

Trio of Mates Chapter 31 - Chapter 30

Chapter 31: Chapter 30 - Devin

I wake up feeling Xander's arms around me. The tingles from the mate bond spark up and down my skin and I am already aroused by the feeling of him against me. I savor the feeling of his arms around me, his chest against my back, and his morning wood beginning to stir against my ass. I push my ass further into him and his erection responds with fervor. He grinds against me, but I can tell he isn't fully awake yet.

I am about to act on my baser urges, when the events of yesterday all come crashing back. If that isn't a mood killer, I don't know what is.

I try to mindlink Brandon, but he is either shielding really hard or is asleep because he doesn't respond.

I link Zak, since Charlie is definitely not a morning person.

Hey, man, you up? I say.

Never went to sleep. You? Zak's tired voice responds. I can feel the pain in his voice. As close as he and Brandon are, and even though he is Charlie's mate, this is a side that only I see of Zak. He doesn't like to let people in on his pain.

Ever since we were kids and fully understood our positions in the pack, Zak has felt that he has to be strong for his pack. That he can't show his pain. It's stupid, because everyone feels pain, but Alphas are...different. They sometimes take macho to the extreme and at the weirdest times.

But as the Gamma of the pack, it was my job to carry out the Alpha's laws, enforcing any punishment that he himself didn't fulfill and consulting with him on pack law and precedent. This was the only time that Zak allowed his pain to show. Any time that he agonized over a situation, was hurt by a choice that he had to make, or had to carry out a punishment, I was the one that he spoke to. The first time that he had to make the choice to kill a rouge, at the age of 16, he came to me bawling. He was looking for a loophole to spare the man's life, as he was not the leader of the rouge pack, but just following orders. We searched pack law books for hours until Zak's father insisted that he carry out the sentence. Zak was brokenhearted, but showed a mask of indifference to his pack. He found me later and cried over the life he had taken.

Off and on. Have you heard from Brandon? I ask, hopeful.

Nothing. Zak's tone is dejected.

Do you think we should go looking for him?

We'll give him until morning. If he isn't back or hasn't contacted any of us, then we'll go looking.

I sigh. I know he's right, but this sucks. Ok.

Try to keep your mind off of Brandon. You've been relieved of duties for the few weeks to unite with Xander, except for the Beta ceremony and Blue Crescent's arrival. Enjoy your mate. The sex after marking is amazing. His forced chuckle flits through my mind. I know that he is trying to change the subject and I appreciate it. But I hate that he is hiding his pain away, even from me.

Are you ok? I know that this is hard, especially after knowing that he is your mate.

Honestly? It sucks, but we should have anticipated it. I'm desperately trying to keep myself from going out searching for him.

Why don't you? I mean, I know that he's pissed and he said some really shitty things, but you three are mates. Even if he doesn't know it yet, he has to feel the pull of the mate bond. And besides, we've been friends forever. All of that counts for something.

I know. I'm just...I'm just trying to give him space. I'm so afraid that we will push him, like the Goddess said not to do. She specifically said not to tell him because she didn't know what his path held if we did. Will he reject us if we do? Will he run from all that we can give him? I don't know. His inner voice is choked and I can tell that he is trying to fend off tears.

Hey, Z. It's ok, man. The Goddess said that she didn't know what would happen if you told him that he was your mate before his birthday. That doesn't mean that you can't be there for him. That doesn't mean that you can't try to make it up to him. He loves you and Charlie. He's loved you two for years. This isn't the end. I know it. The Goddess wouldn't let it be the end.

Thanks, Dev. I think I'm just going to go for a run. I'm too antsy to sit here and wait. If you need me, you can link.

Ok, man. Let me know if you need anything.

Zak cuts the link. I breathe out a heavy sigh and rub my hands over my face.

Xander cuddles into me more, wrapping his leg around my waist. The sparks course through my skin, making a beeline to my dick. Fuck! I'm really upset, but now I'm really horny, too. Trying to ignore my raging boner, I think of where Brandon may have gone. Do I send someone to look for him? Should I go for a run with Zak?

Lost in thought, I don't notice Xander's breathing pick up as he wakes. He must feel my erection against the leg that he has thrown over me because his hands start to travel. I feel his hardened dick rub against my ass and only then notice that my mate is awake.

His hand wraps around my dick and he squeezes the head slightly. "Good morning, Mate," he says as I groan from his touch. "Is this a present for me?" His hand moves roughly up and down my dick and I can't help as another moan escapes from me.

"Fuck, babe! That feels so good," I hiss out.

"You like it when I touch your cock?" Xander whispers in my ear as he rubs his dick between my asscheeks.

"Yes," I sigh. Turning slightly, I pull his face to mine. I kiss him hard, molding my lips to his. My hips begin to pump and he moans into my mouth. He bites my lower lip and my dick twitches in his hands. "Fuck me, Xander. Fill me up!"

He rolls me onto my back and grabs the lube from the bedside table. Kneeling between my legs, he pours some on his fingers and my hole. He pushes two inside of me and I call out his name.

"Mmmm. Look at that hole sucking my fingers in. It's like it's begging for more." His voice is low, husky, and seductive. He lowers down between my legs and kisses his way up and down my thighs.

