

Trio of Mates Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Chapter 1: Brandon

Zak kisses along my jaw while he palms my erection through my pants. I groan and turn my face to his, hungrily devouring his mouth. My hand runs from his hip up his bare, muscular back, and along his broad shoulders. I move my hand to his short mahogany colored hair, fisting it in my hand, keeping his head firmly trapped in my grasp. He isn't quite as tall as I am, so I bend my head to his, pulling him closer to my body. My cock twitches in his hands and he moans into my mouth.

"Brandon," he sighs as he unzips my pants and I fall out into his hands. He wraps his fist around my swollen cock and squeezes as I break away from his mouth, my head falling back as I moan loudly.

"Holy shit," I breathe out.

Zak chuckles and trails his lips along my neck. The rough stubble on his cheeks rubs along my jaw and neck, adding an extra texture to the pleasure. He begins to pump his fist and my hips involuntarily move to follow his rhythm.

Groaning loudly, I turn toward him and my hand travels down to his toned ass, slipping into his pants. His muscular arm wraps around my hips, his fingers gripping my skin.

"You guys started without me?" A feminine voice says from the door to Zak's room.

We both turn to see our other best friend, Charlie, walking into the room, stripping off her clothes as she walks closer.

"You took too long," I grin at her, rubbing my finger over Zak's asshole. He whimpers and begins pumping my dick harder. I close my eyes and hum my approval.

"Let me help," Charlie says, grabbing a bottle of lube from the bedside table. She walks over to Zak, pulling his head toward her for a slow, thorough kiss. The sight of the two of them kissing, her completely naked and him only in a pair of sweats slung low on his hips, is almost enough for me to cum. I bite my lip to swallow my moan.

Charlie pulls Zaks sweatpants and underwear down. She squirts lube over his asshole and my fingers before kneeling in front of us. She grins up at me as she takes me into her mouth. She begins pumping Zak's cock with her right hand.

"Fuck, Charlie," Zak curses, drawing out the words. He closes his eyes and leans his head back.

"Good girl," I say, grabbing the back of her head at the same time that I stick two fingers into Zak's tight hole.

"Shit!" he swears, leaning into my body as I begin to scissor and twirl my fingers to loosen him up. Charlie suddenly pops me out of her mouth and starts to suck Zak's cock, stroking her hand along my shaft.

"If you two don't stop, I'm going to fucking cum right now," Zak says, trying to pull away from us. But we both tighten our grips, mine on his ass and Charlie's on his hips.

"Who said you could cum?" I whisper into the shell of his ear, pulling my fingers in and out of him.

Charlie pulls back on his cock, so just the tip is in her mouth. She stares up at us and grins as she runs her tongue around his tip.

"Oh, fuck!" Zak moans loudly. "I can't help it." He pulls her head so that his cock is completely engulfed by her mouth. His body rocks back and forth between Charlie's mouth and my fingers. He fists his hands in her hair, fucking her mouth. Zak turns and kisses me, hard and fast, cumming down Charlie's throat. I greedily swallow his moans, still pumping my fingers in and out of his ass.

Zak leans against me as Charlie swallows. "Oh, Zak," Charlie says, mock sadness in her voice. "You didn't have permission to cum."

I grin wickedly at her and turn back to Zak. His eyes are fluttering and he is panting heavily. "Guess someone needs to be punished. What do you think, Charlie? Cuffs or rope?" I say, gazing into Zak's face. He is still recovering from his orgasm and isn't truly hearing what we are saying.

I lean down, pulling his nipple into my mouth and biting. I earn a gasp from Zak and he straightens off of my shoulder.

Charlie chuckles, walking over to the dresser where we keep all of our toys. "Cuffs," Charlie says, reaching into the top drawer. "He likes being completely helpless, but hates it when the only thing restrained is his hands." Zak likes to be able to touch us, to move at will, or to be completely restricted. Either fully restrained or completely free. By just cuffing his hands, it will increase the amount of begging he does.

I smirk at Zak, his cock already half-hard again. "Perfect," I say, grabbing him around the waist. I push him onto the bed, flipping him onto his stomach and laying on top of him. Leaning into his ear, I whisper, "I'm going to fuck you so hard that you won't be able to walk out of here."

Zak moans and tries to turn his head to kiss me, but I pull back. Charlie giggles, attaching the cuffs to the hook on the bed and locking Zak's hands into the cuffs.

