

## Trio of Mates Chapter 21

### Chapter 21: Chapter 20: Charlie

I woke fully to the heavenly smells of my mates and pancakes. My body was pleasantly sore in several places and my hair was disheveled. I was naked and alone in the bed, but that didn't last for long.

"Finally awake, Beautiful?" Brandon says. I squint to see him standing at the door with two cups of coffee in his hand. He is wearing a pair of boxers and nothing else. I see the fading hickies on his skin from last night, as well as some new ones. He and Zak must have had some fun time while I slept.

"I don't know. You might have to come and help motivate me to get up."

He eagerly walks towards me, setting the coffee cups on the dresser before sitting beside me on the bed. Brandon leans down, smoothing my hair back.

"Goddess, you are gorgeous," he says, right before he kisses me. One hand cups the back of my head, keeping me anchored to his mouth. The other travels down to trace my nipples. For someone who has never been with a woman, Brandon really knows what he's doing.

My hands run through his hair and claw down his back, earning me a grunt of pleasure. Something that I very quickly learned last night was that Brandon likes to be in control in the bedroom, but he also likes a bit of pain with his pleasure.

Brandon moves his lips down my jaw to my ears and neck. Every place his lips stop, he places either a kiss, a lick, or a light nip. I never know which one he is going to do and the anticipation of it is arousing on it's own.

My hands grab his face, maneuvering him to my right breast. He chuckles right before he sucks my nipples into his mouth, rolling the right bud between his teeth.

"Goddess, Brandon! Bite it harder!"

Immediately, his body tenses as he bites down on my nipple, his teeth almost meeting in the middle. That was another thing that I noticed last night. Brandon quickly realized that I also like pain. He is completely willingly to provide me with the pain I crave, his body completely stilling so that he can attend to how I react.

At the feeling of the pain and pleasure that he is giving me, I fist my hands into the sheets, breathing out forcefully. I have him stay there like that for a few more seconds. My orgasm has continued to build throughout the biting. I'm just on the brink when I scream, "Truffles!" It's the safe word that we agreed upon last night.

Immediately, Brandon let's go and my orgasm rolls through me. I scream his name as I cum.

He moves his hand to touch my pussy, but I stop him. "Still too sore from last night, love. Give me a few more hours and a nice soak in the tub and I'll be ready for you again." I say, kissing his lips. "In the meantime, there are other things that I can do."

A smirk crosses his lips. "Well, there is one thing that I've always wanted to do, but couldn't very easily with a guy."

I nibble along his jaw to his ear, listening to his breathing hitch. "Mmmm, what's that, love?"

Gulping audibly, he says, "A tit job."

I pull back, smiling. "Grab the lube."

Brandon quickly moves to the bedside table on Zak's side of the bed and grabs the lube. He hands it to me. Opening it, I squirt a generous amount all over my breasts. Unable to keep his hands to himself, Brandon begins rubbing it in.

I prop two pillows behind me and lay back. "Straddle me," I say, lifting my arms to accommodate his knees.

Getting into position, Brandon lays his length between my breasts and looks at me with hooded, lust-filled eyes. I push my breasts together from the sides. His shaft is long enough that I can suck on the tip of him without straining my neck.

Looking up at him, I play my tongue along the tip of him. I watch his mouth drop open and his hands clench in the air. I look directly into his eyes. "Fuck my titties."

Brandon groans, grabbing the headboard. He starts slow, but quickly picks up speed at the feeling of my slick flesh enveloping him.

"Holy shit, that feels good!" He gasps out.

I suck the tip of him into my mouth and each upward thrust pushes more of him into my mouth. Quickly, his movements become sloppy. The new feeling must have proven too much for him.

"Charlie! Charlie, I'm gonna cum!"

I moan on his tip to let him know that I'm ready and he grabs the back of my head to hold my mouth on him. He thrusts upward one last time and his release flows down my throat.

After a few breathless seconds, he rolls off of me and scoops me into his arms.

From the doorway, we hear a knock. Looking up, we see Zak in the doorway.

"As fucking hot as that was, you two need to hurry. Your pancakes are getting cold," he says before walking out the door, a smirk on his face.

Brandon and I laugh. We go clean up in the bathroom. Brandon slips his boxers back on and I grab Zak's discarded polo from the night before.

We eat breakfast, even though it is 11 by now. It is so comfortable between us, just like before Zak and I mated. I can't wait until it is like this always, but I have to be patient. Only four more days until Brandon would officially be our mate and he seems to be giving in to the initial stirrings of the mate bond now. We will have our mate.

Lucille warned us not to tell Brandon. It is better for him to have undeniable proof of the mate bond. For him to feel it on his own. He will be less likely to reject it then. So, right now, we are keeping quiet. It is so hard not to mark him, but Zak and I agree with Lucille. We won't tell him yet.

I go to shower as the boys clean up from breakfast. Just as I'm stepping out of the shower, Zak and I get a mindlink from Devin.