My only response is a whimper as he bites one thigh and then the other, leaving teeth marks in the sensitive flesh. I watch him look up at me. A devious grin on his face.

"My present looks so lonely. Maybe I should play with it." He licks up my shaft and sucks the tip into his mouth.

"Shit!" I hiss out, my hands fisting in the sheets. My hips involuntarily come off of the bed, pushing me further into Xander's mouth. He chuckles around my cock, but continues to suck and lick it as he fingers my hole.

My hips move up, pushing me further into his mouth, and down, pushing his fingers further into my ass. The sensation is incredible. One that I would happily go insane from.

Xander slips a third finger into my ass and I grunt from the intense pleasure. My hip speed increases and I can't help but grab his head, pushing him further onto my dick.

"Yes, Baby. Don't stop. Take that big dick," I say, my voice low and guttural.

Xander moans around my dick, fingering my ass faster to keep pace with my hips.

"Get up," I say, pulling his face off of me. I stand, dragging him with me, then pushing him to the floor. "I'm going to fuck that sexy mouth of yours."

Xander grins up at me, quickly taking my shaft in his mouth. His big hands wrap around my waist, and he pushes himself as far down my dick as he can go.

Giving him a second to adjust, I feel his throat open wider. He gives me a quick squeeze on my hips, letting me know that he's ready.

My pace starts slow, gentle. He sucks harder, his lower teeth grazing along the underside of my dick. The slight pain only spurs me on, making my pace faster. My balls are lightly bouncing off of his chin as I wrap my fingers in his hair and guide him further onto my dick.

Xander's jaw widens and his lips tighten on the base of my dick.

"Fuck, Xander. Just - like - that." I say, moving my hips faster, shoving him back and forth on my dick. My pace is fast. My balls bounce, smacking his chin with a loud "fwap" as I move. He moans around my cock and I look down to see him jerking himself off. He is loving this.

My motions become less rhythmic as I edge closer and closer to my orgasm. The feeling of the fated sparks writhe up and down my dick and along my hips, everywhere he touches. My breathing is hard, hitching more as I inch even closer.

"Xander," I say over and over, his name like a prayer on my lips.

His hand reaches from my hips, around to my ass, digging his nails into the flesh. The pain shoots me over the edge. I push all the way into Xander's mouth, pulling his head to the base of my dick. I roar as I release, Xander swallowing every bit.

After a second, I let him go, panting heavily. He immediately pulls me down onto his lap. His lips find mine as his fingers push into my asshole. Xander lines himself up and pushes into me. I pull back screaming at the pleasure of having him seated inside of me.

He begins to lift my hips up and down on him, his pace fast and his thrusts unrelenting. I'm already half hard again, feeling him take me how he wants without asking.

Xander smacks my ass hard. "Ride me!" he commands in my ear. I get my legs under me and start to move. Xander leans back, propping himself up on his hands. "Faster! Fuck my dick like you fucked my mouth."

I groan as I pick up my pace, lifting until he is almost completely out and then forcefully thrusting him back in. Xander's eyes roll back into his head and his mouth opens in a slight "o." I can't help but grab the back of his head, pulling his lips to mine.

I play my lips down his jaw and neck until I get to his mate mark. I bite down hard and he moans my name.

"Devin! Fuck, I'm going to cum!" Xander grabs my hips, meeting me thrust for thrust. "FUCK!" He pushes me onto him one last time and I feel him cum inside of me.

He's panting hard and leans back against the bed. I pull off of him and straddle his chest. I pump my dick in my hand, cumming on his chest.

I roll to the side of him, laying on the floor. I toss him one of the shirts that we wore yesterday and had thrown on the floor before bed. He wipes his chest, then wraps me in his arms. "Good morning, sexy," he says, kissing me.

"It is now," I chuckle. I nuzzle into his neck, breathing in his scent. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Dev," Xander says, kissing the top of my head. "Come on, love. Let's go shower. I'm hungry. I need sustenance so I can fuck you again."

Trio of Mates Chapter 32 - Chapter 31

Chapter 32: Chapter 31 - Zak

I quietly slip out of the back door of the packhouse, the sun just rising over the horizon. Charlie was passed out, completely exhausted from last night's events. I left her a note telling her where I was going. She'd link me if she was worried.

I quickly strip out of my clothes and shift. Copper colored fur sprouts over my skin and I fall to all fours as my muscles and bones rearrange themselves. The change doesn't hurt anymore, not after the first few shifts. As an alpha, my shifts are quick and nearly silent. One second I'm human and the next, I'm a wolf.

I take off into the trees, at first following the trail that we take on pack runs around the forest behind the packhouse. The forest has enough foliage to be cool, but is spaced far enough apart that two or three of us could run next to each other.

But anyone could see me and I really don't want to talk to anyone. So, I head further south into the denser, darker part of the forest. It was several miles from the packhouse, but I didn't mind. I wanted some time to myself.

