

Talking to the Moon |

Saying Goodbye and Hello

"Take it easy, Leo," Jason suggests, rising to his feet.

"You've been back one day and you're already making moves on my girl?" Leo's anger is palpable as he advances on his brother. "And here I was thinking, Betty's carrying your kid while you're out chasing skirts."

Jason doesn't react to his words, and I wonder if he even registered them.

They're both on the verge of shifting right here in the hospital room. Their focus shifts to me. "For your information, Jason was just helping me, supporting me."

"He's always had a thing for you." He turns back to Jason. "I bet you're getting a kick out of this." They're back at it, but I place my hand on their arms.

"Jason, could you give us a moment?" I ask the visibly upset Jason.

"Olivia, are you sure?"

"I'm sure," I assure him and turn to Leo. Jason exits the room with a comforting smile. Leo sinks into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

He lets out soft sobs, and I just stand there, observing him. "I messed up..." He sniffs. "But I can fix it, just let me fix it."

"And how exactly would you do that? You got a time machine?" I retort sarcastically. Leo looks at me, clearly not amused by my humor.

"I'll do anything, I'll reject her. I love you." Leo is on his knees, pleading for me to take him back.

"You know, it hurt. It felt like I was on fire and then my heart was stabbed. The pain was so intense that I threw up. I didn't even do that when I had to endure the torture training at the Academy."

"Please, I regret it. Please," Leo continues to beg, clutching my legs, his eyes searching my face.

"But that wasn't the worst part... I was broken when we met and you knew I wasn't ready, but you kept pushing, kept worming your way into my heart."

"You made me love again, made me open my heart because you promised me. You promised I wouldn't get hurt." I'm crying now, and Leo's eyes are filled with regret as he looks at me.

"I wish I had never met you." I extricate myself from his arms and rush out of the room. As soon as I close the door, I bump into Amelia, who was standing outside my room, eavesdropping.

She's crying, and I know she heard Leo. I don't have the energy to even offer her a sympathetic look. After all, it's not her fault. She can't control who her mate is or what he does.

"I'm sorry," she whispers. "I wish I hadn't been so mean to you when you were dating my brothers. Maybe they wouldn't have rejected you, and you wouldn't be in so much pain."

"Nothing you did influenced their decision. It was all them."

"They regret it, you know. They've regretted it since the moment they said it, and not a day goes by when they're not in agony from being apart from you," Amelia admits, wiping away her tears.

I sigh and decide to show some compassion. "Amelia, Leo will come around. Just give him some time. Go to his pack with him and help him forget about me. You'll be happy, you'll see."

"What about you?"

"It doesn't seem to be in my cards." I limp away without a second glance. It seems that Amelia has grown up in the past few years and isn't the spoiled brat she once was.

I find a bench outside the clinic and do what I always do when I need to talk. I talk to the moon.

"What do I do now? Can I travel to the lycan assignments and live my life on the road without a home, without a family? Do I even have a family anymore?"

As usual, the moon doesn't respond, but Lumen does. *"Go to your mates."*

"And who would that be? Last time I checked, I was a little short in that department."

"Liam and Jameson, of course. They want you back. They need you," Lumen insists impatiently.

"What if I'm not ready?"

“You will be in time, just start slowly. Or just go to them for physical comfort for now.” Lumen hints at sex, and I have to admit, the idea is tempting, but I can’t handle both of them and their sad faces right now.

“What the hell, why not?”

An hour later, after changing my mind a hundred times, I knock on his door. He swings it open, clad only in a towel. “Olivia?” Jameson asks, his eyes wide.

“I don’t want to talk, I just need to be near you,” I admit, my eyes taking in his wet body. Jameson opens the door wider and lets me in.

He closes the door and rubs his neck with his arm, unintentionally flexing his arm and his chiseled abs.

“You look more fit. Have you been working out more?”

He chuckles. “Yeah, that’s my only outlet since I stopped having sex.”

“Why’s that?” I’m surprised by his confession.

“Because no woman could compare to you.”

I stride over to him, hook my finger in his towel, and tug. The towel drops to the floor, revealing his arousal. “No more talking.”

I don’t hesitate, just in case I change my mind about my next move.

His eyes are dark with desire as I wrap my arms around his neck and claim his lips. He deepens the kiss and lifts me up by grabbing my ass, allowing me to wrap my legs around him.

My shirt is quickly discarded, followed by my bra. I’ve missed the feel of his skin against mine and I savor the sensation.

Jameson sets me down on the dresser, tugs at my pants, and manages to get them off after a couple of pulls.

His fingers trace a path to my panties, finding the dampness that his touch has stirred. Pleasure arches my back, and his mouth finds my nipple.

My fingers weave through his thick hair, drawing him closer. This moment stirs memories I thought were long buried. His scent, his gentle touch, even the roughness of his stubble, all remind me of what we once shared.

He nudges my panties aside, his fingers exploring my folds before one slips inside. My head falls back. "Ah, ah, ah!" My moans grow louder, and he responds by moving his finger with practiced skill.

I'm on the brink of climax when his finger withdraws. I miss it instantly. Jameson tears off my panties and teases my folds with the tip of his cock. "Please," I plead.

He chuckles, then enters me, just enough to cover his head.

I'd forgotten how thick he is. I gasp as he pushes deeper. He grips my ass, thrusting fully inside. A growl escapes him as he begins to move in and out with ease. My climax builds again, his breath growing ragged.

Jameson kisses my neck, his teeth grazing the spot of my mate mark. I flinch slightly, and he compensates by thrusting harder.

In the following minutes, he continues his rhythm until my walls clench and I feel him swell inside me.

My name spills from his lips as I climax around him. He releases deep inside me with a growl, my pulsing pussy milking his cock dry.

"You still wear the necklace," he says suddenly. I pretend not to hear.

His head rests on my chest as we both recover. But instead of letting him hold me, I gently push him away and slide off the dresser. I gather my clothes and start to dress, while Jameson watches in surprise.

"Stay," he suggests, wrapping his arms around me. I pry his arms off and continue dressing.

"I need to rest. I'm going to try and track the rogues tomorrow." I limp out of his room and into mine, collapsing onto the bed fully clothed.

"Thank you," Lumen whispers. I guess she's not mad at them anymore.

I laugh, confused. "For what? Sex?"

"Sort of. For letting me get close to his wolf. His name is Animos, but I'm going to call him Ani. He's dreamy..."

"Well, I'm glad one of us is happy." I'm genuinely happy for her, but I worry about what will happen when I leave and she has to say goodbye to Ani.

"He's got a lot of anger in him, but he's still very sweet."

“Why’s that? Jameson has never been an angry man.” I always thought a wolf’s personality mirrored the human’s.

“He didn’t want to reject us. He’s furious because he can’t communicate with Jameson and tell him.” Lumen starts pacing in my head, giving me a headache. “He told me something else too. Jameson is in pain from missing us.”

I don’t mean to sound harsh when I respond, but it comes out that way. “He brought that on himself.”

I wonder if Liam feels the same way. I wonder if they truly regret rejecting me and if we could mend our bond. But then I think of my baby, and how it was their fault I lost it. Can I ever forgive them?