

# Talking to the Moon |

## Mate Marks

Their eyes darken to a deep, onyx black and their hold on me tightens. "Are you sure?" Liam gasps, pausing only briefly from kissing me.

"Yes."

"Then we'll give it our all," Jameson assures me, positioning himself between my legs. He kisses me, his tongue exploring my mouth while his cock teases my folds, finally settling on my clit.

He applies just the right amount of pressure on my sensitive spot, enough to make me even wetter. He pulls back a bit and enters me with a single, forceful thrust. His cock is so hard, so large that my eyes roll back in pleasure.

A sharp cry escapes my lips, but the pain quickly morphs into pure bliss as he begins to move, thrusting in and out.

"Goddess! Jameson!" I moan, throwing my head back. My legs are wrapped around his waist, meeting his thrusts, amplifying the pleasure for both of us.

Beside us, Liam sits with his hand wrapped around his cock, stroking himself as he watches his brother fuck me. A genuine smile plays on his lips, and his eyes roam over my body.

Jameson's thrusts slow and he grabs my ass to lift me up. His pounding becomes deeper, harder, hitting my cervix and G-spot. My vaginal walls start to pulse and my core tightens.

"Little Wolf, you feel too good. I won't last in your tight pussy."

He flips me over onto all fours and slams into me again. One hand holds onto my hips, keeping me in place while he pounds into me, and the other hand slaps my clit with each thrust.

I'm close and feel him swell inside me just before he bites down on my neck, marking me. I'm sent over the edge as I twist around to mark him.

I bite him, and his blood trickles down his collarbone before I lick it to seal the wound. Our mate bond snaps back into place, and his every touch sends an electrical current through me.

We climax together as he pumps into me a few more times, prolonging the blissful feeling.

I roll over onto my back and ride the feeling out for a moment while rubbing my breasts and watching Liam pleasure himself.

I bite my lip and then slowly crawl toward him. He's sitting on his knees. I straddle him, wrapping my arms around his neck.

"I will put a pup in you. I'll try all night if I have to." He winks at me and aligns his cock with my opening.

I slowly sink down on him and feel his thick head enter me. I pull up slightly, teasing him, before I plunge down on him completely.

"Liam, I missed this," I confess, while raising my hips and plunging back down.

I repeat the motion over and over while Liam runs his hands along my ass, squeezing and slapping it. He aids my hips by lifting up and then pulling me down, letting him go deeper and harder.

"That's it, Little Wolf. Almost there!" He massages my breast and flicks a nipple with the tip of his tongue. "You have the most perfect breasts."

He picks me up and lays me down on my back without letting himself slip out in the process. He thrusts into me harder and captures my lips with his.

I reach down and cup his balls with my hand and massage them gently. We are both close, and I feel his balls tighten up along with my core.

"Fuck." He moans, bites down on my neck, and marks me on the other side of my head.

I feel him right before he releases his seed deep in me, and my orgasm follows shortly after while he is still pumping into me, letting every last drop of his semen release into my vagina.

The second mate bond snaps into place instantly, and just like with Jameson, small electrical surges enter me wherever Liam touches me.

I feel the presence of Honos and Animos in my mind as if they were right here with me. Their thoughts, along with the twins', are an open channel, and nothing is hidden.

In the background, the presence of the entire pack lulls in a low hum. I'm their luna, and they are my pack. I am complete.

We lie down and catch our breaths silently when suddenly Jameson screams out, “What the fuck is that?”

“What?” Liam replies in a panic.

“There’s a voice in my head.” Jameson looks scared, but his expression changes when I start laughing.

“Why are you lau—What the hell? I hear one too.” Liam starts moving around, and I lay a hand on his arm to settle him down.

“It’s your wolves. Animos and Honos. Jameson, Animos is your wolf. The name means ‘courage,’ but Lumen calls him Ani. Liam, your wolf’s name is Honos, and it means ‘honor.’”

I’m relieved to finally be able to tell them about their wolves and surprised that they can speak to them. I need to ask Jason about it next time I speak with him.

Liam looks at me excitedly. “We can speak to our wolves? I knew you could, but I didn’t want to ask too many questions yet.”

“What does Lumen mean?” Jameson asks.

““The light.””

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We mate all night out on the dock. Sometimes they take turns, and other times they tag team. Every time is just as amazing as the next, and I never want the night to end.

After a while, we let our wolves take over and they mate, leaving their marks just like we had done.

At the break of dawn, the twins start to stir. We dress and then pack up the food, drinks, dinnerware, and blanket before we head to the pack house.

I’m greeted by many along the way, who all bare their necks in submission. They had all felt me becoming their luna last night. They congratulate me, and some hug me.

I’m welcomed with smiles and waves, which cause my heart to swell. They accept me as their luna, to rule beside their alphas. They trust me to do the job and to do it well.

Once inside the pack house, I rush upstairs and look in the mirror.

The mate marks have turned into the most beautiful tattoo displaying a silver wolf and three pups playing among the moonflowers while two identical black wolves watch over them with adoration.

Liam and Jameson stand behind me, watching as I marvel over the design, wondering if it shows the future. I study it, and when I decide that it holds no hidden meaning other than how many pups we will have, I grin and look at the twins' marks.

Jameson's mark is a pair of wolves, one silver and the other black. They're sitting on their hind legs, the silver one leaning into the black one, who pulls her in closer.

Liam's mark is similar, but the silver wolf is lying on her belly while the black wolf stands over her, protective and watchful.

The twins and I share a shower, taking our time to explore and appreciate each other's bodies. You might think it's strange for two brothers to share such intimate moments, but they're in perfect sync, never crossing boundaries, always attentive to each other's needs.

After the shower, we get dressed. I take a bit longer, so the twins head downstairs to whip up breakfast. The rest of the pack has already eaten, which means we'll have some privacy.

I pull on a pair of jeans and one of their old T-shirts, pausing to breathe in their scents. Even after a wash, their smells linger.

I can't get over the effect they have on me. I can already feel a familiar warmth building up between my legs.

Shaking off the thought, I decide I don't want to be alone any longer and head downstairs to the kitchen.

Liam and Jameson are cooking eggs, bacon, and biscuits. They manage to do it without much fuss. They plate the food and slide a plate down to me where I'm sitting at the breakfast bar.

My mouth waters, and I dig in as soon as the plate comes to a stop. The twins aren't exactly gourmet chefs, but for some reason, the food tastes amazing. Maybe they're improving? Doubtful.

"You were hungry, weren't you?" Jameson teases, starting on his own food.

"I'm a lycan. We eat a lot," I shoot back.

Liam kisses my temple and takes a seat next to me. "Easy, Little Wolf. He's just messing with you."

I mumble something under my breath and finish my breakfast, ready to start the day.

I have a long list of things to do—finding clothes, hygiene products, towels, toys, and more for the new pack members. I want to make them feel as welcome as possible.

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Fast forward two weeks, and I've finally sorted out the housing situation. Everyone in the pack has a place to call home, at least for now. Most are either living in the pack house or staying with families who've taken them in.

The twins are busy building new homes, and all able-bodied pack members are pitching in. The former rogues have found a place with us and are proving to be valuable assets to the pack.

Every night, we fall into bed exhausted but still find the energy to pleasure each other. We never tire of the feeling. The feeling of home.