There is something freeing about running as a wolf. Because you are more instinct driven, more in the moment, the stresses and cares of your human self are dimmed. The feelings are still there, but a wolf reacts more to present challenges than worries about what could happen. I felt lighter, more in control in my wolf form than I had in days as a human. The wind whipping through my fur, the scents of the forest seeping into my

nose, the sounds of the world waking up calmed me. It was the best stress relief that I ever had and I couldn't get enough.

After about 20 minutes of running, the trees started getting thicker, the overhead canopy making the forest darker. I didn't slow my pace, but dodged in and out of trees, over fallen logs, and around thickets of thorns. It was challenging and exhilarating. I had forgotten what had driven me into the forest and was just enjoying being a wolf.

Then I caught a scent that stopped me in my tracks. Literally. I stopped so suddenly that I nearly skidded in the dirt into a tree.

Brandon was nearby. His scent was old, no longer hanging in the air, but it was on trees that he had brushed on his way past. I put my muzzle to the ground, nosing around for his trail. Though my wolf wasn't worrying over last night's events, he recognized the scent of its mate. Wolves tend to be very affectionate and protective of their mates, wanting to be together as much as possible. When my wolf smelled Brandon, we instantly wanted to find him.

After a few minutes of my muzzle in the dirt, I finally find Brandon's scent. My wolf yips excitedly. I start my pursuit slowly. As I said, the trail is old and somewhat difficult to follow. But the scent became more recent and, therefore, easier to follow the further I went. I began moving faster. Soon, I was sprinting through the undergrowth. His scent permeated the air and I knew he was close.

I slowed my pace, beginning to look for his location. This was an area of the forest that was particularly dark, full of heavy brush and thickets. I set my muzzle to the earth once more, searching out his location.

I finally make it to a particularly large and thick patch of brush. Inside, I can just make out the shape of my mate. Brandon. My wolf whines, wanting to touch him. But the brush is not deep enough for both of us to fit inside.

My wolf's whining makes Brandon's wolf stir. He must be exhausted to not have noticed my approach. Either that, or his wolf knows that I'm not a threat. I know I should let him sleep. I really do. But so much happened last night. I have to talk to him, touch him, let him know how much I love him. My wolf barks.

Brandon's head immediately shoots up. He stands, his hackles raised and his teeth bared. A low growl emits from his throat.

It's me. I link to him.

Immediately, Brandon comes out of his defensive stance. Zak?

Yeah, Sweetcheeks.

He chuffs, a wolfish grin spreading across his face. Back up, Sugar Pie. Let me out.

My wolf pants happily, moving out of his way. Brandon squeezes out of the brush. He stands up, shaking leaves and dirt from his coat. He stretches and yawns, working the cramped sleep from his bones.

I shift, wanting to have a full conversation with him. Though my wolf is good for many things, heartfelt conversations isn't one of them. Seeing me change form, Brandon shifts, too.

I sit in the grass, staring up at my handsome, brooding mate.

"How'd you find me?" Brandon asks, not looking at me.

"Luck," I say, watching his face for any sign of emotion. "I couldn't sleep last night. Came on a run to clear my head. I didn't want anyone to see me, to try to talk to me, so I came to this part of the forest. I happened to come across your scent and followed it to you."

"You always were lucky," Brandon gives a wry smile. "You were born Alpha. You got Charlie for a mate. Fuck, you even won that car in the school raffle."

"But I didn't get you," I said.

He turns to me, tears standing in his eyes. "You always had me. I've just been waiting for you to want me."

I jump up and run to him, pulling him into my arms. His arms wrap around my neck, his tears spilling from his eyes.

"I've always wanted you Brandon. Always!" I say fiercely, gripping him to me. I have never told anyone this. Not even Charlie. "Brandon, I have loved you for years. I've loved you since I first understood what love is. You and Charlie are the only two people I have ever loved." Unbeknownst to me, tears pour from my eyes. Shit, if anyone saw their alpha like this...I didn't even want to think about it. Confessing my love to a naked man, sobbing my heart out in the middle of the woods. Some great Alpha, they would think. But that didn't matter. None if it would matter if I couldn't bring my mate home to me and Charlie.

Brandon's mouth crashes onto mine. He hungrily devours me, his hands moving down the muscles of my shoulders, my back, and my ass. I groan, feeling the sparks of his skin against mine. Feeling his mouth move over mine, his tongue dominating my mouth. Feeling his body react to mine.

His mouth breaks away from mine, traveling down my neck and sucking on the mate mark that Charlie gave me. "Brandon" I bark out, my voice strangled with lust.

"I'm so sorry," Brandon whispers along my skin. "I'm so sorry for everything that I said."

I pull his head back up to mine. "I'm sorry that we made you feel that way. I love you." I kiss him with all the passion that I have inside of me.

"I love you," Brandon says, breathlessly when we finally pull apart. His hands grip the sides of my head. "You and Charlie mean everything to me."

Brandon kisses my eyes, cheeks, lips, and down my neck.

"I want you. Please, Brandon. Please don't make me wait any longer," I plead.

"Turn around, Baby. I've got to loosen you up," he says, his voice husky, his eyes having turned a deep, dark blue in his lust.

He leads me to a tree, turning me to face it. Brandon bends me over slightly, placing my hands on the bark of the tree.

