

Luna Graced | 5: Chapter 5

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LOGAN

Logan gasped. “Graced?”

His alpha gave a curt nod. “So he wouldn’t have felt the love side of the bond until they consummated. She, of course, felt the love much younger and much more intensely.

“The Moon Goddess has graced her with both the power of a luna and a warrior. He threw all that away.”

Logan opened his mouth to speak, then shut it when Roman held up his hand.

“No, I haven’t told them this. I thought I’d deliver the news in person.”

“This will rock them, Alpha.”

“It will. I predict some rough times ahead for Pack Oru.”

ROMAN

Roman looked out the window and surveyed the somber receiving line as he waited for the rest of their caravan to pull up behind them.

The Oru beta was standing behind the alpha, and a proud and fierce-looking warrior couple was on the alpha’s right. The luna was on his left. All were dressed in black, wearing the Oru crest.

Roman opened his own door, which caught the Oru leadership by surprise, but he was pleased by their immediate reaction.

All of them lowered their heads except for Alpha Edward, who extended his hand and forearm in a sign of respect.

Roman took it and they quickly shook hands and nodded.

Roman towered over the six-foot alpha by at least five inches. His size alone was intimidating, and he used it to his advantage, but he knew his long, dark hair and coal-black eyes added to the fear he instilled.

“Alpha Edward.”

“Alpha Roman. May I introduce you to Warriors Michael and Fiona Canaver, parents of Abigail?”

Roman extended his hand and forearm to Michael, who grasped it and bowed his head.

“Thank you, Alpha.”

He did the same to Fiona, who bowed and offered her thanks as well. He could feel their pain and anger and gave them much credit for maintaining their composure.

He then glanced at the beta, who stood proudly with his head only slightly bowed. He found it curious—there was nothing to be proud of, for him *or* his daughter.

“Come,” Edward said to him, and Roman sniffed the air as he followed the somber group.

He could smell sorrow and...something else he couldn't quite place.

ALPHA EDWARD

Edward led his entourage and their guests to a visitor wing used for freshening up after long journeys—there were beverages and snacks waiting, along with showers and bathrooms—then went to the meeting room to wait with the others.

He was pleased that Hazel had done as he'd asked and kept quiet. This was not a time to play hostess or throw a party. There was no joy in this visit, and it was not a pack function. Their pup had done great damage.

He knew she'd been getting criticism for failing as a parent and luna. And though no one would dare say it to his face, he was sure he was getting his fair share of the blame as well.

Edward drummed his fingers on the armrest of his chair. Roman and his warriors were certainly taking their time in the visitor wing.

Keeping their hosts waiting this long was a sign of disrespect. Edward took it quietly, but his wolf was grumbling by the time they heard multiple pairs of heavy boots stomping through the pack house.

ROMAN

“Thank you for your hospitality,” Roman said, striding into Pack Oru’s meeting room with Logan beside him.

His warriors would remain in the hall outside the door with Edward’s. “I’m sure you understand that two days on the road requires more than a mere rinse.”

“I hope you find yourself refreshed.” Edward gestured to a seat across from him.

Roman sat, then leaned back—his large frame testing the ornate chair—and glanced around the room. All the usual suspects were there. “I do, as does my team.”

He settled his gaze on his fellow alpha. Edward already looked uncomfortable, and it was about to get a lot worse.

“So tell me, Edward. When do I get to meet the graced luna? As you know, very few have the privilege of being blessed and protected by the Moon Goddess herself.”

“*What?*” Edward shot out of his chair. She’s not...she can’t...” He shook his head. “No. There is no way.”

Several growls broke out in the room, and the warrior couple were up out of their chairs as well. Edward ordered everyone to remain calm.

Roman waited to continue until everyone had settled down.

“It’s true. She has fierce warrior blood in her veins, and she was mated to an alpha who comes from a very powerful pack.

“Before her first shift and her first heat, she was being protected by the Moon Goddess until consummation. Carson and Abigail’s combined power would have been unlike anything we’ve seen before.”

“How did he not feel this?” Edward asked.

Roman leaned forward. “Clearly, he didn’t take his alpha training or his role seriously. He didn’t focus on his future luna. Had he started harnessing his true alpha power, he would have recognized her immediately.”

“But...he felt something with Taylor.”

“He’s a hormonal pup, with an added dose of alpha hormones. He could have felt that with anyone. Carson and Abigail had been kept apart for the sake of her virtue until the mate’s pact ceremony, correct?”

Michael growled.

“My apologies, Michael. Fiona.” Roman inclined his head. “I mean no harm or disrespect by discussing your daughter’s virtue. But had they consummated the bond, the power would have been felt immediately.”

There was a stunned silence, and Roman noted that the Oru beta no longer looked so proud. It was finally dawning on the man that his daughter was destined for a life of shame.

“And...the young lady carrying his pup...my grandpup?” Edward could barely speak.

“I should tell you now, Alpha Oru, that I have no desire to hold alliances with packs that don’t value a mate bond. We will not recognize her as luna, and neither am I inclined to recognize him as alpha.”

“But...how did you come by this knowledge, that Abigail is a graced luna?”

“I knew as soon as I arrived and smelled her scent.”

It wasn’t the truth, but it was all they were going to get. He would never reveal he had an Oracle in his pack.

She’d challenged the alpha of her former pack who wanted to start a war based on unfounded allegations, and when she alerted the other packs, she was shunned.

No one should ever be shunned for doing what was right.

The Oracle had found a home and proper respect in Pack Luko, and he would do everything within his power to protect her.

Roman leaned forward and looked intently at the warrior couple sitting to Edward's right.

"I know it must be hard to believe, but I am absolutely certain that your daughter is a graced luna."

Fiona nodded slowly. "I've heard of them. I always thought they were more a myth than anything real, but I'm not surprised. Abigail has always been special."

"A graced luna..." Michael said slowly. "We have to tell her."

"No," Roman said quickly. "Not until I can make sure she's safe. You saw how Carson tried to get to her. She needs to be protected from *anyone*"—he snarled at Edward—"who might try to use her gifts for their own gain."

"She was meant to be mated to my son!" Edward protested. "That means her gifts were meant for him."

"And he rejected her," Roman said without a scrap of pity. "Which means he lost all rights to anything she might have offered him."

He turned to Abigail's parents. "Warrior Fiona, Warrior Michael, I vow to protect your daughter. It's an honor to have her in my pack, and she will be treated with the utmost respect and reverence.

"I'm sorry she didn't receive that here."

ALPHA EDWARD

Edward's wolf was not happy about the accusation that Abby had not been properly taken care of, but deep down, Edward knew it was the truth. "If we'd known—"

Roman's black eyes flashed gold as his gaze met Edward's. "Your son chose his path, and now he has to walk it."

Both of them bristled, but neither backed down. Finally, Alpha Roman slightly inclined his head, and Edward accepted the respect.

He still had to deal with the mess his son had made, and for that, there was no easy answer.

But learning that Abby was a graced luna changed *everything*.