

Luna Graced | 45: Chapter 45

45: Chapter 45

ROMAN

Roman and Abby visited the wounded pack members in the hospital daily, until finally Tory was the only one still there.

The gash on his side was deep— at one point, his rib bones had been showing— and he'd been stuck half in wolf, half in human form since the injury. The doctor had been trying everything he could to help him shift back, with no luck.

But his luna's healing warmth turned out to be the key. With her help, Tory finally completely shifted back to human.

Roman had stood behind Abby, his hands on her shoulders. And of course the Oracle had watched, her huge book on her lap, taking notes on the color and quality of the waves of light that appeared when Abby touched Tory.

It had rained gold inside the hospital room that day. Tiny threads that fell on Tory and began to sew him back together.

They continued to visit him every day, even though he remained unconscious.

Abigail would chat about what was going on in the pack while she held his hand, and Roman would remind him, once again, that there was going to be a hell of a party celebrating the pack's bravery, but not until Tory was able to join.

One evening, after one of their regular hospital visits, they were walking home hand in hand.

It was peaceful— the sun was setting and a soft breeze was blowing through the wildflowers— and feeling their hearts beating together as they walked, Roman opened the pack link and let their calm and happiness flow outward.

As they passed the Oracle's house, they saw her on the porch.

She was bent over a large book on a tall table, lanterns shining, and the trinkets in her hair chimed with the breeze. Her eyes glowed as she watched them approach.

“Alpha. Luna.”

“Good evening, Oracle,” Abby said.

His mate and the Oracle had truly bonded after the battle with Pack Oru. They spent hours talking about everything from pack news to Abby’s heat to the powerful mist that had settled over the pack lands during it.

“Good evening, Oracle.” Roman stepped closer and peered down at the Oracle’s ornate scrawl spread across the open pages. “I see you’re still documenting.”

“I am. I have spoken with Abigail at length, but I still haven’t spoken with you.”

“What is it that you want to know?”

She gave him a piercing look.

“Hazel and Taylor have been on the run. I saw it on the day of the Failed War, flashes of them in a dilapidated one-room cabin in the woods near the border with Canada. She will give birth when the leaves fall from the trees.”

Roman’s eyes flashed “That is the fate the Moon Goddess has given them,” he snapped. “They’re lucky they’re alive.”

Abby kept quiet, but a bright pulse blew between them, ruffling the pages of the Oracle’s book.

The Oracle cackled as she held the pages down. “Expect this to continue for life.”

Roman shook his head and kissed Abby’s hand. He would talk to the Oracle later about the hate and rage that still filled his body whenever he thought about Carson trying to take his luna from him.

He knew Abby had made her peace with everything that had happened and wanted him to reconsider his stance on Hazel and Taylor. His luna had a forgiving heart, but he just couldn’t go there yet.

“Oracle, may we continue this another time? I’d like to take my mate home.”

ABIGAIL

As they were leaving, Abby and Roman passed her parents coming up the path to visit the Oracle. They all exchanged hugs and promised to get together.

Abby felt their happiness, something she hadn’t felt from them for some time. Pack Oru had been destructive to them on so many levels. It hadn’t always been that way, but Carson’s betrayal had damaged them all.

Word had spread quickly that Alpha Luko had decimated Pack Oru when they tried to take the alpha’s mate, a graced luna.

So when Roman had taken over the neutral territories that flanked their pack lands, there was no one willing to fight him for them.

Abby had spent many hours talking with the Oracle about the part she’d played in that destruction. The Oracle had assured her that none of it was her fault, but it would be a long time before she got over it.

Even so, she couldn’t regret what had happened. If Carson hadn’t been disloyal to her, she would never have ended up here, with the man and wolf she loved.

In the place where she belonged.

Feeling her mate’s intentions, she grinned up at him. “Did you have anything particular in mind for dinner, Alpha?”

ROMAN

Roman laughed, then shrugged, trying to hide the fact he wanted a shower with his mate.

Abby smirked at him. “I could use a shower, Alpha, but then I’ll have to use *soap*.”

She started giggling when he picked her up, and he carried her the rest of the way home, his contented purr rumbling in her ear.

He took her straight into the bathroom and put her down gently, then crossed his arms across his chest and gave her a wolfish grin. "I'll need to supervise your use of soap."

As his mate's laughter rang through the bathroom, Roman promptly shut down the pack link. He'd finally learned his lesson.

Abby pulled her shirt off and dropped it on the floor. "Thank you, Alpha. Would you like to help, or just watch?"

Eagerly, they helped each other out of their clothes.

A sudden memory of Carson trying to take her from him fired his blood, made his eyes flash, but he pulled his luna's naked body against his and felt her comfort embrace him.

"You are mine," he rumbled, his lips against her hair. "And I thank the Moon Goddess for her blessing every morning when the sun replaces her in the sky."

ABIGAIL

Abby rode the waves of her mate's emotions. Roman's rage was deep, but she knew he would never let anything happen to her, and that they were stronger together than alone.

The Oracle had told her they would rule the wolf kingdom, something she did not take lightly.

Smiling up at him while looking into his swirling, golden eyes, she thanked the Moon Goddess for her true purpose and putting her on the path of life.

"And you are mine," she replied. "I thank her too, when she replaces the sun in the night sky."

