

Talking to the Moon |

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Little Omega

My feet pound the earth, my breath coming in ragged gasps. I'm tired from the long run, but I push myself to go faster, to go further. I have to outrun them. If I can just get past the pond and reach the white oak tree, I'll be safe.

Howl, howl!

Their howls are getting closer. I have to be quicker, more agile, more strategic with each step. I won't let them catch me. They'll never catch me...

The familiar path leading to the pond comes into view. Just a few more strides and I'll be able to see the water through the clearing in the bushes.

A black wolf lunges at me from the left, but I duck at the last second, letting the wolf sail over my head and straight into a thorn bush.

I pick up my pace, not letting the amusing scene slow me down. The familiar scent of the still waters fills my nostrils—I'm almost there.

The unmistakable branches of the white oak tree stretch out over the other trees, reaching wide over the open field. Another black wolf is hot on my heels, snapping at my tail but missing with every attempt.

A fallen tree that wasn't there before blocks our path. At the last second, I leap over it, leaving the black wolf to crash into the heavy trunk.

A loud thud echoes through the forest, followed by a snarl. I can't help but chuckle to myself, knowing he won't be able to catch me. I'll never let him live that one down.

My heart is pounding at a steady, fast rhythm, and my wolf is thrilled. Almost there—just a few more seconds.

The wolves behind me howl again, trying to intimidate me, but I block them out. They can't reach me. They'll never reach me.

The white oak tree stands tall in front of me, and as my nose brushes against the bark, I hear the alphas' sneers of dominance. I've won the race. The twins are right behind me, and they're not pleased.

It's not their slow approach that gives it away, or the hairs standing on end on their backs, or the growls that could make any prey drop dead from fear.

No, it's their eyes, their bottomless black orbs.

I count myself lucky to be a part of the White Oak Pack, nestled right in the heart of Montana. We own miles and miles of land, and no human ever dares to venture into our territory.

We mostly keep to ourselves, but we do visit the human towns when necessary. Some of our pack members have human mates, so we've accepted them as part of the pack.

The alpha twins, Liam and Jameson, have led us for a few years now. Their father handed over the pack to them when they turned twenty, hoping they would find their mates, our lunas.

Three years have passed, and we still don't have any lunas. Part of me hopes they never find their mates, but I know that would be a cruel fate.

The twins are the largest wolves in the pack, and their human forms are just as impressive. They're both tall, with broad shoulders, jet-black hair, and clear blue eyes.

Tattoos of their wolves and moonflowers wind around their arms, torsos, and backs, adding to their overall allure.

Moonflowers symbolize kills made by a wolf, and the more you have, the better warrior you are.

The alpha twins have more moonflowers than anyone else in the pack, but I'm not far behind. Most of my kills were rogues, but sometimes, it was necessary to kill others too.

The only noticeable difference between the two is their dimples.

Liam has one on his left side, and Jameson has his on the right. Dimples are muscle imperfections, and as far as I can tell, that's their only physical flaw.

But they have plenty of nonphysical flaws, like being stubborn and bossy, and holding onto outdated views of pack hierarchy.

I shift back into my human form, not bothering to cover up. I've seen everyone in the pack naked, and they've all seen me.

I'm of average height, with an hourglass figure, long dirty-blond hair, and deep-sea-blue eyes. A few moonflowers decorate my back and left shoulder, but I don't have nearly as many as the twins do.

I've been told all my life that I'm beautiful, but I've never really cared. I'm more concerned with my fighting skills and intelligence.

Werewolves aren't typically shy about nudity—unlike humans—since we shift all the time and worrying about clothes is a hassle.

The twins shift too, and the fury in their black eyes is clear; their wolves are still in control.

"How do you always win?" Liam grumbles, clearly upset about losing.

"How are you so fast?" Jameson snaps. He's not any happier about their loss. Three more wolves approach from behind them and shift.

Greyson, the beta and the twins' best friend, laughs when he sees the twins' bruised egos.

"Maybe you two just need to train more." Greyson walks over to me and spins me in the air, holding me close and earning a scowl from both twins.

The other two wolves stand silently, watching the scene unfold. They're both females: Amelia, the twins' younger sister, and Emma, Greyson's girlfriend.

Neither of them is particularly fond of me, partly because of my status but also because of my relationship with the twins and their beta.

