

Trio of Mates Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 2: Devin

I walk with Brandon into the packhouse dining hall, staying close behind him. I love watching his tight ass in action. He turns around to look at me, smirking. His sky blue eyes fill with mischief. He's obviously thinking about our morning together. I want to run my hands through his short blonde hair, kiss my way down his prominent jaw line, and wrap my arms around his muscular torso.

I ran my finger down his arm, pulling lightly on his fingers before letting go. Although Zak and Charlie know that we are gay, it isn't common knowledge in the pack. Honestly, it is looked down on for those in leadership positions. Our bloodlines depended on their continuation, meaning that we have to have pups. Kind of difficult to do that within the mate bond if you are gay. So, we had to keep it close to the vest, no matter how much I wanted everyone to know that we were together.

I know that it isn't for long. Hell, both of our birthdays are within a week. It is very possible that we will both find our mates, likely not each other. And there is the whole thing with Brandon still being hung up on Charlie and Zak. But for now, he is mine. For a little while, I have the one that I had wanted since I figured out I was gay in high school. It would be enough. It had to be.

I know that there is no way that Brandon is my mate. I have been having dreams of someone from my barracks. His face is always in shadow, so I didn't know who it is. But the way he moved and the setting of each dream let me know he is one of my brother warriors. I should have been excited. I'll likely find him on my birthday and be mated for life. But I'm not. I have wanted Brandon for years and now I'm with him, as much as he'll let me be. I'm not ready to let him go. I don't know if I ever will be.

We sit at the high table with our families. Luckily, we have seats next to each other. The omegas serve us pancakes, bacon, eggs, sausage, and hash browns. My mouth waters at the sight as I thank the omega who handed me my plate. I lift my fork to get ready to dig in when I feel Brandon's hand on the inside of my thigh. He doesn't look at me as he scoots his chair in towards the table, moving it closer to me at the same time. Just his touch has me at half mast.

"Good morning, son," my father says to me. "What's on the schedule for training today?" As the current Gamma, my father is in charge of the security of the pack. Since Charlie was supposed to take over as Delta before she became Luna, those duties are being split between Charlie and my father. With my birthday coming up on Tuesday, I have almost completely taken over all of his duties. He is pretty much Gamma in name only at this point.

I draw a breath to answer my father when Brandon's hand brushes against my stiffening cock and my breath comes out in a gasp.

My father looks at me, concern flitting over his face. "You ok, Devin?"

"Yeah, Dev," Brandon says, his face filled with concern. At the same time, he grabs my cock, squeezing the head. "You ok?"

Swallowing, I answer, "Fine. Bit my tongue. Um, today's plan is to start with the new warriors. They have their initial test in two days."

As I talk, Brandon's hand begins to move up and down on my cock. My breathing increases, and I try to cover it by taking a bite of pancake. "This afternoon is standard training for groups one, two, and three. Groups four and five will be running the obstacle course with Charlie."

My father's face clears. He nods his head. "Sounds good," my father says, going back to his food. Brandon slips his hand into the sweatpants I'm wearing, grabbing my cock again and jerking me slowly. I try to cover his hand with mine, but he tightens his grip on my dick. Out of the corner of my eye, I see him give a minute shake of his head. I let go and move my hand back to my food, robotically putting a bite of eggs in my mouth and chewing.

Beta Carl, Brandon's father, begins to talk to Brandon about an upcoming visit from a neighboring pack and preparations for his birthday and Beta ceremony next Friday. Like me, Brandon is Beta in all but name now. Under the table, Brandon's hand continues to move up and down my shaft, brushing against my balls and rounding over the tip. You would think that after all the sex that we had last night and this morning that I wouldn't be this horny. But the fact that he is doing this at the breakfast table and not even paying attention to me is pushing all the right buttons.

I grip his wrist, signaling that I am close to my orgasm. But Brandon shakes my grip off and continues to talk to his father. My breathing becomes labored and it's all I can do not to moan aloud as my orgasm comes closer and closer to the edge. I stuff more food into my mouth, hoping that it will distract me. It doesn't work.

Again, I grab onto Brandon's wrist and he turns to me. I know that my eyes are begging him to give me release. "Please," I breathe out, knowing that he can hear me. "Please, Brandon."

He smiles at me and leans a little closer, as if he has to tell me a secret. "No," he says. "You hold it until I say."

With that, he brings a sausage link to his mouth and slowly pushes it past his lips, sucking the whole link in.

I can't help but let out a small groan as his hand picks up speed and my hips buck slightly off of my chair.

"You sure that you're ok, son?" My father asks me again.

Mild panic fills my face as I try to think of something to say to him.

"He's fine," Brandon says. "I just reminded him of a consequence for a race he lost to me yesterday. He gets to wear a beautiful pink halter top and leggings set to training one day this week."

