

# **Trio of Mates Chapter 11**

## **Chapter 11: Chapter 10: Charlie**

I wasn't sure if it was going to work, but the second Zak turned around and Brandon saw his hard, standing cock, I knew we had him. "If you were enjoying the show, you don't have to leave. I promise that watching Charlie get fucked is well worth it," Zak says.

Brandon's eyes are drowning in lust and there is an impressive bulge in his pants. His tawny hair, usually styled to perfection, is damp from the steam and is falling across his forehead. His cheeks are flushed from the heat in the room and sweat is beading around his temples. I want to bend his head down to my chest and lick the sweat from his face.

I walk around Zak and lean into him, pushing my breasts into his body. I reach down and begin stroking Zak's cock, squeezing his head, just like he likes it. For a second, my attention is diverted from Brandon as our mate hisses in pleasure at my touch. His head falls back and his eyes close, giving into the pleasure that I'm showing him. Fuck, I'm so wet. The only reason that Brandon can't smell it is because of the shower drowning it. Time to do something about that.

I turn back to Brandon. "Yeah, Brandon. Stay. That must be pretty uncomfortable," I say and nod toward his pants, wanting so badly to strip them off and free that hard length. All I can imagine is having him fill my mouth. Having Zak fucking his ass. Having him between the two of us, unable to get away. Not wanting to get away.

I let go of Zak. He turns off the water and I step out of the shower. As I walk to Brandon, I see his eyes rake over my body. Looking at my breasts, my pussy, and slowly returning to my face. Knowing that he is gay, has never been with a woman or even wanted one, I was very concerned about how he would react to me. But the look in his eyes is unmistakable. Brandon would fuck me in a heartbeat, gay or not.

I watch as his tongue darts out and swipes along his bottom lip. I can't help the moan that escapes me, thinking of what I want that tongue to do to me. When I reach Brandon, I stand on my tiptoes to whisper in his ear. I make sure that my hip brushes against the front of his pants and my breasts push against his chest. "I want to watch you jerk off in the mirror while Zak fucks me."

Brandon takes in a ragged breath and my excitement ratchets up a notch. I know that he can smell my arousal. I want him to. I want him to stay. I want him to participate, but I'll settle for this for now. Please say yes.

Slowly, oh so slowly, he nods his head.

Trying to contain my excitement, I simply say, "Good." I pull him over to the settee, where Zak and I left our clothes. I push him down onto the settee by his shoulders and run my hands down his thickly muscled arms, making sure to skim my hands over his cock. When he gasps, I look into his eyes. They are deep, dark pools of the truest cobalt blue I have ever seen. I want to drown in them. I want to watch them as he makes love to me, as he fucks me, as he kisses me, as he holds me while I fall asleep. I want to see love, and hope, and my future in those eyes. But, for right now, I will settle for lust.

I turn back to Zak and see him stroking his shaft, watching Brandon intently. The same desire that I have is matched in his eyes. I pull Zak's face down to me and slowly and thoroughly kiss him. His hands trail down my side and between my legs, forcing them open. Zak pushes two fingers into my pussy, wiggling and flicking them inside of me. I whimper into his mouth. "Fuck me already," I mindlink him.

Zak lets out a small, low chuckle and turns me to face the vanity. Lining himself up with me, Zak looks at Brandon in the mirror. "Get your cock out and start jerking. This is going to be hot."

We watch as Brandon unzips his pants and shifts his weight so that he can pull his pants down. He pushes his pants and boxers down to his knees. He quickly pulls his shirt off and leans back on the settee. He spits into his hand and fists it around his cock, beginning to pump himself.

My mouth goes dry at the sight and Zak's breathing becomes louder, more uneven. Brandon sees our expressions and gives us a wicked, lust filled grin. His voice is breathy, but it comes out teasing, "Well, guys. I'm waiting for my show."

I giggle and Zak returns Brandon's grin with one of his own. "Just making sure you're ready," he says. Suddenly, he slams himself into me and I scream with pleasure.

"Fuck, you are so wet, Charlie!" Zak grits between his teeth.

"I can smell it," Brandon says, his fist continuing to pump on his cock.

I groan at feeling Zak inside of me and watching Brandon in the mirror.

Zak sets a fast, hard pace, pulling almost completely out of me before pounding himself back in. I hold onto the vanity counter so hard that my knuckles whiten. "Zak! Fuck! Just like that."

"Damn, you feel so fucking good," Zak says, fighting to keep his eyes open so that he can watch both Brandon and me in the mirror.

I glance at Brandon and see his bottom lip between his teeth, his hand keeping the same pace on his length as Zak is using to pound into me. I groan as I watch the pleasure cross his face. My orgasm is quickly going to overtake me.

Zak smacks my ass and I moan loudly. His hand fists in my hair and he begins to pick up speed.

"Zak! Baby, I'm gonna cum!" I cry out.

Suddenly, Brandon is beside me. His face is next to mine and he whispers in my ear, "You can't cum yet. We've only just started."

