

## Luna Graced | 39: Chapter 39

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ABIGAIL

Groups of young and old pack members, both male and female, were doing everything from strength tests to running sprints.

Abby's parents were instructing them, along with Logan, Rye, and other warriors. Tory was putting a group of young male wolves through a series of maneuvers, but he paused to wave at her.

She gave him a dutiful wave back, then turned to her mate, eyes wide. "Did you do this?"

"I seem to recall someone suggesting we start training the women. It was a great suggestion, the wisdom of which was confirmed by the Oracle last night. 'Any and all' were her exact words, I believe."

She threw her arms around his neck and gave him a huge hug, then Roman grabbed her hand and led her down to the training grounds, where they spent the next few hours doing drills with the pack.

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Abby was exhausted by the time she and Roman headed for home.

She'd stayed by her mother's side, helping to train the females. Bell and Mara had both shown up, proving themselves to be every bit as fierce as the men—something that caught everyone off guard, including their mates.

But Abby wasn't surprised at all at her friends' strength and determination.

When they were almost to the house she stumbled with fatigue, and Roman scooped her up and carried her the rest of the way.

Looping her arms around his neck, she kissed him under his strong jaw, and sparks of gold and silver started falling to the ground, leaving a trail behind them. Her body was tingling from head to toe as he carried her up the front steps.

A warmth sparked in her lower belly, and Roman gripped her harder against his chest with a purr she felt all the way down to her toes.

## ROMAN

Her heat was almost here; Roman could feel her deep in his gut. He needed to get the cabin in order.

Even now that they were inside, he didn't want to put her down. In fact, he didn't want to be away from her at all. Not even in the next room.

A light dusting of gold and silver fell to the floor as he reluctantly lowered her to her feet.

"I need to shower." As she said the words, Abby reached out and touched his arm, as if she couldn't help it, as if she couldn't bear to be apart from him either.

The burst of power didn't pulse outward this time. Instead, it pushed them into each other, catching them both off guard.

The combination of her body against his and the thought of her naked in the shower had him so excited he couldn't stop his feelings from flowing through the link. She took a step back, and he issued a playful warning growl.

He hoped he was reading her right—that she wanted to tease him, to play—because the idea of chasing her around the house had suddenly become very appealing. His body started to tingle from head to toe.

## ABIGAIL

Able to taste his intentions, Abby took another step back.

Her body throbbed as the huge alpha took a slow step toward her. She could smell his arousal and see his wolf flashing behind his eyes.

He ran his hands through his long hair and tied the top half in a knot, and she started to purr. He looked so sexy with his hair like that, like a warrior, and it kicked her into overdrive.

Her eyes raked over his body, taking in the way his damp T-shirt clung to his muscles and her mark peeked out from its neck.

“Do you see something you like, Abigail?” Roman made a sudden move toward her, and she shrieked and ran into the bedroom, laughing.

“I do,” she said when he appeared in the doorway. “Do you see something *you* like, Roman?” He lunged forward to grab her, but she darted away.

His fingertips barely grazed her shoulder, but silver and gold sparks rained down at the brief touch. The warmth building between them was intoxicating.

“I do.” He walked right over to where she was trapped between the bed and the corner and grabbed her, pinning her against the wall.

ROMAN

The heat between them radiated with a visible pulse. Roman leaned down to kiss his mate, but she slipped under his arm with a laugh.

He was more than happy to chase her. He grinned and shook his head. “Abigail...”

She disappeared out the door, and he took his time walking out of the room, sniffing the air.

“Roman...”

He turned to see her at the end of the hall.

He chuckled. So Abby was enjoying their cat-and-mouse game.

She pulled off her training shirt, revealing the pale pink cotton bra he loved so much—and exposing his mark.

Roman’s eyes glowed when they landed on his mark, and a deep constant rumble was coming from his chest. To his delight, Abby flushed even pinker than the bra.

Her reactions intoxicated him. The rosy color of her skin, the smell of the slick wetness between her thighs...along with his own throbbing need; it was overwhelming. A wave of desire rippled off him, so strong it was visible.

He stalked toward her, the need to kiss her ruling his every thought.

## ABIGAIL

When Roman reached her, he enveloped her in his arms and placed his lips on the mark that adorned her shoulder.

He swiped his tongue across it, and hairs rose across her body, a low purr starting from deep within her chest. Warmth radiated out from her belly and spread through her body.

The sensation ebbed, but then Roman thrust his fingers into her hair and pulled her head back, giving him better access.

As he nipped and sucked her shoulder and her neck, another burst of heat swept through her, followed by a hunger so profound, she started to shake.

A whole whirlwind of emotions hit her—euphoria, fear, physical hunger, desire—all at the same time. And she knew Roman could feel them too.

## ROMAN

This was unlike anything Roman had ever experienced, and he knew in his bones that Abigail Canaver was his true mate. Not just gifted, but his *true* mate. And he embraced it.

“I feel your hunger. Let’s eat.” He leaned down to kiss her, but she caught him off guard, pulling him down and nipping his shoulder where her mark sat.

He closed his eyes as a low moan escaped him.

“I will admit, I’m starving.” She kissed his shoulder lightly before she let him go.

They worked together to make a quick and easy lunch of sandwiches piled high with smoked meats and cheeses. The fresh baked bread had been given to them by a pack member, and they both groaned as they took their first bites.

Roman sat back after he gobbled up his last sandwich. He was going to need another one. So he got up and walked over to the fridge.

“Your mom and dad seem to fit right in,” he said as he started to take out everything that they’d just put away. “They belong here.”

“They love it here. They have purpose. I think the Oracle still leaves them a little speechless, though.” Abby laughed, then took another bite of her sandwich.

“Alpha Edward has given them notice they need to return to Pack Oru, but I left a message politely declining on their behalf.

“They brought everything they need when they came for the ceremony, so there’s no reason for them to go back. And I have reason to believe that if they do, they won’t be allowed to return.”

Roman felt better telling her a little more of what he’d discussed with her parents, but Abby narrowed her eyes, clearly aware he wasn’t telling her everything.

“Do you think this is part of what Carson may be planning? Is he coming to get them?”

“I think we need to be prepared for a number of things.” He carried his new sandwich over to the table and sat down. “I have warriors and patrols setting up on the western border. We’ll keep training and start fortifying as needed.”

He took a bite of his sandwich and watched her as he chewed, checking her reaction.

“The daycare and school need to be first priority. They’re central, so it will be easier to get to the pups in those buildings.” She tapped her lip thoughtfully. “We need to make sure they have warriors inside with them, not just outside.”

He nodded. “We can do that. The pack house basement has that steel door installed, so we can take a look at that as well. We’ve kept up security and do drills every couple of months. We should do one in the next few days.”

Roman ate the last bite of his sandwich and pushed his plate aside. The food had filled his belly, but it still felt a bit unsettled.

There was too much to worry about for him to feel satisfied.

ABIGAIL

“I trust you to keep us safe,” Abby said when she sensed her mate’s unease. “And I know the pack does too.”

Roman tugged her until she straddled his lap. She cupped his face and brushed her lips against his, and they breathed each other in.

His black eyes flashed gold. "He's coming for you," he growled. "He wants to take you away from me."

She nodded, emotions twisting inside her. She'd loved Carson once, but it was nothing like what she felt for Roman. "I know. But you won't let him."

"No," Roman said. "And I'm going to kill him when he tries."