"I think he likes that idea," Charlie says, grabbing his now fully erect dick in her hand and giving it a few strokes. Zak hisses in pleasure.

Getting off of Zak, I grab the lube and pour it over my aching cock. I pull Zak up so that his arms are taut in front of him and he is on his knees.

Charlie puts a pillow under Zak's hips. Then she slips beneath him, laying on the pillow.

I pour more lube onto Zak's asshole as Charlie lines him up with her dripping pussy. She pushes him inside of her and they both gasp at the feeling.

"So fucking wet," Zak grits out between clinched teeth.

"Holy hell!" Charlie moans, beginning to rock her hips onto his cock.

I wrap my arms around Zak and place my hands on Charlie's breasts. I squeeze and roll her nipples, feeling them pebble in my fingers. I bite Zak's shoulder for that extra feeling of pain and pleasure. He cries out for me.

"You ready for my big cock in your ass?" I say against his skin.

"Please," he whispers.

"I didn't hear you," I say, grabbing my cock and rubbing it against his waiting hole.

"Please, Brandon. Please fuck me!" He cries out.

I smile widely and line my cock up with his asshole. "Since you asked so nicely," I say and thrust completely into him.

I open my eyes, breathing hard. I look around and find that I am in my own bed in my room. I'm naked and my cock is tenting the sheet, a dot of precum staining where the tip rubs the fabric. I roll over to find Devin with his back to me. He's naked, like me. Not surprising since we pretty much passed out after fucking all night.

Devin's muscular back and tan skin are relaxed and his firey red hair is messy from sleeping and our long night.

I quickly reach across him to the lube on the bedside table. My movement makes him stir, but he doesn't open his eyes. "What time is it?" he says, rubbing his face. His voice is rough from sleep and screaming last night. Good thing our rooms are soundproof.

Not answering him, I quickly put lube on my fingers and rub them over his asshole.

"Oh!" Devin groans, half turning towards me. I push him onto his stomach, keeping my arm on his upper back, so he can't roll back. I stick two fingers into his hole and begin to twist and scissor them.

"Mmmm," he groans.

"Good. You're still soft from last night," I say. I pull my fingers out and pour some lube on my dick before climbing between his legs.

"Good morning to you, too," he says, then yips when I push into him.

"Shut up," I say, pulling him up into his knees before grabbing his hips and pounding into him.

"Yes!" he cries out. "Just like that!"

I push his head down into the pillow, pounding hard and fast. I can hear his moans muffled in the pillow, but I don't want to hear him.

"Zak! Fuck, Charlie!" I moan. The sound of my hips hitting Devin's ass fills the room. Devin begins to clench around my cock, his orgasm building. I can hear him moan his pleasure, but all that I think about is my dream. I'm so close, chasing my orgasm as I pound into Devin's ass, my mind filled with images of Zak and Charlie.

Devin attempts to grab his cock to jerk himself off, but I pull his arm around his back. "You cum when I say you cum," I grunt at him.

"Fuck! Please! Please let me cum!" Devin pleads.

I just ignore him, continuing to pound into him.

"Please!" Devin begs again.

My balls tighten as I hear his pleas. I love it when he begs. "Say my name," I say, my orgasm continuing to build.

"Brandon, please let me cum!" Devin screams.

In my mind, I hear Charlie saying my name. I hear Zak's pleas for me to let him give into the pleasure that I am giving him. I pull Devin's body up so that he is kneeling upright, his back flush against my front. I turn his head towards mine. Before capturing his mouth with mine, I whisper, "Cum."

Devin screams into my mouth, his seed shooting out of his cock as I continue to pound into him. His ass tightens around my cock and I roar into his mouth as I cum with him.

Devin and I collapse onto the bed, me spooning his body with mine. He lays his head on my outstretched arm while I throw a leg over top of his. We lay catching our breath for several minutes before Devin breaks the silence.

"Another dream?" he asked, turning his body to face me.

Not wanting to speak, I just nod. This was the sixth one in as many days. The feelings that the dreams brought with them were starting to weigh on me.

"Tell me," he asked, turning my face to look at him.

"I really don't want to talk about it," I say, my eyes begging him to let it go. I should have known better. Devin has this theory that if I don't talk about it, then it will only stay bottled up inside and eat me alive. He says that I need to "exorcise the dreams," letting them out into the open so that they stop consuming my mind. Hasn't really worked yet.

