

Talking to the Moon |

Honesty

Days pass. The twins are tied up with pack matters, and I'm busy training with the warriors.

Usually, omegas like me would be stuck in the kitchen or doing other mundane tasks. But I've shown my worth from a young age, so the previous alpha took me under his wing and trained me himself.

Alpha Darren, the twins' father and former alpha, still oversees some pack affairs, like the fighters and training. This allows the twins to focus on other things.

The twins join us for training most days. They're the best fighters in the pack. I'm quicker and more agile, both as a wolf and a human, but they're stronger and fight with a ferocity that's unmatched.

"Olivia, move left... Good. Now strike upwards... That's it," Alpha Darren guides me as I spar with Michael, one of the top warriors in the pack, second only to the twins. "Pin him down... Now, Olivia!"

I follow his instructions and soon have Michael pinned to the ground, his arm twisted behind his back. I release his arm, stand up, and pant, trying to steady my breathing and pulse.

Alpha Darren pulls me close, his arm around my shoulder, leading me towards the pack house and the showers.

"Olivia, I want you to think about my offer to join the lycan training. It would be beneficial for you and the pack."

The best warriors from every pack attend the Lycan Academy. The training lasts two years, and any wolf who completes it gains unmatched skills and a physique superior to regular wolves.

These are earned through two years of intense work and magic and are the highest honor among wolves and their human counterparts.

"I know, Alpha Darren, but I can't leave." I want to go, I really do, but I'd be lying if I said I want to go more than I want to stay here with the twins.

“What will you do when you—or they—find your mate? I know you love them, but you can’t let them hinder your future.” Alpha Darren tries to reason with me. His concern is genuine; he loves me despite my omega status.

“But I’m just an omega. The Academy won’t accept me.”

Alpha Darren stops and looks me in the eyes, his hands on my shoulders.

“We both know that’s not true. You are so much more. That’s the only reason I have allowed my boys to pursue you...for now.” He gives me a meaningful look.

I look back at him, confused. “For now?”

“Let’s be honest, Olivia. You are a wonderful girl and have many talents, but you won’t be the luna of this pack. You are an omega, after all,” Alpha Darren explains, comforting me by rubbing my arms.

I’m not shocked; my status in the pack has never been a secret, and I know my place isn’t by their side, but it still hurts to hear someone who has been like a father to me for so long admit it.

I look down at the ground, trying to hide my disappointment.

Alpha Darren lifts my head with one hand. “Now, will you at least think it over? The deadline is soon and I have to inform them of which pack members I’m sending.”

“Yes, Alpha Darren.” I kiss him on the cheek and head inside the pack house for some food and a shower. Normally, I’d rush to the shower with excitement, but today, I walk there slowly, my shoulders slumped and a frown on my face.

While I’m in the middle of my hot shower, singing some random song from my playlist reserved for bad days, I feel two arms wrap around my waist.

“Don’t quit your day job, Little Omega,” Liam chuckles.

I turn around and wrap my arms around his neck. “Wasn’t planning on it.”

“But I have to admit that seeing you sway your ass to the song was a turn-on.” He pushes his erection into my stomach. His arms move lower, and his hands land on my ass.

He squeezes and then smacks one ass cheek. “I was watching you train. You’re getting very good. Soon you might even be able to beat Jameson.”

"Oh, only Jameson and not you?" I laugh. He starts kissing my jawline and works his way down my neck, lingering over the mate mark spot. His elongated teeth graze it, causing shivers to go down my body. If only...

"I'm better than him. You can't beat me." He smirks. "Turn around," he demands.

I turn around and let him massage my breasts, paying extra attention to my nipples. "Bend over," he demands again.

As soon as I bend over, I feel his hardened erection at my entrance, and then he thrusts inside. His large, hard dick hits my sweet spot immediately, and he stills.

After a few moments, he starts to thrust in and out, building both of our orgasms.

I press my hands against the shower wall to steady myself, and his arms wrap around my waist. He presses his steel rod deeper in until I feel dizzy from the pressure.