"Hold on tight," he says. He begins kissing and biting his way down my shoulders and back. Slowly, he makes his way to my ass. I hear him bending down, kneeling in the grass. He pushes my legs apart and spreads my cheeks.

I moan loudly as his tongue pushes into me and one hand grabs my hard cock. He strokes my cock in time with his tongue. Each flick inside of me causes my breath to hitch. My hips begin to rock in time with his movements. My moans are loud, low, and deep, rumbling up through my chest.

"Brandon! That feels so fucking good!" I cry.

He lets go of my cock and I whimper in disappointment.

Brandon chuckles. "Just hold on, Sugar. Daddy's going to make you feel even better."

Before I can even comment, I hear him spit and then two fingers push into me. "Ho-ly shit!" I breathe out.

He plays his fingers inside of me, pushing, twirling, and scissoring them inside my tight hole.

"Please, Brandon," I whimper. "Please. I need you inside of me."

Without a word, he stands, rubbing his dick between my asscheeks. He spits once more, adding lubrication to his cock.

"You ready, my Alpha?" he whispers into my ear.

"Yes, Daddy," I say, playing off of the comment he made earlier.

He groans when I call him that. I feel him spread my cheeks and I bend more to give him better access.

"Just like that," Brandon says, pushing himself into me slowly. "Give it all to Daddy."

It's a little painful at first without true lube. But once he is fully inside of me, all I feel is pleasure.

"Fuck, babe. You're so tight. I could cum right now." Brandon hisses out.

"Not yet, Daddy. You said that you were going to make me feel good."

"Fuck, I love it when you call me 'Daddy.' You ready for Daddy's big cock to make you cum?"

"Yes, Daddy. Fuck me!"

He begins to move, setting a fast, steady pace. I eagerly take all that he gives me, pushing back into him. I moan loud enough that they must hear me at the packhouse, 15 miles away. But I can't help it. He feels so fucking good.

Brandon smacks my ass, pulls my hair, and leaves bites down my back and shoulders. I take it all. I love it all. Every time he hits or bites me, I scream, "Yes, Daddy!" "Harder, Daddy!" "Fuck me, Daddy!" It spurs him on, making him push faster, harder into me.

Suddenly, he pulls out of me, turning me around. He lifts me up, leaning me against a tree. Brandon puts my legs over his shoulders and re-enters me.

"I want to look at your face when I make you cum," he says.

I pull him into a kiss, full of tongues, lips, and teeth. He groans when I suck his bottom lip into my mouth and bite down. His grip on my hips is bruising and the sound of skin hitting skin is almost as loud as my moans.

"Touch yourself," Brandon says. "I want to see how you do it."

Looking into his eyes, I grab the head of my cock, squeezing lightly.

"Tell me what you're doing. Tell me how it feels," Brandon says, never losing speed.

"I'm squeezing the head of my cock, rolling my palm over the tip," I say, completing the motions as I say them.

Brandon's gaze goes between my cock and my face, watching me touch myself, but also my reactions to it.

"I grab my dick firmly, with short strokes at the top of my shaft." My voice is breathy. The combination of Brandon inside of me, my hand on my cock, talking about what I am doing, and having him watch me so intently is so arousing that I almost cum right then.

I stop talking, licking my lips and closing my eyes at all the sensations that are rushing through me.

"Tell me more," Brandon says. His voice is choppy, like he is holding back his orgasm, his movements inside of me getting sloppy.

"I - I alternate the short strokes at the tip with long strokes down to the base," I stutter, trying to make coherent sentences. "But if you keep moving like that I'm going to have to change it up."

"To what?" he pleads. "Tell me."

"To just my fingers around the head. Fuck, Brandon! I'm going to cum!"

"Yes!" he yells.

At the same time as I cum, I feel him release inside of me. We scream each other's names, our voices hoarse and raw.

After a few seconds, Brandon sets me on the ground. I'm still leaning against the tree as he wraps his arms around me. He gives me a sweet kiss on the lips, our breathing still ragged.

We stare into each other's eyes, our foreheads touching. A smile lights up Brandon's face and eyes as he looks at me.

"Come on, Alpha. I'll race you home."

Trio of Mates Chapter 33 - Chapter 32

Chapter 33: Chapter 32 - Charlie

I felt when Zak left the bed and heard our front door close behind him. He thought I was asleep, and I kind of was. In that half awake, half asleep twilight phase. I rolled over, seeing the note that he left me.

Hey love,

Mind's a mess. Going for

a run. Sleep in and I'll bring up

breakfast when I get back.

As much as I wanted to sleep, I couldn't. Too much had happened last night. I needed to talk to someone. I have friends outside of our small circle, but I can't really tell anyone about what is going on.

Devin is busy with his mate. Zak is out and Brandon is MIA. No one to talk to.

So, instead of feeling sorry for myself, I hit the weight room. Though all of the leadership live at the pack house, the bottom two floors and the basement are open to the rest of the pack. The basement houses a gym which is the full length of the packhouse, including a sauna, weight lifting room, cardio machines, and a training room in case of bad weather for training our warriors.

