

Talking to the Moon |

Luna

“Luna?” I shake my head. “I’m not your luna, Mary. I’m an omega, just like you.”

“But darling, you were never just an omega. And now, you’re a lycan—and our luna.” Mary’s voice is firm, leaving no room for argument.

“I’m...”

Alpha Darren strolls in, snatches a whole tray of bacon, and walks out as if he was never there. His odd behavior throws me off, and I lose my train of thought. I sigh and stay silent.

“Whether you’ve accepted your role or not, you’re still this pack’s luna. End of story,” Mary asserts, before storming off to scold Greyson for not stirring the gravy properly.

“Alright, alright. Why don’t you show me how it’s done?” Greyson offers as Mary takes over the stirring. He then takes a seat next to me.

“I saw that.”

“What? I’m not trying to dodge work. What gave you that idea?” He winks at me.

“Regardless, she’s right. The pack sees you as the luna and won’t accept anyone else. You’re loved here, and when you left, the twins weren’t the only ones who were devastated.”

The others in the kitchen nod in agreement.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone.”

Katherine, the gamma’s mate, pats my hand. “That’s not what he meant. We don’t blame you for leaving, especially after what those alpha jerks did to you.”

I chuckle. “Don’t let them hear you say that.”

Katherine waves a spoon in the air. “What are they gonna do? Fire me? They can cook their own damn meals then.” She laughs.

“I know they probably told you, but maybe hearing it from someone else will help. When the alphas rejected you—which none of us knew about until recently—and you left, they plunged into a deep depression.

“They stopped socializing, started barking orders, and either locked themselves in the office with a bottle of whiskey or ran around trying to find you.” Katherine shakes her head.

Mary pours the gravy into some bowls and continues the story.

“Eventually, they started to change the rules and roles in the pack. They expanded our territory and made a lot of money investing online. They buried themselves in work, and none of us knew why they were acting that way.”

“Well, I did,” Greyson interjects, earning a smack on the head from both Mary and Katherine.

“Shut up, you idiot.” Mary scowls.

“Anyway, many female wolves tried to get their attention, but none succeeded. They had completely shut down. That is, until the day you stepped out of that black SUV and brought all their feelings back to life.”

Katherine sighs dreamily. “They are so in love with you but don’t know how to fix everything. If you don’t mind me asking, why don’t you just take them back?”

“It’s not that simple,” I confess, and start rubbing my hands nervously.

“But it could be. All you have to do is put the past behind you and accept your position as our—their—luna.” Katherine sounds frustrated.

I look at Greyson for some support, but he’s busy rubbing his head from the spoon attack. “I can’t just forget. It doesn’t work that way.” I stand up and try to escape through the door.

“Why not?” Katherine persists.

“Because they didn’t just reject me, they rejected our pup.” I regret saying it as soon as the words slip out, but it’s too late to take them back now. I just hope I haven’t caused the twins any trouble.

Katherine and Mary both gasp, and then their faces turn red with anger. “They did what?”

“They didn’t know. I didn’t even know.” Tears start to well up in my eyes, and I walk away before I make an even bigger fool of myself.

I retreat to my room to rest and decide to take a bath while I wait for the twins to return so we can talk. I fall asleep in the tub and am woken up by someone gently stroking my face.

I rub my eyes and see Liam sitting on the edge of the tub. He looks sad, but all the anger is gone. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"It wasn't your fault. I know that logically, but my heart isn't there yet."

"I understand, and I'll wait. But for tonight, will you stay with us?" When I hesitate, Liam quickly adds, "We just need to feel you close. It comforts us, that's all."

"Okay, but..." If I'm going to stay with them, then I might as well get something out of it too, since I'm about to cuddle with them. "I want something in return."

"Anything." His eyes light up with anticipation. Jameson leans against the door frame, watching us with his hands in his pockets.

I stand up and reveal my body to them, letting them get a good look since it was dark the last time.

