

Luna Graced | 44: Chapter 44

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ABIGAIL

Abby crouched in a warrior stance, head whipping back and forth, as Roman and Carson rushed toward each other, half shifted. The two alphas clashed with a force that rocked the hillside.

Her parents circled her, trying to push her back, away from the brawling alphas on one side and the battling warriors on the other.

But she couldn't leave Roman, nor would she. She gripped the earth, her power flowing from her fingertips and rippling through the grass toward her mate as he circled Carson.

"You will lose your life, pup!" Roman snarled, the threat laced with the promise of blood and pain.

Carson ignored him, keeping his glowing eyes glued to Abby. "I told you I was coming!" he shouted again, stretching to his full height. "You are *mine*, Abigail!"

She could feel the white-hot rage that filled Roman when he heard Carson lay claim to her—and it filled her too.

She flashed her eyes as her canines grew. "Then come get me!"

Carson launched himself toward her, shifting into his wolf form, but Roman leaped at him with a roar.

Human and wolf clashed in midair. Razor-sharp teeth and claws snapped and slashed.

Roman fully shifted, catching Carson across his hindquarters with his claws, and the smell of blood saturated the air. The sounds coming from them were deep, nasty, and full of hate.

When Carson bit Roman on the back, Abby yelped and dug her fingers deeper into the earth. Her parents were now fighting warriors they'd trained. Bodies of men and wolves were starting to litter the territory.

Blood was heavy in the air. She could taste it, feel it in her veins. Her mate's wolf wanted blood, and he was going to get it.

Roman charged at Carson, who was coming at him in return, and their jaws locked as they crashed together. Carson kicked Roman, raking his hind claws down his stomach, opening up several deep gashes.

But Abby couldn't feel any pain coming from her mate, only rage that someone was trying to take her from him.

She'd never felt rage like this before, not even when she found out Carson had lain with someone else, and at the burst of fury that came screaming out of her as she shifted, several Oru wolves fell to the ground.

She flew toward Roman and Carson as they locked jaws again.

Roman's wolf drew in a burst of power from her, and his strength amplified. He shook Carson's wolf side to side.

"We can do this," he sent through their link as she raced toward him.

"We MUST do this," she replied, and Roman flung Carson's wolf into a tree.

When Carson got to his feet, shaking off his daze, Roman's wolf nudged her and charged. She was right behind him.

She slid under Roman as he launched himself at Carson, who was a second too slow, and clamped onto one of his hind legs with her powerful jaws, pulling him out of the air and onto the ground.

Just like she had done with Tory in their sparring session.

CARSON

As soon as Alpha Luko locked his jaws around his throat, Carson knew the end was coming. But his wolf was *never* going to give up full control. He wanted the graced luna's power at all costs. ~He~ would never give up.

He continued to thrash until the huge alpha ripped out his throat, and as Carson lay there, the blood draining from his body through the gaping hole, flashes of his pup came to him.

He pushed the link open to his mother.

“Pup... Taylor... Dying...”

HAZEL

The small group of warriors with Hazel and Taylor started pacing, talking in low tones, and the two women exchanged worried looks. Something was wrong.

Hazel felt the family link open, heard her only child. His voice was weak...

Her son was *dying*.

And where was Edward? Why couldn't she feel him?

She looked around frantically and saw Taylor on her phone, white-faced and clutching her belly.

She could hear Tabby screaming to her that Jacob was dead. That they were all dead.

The link opened, and Hazel dropped to her knees as the news traveled through the pack.

Edward. Dead. Carson. Dead. Along with a wide number of others.

She couldn't breathe.

A burning sensation radiated out from the middle of her chest. She looked down. A half-moon had been branded into her skin.

She was only half now. A luna without a mate—or a pack.

Gradually, she became aware of her surroundings. The warriors who'd stayed behind to guard them were whispering among themselves, giving her and Taylor sidelong glances. Some were already on their way out the door.

She knew the rest would follow. They wouldn't want any part of whatever vengeance Alpha Luko had in store for them.

She would also have to leave, or risk being killed. And so would Taylor. There would be blame laid at her feet for Carson losing his mate, for the pack losing a graced luna.

So much loss...

She wiped her eyes, then stood up and turned to Taylor. "Pack what you can. We need to leave as soon as possible."

She went to the window and looked outside. It was pure chaos, pack members running everywhere. "We're not safe here."

THE ORACLE

The Oracle sat in the rocking chair on her front porch, looking at the moon shine over the pack lands, waiting for the all-clear to come through the pack link.

But she already knew it was over.

There would be a new type of leadership in the wolf nation, one young Carson would have never supported. Truly the Moon Goddess was looking out for her children.

ROMAN

Roman stood at the edge of the trees while Abby slipped a T-shirt and shorts over her naked body. He had done the same, checking that everyone was okay while he reached through the shared link.

Thanks to the Moon Goddess's blessing, Pack Luko had suffered injuries but no losses. At least not yet.

Tory had sustained the most serious injury and was in critical condition. Beta Jacob had sliced open his side. But despite his injury, Tory had still managed to corner Jacob and rip off the beta's front leg.

Jacob had crawled into the trees, then been confirmed dead later when the warriors had done a sweep of the area, looking for their wounded.

As well as their beta and their former and future alphas, Pack Oru had suffered a great number of casualties. A reserve group had been allowed to extract the bodies and carry them back over the border to their camp.

Abby came up beside him and laced her fingers through his. He looked down at her, and she cupped his face with her other hand, her eyes glowing a brilliant green.

“You are my light, my dark, and my everything,” she said, repeating the words he’d said to her before the final battle with Carson. “I love you too.”

He smiled at her and squeezed her hand, and they stepped out onto the grassy field where they’d run together as wolves for the very first time.