At this time, in the wee hours of the morning, there is no one in the gym. I could let all of my frustrations in peace. And without scaring the shit out of anyone. Yes, I am a petite female, but I am of a Delta bloodline, am now a Luna, and have been a warrior all of my life. I can lift a lot. Like, a lot a lot. It tends to freak the males of the pack when someone of my stature and gender can lift the weight of a small car as a warm-up weight.

I start with some cardio, running a quick five miles on a treadmill. I have the speakers in the weight room blasting my Spotify playlist. Lizzo, Demi Lovato, Shawn Mendes, and Macklemore accompany me as my feet pound on the rubber of the treadmill belt.

1

I complete my five miles in about 45 minutes. A little slow for me, but I give myself a break after the horrible sleep that I had last night.

Queen Bae is reminding me that girls run the world as I wrap my hands and strap on some boxing gloves. I walk to the heavy bag, giving it a few test punches to loosen up my shoulders and arms. I complete circuits of jabs, hooks, uppercuts, and crosses, hitting the bag as hard as I possibly can. I work my way around the bag, keeping my feet moving, dancing back and forth. Sweat pours from my face and chest, but I don't stop until I complete 6 circuits of exercising. I then load up a bar for power clean and presses, lunges, and chess presses. I'm on my fourth circuit when the music volume dramatically lowers. I rack the bar and turn to see my father walking towards me.

"I thought that I'd find you here," he says, tossing a towel at me.

I grab it in mid air and begin mopping my face and neck. I accept a water bottle from him, mumbling a quick "Thanks" before guzzling half of the bottle. My dad perches on the weight bench next to mine, his elbows on his knees as he leans forward to look at me.

Dad is as deceptively petite as I am. He is around 5'5" full of lean, compact muscle. His salt and pepper shoulder-length hair matches his neatly trimmed beard and mustache. His rich olive-toned skin makes him appear younger than he is. The only wrinkles on his face are made up of laugh lines around his eyes and mouth, portraying a happy life.

"Wanna talk about it?" he asks when I finally put the water bottle down.

"Not much to talk about," I say, laying back on the weight bench, but not unracking the bar.

"Not about Devin and Xander," he says, his tone knowing. "I saw Brandon's face when we left. And I hung around after and saw him running out of the pack house. He's pissed, isn't he? He didn't know, but you and Zak did."

"Yeah," I say, my voice resigned to the talk that we are about to have.

"So..." Dad prods when I don't say anything else.

"So, he was pissed that we kept it from him. He said that we didn't trust him. That he was nothing but a..." I stop, my chin wobbling. I can't tell Dad what Brandon really said. Though we knew that Brandon was gay, the only other person outside of our friend group that did was his father. It was a tightly kept secret and I wasn't allowed to tell my dad. Even though everyone would know in a matter of a few days when Brandon realized that we were his mates, I couldn't out him without his permission. "He said that he was nothing to us but a liability."

"Wow!" Dad says, his eyebrows raising to his forehead. "I knew that he took it badly, but I didn't know he took it that badly."

I just nod, staring up at the ceiling.

"Com'on. Let's stretch you out before you get stiff." Dad pulls down a yoga mat, placing it in an empty spot at the front of the room. I trudge over to the mat and lay down, lifting my right leg into the air. Dad pushes my right leg toward my body while holding my left knee to the mat.

"So what are you going to do, Bear?" Dad asks, using my childhood nickname.

"I don't know," I say, letting out a sigh. This allows Dad to push my leg further into my chest and I grunt at the release. "He left, telling us not to follow him and just ran out of the packhouse."

We switch legs. "Have you tried to link him?"

"Yeah, like five times last night. He's blocking it," I say through gritted teeth as Dad works to loosen my hamstrings.

He lets my leg fall to the floor and I cross my left leg over my right, spreading my arms to my sides. Dad pushes my left knee and shoulder further into the mat, deepening the stretch.

"Where's Zak?" Dad asks.

"He barely slept last night, if at all. He left for a run right before I came down here," I say. I glance at the clock and add, "About two hours ago. He hasn't linked me."

"Have you tried linking him?" Dad asks as we switch sides.

"No. I've been trying to keep myself occupied."

"Why do you think Brandon reacted so strongly?" Dad continues as I roll onto my back and kick one leg up and he pushes it further into my backside.

"He said that he couldn't believe that we would keep such a big secret from him. I think he was just hurt and reacted with anger. Typical Brandon."

Dad nods. "He never has been good at dealing with his emotions."

"No," I say as we switch again. "He just stopped completely ignoring us and now this sent him over the edge again."

Dad stands and grabs a foam roller from the floor to rub along my back. "Did you ever think that he might be a bit insecure?"

I grunt as Dad forces the tension from my back and shoulders. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, all his friends have found their mates, two of them being each other. Do you think that he might be worried that he won't find his mate? He might be feeling worried about being the only one out of all of you that doesn't find his mate right away."

"Maybe," I say, knowing that isn't what's going on at all.

"I think you just have to be there for him. Obviously, Devin is going to be a little busy for the next few weeks, but you and Zak can be there. Especially if he doesn't find his mate on his birthday."