Zak. Charlie. Can we meet after lunch? Say, 1:00? Dev's voice has an unexpected tenseness to it.

Sure. I'll loop Brandon in and you can come to our suite. Zak's voice is full of satisfaction.

Actually...I don't want Brandon there. It is actually really important that he isn't. Can we meet in your office, Zak? Dev's response is full of urgency.

Seriously, Dev? We can't tell our Beta? My voice comes out a little pissed. We just got Brandon to acknowledge his feelings for us. We didn't want to waste anytime with our mate. I could feel Zak's annoyance through the matebond as well. But, of course, we can't let Devin know that Brandon is our other mate yet.

What is this about? Zak asks, his voice a mask of calm.

It's about my mates...and your third mate. Devin responds.

I instantly feel the weariness and suspicion that radiates from Zak down the matebond. Meet us in my office in 10. Zak shuts the link down and I hurry to dress.

## **Trio of Mates Chapter 22**

## Chapter 22: Chapter 21: Zak

Charlie and I are waiting in my office eight minutes later. We had told Brandon that Devin had a couple of questions and requests about his Gamma ceremony and we had to catch up with my father and his to prepare for the Blue Crescent pack.

"You sure you don't want me to come with you?" Brandon asked. He seems like he doesn't want to leave us, and honestly, I don't want to leave him. But Devin was clear that Brandon couldn't be there.

"Nah, man. We need your help with training the warriors while we push the paperwork," I say, pulling him in for a quick kiss.

"Do me a favor, though?" Charlie asks.

"Anything, beautiful. What can I do?" He turns to her, running a hand down her cheek.

"Work up a good sweat. I want to help you wash when you get home," she smiles and kisses him deeply before heading out the door.

Brandon stares after her for a second. "How does she do that?" he says, absentmindedly.

"Do what?" I ask, brow quirking.

"Turn me on with one sentence and a quick kiss?" he looks at me, his face a mask of shock.

"Cuz she's fucking hot," I say. I pull him in for a deep kiss. "And make sure to follow her instructions. Bathroom sex with you is amazing."

I hurry out the door before I get pulled into Brandon's sex appeal again.

Charlie is sitting on one of the couches as I pace behind her. I'm not sure what Devin is going to say, but I'm scared as hell. No one should know about Brandon being our mate. Only Lucille. And she is Goddess sworn to keep our secret for now. I don't like this. Devin is one of our best friends, but if he found out, who else knows?

"Zak, if you don't sit the fuck down, I'm going to knock you on your ass," Charlie finally says.

"I can't sit. I have to move," I say, not looking at her.

Charlie takes a breath to say something, but a knock on the door interrupts her.

"Enter," I call, turning to face the door.

Devin and our newest pack member walk in.

"Devin. Xander," I nod to both of them.

"Alpha," Xander says, bending at the waist and baring his neck. "Luna."

"You don't have to do that, straighten up," Charlie says, waving a hand at Xander. Turning to Devin, she says, "Not that I don't enjoy the eye candy, Dev, but why is our newest pack member here."

Devin takes a deep breath. He turns to Xander and grabs his hand for support, almost without thinking. "Xander is my mate."

For a beat, Charlie and I don't say anything. That's not possible. Devin doesn't turn 21 until tomorrow. There's no way they could be mates. At least, not that they would know right now.

Then Devin finishes by saying, "One of my mates at least."

I plop down on the couch beside Charlie, unable to say anything. I mean, what do you say to that?

"My thoughts exactly," Xander says in response to the looks of absolute shock on our faces.

Charlie is the first to break out of her stupor. "I think you should start from the beginning, Dev."

And Devin proceeds to tell us the most incredible story of his meeting with the Goddess last night. Of our mate trios and of the war to come. Of his female mate's abduction and beating and the Goddess's promise to heal Xander's mom. And of her orders concerning Devin and Brandon.

When he is finished with the retelling, we sit in silence for several moments, each lost in our own thoughts.

"What I don't understand is how this whole three people mating thing is even possible, let alone being possible twice in a pack," Xander says, running his hand through his hair. He and Devin are cuddled together on the couch opposite us and I have to admit that they make an attractive couple. Devin's fiery red hair beautifully compliments Xander's dirty blonde. Xander's strong features are both mellowed and made more prominent by Devin's softer angles. Even though they just met last night, their body language is that of a couple that have been together for years. So it is with the mating bond. You suddenly have someone in your life that you can no longer live without. The bond creates this sense of having known each other for your entire lives and love blossoms almost instantly.

"Well, that is where we can help," I say. A group of three mates is called a mate trio and it is based on Selene and her two mates." I tell Devin and Xander everything Lucille had told us. It is their turn to look completely dumbfounded.

"Well, shit!" Devin's eyes as round as saucers.

"That about sums it up," Charlie says.

"I really don't like that we can't tell Brandon about this," I say, "especially with this war coming. We could use his thoughts on this one."