Abby stood up on her tippy-toes and kissed him on her mark, and gold rained down at the touch of her lips to his skin.

ROMAN

Roman hadn't even realized he'd been looking for reassurance, but her words calmed some of his rage, grounding him.

They'd had many talks about their future, the future of the pack, and the future of the wolf nation. And what he was most looking forward to was pups, creating a family with his mate.

Something he knew she was looking forward to just as much.

He refused to let any more thoughts of Carson ruin their night. He dipped his head and kissed his mark, sending silver raining down.

They stayed embraced as every part of their love flooded their bodies and minds. Their connection would last a lifetime and beyond. They had earned their place among the stars...

With the moon in the night sky, watching over future generations.

46: Chapter 46: Epilogue

ABIGAIL

Abby pushed her sweaty hair off her forehead.

The heat had set in before breakfast, and every lake and swimming hole in the territories would be put to good use. Thousands upon thousands of acres of once neutral territory had been scouted and settled over the years.

Logan and Mara had resettled in the east to oversee the territory there. A month after the Failed War, they'd discovered Mara was with pups, three of them. Logan had been ecstatic. Mara had been in shock.

Now, their friends were loving every minute of it. Roman was convinced there were more than three, and he could never tell them apart.

Rye and Bell had settled in the west. They'd also been blessed a few years after the Failed War.

Their boy had been born during a storm and earned the name of Thor, for the God of Thunder. Their girl had been born during the first moon of the spring. She was still in a blanket and attached to her mother's breast.

Her friends couldn't be any happier, their lives full of love.

As the truck bounced along, Abby kept glancing in the rearview mirror to make sure the large tubs of ice cream in the back hadn't popped open. The last time she'd done an ice cream run, it had been a mess.

Mr. Graves had assured her the lids wouldn't pop off again. He'd delivered replacements, a feat in itself since he was scared to death of Roman. She smiled and shook her head, a laugh escaping as she drove.

"Mom!" Mason shouted from the back seat. "What's so funny?"

Abby grinned at her son. "Just thinking about the last time we picked up ice cream for the pack and it exploded in the back of your dad's truck."

Maisie started laughing with her brother. "Mommy, remember Daddy trying to still eat it?"

The trio guffawed as she took the turn into the new entrance to the pack lands. She waved at Tory, who was with a group of warriors, and he ran up to the truck as she slowed down.

"Yes! Ice cream!" He sniffed the large containers in the truck. "I see you got the alpha's favorite."

"I sure did. I'll save you some." Abby smiled and waved again before slowly rolling down the newly paved lane to their house.

Her mate was coming down the stairs to meet them as she came to a stop.

ROMAN

When Roman reached the bottom of the steps, his son scrambled out of the back of the truck and ran toward him. "Dad, I had to save Mom!"

Roman growled. "From what?"

"Mr. Graves was smiling and laughing at Mommy, and he *touched* her!"

Roman bared his teeth at Abby as she helped Maisie out of the truck. "What did your son just say?"

"Don't worry, Dad," Mason said. "I growled at him and told him you would rip his arms off if he touched my mommy again." He crossed his arms over his little chest, mimicking Roman's stance.

Abby snorted and rolled her eyes. “Mason, stop trying to make your dad mad.”

“He touched you, Mommy!” Mason’s tiny canines poked out from under his lips.

“*Mason*,” Maisie said scornfully. “He just shook Mommy’s hand. That’s being polite, right, Mommy?”

Abigail smiled fondly at both pups. “Yes, that’s called being polite.”

Roman rumbled as he reached for Abigail, pulling her into him. He pressed his nose into her cheek and ran it slowly down her neck and to her mark.

“Polite, huh?” he whispered, feeling goosebumps rise across her skin.

“Yes, Alpha. He was being polite.” She looped her arms around his neck, and his purr quickly replaced his rumble.

He felt a deep ripple of pleasure come from her and remembered the light silver halo that had appeared around her the night before. “Your heat is coming.”

She smirked. “Are *you* feeling polite?”

Roman burst out laughing, then swooped in for a passionate kiss.

“Ewww,” the kids said in unison before running off, hollering to the other pups there was ice cream.

Roman and Abby held each other and laughed. Their life together had never been fuller than at that moment. The birth of their twins five years prior had been a gift.

As they embraced, he could feel the pups’ surge of excitement for a cold treat on a hot day.

“Save some of that triple chocolate for the cabin, Luna.” He winked. “We’re going to be overrun with pups screaming for ice cream any second now.”

Abigail started laughing. “Do you think when you’re licking that ice cream off my leg that we can talk about another pup or two?”

Roman grinned wickedly. He *had* been thinking about licking ice cream off her inner thigh. He shook his head, unable to stop the laugh that was coming. "Are you trying to bribe me with ice cream, Luna?"

She shrugged, flashing her green eyes at him. "Did it work?"

He flashed his golden eyes right back. "It did."

He pulled her in for another kiss but was interrupted by the sound of a small stampede coming over the hill. Mason led the charge, screaming about ice cream, while Maisie skipped alongside, plucking flowers.

Roman grinned as a swarm of pups gathered around them. Their energy and excitement were contagious.

He pulled Abby into his side, and the two of them took a moment to enjoy their pack, their love and pride flowing through the lands.

This was family.

This was life.

The End