

His Beta 220

Chapter 220

Xander

I couldn't hold back my guttural groan when Lanie took me in her mouth. Her mouth was magic. Her lips caressed the head of my cock, then traveled down the shaft while she cupped my balls with the other.

"Fuck," Zane murmured. "I love watching you take him in that way, Lanie."

I locked eyes with my Beta. Sharing women had never felt like this before. As Lanie let her tongue and lips suck and lick my cock, I reached for his shoulders to pull him close for a kiss.

He jerked and moaned as she left my cock and took his in next. Back and forth, our gorgeous Luna sucked us as my tongue dove into Zane's mouth. We breathed in and out in sync.

Lanie's moans rose to a familiar pitch.

I looked between her legs as Mason lapped her clit like making her cum was going to save his life.

Fuck, maybe it was. Having her in the bed with all three of us sure as hell felt like it was something important.

Mystical, even.

She was glowing.

Zane's eyes flashed, and I felt the light in my own. When Mason glanced up at us, his were, too. All

three

of us were wrapped in the luminosity surrounding her. I couldn't feel it, not exactly, but it centered heat

in my

stomach. The base of my c o c k. It weighed heavy in my balls, which pulsed every time her sweet

mouth took

my c o c k again.

"Feels so good..."

I knew we all heard her in the mind link. That connection deepened as Zane curled his fingers around

the

back of my neck to hold my mouth close to his, our foreheads pressed together. I felt Lanie's mouth

leave me, and I grunted a protest, but in the next second, Zane's pleasure pulsed and throbbed

through my c o c k like his

ecstasy was my own.

Mason's was there, too, but farther away. More distant. I could tell he was tasting her, but he and I weren't

connected the same way I sensed he and Zane were. Based on the way Mason moaned and jerked as Lanie

sucked Zane's dick, anyway.

The first time she came, ripples of silver and gold sparked all around us. At least that's how it felt. I

couldn't be sure if I actually saw them, or felt them, or if they were only in Lanie's head but projected into mine.

"Goddess," Zane breathed as his head fell back. His hips were moving, driving into her mouth as Lanie took him so completely. "What is that.."

"Fuck me, Mason," Lanie begged as she took me and Zane in her fists.

At the stroke of her fingers along my cock, slick with her spit, I almost came right then. When Mason slid 1/2

was too close.

Zane panted, hands on his hips. Eyes closed. Fuck, he was amazing. My beautiful Beta.

His eyes flew open, startled, and I realized I'd transmitted that thought. I didn't care. It was the truth,

and I

wanted him to know it. To feel it.

Lanie arched, her hands working each of us as her head tossed back and forth, spreading the glory of

her

hair out on the pillows. Mason was on his hands, pumping slowly inside her with his gaze fixed on her

face. He

looked entranced.

She was ensorcelling all of us. At least, that was how it felt. Like being under a spell of sex and lust and

love, like we were all moving somehow out of space and time. Individually, but together.

When she took Zane again, her hand moved on my cock in perfect time with how she sucked him.

Then, she switched. Her hips rolled, and she whimpered around my cock.

Zane slid a hand between her and Mason. I knew his fingers were finding her sweet little clit, probably

so plump and hard and swollen. She bucked, crying out.

We all moved as though we'd spent years together perfecting this lovemaking. All of it felt right. Perfect.

Meant to be.

Nothing was going to come between us after this. I felt in my bones, at the base of my spine, tingling

with my growing orgasm, in my chest. And definitely in my cock.

"Come for us, baby," Mason breathed.

Lanie's keening cry was finally what sent me over. Did I spill in her slickened fist? In the velvet of her

mouth? I couldn't tell and didn't care. The world had become the rise and crest of this desire.

I kissed Zane again as my cock leaped, spurting. His tongue stroked mine, his fingers curling against

the back of my neck. His moan and shudder sent waves of pleasure coursing through me.

Vaguely, I could hear Mason shouting out as he finished, too.

If the world had ended in that moment, I don't think any one of us would've been able to tell.

I fell onto the bed panting, eyes closed. I only opened them when I heard Lanie's soft, satisfied giggle.

"Well," she said. "Now we have to figure out who has to sleep in the wet spots."