"I get that, but the Goddess insisted," Devin says, a sour look on his face. "And honestly, if we have to let our mate go to get the shit kicked out of her, you can keep a secret from Brandon for a few days."

"Babe," Xander says, placing his hand on Devin's cheek, trying to get his attention.

But Devin continues to stare at me, tears hanging in his eyes. It's almost like if he looks at Xander, he won't be able to keep it together.

I stand quickly and walk to sit beside my friend. Gripping his shoulder lightly, I apologize. "I'm sorry, man. I don't know how you two are even handling this right now. I didn't mean to act like we had the worst end of this bargain."

"No," Devin says on a shaky breath. Xander pulls Devin into his chest. Devin lets him, leaning into his mate for comfort. Charlie comes to sit in front of Devin on the floor and holds his hand. "No, I'm sorry. I'm obviously not handling this well. You have every right to feel the way you do about not telling Brandon, even lying to him. I just...I..." Devin stops as he passes a hand over his face. "I just don't know how I'm going to let her leave. Even if she rejects me, I'd rather she be safe."

Tears fall from his eyes as he turns to hug Xander. Charlie squeezes his leg and I grab hold of his hand. I look up and see that Xander is crying silently as well. This is fucking great. The Goddess just handed us all a great big bowl of suck and told us to enjoy. Fucking hell.

We remain silent, giving Devin and Xander what comfort and support we can. As part animal, we know that sometimes words can't truly express what you are feeling and that touch is the only thing that can help. Charlie gets up on the couch behind Xander and I scoot closer to Devin. We envelope them in our arms and let them cry. It feels like this won't be the last time it happens.

After a while, Devin's cries quiet and the tears on Xander's face stop.

We all sit up, but remain touching each other. Charlie has her arm sling around Xander's shoulder, Xander is holding onto Devin's waist while Devin leans into his body, and Devin and I hold hands.

"When all of this goes down, I think that we need to have Lucille there," Charlie says. "The Gamma ceremony, the Beta ceremony, and the entire time that the Blue Crescent pack is here. Maybe even when your mate comes back. We need someone who can understand and explain the Moon Goddess's will."

"Agreed," I say. "I'll mindlink her to see how she is doing and if she needs anything as soon as we're done here."

"No need," Devin said. "I had an omega go to her house to check on her right after I mindlinked you this morning. The omega says that she is doing well, but was on the point of dehydration. Despite Lucille's protests, I'm having the omega stay until after dinner time. I will be getting updates every hour and I'll relay them to you"

"Thank you, Dev," Charlie says, smiling.

"Ok, we need to figure out how this is going to go and the two ceremonies. And we need to start stocking up on food and necessities for the war, expanding our guard teams and schedules, and increasing training regimenenes to ensure that everyone is ready for when the war starts," I say, listing off items.

"We can't tell the pack that war is coming without anything ever being declared. We haven't even met with the Blue Crescent pack and they are the ring leaders of this whole thing. The pack, the elders, everyone will think that we are crazy!" Charlie exclaims.

"I think that we have to. We should tell them all about the Goddess' visit to convince them that Dev should keep his position and accept me as his mate," Xander says, speaking up for the first time in our meeting. "We don't have to tell them about the mate trios or about Brandon. But I do think that we need to prep them that a war is coming. We don't have to say from whom, even though we all know."

I assess him with a new light and Devin's face beams with pride. "I think that is wise council, Xander. And I agree. We can't leave the whole pack in the dark about something this big."

"It might also be a good idea to start firming up some alliances," Xander says, looking at me. "Reaching out to packs who either owe you big enough or are good enough friends that they will help out."

"Charlie and I can do that over the next couple of days," I say.



"And Xander, Brandon, and I can start training the warriors, as well as preparing some defensive positions and escape routes for the pack," Devin says.

"And our parents can start stockpiling everything that we'll need for an extended war," Charlie says.

I nod, mentally compiling a list of packs to call. "We have until the Gamma ceremony tomorrow night to set up our plans. And we need to find a Delta to replace Charlie, since she is now Luna. With war coming, we need to be at full strength."

Mindlinking Charlie, I tell her my plan. She gives me a dazzling smile and enthusiastically nods her head.

"What about it, Xander? Will you become our Delta?" I ask.

Xander's face is full of the shock and surprise he feels. "Me?" he asks, pointing to his chest. "I just got here."

"That's perfect!" Devin says, his smile big enough to show all of his teeth.

"I thought so," I smile. "Yes, you, Xander. You have already shown a head for strategy and logic and, based on the reports from your former alpha, you are an accomplished and skilled warrior. I would be proud to have you as part of our pack leadership."

"I am honored, Alpha," Xander says, bowing his head.

"None of that!" Charlie says, pulling an even more surprised Xander into a hug. "We are Charlie and Zak and you are our family now."

After a beat, Xander hugs her back, but his eyes are all for Devin as he grins.

"Good," I say as I stand. "I'll make the arrangements to have the Delta and Gamma ceremonies together tomorrow night. After you both take your oaths, you can announce that you are mates and we will tell the pack about the war."