My father guffaws with laughter, nearly spilling his orange juice as he hits the table with his hand. "That's what you get for making a stupid bet, Devin."

Great. Now I really will have to wear that. I'm never going to live it down. But I can't really think about that as Brandon's hand continues to work over my cock.

After another minute, Brandon still hasn't let me cum and I'm about to lose my mind. Just then, Zak and Charlie enter the room. Although they have smiles plastered on their faces, there are dark circles under both of their eyes. Something is definitely keeping them up at night, but it doesn't seem to be something good. Not like what kept me awake into the wee hours of the morning.

Zak and Charlie both look at our side of the table, making eye contact with Brandon. For a heartbeat, there is longing in all of their eyes. Then Brandon quickly turns to me. "Meet me in the conference room," he whispers into my ear. To the rest of the table, he says, "Excuse me."

Brandon stands and quickly exits the dining hall. I slowly count to ten and then excuse myself as well.

I hurry to the meeting room, my dick still throbbing for release. I open the door and Brandon grabs my arm, pulling me through. He quickly closes and locks the door, then pushes me up against it. He crushes my lips with a deep, hard kiss, pulling my hand to the erection that is imprisoned in his pants.

He unzips his pants and pushes them and his underwear to the floor, letting his dick flop free. Putting pressure on my shoulders, Brandon pushes me down so that I am kneeling in front of him. He wraps his hand around his cock and pushes the back of my head toward it. "Suck it," he demands and I happily comply.

I have never had a dick this big until I was with Brandon. I kept my sexuality on the down-low because of the stigma of leadership being gay, but that doesn't mean that I haven't had plenty of sex with human guys. I'd just never experienced sex with a werewolf until Brandon. Because of our werewolf make-up, our equipment is naturally larger and thicker than a human's. But because Brandon is a Beta, his is even more so.

I wrap my lips around Brandon's cock, making sure to spread as much saliva as possible up and down his shaft. I know how he loves sloppy blowjobs and I'm hoping that he's going to fuck me soon. Gotta lube it up. I can't get all of him in my mouth, so my hand wraps around the base of his cock.

"Goddess, yes," Brandon sighs above me. I look up at him, continuing to bob up and down on his massive cock. He is staring into my eyes, his having turned a dark cobalt blue with desire. I can't help it when my hand moves to jerk myself off.

"Don't even think about it," Brandon growls out and I put my hand down by my side.

Brandon's hands move to the back of my head and he slowly starts to move his cock in and out of my mouth. I put both hands on his hips, letting him know that I'm ready for more. At that point, Brandon lets go and begins to fuck my mouth, moving his hips fast and hard. I can feel his cock hit the back of my throat and I love it.

"Fuck, you are so good at this," Brandon says. "I love how you take my cock so deep."

I hum a moan around him and he lets out a guttural growl. "You want me to cum down your throat?"

I moan again, bobbing my head up and down.

"Or do you want me to cum in your ass?" Brandon hisses, his cock still pounding my face, his balls bouncing off of my chin.

My moan is louder this time, my hands gripping his hips tighter.

Brandon pulls his dick out of my mouth with a loud pop. He picks me up and gently lays me down on the conference room table. He nearly rips my pants from my body and plunges himself into my hole. I start to scream in pure pleasure, but he covers my mouth with his hand. Fuck, he feels so good!

Brandon puts both of my legs over his shoulders and begins to pound into me. His hips slap against my ass, filling the room with the sound. Suddenly, he grabs my cock in his hands again, pumping it in time with the thrust of his hips.

"Fuck, Brandon!" I nearly whine. "Please. Please. Please." I don't even know what I'm begging for. Release? To have him go harder? I don't know, I just know that only he can give it to me.

"Cum for me, Devin," he says. His eyes bore into mine and that's all it takes to send me over the edge.

I nearly scream his name as my orgasm takes me. And holy shit does it feel amazing.

But Brandon is still going, still fucking my ass hard and fast. He flips me over so that my stomach is against the table, remaining inside of me the whole time.

"I'm going to make you cum again," he breathes into my ear. "I'm going to destroy your ass so that you'll never want any other cock but mine."

Little does he know that he already has. "Yes, Brandon! Fuck me!"

He continues to pound into me, his hand working over my cock, which is quickly becoming hard again. Go werewolf stamina!

This time, the orgasm threatens to overtake me faster as Brandon hits that sweet spot inside of me.

"Fuck!" he growls, elongating the word to almost four syllables. His thrusts start to become jerky and I can tell that he's close.

"Brandon. Goddess, Brandon, I'm gonna cum." I say, clawing at the table for a handhold. Searching for something, anything, that will keep me tethered to this world.

"Yes. Cum. Squeeze my cock." he groans into my ear.

I let go, having my fourth orgasm of the morning. I dully hear Brandon's release and feel it inside of me. But it all takes a backseat to the pleasure that I feel. Looks like it's going to be a pretty good day.