

Talking to the Moon |

Chaos

“No.” The twins’ voices echo in the room. They both stride toward me, hands outstretched, but Greyson quickly steps in their path.

“It’s a solid plan. Actually, it’s a great one. It could work and it’s the least likely to get people hurt.” Greyson backs me up, but the twins aren’t buying it.

“We’ll go, but you’re staying put.” Liam points at me.

“Like hell I am! This is my mission, my purpose. You’re not benching me just because I’m an omega! I’m a lycan too, and I’m sorry you can’t see that.”

I’m seething at them, at their refusal to see me as anything more than the little omega they once rejected.

Jameson looks stung by my words and stares at the floor. “That’s not it. We’re just...worried.”

“Worried?” I scoff.

“Yes, worried,” Liam confesses, pouring himself a stiff drink. He downs it in one gulp and slams the glass down. “We can’t afford to lose you.”

“Lose me? You lost me years ago!”

Jameson signals for everyone to clear out, and they do without a word, even Greyson. “You’re back, we got you back! Don’t leave us again.”

“Enough with the games. I knew sleeping with you was crossing a line. I knew better, but I did it anyway.” I head for the door and they trail after me.

I make it outside before Liam calls out, “We love you, always have! Rejecting you was the dumbest thing we ever did, and you’re talking to two alphas who dared each other to streak in front of the werewolf council.”

He runs his hands over his face and through his hair, tugging in frustration. “You were never just an omega, never just a distraction. You were, and *are*, everything.”

“Then why?” I’d promised myself I was done crying over them, but I break that promise as soon as the words leave my mouth. “What do you want from me?”

Jameson wraps his arms around me and we sink to the ground. Liam embraces me from behind as they say together, "We want you to be our luna, our mate, and the mother of our pups. We want you."

"I know you don't trust us and you haven't forgiven us, but I hope there's a tiny bit of love left for us in your heart."

"I hope it's enough for you to take your place beside us, leading this pack," Jameson pleads, then kisses my forehead.

Liam clears his throat and snuffles quietly. "Let us love you, let us rebuild what we had. Let us be there for you."

Lumen jumps around in my mind from excitement. "*Yes, yes, yes! Tell them hell yes!*"

I ignore her and choke back a sob. "I need time. I'm going on this mission. Don't try to stop me."

"Then at least take Clara with you," they insist.

"I can't do that to Greyson, so no."

"Fine. We'll respect your decision, but we're coming with you." They both cross their arms over their chests, making it clear that it's not up for discussion.

The next day we prepare for the ambush. Since we'll arrive as wolves, we each need to pack some clothes and weapons into small bags that can be tied around our necks and won't get lost.

I choose a thin romper that takes up little space, a hair tie, and a few small blades. I plan on doing my fighting as a wolf, but just like a condom, I'd rather have one and not need it than need one and not have it.

It's time to head out since it will take us hours to get there and we need to rest along the way. Liam, Jameson, and I stand at the edge of the forest, waiting for Isabella and Micheal.

They come from the training field, and when I see Micheal, I run toward him and hug him tightly. "Micheal!" He swings me around in joy. "I didn't know you were back!"

"Got back this morning. Jason filled me in and thought you might need some help, babe," Micheal replies, earning a growl from the twins. "Okay, okay. I was just kidding."

"Thank you. I'll fill you in on the plan on the way."

We shift, and Micheal ties the bags around our necks before shifting himself. He doesn't need anything since he plans to stay shifted throughout the ambush.

Jameson is staring at me and snaps out of it when Liam nudges his side. *"You're... Olivia, you're..."*

"A silver wolf. I know," I mind-link back.

He grins goofily and says, *"Beautiful."*

After many hours of running, we reach the river where the underwater entrance is. We rest for a bit and then move on.

We dive into the water and swim down to the mouth of the pass. Once we find it and climb up, all we have to worry about is walking the narrow path and our wet fur freezing from the cold.

The twins and I discovered the entrance to the pass when we were young pups exploring the forest and the mountain. It was pure luck that we stumbled upon it and decided to see where it led.

We hadn't told anyone but Greyson and hoped that few knew about it. If not, it would ruin our plan.

We finally reach the end of the pass and lie low to rest and study the rogue camp. It's around midnight, and the camp is quiet, save for the occasional rogue patrolling the camp border.

The plan is for Micheal and me to sneak into the leader's tent while the others create as many distractions as they can. The chaos will allow us to kill the leader and slip away before anyone realizes what happened.

I signal to Micheal that I'm ready to go. As we jump down to the camp, the twins mind-link me.

"Be careful."

"Come back to us."

"I will," I promise, and hope that I can keep it.

Michael tiptoes behind me, moving with a stealth that's almost eerie. We duck behind a tent when a rogue stumbles out, drunk and disoriented, and starts relieving himself on a tree.

Michael creeps up behind him, silent as a shadow, and slashes his throat with his claws. The rogue crumples to the ground, caught mid-fall by Michael, who eases him down without a sound.

We drag the rogue's body into the bushes, then continue our trek to the heart of the camp, where the rogue leader is holed up.

We encounter a few more rogues along the way, dispatching them in the same quiet, efficient manner, until we reach the leader's tent. Michael stays outside to fend off any rogues who might approach, while I slip inside.

The leader is sprawled on a cot, snoring and mumbling in his sleep. I pause, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. He's definitely asleep.

I move towards him, one slow step at a time, pausing after each one to ensure he doesn't wake. I lean over him, studying his scarred face for a moment before extending my claws, ready to strike.

Suddenly, a loud boom echoes in the distance, and the leader's eyes snap open. He's awake and it takes him only a moment to take in the scene before him. He grabs my throat and flings me to the ground.

I scramble back to my feet and growl. The leader starts shifting, so I lunge at him while he's distracted. My teeth sink into his shoulder, and I thrash my head back and forth.

He shakes his body and manages to throw me off. He's fully shifted now, and his wolf form is even larger than his human one. He's a lycan—I can see all the telltale signs. Shit.

He snarls and starts circling me, forcing me to keep moving to prevent him from getting behind me. His massive jaws snap at me, and I leap back.

The commotion outside grows louder, signaling that it's getting closer. Voices are shouting, explosions are going off, and the heat from the fires is palpable.

I need to get out of the tent and put some distance between the leader and me.

I back out of the tent and bump into Michael's back. He's fighting off two smaller rogues, and he's winning. He's covered in blood, but it's not his. There are several rogue bodies strewn on the ground.

The rogue leader lunges after me and lands a few feet in front of us. Michael whirls around and growls. He lunges at the leader, managing to swipe at his side and draw blood.

The leader retaliates, and Michael is sent flying through the air, crashing into a tree trunk with a loud thud. I take a fighting stance, bare my teeth, and charge at him.

I manage to land on his back, biting down on his neck and digging my claws into his flesh. He thrashes wildly, but my grip is firm.

His blood fills my mouth, the metallic taste making me want to gag, but I hold on.

He's growing tired from his struggles, and I know he's nearing his limit. But in a final act of defiance, he rolls onto his back. I leap off at the last second, landing on my feet.

I extend my claws and rake them down his hind legs, leaving deep gashes that render them useless. The leader lets out a pained howl and slumps to the ground in defeat.

Michael is back on his feet and starts to approach us, but a group of rogues out for blood interrupts him. The camp is mostly ablaze by now, and the rogue leader shifts back into his human form.

He lies on the ground, bleeding and spent. He's no longer a threat, so I shift back and allow him to speak.

His red eyes are filled with rage, hatred, and fury. "What have you done?" he snarls.