Devin pulls my head down and pecks my lips before glaring at me. He keeps eye contact with me until I relent.

"It was a sex dream..." I start.

"Obviously," he chuckles and kisses my cheek.

I roll my eyes, but smile at him. "Obviously. Anyway, it started with Zak jerking me off and then Charlie walked in," I say, my voice filled with disappointment. My eyes close as a brief flicker of pain crosses my face.

Devin pulls me close, tucking my head into his chest. Quite a feat, since he's about six inches shorter than me.

I wrap my arms around his waist and we lay in silence for a few moments before I continue. "Charlie and I got Zak off, but he came without my permission," I say into his chest.

Devin chuckles, but doesn't say anything. He knows that I like to be in control in the bedroom.

I smile sadly into his chest. "Charlie decided to cuff him to the bed so that he couldn't touch us. Apparently he hates having his hands restricted, at least in my dreams. Charlie got underneath him and started fucking him, but I made him beg. Just as I thrust inside of him, I woke up."

Just talking about the dream has made me hard again and I can feel Devin's arousal against my stomach.

I clear my throat and look up at him. "Why do I keep having these dreams?"

"I don't know, love," Devin says, pushing my hair away from my face. "You're almost 21. You should be dreaming about your mate. I don't know why you are dreaming about Charlie and Zak when they are mated to each other."

Tears gather in my eyes and silently slide down my cheeks. "Why is the Moon Goddess tormenting me? I'm trying to accept that my two best friends are each other's mates. That the two people that I've been in love with for years are out of my reach forever. But I can't move on if all I think about is them! I have to work with them everyday. I see them everywhere, even in my fucking dreams!"

Devin holds my face in his hands and begins kissing away my tears. "I'm so sorry, Brandon. I don't know why this is happening." His lips make their way to mine and he kisses me deeply. I hold onto him with all of my strength, crushing him to me.

We pull away from the kiss breathing hard.

"Let me help you forget," he says to me, his voice soft, his eyes full of sympathy and lust.

In response, I kiss him, pulling his body on top of mine. We spend another hour in bed before we shower together. I lend Devin some clothes and we head down to the dining hall for breakfast.

Though Devin and I have been active in bed for a while, it is still early and the omegas are just starting to serve breakfast for those of us that live in the packhouse. As the rising Beta, I have my own suite on the fourth floor of our five story packhouse. Devin is one of the pack's best young warriors. He lives in the barracks with the rest of the unmated warriors. However, for the past three months, he has spent most of his nights in my room, helping me to forget my depression and, more recently, deal with the after effects of my dreams.

It all started the morning that Zak and Charlie were mated. Seeing them mark each other was too much for me. I immediately shifted, shredding my clothes and my sleeping bag.

Howling, I ran as fast and as far as I could. Eventually, I made it to the mountains at the edge of our territory. Whining and winded, I lay on the ground, covering my head with my front paws.

I was so distressed, I didn't hear the wolf that followed me until he was beside me. The wolf, Devin, nudged me with his red furred snout. I whined, burying my head further into my paws.

Devin shifted back and rubbed my back. "What happened, man? Our two best friends found their mate! We have our Luna."

I whined again. Devin tried to mind-link me, but I shut him out.

"Shift, Brandon. Talk to me," Devin pleaded.

It took Devin another 30 minutes to convince me to change back. But when I did, I bawled. I spilled out everything, my feelings for both Charlie and Zak, my prayers to the Goddess, and my feelings of hopelessness.

And what happens in all of those sappy movies when one friend cries on the other's shoulder? Yeah, we had sex. I didn't even know that Devin was gay, but when I kissed him, he kissed me back with such ferocity that everything dominoed from there.

We were both already naked, having left our clothes back at the campsite. I ran my fingers through Devin's shoulder-length red hair, fisting it in my left hand. My right hand trailed over his chest, rolling his nipples between my fingers. This earned me a lust-filled growl. Devin tried to pull away from my mouth, but I kept him firmly planted against my lips.

My hand trailed down his chest and over his stomach until it reached his fully erect cock. Wrapping my hand around it, I began to pump his dick in my fist. Devin moaned into my mouth and I laid him back on the grass. I trailed kisses down his jaw, his neck, his chest, and his stomach until I reached his rock hard manhood.

"Brandon," he moaned. "Please."

