

Luna Graced | 40: Chapter 40

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ROMAN

Roman was woken up early by a wave of sensation deep in his stomach, a creeping tightness in his lower regions. He rolled onto his back and stretched.

Two-thirds of a moon cycle had passed since the mating ceremony, and he'd been pushing his body to the point of exhaustion with training and running patrols on the borders.

His warriors were on high alert; they'd been told to capture anyone that got within one mile of the border, but so far there'd been no sightings. There'd been a brief scent in the air once, but it had faded away.

Abby moved in her sleep, and another deep wave rippled out from just above his pubic bone. It almost made him laugh, and his purr kicked in immediately.

It wasn't discomfort; it was *pleasure*.

His eyes flew open when he started to stiffen.

Oh Goddess. It was time.

Her heat had come.

He took a deep breath to calm himself, then ran through everything in his head.

The small cabin they'd be staying in for the duration of her heat had been ready for weeks. It was clean and fully stocked with everything they could want or need.

And Abby had just had another shot to prevent pregnancy, her first being just after he'd marked her. They both wanted pups, but not immediately. They needed time to bond and navigate the changes that were coming.

He slipped out of bed, needing to settle himself down. It took him a few minutes of pacing—his body was reacting to her energy, and it was a struggle to get himself under control.

The shakes hit while he was making a pot of coffee, and he almost dropped the grounds on the floor. A low throbbing grew between his legs, and he shook his head. He felt like a hormonal teenager.

His wolf was antsy and starting to push. He wanted his mate.

An unrelenting power suddenly flooded Roman's body, seeping into his soul. He squeezed his eyes shut. And when he opened them, Abigail stood in front of him, bathed in a silvery glow.

ABIGAIL

Abby's wolf purred, urging her to wrap herself around her mate. He smelled better than he ever had, and his body radiated a pleasure-filled pulse.

Unable to stop herself, she buried her face in his chest and inhaled deeply. She felt a rush of euphoria, like she'd gotten into those wild mushrooms that grew on tree trunks.

She let out a giddy laugh—she felt like she was going to float away!—and gripped Roman tightly, then rubbed her face back and forth on his chest, lost in the way he felt against her skin.

ROMAN

Roman groaned. He'd been wrong. He'd *never* felt this way before—even ~as~ a horny teenager.

But he had to stop this. They couldn't be this close to the pack with her in heat. He needed to get them out of here immediately.

But a sudden wave of possessiveness hit him, and he pulled his mate tighter against him instead. His wolf growled at the thought of her being out of his sight.

"Luna...Abby...I think it's time we go to the cabin."

She was still rubbing her face back and forth on his chest, silver sparkles falling to the floor between them. "Mmm, I like the way you feel." She pushed herself into him. "The way your skin feels against mine is *amazing*."

When her hands started roaming his chest, he threw his head back, his breaths coming in short bursts, his deep rumble causing the windows to shake. A light bite to his nipple made his eyes roll back in his head.

“Oh Goddess,” he moaned. “I like the way you feel too, sweetheart...but I think we need to get packed and head out.”

“No,” she snapped, and she grabbed on to the counter, her arms braced on either side of him, caging him in.

“I know, sweetheart. Believe me, I do. But we need to go. I promise we’ll pick this up in less than an hour.”

He felt her push back against his alpha power, but he was more than willing to take her on.

Her power started to come in waves, and his nerves fired up as he felt everything coming from her. But his wolf would never allow her to dominate.

Roman scooped her up like she weighed nothing, chuckling at her low growl.

“I know. And I promise you, on the Moon Goddess herself, we will continue this.”

While Abby packed, stomping around as her wolf grumbled, Roman checked in with his leadership. Then he called Michael and Fiona, letting them know they’d be at the cabin for the next few days.

Everyone was understandably nervous to be without their alpha and luna at a time like this but knew it couldn’t be helped.

A group of warriors were standing at attention when Roman and Abby came outside. They’d accompany them to the cabin, taking their own vehicles and towing camping gear, then alternate between their wolf and human forms during shifts.

When Roman got into the driver’s seat of his truck, he noticed the quality of light had shifted. It seemed cooler somehow, and the shadows sharper.

He felt the Oracle push gently through the link.

“It’s starting, Roman. A graced luna mating is a ritual in itself, an astral event that brings a clashing of moons and souls. ~The Moon Goddess is preparing.”~

He glanced up at the sky, where an unexpected eclipse had begun.

“I wondered. Thank you, Oracle.”

“My pleasure, Alpha. Now go. Become one with your luna.”

Roman shut down the pack link but kept open his private one with Abby, who was currently glaring at him, eyes glowing. Irritation mixed with desire was coming off her in waves.

He grabbed her thigh and sparks flew. Heat was radiating from her.

“Come here.”

His voice was deep as he commanded her, and he could hear her breath pick up. The air was thick with desire and intentions, and there was an edge to her and her wolf.

ABIGAIL

After scooching over, Abby looked down at Roman’s hand on her leg. A long, low throb hit between her pubic bone and belly button, and she threw back her head and released a breathy laugh.

She was on fire.

The more she started to feel Roman and his own body heat, the hotter she became—and the longer her nails grew. Alpha power rolled off her mate in heavy waves, crashing over her.

As her body temperature shot up, her clothes began to bother her. She wanted them *off*. She squirmed in her seat, afraid to open her mouth because her canines were starting to elongate as well.

The truck jerked to a stop in front of a log cabin with a small porch.

“Do *not* shift,” Roman barked. “Do you understand me?”

ROMAN

Roman shoved open his door and jumped out of the truck. Abby was panting when he opened her door. He threw her over his shoulder and stalked toward the cabin.

The sky had darkened, and the fading light gave a serene yet eerie look to the land. A mist was starting to form, rising from the ground and swirling around his feet.

The silver glow around Abby started to pulse as the mist got higher.

Roman fumbled with the keys, and when he finally managed to open the door, he let out a breath, feeling a calm settle over them both.

He set Abby down, glad to see her nails had gone back to normal and her canines were no longer peeking from under her lip.

“Luna.”

Roman could feel his eyes light up with the glow of his wolf, and Abby’s eyes flamed a shade of emerald he hadn’t seen before.

He reached for her hand, and when their fingers touched, both gold and silver rained down from the point of contact, leaving a glittery trail as he pulled her inside.

The threading of their beings had begun.

“Alpha,” she whispered. “I feel...*everything*.”

And *he* felt everything too. The sun and the moon dancing, the stars singing inside her body, calling out to him.

A burst of intense power blew out from her, a silver ripple, and there was no stopping it from moving through the link. It kicked open every door between himself and the pack, and every wolf felt warm and at peace.

Joy flowed through the pack lands as the moon blocked out the sun in preparation for the graced luna’s heat.