"Shut up, Greyson. It's not funny," Jameson retorts, his gaze never leaving me.

Liam scoffs and crosses his arms over his chest. "Losing to an omega, fucking embarrassing!"

That stings. I may be an omega and low-ranking in the pack, but I've never believed that status determines a wolf's worth—their actions do.

The twins stalk over to us, effectively separating us with one swift move.

"Greyson, come on. We can have fun alone." Emma tries to distract Greyson, but as usual, he's not listening.

I never try to get in the middle of them, but Emma is a bit controlling, and Greyson is only flirting with me to get under the twins' skin.

I smirk and dodge Liam's attempt to keep me at a distance from Greyson.

One of my favorite pastimes is teasing the twins. They're insanely jealous and can't stand it when I'm touched. The fact that we're all naked doesn't help.

Jameson's temper flares at my playful taunts, and he mind-links the others, using his alpha voice. "*Get out, now~!*"~ Greyson, Amelia, and Emma all spin around, morph back into their wolf forms, and sprint back to the pack house.

"Just us now, Little Omega," Liam grins.

Both twins are eyeing me with desire, wrestling their wolves for control. I try to retreat but only manage a few steps before I'm halted by the solid trunk of the white oak.

They circle me, leaving no escape route. "You belong to us now," Jameson assures me. "You'll pay for your defiance."

I swallow hard. "I was just messing around." I attempt a nervous smile but falter when they move closer.

Jameson seizes my hips and yanks me toward him, pressing his impressive arousal against my stomach. He bends down and claims my lips with his in a commanding kiss. His mouth owns mine, as does every other part of him.

His grip stokes the fire of my desire, and I instinctively start grinding my hips against his erection to quench the flame he sparked.

Liam comes up from behind and starts nipping at my neck, right over the spot where the mate mark goes.

My heart pounds wildly in my chest, and I take a deep breath to steady myself. What I wouldn't give for him or Jameson to mark me there.

They're driving me crazy, and I can already feel the wetness pooling below. The twins know my body like the back of their hands and can make me climax with the lightest of touches alone.

"I can smell your desire, Little Omega," Liam growls.

"Then do something about it," I challenge, as I spin around and leap onto Liam, wrapping my legs around his waist. I slowly lower myself onto his large, thick arousal and earn a moan from him.

I move myself up and down a few times before I can feel Jameson at my back. I love this part, feeling them both inside me and against my skin, working together.

"Are you ready for me, Little Omega?" Jameson whispers in my ear. The twins' pet name for me turns me on even more. They only use it in private as a submissive act and wouldn't dare use it in front of other wolves.

I may be an omega but I'm far from helpless. Our relationship isn't a secret and earns me many envious glares from the lustful females in the pack.

I know what he's about to do. We've done this more times than I can count. I feel my entrance stretch as he plunges inside my tight hole, filling me to the brim.

The twins start moving in sync, one plunging in as the other pulls out. I'm a moaning mess and can barely hold it together. My climax is already building and it won't be long before I climax.

"Goddess, that feels divine!"

Both the twins are grunting and moaning as they continue their assault. Jameson reaches to my front and rubs my clit, causing me to climax all over Liam's arousal.

I feel Jameson swell and release his seed inside me and is soon followed by Liam, who does the same.

I'm let down and Liam kisses me on the lips before Jameson spins me around and kisses my neck. "Olivia, you drive me wild." Jameson smirks against my neck. I thread my hand in his hair and hold him close, inhaling his scent.

Both the twins smell like citrus and bergamot, with a slight difference in the amount of citrus. Liam's citrus tone is not as heavy as Jameson's, but sweeter.

The only reason I can tell the difference is due to being close to them just about every day for the past three years. I've wondered if they'll smell the same to their mates or if that scent will be unique—just for them.

When the twins didn't find their mates, they started pursuing me. We had the mutual agreement that once we did find them, our relationship would be over.

I have yet to be of age to find my mate, but next week, I'll turn twenty and can finally find him. I'm excited, but a part of me is sad. I've grown to love the twins and will miss them.

If they find their mates before I find mine, I'll be heartbroken.

Liam is still near me, touching me from behind and letting his warmth seep into my bare skin. I love having them close; their touches bring a sense of security. "I love you, Jameson," I moan. Liam scoffs. "And I love you, Liam."

In unison, they reply, "And we love you, Little Omega."