"I don't know, Dad. I have this strong feeling that he will find them pretty quickly."

"I hope so. But if not, just be there for him. Let him cool off for a little while longer, but then go find him. Don't leave him alone until he knows how much he means to you guys."

That actually was good advice, even without Dad knowing what was actually going on.
"I think that might work, Dad. Thanks."

He moves the foam roller off of me and I sit up. I hug him tight.

"Any time, Bear. You know I'm always here for you." Dad kisses the top of my head and hugs me back.

Just then, I get a mindlink.

"Hey, Beautiful."

"Brandon?" Relief washes over me at the sound of his voice.

"Yeah. Zak found me."

"I'm so sorry, Brandon. We never meant to hurt you - "

"It's ok. Zak and I worked it out."

"Are you coming home?"

"On my way."

"I'll meet you guys upstairs. What's your ETA?"

"30 minutes. Faster if you wait naked."

I chuckle down the link. "Better move your ass then."

Trio of Mates Chapter 34 - Chapter 33

Chapter 34: Chapter 33 - Brandon

Zak and I emerge from the trees at the front of the packhouse. We both grab some shorts from one of the chests that are scattered around the property for just this purpose.

"Did you link Charlie?" Zak asks, his arm going around my shoulders. To anyone else, it looks like two friends coming back from an early morning run. But my heart flutters at his closeness, tingles reverberating from where his skin touches mine. I'm so in love with this man.

"Yes. She's waiting for us in your suite." I put my arm around his waist, pulling him in for a squeeze before quickly letting him go.

He stops and pulls me to him. Zak leans his forehead on mine. "I'm so happy that I found you and that you came back with me."

"I'm sorry that all of that happened." I say, feeling ashamed that I've caused so much drama.

"It's over and you're back. I'm glad that we made up," he says, smiling brightly. "But I think my mate needs some time alone with you."

I pull back slightly, my eyebrows furrowing. "Are you sure?"

"Sweetcheeks, I didn't sleep at all last night and you wore me the fuck out. I'm going to sack out in your room and leave you and Charlie to...make it up to one another." Zak's smile is lecherous. His eyebrows move up and down in a goofy suggestive way and I can't help but laugh.

"Alright, Dumplin'. I'll go make sure that your mate isn't too lonely."

We head into the packhouse and up the stairs. Zak stops at the landing to the third floor. Looking behind us, he pulls me into an alcove. He pushes me against the wall, his lips claiming mine. Our tongues fight for dominance as Zak's hands roam my body. I moan when his hands play with my nipples. I grab his ass, squeezing and pulling his body into mine.

When we pull away, we are both breathing heavily and we can feel each other's erections through the thin fabric of the shorts we wear.

"You sure you don't want to come with me? We could have a lot of fun," I say, rubbing my erection over his.

His eyes close and his hands tighten on me. He bites his bottom lip, groaning. He shakes himself and pulls away slightly. "No, you need some time alone with Charlie. And we all need some sleep. I'll catch up with you guys later today." He pecks me one more time before heading off to my bedroom. "Link me when you guys wake up," he calls over his shoulder.

After readjusting my pants, in case I come across someone in the halls, I head up to the fifth floor. Once I got to Zak and Charlie's door, I knock.

Door's open, Sexy. Come on in.

I grin, opening the door. I close the door behind me. "Come out, come out, wherever you are," I call out.

I'm hiding from the big bad wolf.

I chuckle, kicking off my shorts as I walk in. "The big bad wolf is ready for you, little girl." More than ready judging by the way my cock bobs while I smell for her most recent scent.

I'm afraid that you'll eat me up.

"Oh, I will. I will eat you up and lick every last drop."

She moans through the link and I smell her arousal coming from one of the spare rooms.

"I'm coming for you, Little Red," I call. My steps are light and slow, building the anticipation.

I walk down the hall and push open a door that is ajar. There is Charlie, wearing a red bustier and matching thong. She has on thigh-high black stockings and black stiletto heels. Her jet black hair is down around her shoulders. Taking a look at the bedroom, it was set up like some kind of sex playroom. There is a bed, a sex swing, a love sofa, and a sex pillow with a mounted dildo. There are bondage straps attached to one wall and various hooks on the furniture. There are also dressers which are bound to be full of interesting items. I want to ask about it, but now is not the time. My Luna is waiting.

A sultry smile glides onto Charlie's face when I enter the room. "Oh, no! The wolf found me. And he certainly is big," she says, eyeing my cock. "Whatever will I do?"

I stalk towards her, my eyes roaming up and down her body. A growl rumbles through my chest as her arousal invades my senses. I know that her thong is dripping wet. I grab her hips and forcefully pull her body to mine. "I've caught you now, little girl. You're trapped." I run my nose down her jawline and neck to the shoulder without a matemark. I bite lightly, my canines having extended with the role play and my own desire.

Charlie gives a loud moan, clutching my arms. "Not yet," she says breathily. "But I can be." Smiling, she raises her hand in front of my face, a pair of handcuffs dangling from her forefinger.

A snarl rips from my throat and I fling her onto the bed.