"Then we just have to wait three days more for Brandon's ceremony and acknowledging our mate bond," Charlie says, eyes twinkling.

"Another day more to greet the Blue Crescent pack and meet our mate," Devin adds, sad eyes seeking out Xanders.

"And two days after that to get our mate back for good," Xander says firmly.

"Piece of cake," I mutter as we all head to our separate tasks.

## **Trio of Mates Chapter 23**



## Chapter 23: Chapter 22: Charlie

The day goes by in a blur of phone calls and paper shuffling. Everyone thinks that being the Alpha and Luna of a pack is all glamorous. That we get to give orders and everyone else carries them out. But the truth is, it's more like being the CEO of a company. We have to do a lot of networking in and out of the pack, completing paperwork, and understanding a little bit of every single job that happens in the pack. It is mentally exhausting and by day's end, I'm wiped.

It isn't until Brandon walks in, bare-chested and covered in sweat, that Zak and I realize that we have been on the phones to other packs for hours. We've made good headway and have several prominent packs pledged to our side, but there are several hundred packs in America. We've got a long way to go.

Brandon leans against the door jam, arms crossed over his chest and the fabric of his shorts stretching over his thick, muscled thighs. Goddess he looks like every girl's wet dream. Judging by Zak's physical reaction and the lust radiating down the mate bond, he's every guy's wet dream as well.

"Returning as ordered, Luna," Brandon says, his seductive smile all for me.

My mouth is literally salivating at the sweat slicked hard muscle of his chest and abs. I want to lick the sweat from his body and taste the saltiness of him on my lips. Instantly, the spicy scent of my arousal fills the air.

"Good boy, Beta," I say, slowly standing and walking to Brandon. Just before I touch him, I reach my hand behind me, where I know Zak already is. He grabs my hand and I pull him to me. We then walk to Brandon. The entire walk, I project images of what I want to do to Brandon through the mindlink. I can see Brandon's length harden and strain the fabric of his tight shorts. Zak's hand lets go of mine to massage and then smack my ass. The scent of my arousal continues to build in the room.

"Miss me?" Brandon asks, remaining against the door until we reach him.

I bend my head to one of his nipples and lick the sweat from his chest. His back arches a bit, but not a lot because Zak is holding him by the shoulders as he licks up his neck and to his ear. Brandon lets out a soft groan.

"So fucking much," Zak says.

"You have no idea," I moan against his chest, my hand trailing down his abs before dipping into his shorts.

I stroke his shaft a few times before pushing his shorts down.

"No boxers?" I ask. "Looks like you were waiting for something to happen. Naughty, Beta."

He smiles at me as I run my hand up and down his shaft. "I thought it would make things a bit easier for the help that you promised me earlier."

Cheeky. I help him out of his shorts, shoes, and socks. When I look up, I see the mouthwatering sight of both my male mates gloriously naked and kissing each other. I quickly strip before kneeling down in front of them.

Before either of them notice what I am doing, I bundle both of their manhoods into my hands and put them both in my mouth as far as I can.

Their kiss abruptly stops as I hear "Fucking hell, Charlie!" and "Ho-ly shit!" from above me. I smile inwardly as I bob my head up and down their lengths. They are both leaking pre-cum and it mixes with saliva to form a sloppy lubrication on their shafts. The wet noises coming from my mouth around their lengths is driving me wild.

A hand on my head pushes me further onto them and they both groan as my mouth and throat contract around them.

After a time, I pull off of them and stand, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. Both of their eyes have darkened with lust. I feel an almost primal sense of fear and anticipation at the looks on their faces.

"Grab the lube," Brandon says.

Zak stalks to his desk and grabs a bottle from the drawer. At the smirk on Brandon's face, he responds, "What? Charlie said that the cub scouts taught her to always be prepared. It rubbed off."

I giggle at that.

Turning to me, Brandon says, "Shower."

"Yes, sir," I sass back. This earns me a sharp smack on my ass, the feeling just on the good side of painful.

"Don't sass me, Beautiful, or I'll make you regret it," a fierce light appears in Brandon's eyes. I can see that he wants me to sass him. He wants to punish me. But I'm already ignited with desire. I need my men inside of me. So, I meekly apologize.

"Better," Brandon says, pulling my chin up and kissing me.

I turn for the bathroom where Brandon saw Zak and I fucking just yesterday. Zak reaches the door first and has the water turned on in the shower before we get there.

He walks over to us and kisses me fiercely, snatching some of my hair into his fist and pulling. I moan into his mouth, almost drowning out the words that he says.

"Who do you want to fuck you?" he says.

"Both." I say, hair still in his grip, need coursing through me. "I want both of you to fuck me."

Brandon steps up behind me and rubs his length over and between my asscheeks. "One after the other or at the same time?"

The feeling of the two of them touching me is all-consuming and I honestly have no idea what I'm saying. I just want someone inside of me now. "Same time!" I grit out.

