

Talking to the Moon |

Revealing the Truth

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I slip out of my clothes and help Liam out of his hoodie. Our bare skin touches, and just like with Jameson, old memories that I had tucked away resurface.

The joy of playing as pups, the late-night movie marathons, and falling asleep on the couch together bring a smile to my face.

Goddess, his scent is so intoxicating it's enough to make my pussy wet. His eyes drop to my center, his mouth slightly agape.

My clit brushes against his cock, building my orgasm. I won't last long like this, and he hasn't even entered me yet.

"I've missed you so much. Only the Goddess knows how many nights I lay awake thinking of this moment," Liam confesses.

"And what did you do about it?"

He chuckles. "I wrapped my hand around my cock and stroked it, imagining that I was buried deep inside you until I came, screaming your name."

I crave for his throbbing manhood to be inside me. "Well, tonight you don't have to imagine it." I let him slip inside me, and his wide girth and impressive length fills me. It's uncanny how identical Jameson and he are even there.

"Even better than I remember," Liam moans out, and starts thrusting, matching my hip movements and hitting my sweet spot.

His head is thrown back as I ride him, swirling and rocking my hips. "Fuck, I'm not going to last much longer."

"Not yet," I command, and slam down on him. My orgasm is building, and my climax is just within reach until he pinches my clit, sending me over the edge. He swells inside me and ejaculates, his dick throbbing with every pump.

Lumen purrs in my head from happiness from being so close to Honos. She is falling for them both, and her emotions cloud mine.

I rest my head on his chest and trace his moonflowers with my fingers. Both he and Jameson have added to their collection, just like I have. The only difference is that I have added more during my time in the Academy.

"I was jealous." Liam clears his throat. "Last night... I heard you and Jameson and I thought that you chose him."

"I'm not choosing anyone but myself and Lumen."

"Who's Lumen?"

I forgot that they don't know about her, damn. "My wolf. I can talk to her. It's a lycan thing."

"Okay. You have a lot of those. Lycan things, that is." Liam is twirling my hair between his fingers and asks, "Can you answer me one question?"

"If I have to." I sigh. I'm wary of where this is going and hope that he won't pressure me to talk about the past or the future.

"Why do you still wear it?"

I know he's talking about the necklace that I can't part with. "I don't know. I just couldn't take it off."

"Are you staying?" He asks another question in a whisper.

"You said one question."

This time he sighs. "Just know that we want you to stay. No pressure, but you are more than welcome here."

"So I've been told."

We stay in the cave for a little while longer, and by daybreak, the wind has settled and the snow has stopped falling.

It only takes us a few hours to get to the pack house where Jameson, Leo, and Jason are pacing the living room.

Liam and I walk in, and they all hurry over to us for a hug. Jason gets to me first, and Jameson hugs his brother, then me. I know I'm being petty, but when it's Leo's turn, I scoff at him.

I turn around to walk over to the couch and sit down, letting the twins occupy the seats next to me.

Leo looks angry and fists his hands, but none of us acknowledge his anger. Why is he even here and not with his mate?

Jameson hits Liam on the shoulder. "Where the fuck were you two? You could've mind-linked me, you asshole."

"Sorry, I was a little busy." Liam rubs his arm and smirks. Jameson gets the message and lets it go with a small smile.

"Are you all right?" Jason interrupts the twins' argument.

"I'm fine. I— We found the rogue camp. They are south of the mountain at the fox hunting grounds. I had a run-in with the leader, and he's big. Bigger than Jason even," I inform them.

"Okay. We'll send some warriors down to investigate while we think of a plan." Jameson's eyes gloss over; he is mind-linking Greyson with the orders.

Leo is still standing up and is seething. He starts pacing the room again, and we all look over at him in irritation.

Jason, being the big brother he is and Leo's alpha, orders him to sit his ass down.

"Are we just going to ignore what's happening here?" Leo spits at Jason.

"We're dealing with the rogue issue. What else would you have me do?" Jason is getting mad and is close to yelling.

