

His Beta 315

Chapter 315

Lanie

Mason's tongue had found the most secret part of me.

I fell a little forward, both of my hands on Xander's shoulders and would meet up. The angle made it even easier for Mason to circle his tongue against the tight knot of muscles that it never dreamed never thought...

Shuddering, I gave up to the desire lighting me up like a sparkler. Zane of my nip as his fingers replaced

at

the sponge. He pressed them inside my pussy, one, then another, stretching until Xantier turned his attention to my other nipple as I gripped him harder.

He groaned at the way my nails dug into his skin, but a rush of his arousal pummeled me. We were all riding each other's waves. Rising, rising, easing back and cresting but not going over

Mason's tongue circled me in a slow, steady motion that had me shuddering like I and Zane must've

connected, because Zane fucked his fingers into me with the same pace. Xander joined then for lips

tugging at each nipple in perfect timing.

Every part of my body was alight. On fire. Burning, even under the fine, misty warmth of the summer

“Yes, give up to this,” Mason thought to me.

“I’ve never

His voice chuckled through the link. “I know. Let go. Let us pleasure you.”

“It’s so fucking weird to hear you speaking so clearly, even when your mouth is occupied, gasp

loud.

His chuckle this time was out loud, and the vibration of his lips added a new level of ecstasy so old that I

actually screamed a little bit and tried to get away from him. I couldn’t move. I was pinned to Mason’s

questing tongue worshipping my rosebud, while Zane’s fingers slid in and out of my clench. With each

tug of Xander’s lips on my nipples, I thought I might just explode.

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The three of them worked my body with precision until all I could do was what Mason had ordered. Sive

in. Give up

“I want your mouth on my clit, Zane Please, I moaned, but I was rewarded with a chuckle from him.

“Not yet”

I squirmed and cried out in protest, but the three of them were talking through the link and shutting me

but-something that would've pissed me off in any other circumstance, but now felt like a sweet torture.

My three mates were discussing the best way to get me to come, and not knowing what they were

planning was getting me there.

Fast

“I'm going to come,” I moaned. I want to come. I need to come.

I closed my eyes

Hands pushed my feet a little farther apart. I felt my buttocks being spread a little wider. Warm water

sluiced over my back and down the crack of my ass, over the tender flesh that had been teased by

Mason's tongue. A mouth sucked my nipples, one at a time. Fingers fucked inside me.

If I tried, I could tell which hands and teeth and tongues belonged to which of my lovers, but I was more

than happy to be swept up by their mutual efforts without trying to distinguish between them.

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“Feels so good,” I thought to them all. “Want your co cks. In my pu ssy. My mouth. My a ss.”

A long, guttural groan roared out of me as Zane slipped his fingers out of me. I desperately wanted

him- one of them-to replace them with a thick, pulsing c ock. But he only pressed a kiss to my hip

again. His teeth. nipped me. Xander withdrew from my breasts, too..

All that was left was Mason’s tongue against me from behind. My nails dug deeper into Xander’s skin. I

was vaguely aware of Zane getting to his feet, his hands holding my hips. He and Xander kept me

steady and in place while Mason kept going.

I tried to struggle free. The pleasure was overwhelming. I needed a tongue on my cli t, a c ock inside

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me, but all they were giving me was this strange, new ecstasy. I wanted to fight it, a little embarrassed

at how

good it felt to have his tongue there.

“Give in,” Mason ordered through the link.

“I won’t be able to...I can’t...this way...I need...”

But my mates knew what I needed, somehow better than I did. Xander and Zane, so long bonded to

each

other, both held me tightly. Mason continued making love to me with his tongue. It was different than

having. my cl i t licked. The sensation, somehow dimmer. Less intense. All the more torturous because

of that.

Oh... f uck. I was going to come from this. I'd never dreamed a ss play would be like this. I never

thought I Oh...f uck.

could come without my cl i t being touched.

I screamed h oarsely, over and over, as my body jerked and I went up....and up...and then, over.