Zak picks me up under my ass and I immediately wrap my legs around his waist. He rubs his length between the lips of my pussy and I moan loudly into his mouth as we kiss. I feel Brandon's hand underneath Zak. He is rubbing lube on Zak's shaft. No foreplay this time it appears. Straight to fucking. Goody!

Zak's moan at both of our touches has my pussy clenching around emptiness as an orgasm rolls through me. My nails bite into Zak's shoulders and back. My mouth calls out their names. I have no time to recover from my orgasm as Brandon helps Zak line up with my entrance and Zak pounds into me.

"Oh! My! Goddess!" I scream. I had forgotten to check if this room was soundproofed. Gotta remember to do that before we have sex in here again.

Zak walks us into the shower, each step pushing him further into me and making me moan. Once inside, he leans against the shower tile and begins pumping my body up and down. Brandon follows us in, the bottle of lube in his hands. Shielding my body from the spray of the shower, Brandon pours lube onto my asshole and his fingers. He puts the lube next to the shampoo and rubs his finger over my hole.

Meanwhile, Zak continues to pound into me, holding my asscheeks open to give Brandon easier access. Brandon puts a finger in my ass, twirling and moving it. The feeling isn't all that foreign, as Zak and I have had anal sex before and Brandon and I did it last night. But I've never had two men inside me at once and I'm excited to feel it.

Brandon quickly finishes loosening me. Again, he grabs the lube. Shielding my ass from the spray again, he pours more lube on my ass and then on him. Zak pauses his frantic thrusts to allow Brandon to enter me.

The feeling of both pleasure and pain is exquisite and a scream out as he fills me slowly.

"Oh, shit, Charlie. Fuck, Brandon. She just got tighter," Zak says. He is fighting himself from moving until I am ready, but I can tell that he is struggling.

"Fucking hell!" Brandon hisses under his breath.

I want to move, but I can't, since I am literally being suspended up in mid air by Zak.

"Fuck me. Please! FUCK ME!" I scream.

Zak grabs my hips and Brandon grabs me around my waist and they start pumping inside of me.

"Shit, Zak! I can feel your cock move inside her!" Brandon cries. His grip is bruising and he moves one hand to my throat, squeezing slightly. It feels amazing.

"I know! It feels fucking amazing," Zak sighs out. "It makes her so tight!"

All I can do is hold on to Zak's shoulders as they pound me between them. And scream. I scream their names loudly, over and over. I'm not sure how the glass shower doors were still standing with how loud I was.

"Brandon! Charlie!" Zak grunts out, biting into my shoulder.

That one last bit of pain is enough to push me over and I cum around them. I clench down on them hard.

"FUCK! I'm cumming!" Zak screams.

"Me too!" Brandon says. I feel them orgasm inside of me and it pushes me over the edge one more time.

Coming down from my high, I find myself clinging to Zak's shoulder's and Brandon's body draped against me. We are all breathing heavily and the boys have their eyes closed. I put my hand on Brandon's cheek to rouse him and plant small kisses on Zak's temples.

"Mmmm," Zak says, tilting his head back, eyes still closed. He returns my peck on his lip, but doesn't move outside of that.

"I second that," Brandon says, slowly pulling out of me. Zak follows his lead and sets me down on the tiles after pulling out.

Brandon turns me around and hugs me, kissing the top of my head. He then turns to Zak and does the same thing.

"Let's shower. I'm starving!" I say.

Chuckling, Zak grabs a loofa and shower gel. He begins to soap down my back while Brandon grabs the shampoo and begins washing my hair. Goddess, I could get used to this.

We repeat the process for all three of us before stepping out of the shower and redressing. We then head downstairs to the dining hall.

## **Trio of Mates Chapter 24 - Chapter 23**

### **Chapter 24: Chapter 23 - Devin**

I'm half awake, my eyes still closed, when I smell the most wonderful aroma ever. It is a heady mix of oak, nutmeg, and leather. I open my eyes and immediately see Xander sleeping beside me.

"Mate," I growl out and my wolf howls within me. I know that I knew about Xander being my mate before now, but this sudden sensation, this sudden sense of completeness, of being whole, is entirely new. Is this how he's felt ever since we met days ago?

I growl again, nuzzling my nose into his neck, my chest coming in contact with his bare back. Suddenly, sparks dance along all the surfaces that our skin touches and my dick immediately hardens.

"Mmmm. Why are you up so early, Babe? We can still sleep some more," Xander says, voice muffled in the pillow.

"Mate," I say again, loudly.

Something in my voice catches Xander's attention. He immediately turns to me, his eyes chocolate pools of desire.

I roll him over so that he is laying on his back and straddle his waist. Gripping his wrists and pinning them beside his head. I lean down and nuzzle his neck again.

"Mine," I say into his neck, my voice dominant and leaving no room for questions.

"Yes," he breathes out. "All yours. Only yours."

