

When they finally pulled back to catch their breath, it took several minutes of them staying still, forehead to forehead, for them to settle down.

"We need to meet your parents at the training grounds," Roman finally said, lifting his head to look her in the eyes.

Abby felt the change in him immediately. "What's wrong?"

"I don't want to alarm you, but we may have an issue with Carson. We need to be prepared."

She could sense he was keeping something from her. But instead of questioning him, she decided to trust him and do as he asked.

"Okay. Let me clean up breakfast, and I'll get dressed."

But before she could move, Roman cupped her face with both hands. "I promise I'll tell you more as it comes. We have time. And I'd like to request an early dinner. I'm taking you into town for dessert."

He kissed her lips, and she felt a strength—like invisible chains—bonding them together. It was a new feeling, and they looked at each other in surprise before separating to get ready.

Half an hour later, the two of them crested the small hill above the training grounds.

Abby was shocked by the sight that awaited them.