I climb on top of her, straddling her hips and grabbing the cuffs from her hands. Using my were speed, I adjust her on the bed, cuff her hands, and attach the cuffs to a hook on the headboard.

She stares at me, panting, and I know that my wolf has leaked into my eyes and face, turning my usual countenance into something new. I truly am starting to look like the big bad wolf.

I move between her legs and kiss her fiercely. She moans into my mouth and my cock twitches between her legs.

I work my way from her mouth to her chest with nips, licks, and kisses. Her little yips of pain and moans of pleasure are intoxicating.

When I get to her chest, the bustier is in my way. I grab the top edges in both hands and rip the two pieces apart.

"I really liked that," she says, drily.

"I'll buy you a new one," I say, my face pressed into her breasts. I take one nipple into my mouth, flicking my tongue over the nub as I roll the other nipple between my fingers. I suck and bite, feeling her back arch, her legs widen, and her breath quicken. She calls my name, her cry is half pleasure and half asking for more.

Charlie's legs wrap around my waist, her pussy rubbing up and down my cock.

"Put your legs down or I'll tie them down," I say against her tits. I suck one breast as far into my mouth as I can and bite down until my teeth almost meet.

Her feet immediately fall to the bed, her movements stilling as she screams wordlessly.

I release her and admire the teeth marks all around her nipple. I blow and kiss it before smacking it with the flat of my hand.

"Fuck!" Charlie shouts, ecstasy lacing her voice.

"There are rules, Red. Rules that you will follow if you want this to continue." My gaze is locked on her face as one hand travels to the back of her head and the other travels to her inner thighs.

Charlie's eyes are closed, her body giving in to the anticipation and pleasure. I love that look on her face, but I need her to pay attention right now.

I grip her hair in my hand and pull slightly to get her attention. "Are you listening to me, Red?"

"Yes!" she exhales, eyes opening.

"Good. First, you will address me as sir. Do you understand?" My hand travels to the apex of her thighs, playing along her lips, but not entering.

"Yes!"

I move my hand from her pussy and smack her titty, earning a sharp squeal. "Yes what?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Good girl," I say, running my hand back down to her pussy and beginning to finger her clit. I watch her eyes widen as the pleasure starts to build. "Second, you only cum when I say you can. You cum before and I will punish you any way I see fit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Her breathing is starting to quicken and she is fighting to keep her eyes on mine.

"If at any time it becomes too much, use your safe word and we will stop."

"Yes, sir."

"Then let's begin." Immediately, I let go of her and move away from the bed. She moans in frustration, watching me walk away. I head to one of the dressers and open a drawer. Inside are various blindfolds, gags, and collars. Another is full of restraints. And still another has a variety of vibrators and dildos. I turn back to Charlie, breaking out of the role play for a few seconds. "Have you and Zak used these before?"

"Not many, sir. I have the room stocked with things I like and want to try. Zak isn't as into pain as I am."

"Good." I smile. I grab a blindfold, leg cuffs, and a vibrator with a broad head. I turn back to Charlie, carrying my selections. A wide smile grows on her lips and her gaze becomes even more heated. "This will be fun," I say.

Trio of Mates Chapter 35 - Chapter 34

Chapter 35: Chapter 34 - Charlie

Fuck! I watch Brandon walk towards me, his erection swaying as he walks. My mouth is dry in anticipation of what is going to happen. Brandon has to smell my arousal, which is running down my thighs. His eyes are fully azure, his canine teeth still elongated. His wolf is close to the surface, the threat arousing on it's own.

Brandon places the toys on the bed. He grabs both of my ankles and roughly pulls me further down the bed. I can't help the squeal that escapes my lips.

He grins wolfishly. "Don't be frightened, Red."

"But, sir. What big eyes you have."

He chuckles as he restrains one ankle to the bedpost. "The better to watch you writhe in pleasure."

"And what big teeth you have."

"The better to eat your sweet pussy with, Little Red." He restrains my other ankle to the bedpost.

I lick my lips. "And what a big dick you have."

Picking up the blindfold, Brandon walks to the head of the bed and leans in. He plucks one of my nipples before nibbling on my collarbone. "The better to fuck you senseless." I gasp as he captures my mouth with his right before he ties the blindfold around my eyes.

"What do you want?" he whispers along my neck.

"Your dick, sir." I whisper.

"How?"

"In my mouth, sir."

I feel him grin against my skin before he moves on the bed. He lifts my upper body, placing two pillows under me. He then straddles my chest and I feel his tip at my lips. "Suck it down, Red."

I open and he pushes himself inside of me. His precum is salty and slick on his tip. I greedily clean it off before wrapping my lips around him and hollowing my cheeks.

"Good girl," he groans above me. "Just like that."

My movements are restricted because of my cuffed arms, so I make up for it by swirling my tongue around his shaft. Brandon leans forward, grabbing the headboard and repositioning so that his hips are above me.

"You ready?"

I hum along his shaft. Groaning, he begins to move. At first, his pace is slow, giving me time to adjust. But he quickly finds a faster pace, his length pumping in and out of my mouth.

Suddenly, he pauses and pushes further into my mouth, making me deepthroat him. My eyes tear and I begin to gag.