"Please what?" I asked him, gazing back into his eyes. My voice was low and husky, almost unrecognizable in my lust-fueled haze. "I can't help you if you don't tell me what you want."

"Please suck my cock," Devin pleaded, his eyes staring down at me. They had turned an incredibly dark blue with his desire.

Smiling, I darted my tongue out and wrapped it around the head of his dick. Keeping eye contact the whole time, I licked to the base of his cock and back up the other side.

"Fuck that feels good," he squeezed out through clinched teeth.

"I can make it feel even better," I whispered against his shaft. Without warning, I took his dick into my mouth down to the base, sucking so hard that my cheeks hollowed.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" Devin yelled, grabbing my short, tawny hair.

I slowly worked my way back to the head of his cock and plunged back down again.

"Brandon," Devin let out a breathy moan. "Just like that. Don't stop."

My head began bobbing faster on his cock, dripping saliva everywhere. Rubbing my fingers at the base of his cock, I wet them and pushed my way into his tight hole.

"Yes! Fuck yes, Brandon. Don't stop!" Devin screamed. He grabbed the back of my head and began fucking my mouth as I used two fingers to loosen up his hole.

"I'm gonna cum!" Devin said. Immediately, I pulled him out of my mouth with a wet pop and pulled my fingers out of his ass.

"You cum when I say you cum," I said in response to his disappointed groan. Leaning over him, I kissed him punishingly hard and positioned my cock at the entrance of his ass. Precum leaked from the tip of my cock, making it slide over his hole. "Last chance to back out, Devin. No hard feelings."

Devin wrapped his arms around my neck and his legs around my waist. Looking me in the eyes, he said, "Fuck me, Brandon. Let me help you feel good."

With that, I slowly thrust into him until I was fully seated inside. I gave him a few moments to adjust to my size. I'm no Alpha, but my cock isn't small either. I have to be careful the first time I have sex with someone, until they are used to my size and girth.

Devin whimpered beneath me, his head cocked back and his eyes closed. Soon, his hips began to move, almost involuntarily. That's when I started to move my hips.

Devin moaned under me, his words unintelligible as he took in the pleasure that I was giving him. "Fuck, you're so tight," I strained out.

"It's cause you're so big," he said, leaning up to kiss me. He moaned into my mouth as I picked up speed and force. This wouldn't make me forget about Zak and Charlie, but damn is it a good distraction.

I could feel Devin's ass start to clench around my dick and I knew that he was getting closer to an orgasm.

"Don't cum without permission, Devin. If you do, I'll have to punish you." I said, looking into his face. Looking at the pleasure that I was giving him. If only I was giving that pleasure to Zak. If only it was Charlie beneath me, her pussy clenching on my dick.

"Please, Brandon," Devin said, his eyes opening and staring into mine. "Please let me cum. You feel so good. I'm not going to be able to hold it for long."

"You can, and you will," I said, pulling out and flipping him over onto all fours. I thrust back inside him and started pounding into his ass. I trailed kisses and bites all along his back and Devin squirmed and moaned for me.

"Brandon. Brandon! Don't stop!" he cried out from under me.

"How does it feel to have the future Beta's cock deep in your ass?" I asked him, thrusting into him even faster.

"Goddess, your cock feels amazing!" he screamed.

"That's right. Call out to the Goddess. She's the only thing that is going to stop me from destroying your ass right now," I whispered back to him.

"Oh, fuck! Brandon, please let me cum. Please!" Devin begged.

"Cum, then." I said, reaching around and grabbing his cock. Within a few strokes, he came in my hand, screaming my name. Two pumps later, my load filled his ass, a guttural cry falling from my lips.

Devin convinced me to go back to the packhouse for the ceremony. As the future Beta, I couldn't miss the crowning of my new Alpha and Luna.

It was honestly the hardest thing that I have ever done. Watching the two loves of my life stand in front of the pack, their mate marks on display, and their scents mingled from their mating nearly killed me. The only thing that kept me standing, kept me whole, was Devin. He held my hand under the table, whispered reassurances into my ear while we watched Zak and Charlie become our new Alpha and Luna. Their smiles were radiant as they looked at our table and it was all that I could do to nod my head towards them instead of bolting out of the room.

That night, Devin stayed in my room. I didn't let him sleep at all, trying to erase the disappointment, pain, and longing from my heart with his kisses and caresses.