"Not that. That!" Leo points at the twins sitting close beside me. "We're losing her."

They're talking about me like I'm not in the room, but I'm too interested in seeing how Jason will handle this to butt in.

Jason lets out a loud, irritated sigh. "Brother, you've already lost her, and to be honest, I just want her to be happy—even if it's not with me. The difference between you and me is that I actually put her needs before my own."

He shakes his head and smiles. "She picked the wrong brother."

"Did you forget about Betty again?" Leo yells.

"Of course not, but this isn't about her."

Leo isn't getting anywhere with his brother, so instead, he turns to us sitting on the couch. "You are so ready to run back to them at the first sign of trouble..."

"I'm no—" My words fall on deaf ears.

"Even after what they did to you? After they killed your pup?" Leo screams.

I can't believe he let it slip. My secret, the one only a handful of people know. If he hadn't already shattered my trust, this would've been the final blow.

I spring to my feet and slap him as hard as my tear-filled eyes allow, then I make a quick exit before the questions start flying.

Jason's voice echoes behind me, barking orders at Leo. I bet the whole pack can hear him.

"Pack your stuff, grab your mate, and get out before I snap your neck. You better pray I've cooled off the next time our paths cross."

The twins trail behind me as I leave the room, but I quicken my pace to put some distance between us. It's a futile effort, though, considering there are two of them and only one of me.

Jameson catches up and spins me around. His eyes meet mine, tears streaming down his face. He's hurting. Liam joins us, mirroring his brother's pained expression and tear-streaked cheeks.

"Is it true?"

"What happened?"

"Did you...did you have a pup?"

"What was it?"

Their questions come in rapid-fire, but I can't focus on anything but their tears. It's a rare sight to see them cry, and I can count the times I've seen it happen on one hand.

Once when Jameson broke his leg at seven, once when Liam had to put down his old dog, and once when they both mourned the loss of their mother.

"Please, let me go," I beg. "I can't handle this right now."

"Olivia, we deserve to know about our pup," they both insist.

"I know, but I'm not strong enough!" I sob. They envelop me in their arms, and we collapse into a heap on the hallway floor, crying together for what feels like hours. Eventually, I muster the strength to speak.

"I didn't realize it at the time, but after you...rejected me, I went to my room to pack and suddenly started bleeding heavily.

"I remember thinking it was strange to bleed after a rejection, so I mind-linked Greyson, and he rushed me to the clinic. That's where the doctor confirmed my miscarriage.

"Turns out, when you rejected me, you also rejected our pup, and it didn't survive," I confess.

They're both silent, their faces cycling through regret, sadness, and guilt before settling on anger.

Jameson is the first to break the silence, his voice shaking with rage. "Olivia, I... Damn it! I was so stupid. I'll never forgive myself."

Liam has pulled away and is pacing the room. He punches the wall, his hand breaking through the sheetrock. "Shit!"

"Liam?" I call out to him, but he only glances my way before storming out the door. "Liam!"

"I'll go after him," Jameson promises, then follows his brother.

I spend the night tossing and turning, my mind racing. They finally know the truth, but it doesn't bring me any relief. They're hurting, and there's nothing I can do to ease their pain.

The early morning light filters in, and despite the lack of sleep, I can't stay in bed any longer. I head to the pack house kitchen, hoping to find something to eat.

The closer I get, the more my stomach growls in anticipation of the mouthwatering smells. Bacon, eggs, biscuits, and even gravy are all beckoning me.

The kitchen staff is finishing up the cooking and starting to serve the meals. I'm surprised to see a mix of women and men of all ages and ranks working together.

Omegas, gammas, and even Beta Greyson are donning aprons. The twins really did shake up the hierarchy after I left, and I couldn't be more pleased.

I snag a piece of bacon from a passing tray and settle onto a stool by the counter, watching the bustling kitchen. "Can I help with anything?" I offer.

Mary, the head cook and self-proclaimed pack mother, swats my hand with a ladle as I reach for some dishes to clean.

"Sit down and rest, Luna," she orders, her face stern.