I growl again into his neck and feel my teeth elongate in my mouth. I scrape my teeth along his delicate skin, a foretaste of the marking that I will give him.

"Devin?" Xander says.

"Mmmm." My chest rumbles with the sound and I feel my wolf fighting to take over. Again, I scrape my teeth along his neck, harder this time, drawing a moan from Xander's lips.

"Devin, you can't mark me," he says urgently.

"Why not?" I growl out. "You are mine. I will make it so that everyone knows." I open my jaws wide, preparing to bite down.

"Remember what the Goddess said," Xander cries out.

That stops me. My senses are muddled by the sound and feel of him. I'm having trouble putting things together quickly. I remember the Goddess did tell me something about announcing that Xander was my mate. I wasn't supposed to do it until after we received our positions. They wouldn't be able to do anything about our mating after that. I could mark Xander in front of everyone at that point if I wanted to and there was absolutely nothing that they could do about it.

But that meant that I couldn't mark him now. If I did, our scents would mingle together and become one. Everyone would know that we were mates and we'd be denied our titles.

For several long moments, I sit straddling Xander, trying to overcome my wolf. That side of me is purely instinct. I have to protect what is mine, to mark what is mine. It doesn't care about what the Goddess said or that it makes logical sense. It wants Xander. Hell, I do, too. After long moments, my teeth finally retract and I back away from Xander's neck. My body is covered in sweat, but I had won.

"I love you," I say. It's the first time I've said it aloud, but not the first time I've felt it. Xander is everything to me. If I didn't know that we had another mate out there, I wouldn't think that I could love anyone else nearly as much as I love him.

Smiling widely at me, Xander says, "I love you, too."

He leans up and kisses me. I release his wrists and he pulls me into him.

"You know," Xander says against my mouth. "The Goddess only said that we couldn't claim each other. She said nothing about sex."

A grin creeps across my face. "I like how you think, Future-Delta."

Getting off of him, I roll him onto his stomach. I trail kisses down his back to his asscheeks. Pulling them apart, I take a test lick.

"Awww, fuck!" Xander moans.

"I think I've found my birthday present," I say. I eat his ass out in earnest, reaching down and jacking myself off.

We spend the rest of the morning in bed and don't leave my room until 1:00. Everytime we tried to leave, I would catch a whiff of Xander's scent or he would casually touch me and I would pull him back to the bedroom.

The next four hours would be brutal as I waited for the ceremony. I planned on marking Xander as soon as possible. I didn't care if that meant that I would do it on the podium in front of the whole pack. The thought turned me on and knowing Xander, he would love it.

I just had to occupy myself for the next four hours before the ceremony starts.

Shit...

## **Trio of Mates Chapter 25 - Chapter 24**

### **Chapter 25: Chapter 24 - Zak**

After an exhausting day of phone calls about war and rumors of war, Charlie and I had spoken to nearly all of the packs on the East Coast. We had alliances with several of them and several owed us favors. These packs held strong to their promise to us. My Goddess given gifts of negotiation had helped many and they wanted to help if they could.

The difficulty was in convincing the ones who we hadn't been involved with. We are a fairly well-known pack and I have at least a passing acquaintance with all of the Alphas on the East Coast. But that doesn't mean that they are willing to help without knowing who the threat was or why.

Even if you had the golden tongue of Hermes, how do you call someone that you barely know and ask for help in a rumored war, but you can't provide any details?

"Hi, this is Alpha Zak of the Artemis pack. I know that we don't really know each other, but would you fight alongside my pack in a war? I can't tell you who it will be with or why it's happening. Just trust me."

You'd sound at best, paranoid, and at worst, insane.

So Charlie and I did what we could. We called saying that we were about to induct our new Gamma and Beta for our pack (true), leaving the post of Delta unclaimed (small lie) as an attempt to engender a sense of sympathy. Did their pack have any unmated female warriors that they would be willing to send to our pack to see if they found their mates among us? We would do the same in return. This was a common practice among



friendly packs. The fact that we were reaching out to packs that we were less friendly with showed a certain level of desperation to fill the role, but not an unbearable one.

This allowed us to do a few things: 1) find out if the Alpha was willing to help others at a slight inconvenience to himself, 2) were they friendly with the Blue Crescent pack, 3) how far from both packs they were, and 4) an estimate of their warrior numbers. The ploy worked well. Nearly all the packs accepted the proposal, saying that they would be happy to send some unmated females over the next month. This could be helpful, as a mated pair have more strength than a single wolf alone. Although they wouldn't be trying out for the Delta position, most wolves would just be happy to find their mates. The ones that weren't, well, they could take their mate back to their pack.

The few packs that did not agree to send warriors did so for a variety of innocuous reasons: too far from our pack, no unmated female warriors, no female warriors period... None outright refused, which appeared to be a good sign.

There were many packs that knew the Blue Crescent pack and some who had alliances, but none of them seemed to be too happy about it.

