

Luna Graced | 41: Chapter 41

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CARSON

Carson stood beside his father, watching as the moon started to move in front of the sun, and frowned. The lunar calendar hadn't indicated an eclipse would be happening.

The distinct smell of wolf floated across the mile-wide boundary, but it disappeared before he got a lock on it. No doubt it came from Pack Luko scouts on patrol.

He felt a ripple of *something* in his lower stomach, the same pain he'd experienced a number of times in the last couple of hours. It had started around the time he'd noticed the eclipse coming.

His father turned to look at him, concern wrinkling his brow. "What is it?"

Carson opened his mouth to reassure his father, but a combination of pleasure and pain sucker punched him in the gut.

He doubled over and threw up black bile onto the ground in front of him. Then another wave hit him, even harder than the first—it felt like a knife slicing under his belly button.

He was so sure something had cut him, he pulled up his shirt and ran his hand across his stomach. But when his hand came away devoid of the blood he expected to see, he retched again and fell to his knees.

The last thing he heard was his dad yelling his name.

ALPHA EDWARD

Edward kicked open the link to Hazel.

"Where is Taylor?"

"I'm with her at Carson's house. We're having tea."

He watched helplessly as Carson collapsed to the ground, more black bile spewing from his mouth, his eyes rolling back in his head. Then Carson curled up and went still.

As Edward crouched down next to his son, a mist crawled toward them through the trees.

ROMAN

Roman's whole body throbbed like his heartbeat was in his bones.

They were in the cabin's small kitchen, and Abby had closed her eyes and was doing some deep breathing. The faint silver glow around her pulsed with each breath.

He pulled off his shirt.

Abby popped her eyes open and watched him as he draped the shirt over a chair. Her body was visibly vibrating as she sniffed the air.

She moved toward him, her eyes never leaving his, and he stepped back, issuing a playful rumble.

"Would you like to change too, Luna?"

"Yes," she purred out as she moved past him, her fingers barely grazing his naked chest.

All his nerves were firing. It had been years since he'd made love to a woman. And since Abby was no ordinary wolf, he knew this was going to be a life-changing event.

Needing a minute to center himself, he looked out the window. The mist has risen to the bottom row of panes.

He heard his mate clear her throat, and when he turned around, she was standing in a pretty pale-yellow nightgown that fell to her knees. The thin spaghetti straps hugged her shoulders and showed off his mark.

The purr that rumbled from his chest was deep and steady.

"You said..."

He knew exactly what she was talking about.

“I did. No more waiting, Luna.”

ABIGAIL

When Roman pulled her to him and picked her up, Abby wrapped her legs around his waist and buried her face in his neck. She nuzzled his mark, her warm breath raising goosebumps on his skin. A contented sigh escaped her lips.

He took a few steps, and she let go and slid down his body, then stuck her face in the middle of his chest.

“Mmm. Even better.” She closed her eyes and moved her nose slowly back and forth, and laughter bubbled out of her as she felt everything from head to toe.

Then an intense hunger of another kind hit her. The need to fuel her body was almost overwhelming.

Pulling back, she looked up at her mate. At the sight of him, wetness pooled between her legs, and unable to stop herself, she bit him.

ROMAN

When Abigail nipped his chest, he felt completely powerless, like he was going to lose all control.

His heartbeat was back in his bones, and his erection throbbed, aching with need for her. He wasn't hiding it; he wasn't ashamed. And he definitely wasn't going to try to calm himself down any longer.

A burst of energy came from her, filled with hunger, both carnal and conventional.

“I can feel your appetite. And you're going to need all the energy you can get, sweetheart.”

ABIGAIL

She flushed at his words—they crawled under her sensitized skin. Unable to make herself pull away from him, she wrapped herself around his body while he moved to the fridge.

When he pulled out a large platter of ribs, ravenous hunger overcame her. She lunged for it, her tongue poking out from her lips.

She could already taste Walter's sauce.

ROMAN

Roman almost stumbled when Abby pushed away from him to grab the platter. Her normally formidable strength had extra power behind it; her hunger for food was ruling her right now.

He set her on the counter, trying not to laugh at the low growl coming from her as she clutched the platter possessively. Reaching around her, he opened the cabinet and took out a bottle of moonshine and a couple of glasses.

His nose rubbed against her mark as he pulled back. She gasped, a light burst of silver sparks flying from the touch, and the land pulsed beneath the eerie glow of the eclipse.

Her nipples were stiff. He could see them through the semi-sheer fabric of her nightgown. Both kinds of hunger were warring within her.

He raised his eyebrows and growled. "Are you going to share?"

He was on another level of wanting her. He needed her like his lungs needed air. Like his bones needed strength. His body wanted her like the sun wanted the moon to take its place every evening.

He pushed her back into the cabinets and bared his teeth, his growl becoming more intense as his wolf came to the surface.

Abby started to squirm, but she shook her head and flashed her already glowing eyes.

He put his nose against hers and held her gaze.

"Feed me, Luna. Now."

Snaking her legs around his waist, she yanked him closer and held up a meaty, saucy rib. He tore into it.

He could smell her arousal as the tangy flavor of the sauce exploded against his tongue. Her pheromones were off the charts. His own hunger increased as he ate, his body wanting to fuel up to match her energy.

He felt a push from her through the link, and a strong, sensual wave followed. Her legs tightened around his hips, and a moan rolled from her throat.

Roman gently bit her on his mark, then continued to tear into the meat-covered bone, sharing it with his mate.

They demolished the rack of ribs like it was nothing, their hunger satiated, at least for now. A flutter of nerves blossomed between them.

“Let’s have a drink,” Roman whispered in her ear, his purr vibrating his chest against her body. “Take the edge off for a few minutes.”

“Okay...but can you take my panties off with your teeth first?”