They haven't seen me with all the moonflowers across my back, arms, sides, and thighs, each one representing a rogue I killed in the past few years. My body is more defined and toned, the body of a woman.

Their eyes scan my curves, my round butt, firm breasts, and flat stomach. Their eyes darken with desire, and the corners of their mouths curl up.

They know exactly what I'm asking for and are more than willing to give it to me.

Liam lifts me up over his shoulder and passes Jameson, who smacks my ass before Liam tosses me onto the bed.

They both stand by the bed and gaze at me lying before them. Then they glance at each other and smirk, right before they strip off their clothes in less than five seconds. I'm sure they set a record on that one.

I sit up on my knees and beckon them to come closer. The bed dips from their weight, and their hands explore my body.

Jameson sucks on my neck while Liam nibbles on my breast. I can already feel my pussy getting wet and throbbing from their touch.

"God, I've missed this," Jameson groans, his fingers finding their way to my slick folds. He teases me, his fingers dancing over my clit.

Liam's hands are kneading my ass, his lips capturing mine. His lips are soft, his touch rough, a perfect contrast. "I didn't think it was possible to want you any more than I already did."

I let them pleasure me, my hands reaching for their hard cocks. I spread their precum around their swollen heads for lubrication, then start to stroke them with a firm grip.

Their moans fill the room, so I keep stroking them until a deep growl stops me, and Liam flips me onto my back.

“If you keep that up, the fun will be over too soon,” he warns, his cock teasing my folds. His head rubs against my clit, building the pressure inside me.

His body fits perfectly against mine as he presses himself against me. Jameson focuses on my upper half, his lips trailing kisses along my lips, jaw, and neck while his hands massage my breasts.

Liam enters me slowly, pausing every so often to let me adjust. Once he’s fully inside, he pauses for a moment before his hips start to move.

I spread my legs wider, giving him more access to go deeper. He hits just the right spot, and my eyes roll back in my head as a loud moan escapes my lips.

Jameson’s cock teases my lips, asking for entrance. I lick his head and then open wide for him. I’d forgotten what he tastes like; surprisingly, a lot like his scent.

I’m already on the brink of an orgasm. A hum of pleasure escapes me as my walls start to pulse, sending me over the edge.

Jameson hits the back of my throat and grunts before he pulls out, leaving only the tip in. I lick and suck on his head, earning more moans from him.

Liam starts to shake and pulls out completely. “Straddle Jameson,” he orders, moving out from between my legs.

I align Jameson’s cock with my entrance and sink down onto him with a gasp. This position lets him reach every part of me.

He grabs my hips, lifts me up, and then pushes me back down. He repeats this over and over, increasing his speed with every thrust.

It feels so good that my second orgasm is close, but then he stops moving, and I feel Liam behind me. He teases his cock between my folds, lubricating himself, and then enters me alongside Jameson.

The pleasure from two men inside me at once is indescribable.

They move together perfectly, one thrusting in while the other pulls out.

“Oh. My. God!” I move my hips in time with their rhythm, holding onto Jameson for support.

Liam holds my hips and continues to thrust. My orgasm rips through me, my body shaking with pleasure. Even Lumen is excited, jumping around in my head.

“Even Honos and Animos can feel it, all of us together,” she howls.

I’m spent from the intense orgasm, but since the twins haven’t finished yet, I decide to go for a third.

I arch my back and wrap my arms around Liam’s neck. It changes the angle of their thrusts, giving Jameson access to my breasts.

He sucks on my nipple while Liam reaches around to rub my clit. I’m so sensitive after two orgasms that their continuous onslaught ensures my next one is just around the corner.

“I’m gonna cum now!” Liam swells and releases deep inside me with a few final thrusts. Jameson follows just seconds later, triggering my third orgasm.

We collapse on the bed, our limbs tangled together as we ride out the high, listening to our breathing even out.

It’s perfect, being close to them again without having to dissect every detail of our past, without the guilt, blame, or anger. I feel a spark of happiness, and even some hope. Maybe I can be happy again...