

His Beta 63

Chapter 63

Lanie

They laid me down slowly onto the warm, soft rug in front of the blazing fireplace.

Lying next to me, Zane reached out and cupped my chin, lifting it to meet his smoldering gaze.

“Does this feel real?”

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“Mmmm,” was all I managed to say before his lips found mine, flicking his tongue against them until I

willingly opened my mouth to him.

He pulled away and both he and Xander leaned into my neck, breathing deeply.

As they did, their own warm musk, like spiced honey, invaded my senses.

A rush of hot wetness flooded between my legs.

Zane’s nostrils flared again, and his eyes rolled back

His unbridled desire turned me on like nothing else.

“What about this?” Xander asked as his fingers traced the inside of my leg.

Shivers wracked my body as he got closer and closer to my throbbing center.

He slid in a finger, hooking it up in a “come hither” motion that made my hips buck.

“Does this feel real?”

“Yes!” A strangled moan tore from my lips, and Zane buried his face in my neck, kissing and sucking

like

he couldn’t get enough of me.

Having both of them touching me, needing me, it felt so real. More real than anything I’d ever felt

before.

Xander rose onto his knees, his cock thick and proud, swinging in my face like it was hypnotizing me.

And suddenly my wolf was soaring to the surface, clawing desperately for more.

“I want you back in my mouth,” I growled.

Xander breathed out slowly, and his eyes went dark and glassy with intense arousal.

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I ran my tongue along his shaft from base to dripping tip, reveling in the salty-sweet taste.

I reached out for Zane, too, stroking him slowly, then faster, running a finger through the juices leaking

from his pulsing length.

They groaned in tandem.

As Xander hovered over me, teasing my lips with his cock, Zane got between my thighs, his tongue

lapping at my folds, drinking me in eagerly.

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against my waiting mouth.

Both boys entered me at the same time, Xander's cock ramming against the back of my throat while

Zane slowly slid himself inside me, pumping in and out in a steady rhythm, allowing me to feel every

pulsing inch.

He wrapped his hands around my legs at the same time Xander grabbed my hands, and they both

pushed

them back.

I was trapped beneath them, Zane thrusting deeper, to a place no one had yet reached, and suddenly,

he let out a strangled gasp and an "Oh gods, Lanie," and I felt the hot surge of his cum erupt inside

me. It sent me

over the edge.

I came with violent shudders that shook my whole body.

Just as my breath was coming back to me, Xander pulled himself out of my mouth and scooped me

into his arms, flipping over onto all fours.

Zane shimmied himself beneath me so we were facing each other, and began stroking his already-

hard-again cock while I balanced myself over top of him, my breasts swinging freely.

Xander pushed himself deep inside me, and I felt myself stretch, then clench around him, feeling fuller

than I'd ever felt before.

“Who do you belong to, Lanie?” Xander grunted as he thrust harder.

I gasped.

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Zane reached up and stroked my face.

“Who do you belong to?”

I felt a now-familiar pressure building in my lower stomach, taking me to the edge once more.

“You,” I whispered.

“You’re our everything, Lanie,” Xander leaned over and purred into my ear, “We-”

He slowed and sighed like he was holding something back.

“We can’t imagine life without you,” Zane finished for him.

But I had a feeling there was more they wanted to say

And suddenly, the piercing sting of guilt burned my stomach.

I wasn’t the first one they’d said things like this to.

I wasn’t the first she-wolf that had been their “everything”

They chose Alice, not the other way around.

Because they’d felt this way about her too once.

No wonder she was so upset...she was thrown into this mess just like I was, and imagining them

treating me the way they treated her made my heart squeeze.

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But then Xander was thrusting harder, and Zane was pulling my face to his, and suddenly the outside

world dissolved into the all-consuming bliss of the moment.

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“I’m coming!” I cried, just as I felt Xander’s c ock surge inside me and the hot liquid of Zane’s seed

exploding over both our stomachs.

I collapsed onto Zane’s chest, the creep of guilt slowly returning, spreading through my body like

poison.

“I’m going to shower,” I announced and left before they could protest.

I let the hot water scald me as I scrubbed myself raw

I needed to think clearly, and I could never do that with Xander and Zane’s scents seeping from every

pore

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of my body.

way any trace of my

Part of me also fantasized that if I scrubbed hard enough, I might be able to wash away any

vampire blood.

It struck me how little I still knew about vampires and about myself, and my family.

All I knew were fairytales and legends.

No sunlight, no wooden stakes or garlic, powers of immortality, compulsion, hypnosis

I froze.

Hypnosis.

Was that why I was so trusting of Braden?

Was that why Xander and Zane were so drawn to me?

Did I have powers of hypnosis? And were they mixing with my mating heat and making the boys do

things they normally wouldn't?

There was one person who would have all the answers I needed,

It was time she paid me a visit.