Alpha Mathias of the Blue Crescent pack is known to be emotional and, frankly, an asshole. He often reneged on deals, demanded more than he was due, or just out-and-out refused to listen to the other side. It was the reason that he was coming to our pack in the first place. He had a large deal with a neighboring pack and needed help with the negotiation. Even he knew that he would screw it up.

Needless to say, by calling and offering a fair trade, we had built up more credibility among these packs than Mathias had in years of "friendship."

Though the number of warriors of each pack and the distance from them to us was important, it wasn't anything that we couldn't have learned from a simple database search. All packs in good standing were categorized in a common database to help in a myriad of ways: stopping territory disputes, sending aid as needed for poorer packs, even census information. This initial contact and agreement, which we would honor, was the main reason for our call. It was fruitful, but exhausting. And just because we had a temporary alliance didn't mean that these packs wouldn't turn on us as soon as they found out about our mate trio. It was a delicate balance. One that we didn't have an answer for right now.

By 3:30, both Charlie and I were tired, but hopeful. We wrapped up for the day and headed to our suite to shower and dress for the Gamma and Delta ceremony. Charlie also mindlinked Lucille to see if she needed help getting to the pack house. As it turns out, the omega who went to help Lucille yesterday had come back to help her. Lucille stated that the girl, by the name of Meredith, was destined to become an Oracle. Lucille had wanted to talk to us about having Meredith moved to her cabin so that her training could begin. Seems like Lady Selene had been busy with setting up relationships lately.

Charlie gave our blessing and thanked Lucille for all of her help. With that squared away, Charlie hopped into the shower.

I mindlinked with Devin's mom, as well as mine. As Former-Luna, it was my mother's job to plan and host ceremonies, such as this one. She was extremely stressed with a Delta and Gamma ceremony today, a Beta ceremony later this week, and the Blue Crescent arrival a week later. But after that she would get a long break. Well, at least she thought she would. But no need to stress Mom out even more.

By the time Charlie was done in the shower, I had just finished calming Mom down from the crisis of the wrong canapé and helped come up with a solution that she seemed happy with. I hopped in the shower and was drying off when I felt a large gust of lust coming down the mate bond. I turn to see Charlie, dressed in a barely there black lingerie set. She was staring at the water beading and dripping down my body, her tongue licking her lips. Instantly, lust ignites in me and my dick begins to harden.

"What are you thinking, Luna?" I ask, my voice husky and confident.

"That I want to lick the water off of you, Alpha. I want to lick from your neck, down your pecs, your abs, and to your rock hard shaft," Charlie says, her gray eyes turned the color of a storm cloud with her desire. That's my Charlie. Always one for subtlety.

I smell her arousal, a scent spicy and earthy, like rosemary. My cock bobs at her words and I drop my towel to the floor, an arrogant smirk on my lips.

"We had better hurry, then. There isn't much time before the ceremony," I say.

"They can't start without us. We can take as long as we want," she says, pushing her bra straps from her shoulders and unclamping it. My mouth waters at the sight of her full, round breasts, bouncing slightly from being let free.

I pull her to me, one hand playing with a nipple. My fingers roll it between them and she moans, her mouth against my skin.

"Charlie, we can't be late for this particular ceremony. It's too important." Though my tone is firm, I can't help but reach into her panties. I rub a finger over her slit, feeling her juices cover my finger. Pushing through her lower lips, I stick a finger directly into her entrance, earning a sharp yip from her.

Immediately, she wraps a hand around my cock, stroking it quickly. Her tongue shoots out of her mouth as it licks from my shoulder to my pecs and nipple. She sucks the nipple into her mouth, biting on it gently. I moan.

Looking up at me, she grins and says, "A quickie, then?"

I growl and pick her up. She wraps her legs around my waist, her mouth finding mine and her hands tangling in my hair.

I walk into the bedroom, throwing her on the bed. She giggles as she bounces on the bed once. I quickly flip her over, pulling her body so that her feet are on the floor and her ass is up in the air. I smack her ass and she moans for me.

"Quick and hard," I say, grabbing the lube from the bedside table. I rub some on my cock and pull her panties off of her. I rub lube over her sweet pussy, pushing two fingers in and out of her. She moans my name as I touch her and I'm so turned on that precum leaks from my head.

I toss the lube onto the bed in front of her and slowly push into her. We really don't have time for foreplay, so I've got to start out slow. Once I reach the end of her, I pause, breathing heavily. Soon after, she begins to move her hips and I let go.

Grabbing her hips tightly, I slam in and out of her, feeling her clench around me.

"Zak! Holy fuck! YES! FUCK ME!" she screams, unable to move her hips in my vice-like grip. Charlie is at my complete mercy and she fucking loves it.

I speed up, the feeling of her tight, slick pussy clenching around my dick as she cums. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," I say to myself, my words nonsensical as I give into the pleasure of being inside of her.

"ZAK!!!"

I pull her to standing, back against my front. Propping one of her legs on the bed, I reach around her thigh and finger her clit. I wrap one hand around her slender throat, squeezing slightly. My cock continues to thrust in and out of her hard and fast.