My inner walls clench at the sound of his voice in my ear. My orgasm barrels through me and I scream my release. Zak lets out a strangled groan, but continues his relentless pace. He watches Brandon and me, his hands tightening on my hips.

I can't help it, I reach out for Brandon's length. I want to at least feel it in my hands.

But he steps back, shaking his head, a smirk on his face. "Uh, uh, uh. This cock is only for good girls who listen. You came without permission. Now you don't get to touch it." I try to pout, but Zak's cock hardens even more at Brandon's words. All I can do is let out a low moan and hold on to the counter for all I'm worth.

I watch Brandon walk to Zak, his back to me. Brandon trails the fingers of one hand down Zak's arm while the other continues to move on his shaft. Zak lets go of my hip that is the closest to Brandon and grabs his hand. He places Brandon's hand on his chest.

"Touch me," Zak whispers. His hand returns to my hip. He continues to pound into me, but stares at Brandon. His eyes are pleading, begging for Brandon's touch. This is so unlike an Alpha. Alphas never beg. But we are his mates. He will only bow to us.

Surprise crosses Brandon's face before it fills with a wicked glee. "What was that, Alpha?" Brandon leans into Zak, nuzzling his neck. Fuck! That is so hot!

"Please, Brandon. Touch me," Zack says, a little louder. His eyes close and a look of pure bliss crosses his face.

"That's better," Brandon chuckles. He walks behind Zak and presses his body into Zak's back. Again, Zak lets out a low groan and his speed picks up even more. Both of Brandon's hands snake around Zak's body. His left hand circles one of Zak's nipples, pinching and twisting it. His right trails down Zak's stomach, slowly. Zak's hips buck into me and I scream. "Shit! That's so fucking hot!"

I watch as Brandon begins to move his body against Zak's. I can feel his shaft underneath Zak's, rubbing along his balls, hitting my clit every time Zak slams into me.

Zak grunts and I can feel him getting closer. I'm also coming to the brink again.

Brandon's eyes blaze in the mirror as he watches us. "Don't cum unless I say, Zak." His hands have found their way to Zak's hips and he grips them tightly.

Zak groans and tries to slow down. Tries to regain some control of himself. But Brandon won't let him, urging him on with his hands and hips. Zak lets out a guttural groan, but somehow manages not to let go.

"Good boy," Brandon purrs into Zak's ear. He licks up Zak's neck, the side where his mate mark will go and Zak actually whimpers.

"Look at those titties bounce while you fuck her," Brandon whispers into the shell of Zak's ear. "She's so wet that even my cock is coated."

Zak and I both groan as Brandon circles his hips against us. Still whispering into Zak's ear, he says, "Bend over and grab those titties."

Zak does as he's told, palming one breast in his big hand, while the other pinches and flicks my other nipple. I moan loudly, unable to control the orgasm that spills through me a second time.

Zak whimpers again, but doesn't let go or slow his pace.

"Oh, you are such a good, good boy, Alpha. She's cum all over you twice and you haven't cum yet. You deserve a reward for that."

"Yes, please," Zak breathes out. "Let me cum."

I never knew how much hearing Zak beg like this would turn me on. I reach down to rub my clit, but Brandon smacks my hand away. "Naughty girl, Luna. You've cum twice without permission. You don't get to touch yourself now. You're lucky I haven't punished you."

I growl in lust and frustration when he says that. He chuckles darkly, "But maybe you would like that. I know that I'd like to do it to you."

Suddenly, Brandon backs away from both of us. We both groan at the loss of his touch, but suddenly Zak yelps and begins to pound faster.

With Zak's body covering mine, I can't really see what is going on. In the mirror, I can't see Brandon standing behind us. But as Zak continues to move back and forth within me, I can see Brandon kneeling on the floor behind Zak.

"What is he doing?" I ask Zak.

Between gasps and moans, Zak says, "He's eating my ass. Holy fucking shit that feels good."

I look between our legs and see Brandon's hand on his length, pumping hard and fast. Knowing what he is doing to Zak and how turned on they both are by it sets my desire into a frenzy.

I push my ass into Zak, wiggling it back and forth. I squeeze my inner walls, pulsating around him.

"Fuck! Charlie! Brandon! Oh, Goddess, that feels so fucking amazing!" Zak yells.

I can't remember if Zak's office is soundproof, but at this point, I can only hope it is.

Zak's movements are getting sloppier, harder for him to control. I can tell that he is almost there and I'm about to cum with him.

"Please, Brandon!" Zak yells, his voice strained with all of the effort that he is putting into not cumming. "Please, let me cum!"

Brandon's voice is muffled when it comes, "Cum, my Alpha. Cum for us."

Immediately, I feel Zak stiffen inside of me. Hot jets of his seed fill me up and I cum around his cock. Inarticulate moans and yells fill the bathroom as we both find our release.

I hear Brandon quickly stand and, in the mirror, I see him finish himself on Zak's back. His own cries mingle with ours.