

Luna Graced | 6: Chapter 6

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ABIGAIL

Abby wasn't nervous. She wasn't upset or even angry, just empty. And she hadn't shed a single tear since Alpha Edward held her in his arms.

After finishing her packing, she'd styled her jet-black hair in loose waves and applied liner and mascara to enhance her emerald eyes.

She wasn't going to show her pack anything but strength on the outside.

Even though she was dead on the inside.

She was wearing a shoulder-baring black top—one that showed the scar where Carson's mark had been and the top half of the crescent moon imprinted between her breasts—and tight jeans.

Thigh-high black suede boots completed her look.

She caught Carson's scent as the warriors sent by Alpha Edward escorted her across pack property, but she held herself proudly and kept her head high.

As she passed by, she received nothing but well-wishes and bared necks from fellow pack members. Their evident respect and love made her feel better, but she knew she couldn't stay.

They would eventually shun her. It was instinctive, no matter what the catalyst for the rejection.

As they approached the pack house, she saw a long line of dark SUVs parked in front, and she both felt and smelled the alpha power coming from inside.

Growls and harsh voices were carried toward her on the fall breeze, along with the faint smell of something else.

She found it peculiar and couldn't place it, but it was gone as soon as the light breeze died down.

Howls started spreading across the pack land as she drew nearer. And one howl, deep and mournful, could be heard above the rest.

Carson.

ROMAN

Roman shot out of his chair, his wolf snarling ferociously, and gripped the table to stop his wolf from surging. All those mournful howls were affecting them both.

Incredible pain for their new pack member tore at him, and he felt a desire to comfort her the way he'd done for so many others before her.

But bringing in a rejected graced luna was new territory. He had no clue what to expect.

The Oracle hadn't been able to see much past today; apparently, it was going to take Abigail being on their land for her to get a clearer picture.

That was why it had been so important to convince her parents and Edward not to tell her the truth just yet. Because once she learned she was a graced luna, she'd need the guidance of someone who knew what that entailed.

She'd have to meet the Oracle to find out what the Moon Goddess had planned for her—and they still had no clue what that was.

The whole situation was a giant mess! He vibrated with an anger so fierce it swept over everyone in the room, momentarily overpowering even Alpha Edward, who visibly recoiled.

Roman rounded on the other alpha. "Was that your pup howling? Have you taught him no shame?"

"He...he felt something before he removed his mark."

"*What?*" Roman roared. "And you allowed him to continue to carve on her? You allowed the rejection to continue?"

Fury raged inside him on Abigail's behalf. Being graced meant that she was personally gifted and protected by the Goddess herself. This pack had done more than shame Abigail.

It had shamed the Moon Goddess.

It had shamed them all.

More than ever, Roman was desperate to get the rejected luna to his pack, where the Oracle could help her.

“He’d done enough damage!” Edward shot back in his defense. “She was in horrible pain. She feared that her wolf would slaughter Taylor and the unborn pup.

“And why would Carson feel something different for Abby at the last minute?”

“It’s not my place to guess what the Moon Goddess intended,” Roman growled, “but if your pup had done his proper training, we wouldn’t have to guess at all!”

A tense silence enveloped the room, broken only by the alphas’ rapid breathing—until the faint sound of heels came from downstairs. Roman sniffed the air and frowned.

A scent was drifting to him, one he couldn’t identify, and it was getting closer.

His wolf growled and rippled inside him, fighting to be free, so Roman shut down the link. If he shifted here, it would be a bloodbath. He didn’t know why his wolf was acting like this, but he had to let him run soon.

There was a knock on the door, and he immediately stood up straight. Everyone else got to their feet, but not quick enough for his liking.

Edward cleared his throat. “Please enter, Abigail.”

The door opened, and a young woman walked in, escorted by a group of warriors. Her head was bowed, and despite the neckline that exposed her scar as a reminder to all, her posture was regal.

Pride swelled inside him, followed by a flash of anger that his new pack member was lowering her head to a man who didn’t deserve her respect. He had to catch the growl in his throat and quiet it.

Her mother and father stepped forward and enveloped her, sniffing her and pushing their noses and cheeks against her face, rumbling in an attempt to comfort her.

They'd be joining his pack at the end of twelve moon cycles, he was sure of it. And not just because of missing their daughter.

There would be chaos in the Oru pack once the young alpha finally understood that he'd rejected a graced luna.

Her parents released her and stood proudly beside her.

"Abigail," Edward began. "I'd like to introduce you to your new alpha. Alpha Roman Luko of Pack Luko."

Her green eyes held his for a moment before she bowed her head. "Alpha Luko."

"You had a warrior escort. Is that because they deemed you a danger, or was it out of respect?"

Her gaze snapped up to his. "I have deemed *myself* a danger, Alpha. My wolf is seeking vengeance, and I don't want bloodshed on my behalf, from my hands ~or~ my wolf."

Roman could sense her inner turmoil, but her poise impressed him. "Wolf law entitles you to seek a punishment against those that have wronged you."

"There will be punishment in time. It is not mine to give, but the Moon Goddess's." She lowered her eyes as soon as she'd answered him. Did she think he'd take direct eye contact as a challenge?

"It will be an honor to have you in my pack, Abigail, and there will be much to discuss once we get back to my territory."

He'd enlisted help to prepare for her arrival, never having anticipated a graced luna joining Pack Luko, rejected or not.

"Your new home will be ready when we return."

"Thank you, Alpha Luko."

ALPHA EDWARD

"Everyone, sit." Edward gestured to the chair next to Fiona's. "Abigail, please."

He was still reeling from the news she was a graced luna, and what losing her power would mean for his son and his pack. He never would have made them reject each other if he'd learned this earlier.

Or arranged to send her away. His mind raced. Were there any options open to him, or was it too late?

Once everyone was seated again, an awkward silence settled over the room.

Then Edward caught the scent of enraged alpha, heard faint snarls getting louder...

He jumped up. "Carson's loose!"

"Keep him away!" Michael cried, then, rippling in anger, he and Fiona leaped from their chairs and crouched in front of Abby.

Edward ran for the door and jerked it open. Carson's wolf was already in the hall, eyes glowing red as he threw warriors out of his way.

Snarling and snapping filled the air as Edward rushed toward his son and took him head-on.

ROMAN

Roman and Logan stood with Michael and Fiona, ready to protect Abigail, while Luna Hazel and Beta Jacob joined the fight in the hallway.

Despite the chaos, Abigail sat quietly in her chair, her eyes closed.

But when Roman studied her more closely, he could see that her eyes were squeezed shut, that her lips were moving wordlessly, that her finger traced the tip of her crescent moon.

She took a deep breath, and with a shuddering exhale, she opened her eyes and met his gaze. Her green eyes were glowing, and unshed tears gave them an odd, glittering look.

The mate who'd rejected her was *coming for her*.

Roman and his wolf suddenly burned with a shared rage, and he felt his claws and jaw extend as his alpha power surged. He braced himself on the wooden table, which splintered under his grasp.

His wolf was coming for ~everyone~.