

# Talking to the Moon |

## Returning Home

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Leo was spot on when he told me that sex as a lycan is a whole new level of intense. Every touch is electric, every scent and sound amplifies the pleasure, and every climax is longer and deeper than anything I've ever experienced.

I thought Leo was a god in bed before, but now he's downright divine.

We spend months like a pair of newlyweds who can't keep their hands off each other. I love him so much and trust him with every fiber of my being, despite the promise I made to myself.

It's been over two years since I left my pack. Over two years since the twins rejected me and we lost our pup.

I haven't heard a peep from them in all that time. I don't expect to, either, especially since they have no clue where I am. And honestly, I'm relieved. It's given me the chance to finally move on.

My lycan training is complete, and it's time to return to my old pack to deal with the growing rogue threat and then inform the alphas that I'm officially switching packs.

Leo, Clara, and I are en route to the White Oak Pack, where Greyson is eagerly awaiting our arrival.

Clara has already finished her pack transfer paperwork, which took longer than expected due to Alpha Darren's recent forgetfulness, and she's now moving in with Greyson.

Leo sits in the back with me while Clara drives and sings along to every song she knows. It's awful and makes the trip feel much longer than it should.

I plan on avoiding the twins as much as possible and only addressing them about rogue business. But you know what they say, you make a plan, and then the Moon Goddess has a good laugh.

*"You'll be okay, just breathe,"* Lumen reassures me.

We finally arrive at my old pack and stop outside the pack house I once called home. Alpha Darren, Liam, and Jameson are waiting outside, with Greyson standing behind them.

Greyson and Alpha Darren have promised not to tell the twins that I'm coming, so I know they're in for a shock.

I suddenly wonder if they've found new mates, if they're mated, or if they have pups. It'll hurt a bit to find out they've moved on, but I can't really blame them. After all, I moved on.

Clara is the first to get out and greet the alphas before quickly jumping into Greyson's arms. Leo steps out and greets them as well, and I do the same on the other side.

The twins are focused on Leo but sniff the air and exchange a confused look when I walk around the vehicle and hug Alpha Darren.

"Welcome to our pack, Lycan Leo. We appreciate your help," Liam addresses Leo.

Jameson stands beside him and starts speaking. "I thought there were supposed to be three of you?"

"There are. This is Lycan Olivia. My mate," Leo gestures toward me, and the twins' eyes snap to me.

Time freezes as I see the pain etched on their faces. They look older, and the toll of the past few years is evident.

They're still just as handsome as before but more mature and composed.

"Hello, Alpha Jameson and Alpha Liam." I greet them with a handshake and then loop my arm through Leo's.

"Will we be staying in the pack house? It's been a long journey, and we'd like to rest before we discuss how to handle the rogues."

"Olivia?" Jameson whispers, but my enhanced hearing picks it up.

"We searched everywhere for you, for months," Liam blurts out, taking a step toward me.

Lumen speaks from deep within my mind. "*Knock him on his ass and then do the same to Jameson.*" I shake my head, hoping Lumen understands.

Leo steps between us and gently pushes Liam back with one hand. "We're going to our room now. We'll see you at six for the meeting." He guides me into the pack house.

I lead him to my old room, hoping it's still available, and find that everything is exactly as I left it. My belongings are still here, the sheets are clean, and the bathroom has fresh towels.

It's as if I never left.

"How are you feeling?" Leo asks, unpacking his bag.

"Odd, but better than I expected. They didn't affect me like I thought they would." I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him. "I love you, Leo. Never doubt that. Fancy a shower?"

"Mmm, best idea I've heard all day." The shower is just an excuse to get him naked. I drop to my knees as soon as the water hits my skin.

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It's almost six in the evening and time for the meeting. We walk into the meeting room and find that we're the last to arrive.

Alpha Darren sits across from the twins, who are at the head of the long table, with an empty seat between them for their luna. Greyson and Clara sit to their left, and Leo and I take the seats across from them.

Leo takes control of the meeting and starts by asking the twins what they've done so far.

It turns out their strategies and efforts are similar to what we learned at the Academy, but their rogues are smarter than most.

They keep moving their camp, attacking from different directions at different times and days. Their attacks are unpredictable and lack any discernible pattern.

The twins' eyes are glued to me the entire meeting, only occasionally looking away when someone addresses them.

Surprisingly, their stare doesn't make me want to run and hide like it would have a few years ago. I guess I'm stronger now.

"Okay, we'll observe their behavior for a while and assess the situation. We'll reconvene when we have some information to share." Leo wraps up the meeting and stands to leave.

Clara and Greyson are the first to leave, having more exciting things to do than this.

"Olivia, could you stay?" Liam asks.

"She's coming with me," Leo insists, pulling me toward the door.

Both Liam and Jameson move to block the door. "I wasn't talking to you, Lycan Leo. You can go." Liam tries to separate me from Leo by placing his hand on the arm Leo is holding.

"Not happening," Leo retorts.

"We just want to talk. Please." Jameson motions for us all to sit back down.

I shake my head, refusing to sit down like we're old pals just catching up.

"I don't have anything to say to you. When Alpha Darren agreed to send me to the Lycan Academy, I made it clear that I didn't want to see or hear from you two again.

"I'm here to fulfill my duty as a lycan and I'll file my transfer of pack papers in the morning. Now, if you'll excuse me. It's been a long day, and I'd like to go to bed with my mate."

I brush past them, with Leo right behind me, and head into my old bedroom.

"I'm sorry, Leo. You shouldn't have to deal with this." I wrap my arms around myself, rubbing my arms for comfort. "Can we just sort out this rogue issue so we can go back home?"

Leo begins to undress, preparing for bed. "It's not your fault, Olivia. We'll get through this, and then we won't ever have to see them again. Let's get some sleep and start figuring this out first thing tomorrow."

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Over the next few days, we comb through the pack land for signs of the rogues, chat with the warriors who've interacted with them, and review the available security footage.

The twins are right; the rogues are unpredictable, but I figure that could be their downfall.

Most of my interactions are with Greyson, who relays my messages if I need the twins to know anything. They've kept their distance since our meeting on the first evening back.

Greyson and I are sitting on the dock by the lake, reminiscing about the trouble we got into as kids. We're laughing and having a good time. It almost feels like before I left home, like the good old days.

Our conversation takes a turn when Greyson clears his throat and brings up the twins. "You know, they haven't chosen a luna yet."

"Okay. Not sure why you're telling me, though. That's all in the past, and I've moved on," I confess, and for once, it's the honest truth. I'm happy with Leo and don't want to dwell on what could have been.

"Are you sure? I mean, you still wear the necklace. Maybe a part of you hasn't moved on and is still hoping that they will come around."

Greyson looks regretful as soon as the words leave his mouth. "Don't get mad. I just want what's best for you, and I still think it's the twins."

I realize that I won't get anywhere discussing this with him, so I steer the conversation elsewhere. "How did Emma take it when you met Clara?"

"I see what you're doing, but I'll let it slide for now. She was upset and started crying. I can't blame her. We dated for years, and then one day I was with someone else."

"It must have hurt, but I heard that she found her own mate at school."

"Has she not brought him around?" I find it odd that he hasn't met her mate yet.

"Her, it's her. And no, she's bringing her for the Winter Festival in a few weeks. Amelia will be there too, but she's still mateless." Greyson chuckles. "I feel sorry for whoever ends up being her mate; she's a handful."