"Liam, harder," I demand, and Liam pounds into me faster and harder than before. "I'm close," I moan.

"Me too... Where do you want it?"

"In me. Deep in me."

He thrusts a few more times and spills his seed inside my convulsing vagina. His head rests on my back while he catches his breath. My skin tingles from his touch.

He pulls out and starts washing my body, lingering on my folds and causing his cock to harden again. I smirk and step out of the shower, teasing him and his throbbing manhood.

"Get back here, Little Omega," he demands, but I dart out of the bathroom and into my bedroom, where Jameson is waiting on my bed, stark naked.

"I should have known you were around here somewhere." I walk over to him and straddle him as Liam comes running into the room.

"Too late, brother, she's mine now." Jameson chuckles as he guides my wet entrance onto his waiting erection. I start riding him and at the same time hold eye contact with Liam, who is stroking his dick, watching me fuck his twin.

Jameson's hand lands on my ass with a smack, the sting spreading a wave of pleasure through me. He buries his face in my neck, his tongue tracing the spot where he'd marked me as his mate. It sends a thrill through me, and I find myself moving faster, riding him harder.

He smacks my ass again, his hand then gripping me tightly, helping me lift off him before slamming back down onto his cock.

Liam, meanwhile, is stroking his own impressive length, his gaze locked on my breasts as they bounce with the rhythm of my movements. “Cum for me, Liam. I want to see you cum.”

Jameson’s moans grow louder, his breath coming in ragged gasps. I can hear the twins’ heartbeats, their rhythm matching my own, and soon, we’re all reaching our climax together.

We collapse onto the bed, the twins wrapping their arms around me, holding me close until we all drift off to sleep.

I wake up tangled in a mess of arms. I reach for my phone, squinting at the time: 2:34 a.m. Perfect. Unable to fall back asleep, I decide to extricate myself from the twins and clumsily crawl out of bed.

A few minutes later, I’m standing by the bed, panting slightly, completely naked with my hands on my hips.

“That was more work than it should’ve been,” I mutter to the quiet room. The moonlight is streaming in through the balcony curtains, and I find myself drawn to it.

I step out onto the balcony, sinking down onto a lounge chair.

Werewolves are naturally soothed by the moon, often seeking it out when troubled. But I take it a step further—I talk to the moon. I don’t expect a response, but it usually helps me feel better.

This habit started after I lost my father as a pup. I never knew my mother, and I had no siblings.

My parents weren’t mates, and my mother met her mate when she was pregnant with me. He didn’t want me, so she left shortly after giving birth. Lucky me, right?

I lean back in the chair, gazing up at the moon. It’s a waxing gibbous tonight, which means it’ll be full tomorrow—on my birthday.

A full moon affects supernatural creatures more than humans, and werewolves even more so. It can lead to unusual behaviors and heightened emotions, and you never really know how someone will react.

"I don't know what to do. The twins... I love them, but I'm scared. Scared they'll do what Mom did to Dad. That would destroy me.

"Maybe I should do what Alpha Darren suggested and join the Lycan Academy. I could use some guidance." I run a hand over my face, sighing. "Nothing to say? As usual. Maybe tomorrow will bring some clarity."

"What are you doing?" I jump, turning to see Liam leaning against the doorframe. "Talking to the moon again?" He smirks.

"Maybe." I stand, leaning against the railing. Liam moves closer, his arms wrapping around my waist.

"You're a strange one, Little Omega. Cute, but strange." He kisses the tip of my nose, then buries his face in my neck, mumbling something too low for me to hear.

"What?"

He pulls back, looking at me. "I...love you," he repeats, a sad look in his eyes as his fingers gently stroke my cheek.

I reach up, cupping his face in my hand. "What's wrong? Why do you sound like that?" Before Liam can answer, Jameson steps out onto the balcony.

"Because you turn twenty tomorrow, and you'll find your mate... This will be over." Jameson's voice echoes behind Liam.

Liam steps aside, allowing Jameson to get closer to me. They both wrap their arms around me, holding me as if it's the last time we'll ever be this close. And for all I know, it might be.