"Shit, baby, you feel so good," I whisper into her ear.

Her hands cling to the arm of my hand on her throat and her nails dig into my skin.

"I'm gonna cum again!" she says, voice slightly hoarse.

"Fuck, Charlie, me, too!" I yell. Her walls clamp around my dick and I scream my release inside of her. Distantly, I hear her screaming my name as well.

We both collapse on the bed and breathe heavily for a few minutes.

"Come on, Babe," I say, pulling her up off of the bed with me. "We have to shower again really quickly and get going."

We end up walking to the great hall just as the ceremony was set to start. My mother has been mindlinking me like crazy, demanding to know where we were, why we weren't there to help her, were we trying to make her look bad.

She finally let up when I told her that we had attempted to make her a grandmother. I just got a meek "Ok, well...Don't take too long." Then she stopped the link.

It was odd that we hadn't conceived yet. Normally, newly mated wolves get pregnant within the first two months. It was almost guaranteed that a Luna and an Alpha would within that time frame. I wonder if it had something to do with not having our third mate yet. Maybe Charlie was pregnant now? The idea made my heart light and a smile plaster itself on my face.

I mean, we hadn't used any protection with Brandon. Once a female wolf was mated, only her mate would be able to make her pregnant. Her body rejected anything else. Condoms would be redundant and, honestly, it wouldn't feel as good. But, since Brandon was also her mate, he could make her pregnant, too. My mood was light and I was excited at the prospect of having a pup. Lucille was right, Charlie would be an amazing mother and Brandon and I would be proud and doting fathers and mates.

"What's got you so excited?" Charlie asks, linking her arm with mine as we walk into the great hall. My mother has done a wonderful job, decorating the great hall in the colors of Artemis, our pack's namesake, and our Lady Selene. Beautiful silver, white, and turquoise cloth drapes the walls. The banquet tables and chairs are adorned with silver. Beautiful wide and turquoise flower arrangements are on the tables. It looks like a wintery, moonlit night. Beautiful and stark, yet comfortable.

On the dias at the back of the hall is a large table for the pack leadership, both past and present. Just in front of the table is a large round, white pedestal, a silver painted chalice, and a gilded knife on top of it.

Behind the dias is a beautiful and ancient floor to ceiling painting of our goddesses, Artemis and Selene. The two are standing in a glen in a forest, moonlight filtering through their hair. Though Artemis's myth has long faded from human memory, she lives on as a helper, a friend, to our Lady Selene. In the painting, her youthful beauty shines, her face caressed by her long auburn hair, her creamy complexion glowing. She wears a short green toga, leaving her legs bare. Artemis carries her silver bow and quiver filled with arrows. Selene, our silver lady, stands tall and proud, her wings floating out at her sides. Her face is pale, having never been exposed to the sun. Her eyes are black, the pupils shining like moons. Her glowing white hair flows down her body, brushing the ground. A crescent crown adorns her forehead, glowing silver and turquoise in the moonlight. She wears a blue floor-length flowing toga. The painting never fails to take my breath away. Mother has done a beautiful job tying in the colors of the painting and still keeping our goddesses as the focal point.

Turning to Charlie, I mindlink her my thoughts. She stops in her tracks, her eyes lost in thought as her breathing increases. Charlie looks at me, a smile breaking out on her face.

"A pup? Truly?" She mindlinks me. Her face is glowing and I see hope spark in her eyes.

"I mean, it makes sense, right? We'll have to ask Lucille...after all the craziness is over," I link back.

"I'll make an appointment with her after the Beta ceremony." She kisses me on the lips, then practically skips to the high table to help my mother.

"Hey, Buttercup," I hear close behind me. Turning, I see the smiling face of my other mate. He looks amazing in a cornflower blue button down and tan suit.

I roll my eyes, but smile at him. "Sweetcheeks, you have really got to step up your nickname game."

He gives me a shit eating grin, coming to stand close to me. He leans in, grabbing hold of my hand as he hides it with his body. Whispering, he says, "I missed you. You have no idea how badly I want to bend you over the high table and fuck you until you pass out."

My reaction is strong and instant. My pupils flood my eyes, filling them with the potency of my desire. I inhale sharply and lean into him further, my arm pressing into his chest.

"We can make that happen after the ceremony," I whisper back. "I'm sure our Luna would love to watch."

Brandon's hand grips my hip, his breath caressing my ear. "Don't tempt me, Alpha. I will drag you into the broom closet and fuck you senseless."

I'm about to reply when my father walks up to us. I have to turn away to get my emotions under control. The last thing I need right now is for my father to see that my Beta has turned me on so much that my eyes have completely shifted.

"Zak. Brandon. Are you ready to get the ceremony started?" my father asks.

"Just a sec, Dad. I have to grab a tissue," I call over my shoulder, hurrying to the bathroom.

I hear Brandon chuckle as I round the corner.