"Hold it," he says. "Keep it right there to the count of three."

I suppress the need to breathe while he slowly counts. "One...Two...Three."

Brandon pulls out of my mouth and I gasp for air. "Did you like that, Red?"

Still gasping, I say, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" His tone is low, threatening.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't make me remind you again."

"Yes, sir."

He repositions my head and enters my mouth again, immediately pushing all the way down my throat. "Now, hold it again. To the count of five."

He waits several moments before beginning to count, moaning.

"One...Two...Three...Goddess that feels good...Four....Five."

Again, he pulls out and, again, I gasp for air. His domination and the breath play leaves me shaking with need. My thighs are slick with my arousal and I know that the sheets on the bed are soaked.

"You really like that, don't you, Red?"

"Yes, sir."

"One more time then?"

"Yes, sir!"

He pushes into my mouth. "Hold until the count of ten.

One...Two...Three...Four...Five...Six...Fuck, your throat keeps contracting around me!...Seven...Eight...Holy shit!...Nine...Ten."

He pulls out and my body shudders with the sudden intake of breath.

I don't even notice that he has gotten off of me until I hear the electric buzz of the vibrator.

"What was the second rule, Red?"

"Don't cum without permission, sir."

"Good girl. I'm going to give you a reward for being such a good little cocksucker."

"Thank you, sir."

Brandon pushes his thumb against my clit, swirling it around. I moan, attempting to push my hips into his hand. But I'm too restrained and can only slightly elevate my hips.

"You like that, baby?" Brandon's voice is husky with need.

"Yes, sir. Please don't stop."

Brandon chuckles. He removes his thumb and quickly replaces it with the head of the vibrator.

"Holy fucking shit!" I scream. The vibration is set on the highest setting. I try to squirm away slightly from the intense pleasure. It is almost too much.

"Look at how flushed your pussy is. That is so fucking hot," Brandon whispers.

I give a loud moan, pulling as far from the vibrator as possible.

"Where do you think you're going, Red?" Brandon pushes the vibrator harder into my clit and I scream.

"Fuck, sir! Please let me cum!"

"Not yet, Red. I'm enjoying watching you squirm."

I whine, frustration seeping through my pores. "Please, Brandon. Please let me cum. I can't take it anymore."

He pulls the vibrator away from my body and speaks in a low, dangerous voice. "What did you call me?"

Only then do I realize what I've done. Shit! "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to. I - "

Before I can say anything else, Brandon pinches my clit - hard. At the same time, he smacks my nipple with an open hand. I scream, a guttural, wordless sound.

"What was rule number one, Red?" His voice comes from right next to my ear.

I can't respond, the pain and pleasure of his fingers still pinching my clit resonating throughout my body.

Brandon smacks my nipple again and shoots his hand through my hair, pulling it roughly. "I asked you a question."

"I can only call you sir."

"So why did you call me by my name?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I got carried away."

"You know that naughty girls get punished," he whispers as he pinches my clit harder, his teeth playing down my neck.

I can't help it. The feel of his body on top of mine, his teeth on my neck, his hard length on my thigh, and the exquisite pain on my clit sends me over the top. I cum hard, screaming.

Brandon moves off of me without saying a word. I hear him rifling through the drawers on the other side of the room. After a few minutes, I hear him walking back to the bed.

"Naughty girl, Red," his voice is low. "You've broken two rules in the span of five minutes. Now, you'll have to be punished."

I can't help the spike of arousal and fear that penetrate me.

He unhooks the cuffs on my wrists from the headboard and I groan in pain as feeling suddenly rushes back into them from the change in movement. I roll my shoulders a few times, bringing my hands down to my chest. I feel him unhook the cuffs on my legs from the bedposts. The cuffs are still on my ankles, but they aren't attached to anything.

Without warning, Brandon flips me over onto my stomach. He hooks something to my left ankle cuff and I don't know what it is until he forces my legs further apart to hook it to my right cuff. A spreader bar. I can't close my legs if I wanted to. But I really don't want to.

He reaches under me to my cuffed wrists and pulls them down to the bar. I have to scoot back so my ass is in the air, my cheeks and core spread wide open for him to see. Brandon hooks my cuffs to the spreader bar and I am totally at his mercy. I can't move at all.

"Are you ready for your punishment, Red?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be a good girl. Take your punishment well and I might just reward you again."

"Thank you sir."

"So polite." I feel something hard caress my back. I can't tell what it is and my arousal spikes.

His laugh is low and confident. "You don't even know what is about to happen and your pussy is dripping."

Whatever he is holding continues its path from my back to my ass and down my core to my clit. I struggle weakly, yipping as he pushes the corner of the object hard into my clit.

"Since this is our first time with a punishment, I will be lenient and only give you ten. Count loud and clear or we will start over again. Do you understand, Red?"

"Yes, sir."

As the words leave my mouth, I feel a sudden, stinging smack on my ass. A paddle. That's what he was holding. My breath comes out in a gasp as I handle the shock of it.

"What do you say, Red?"

"One, sir."

"Good girl."

He hits me again on my ass, harder this time.

"Two, sir."

Again.

"Three, sir."

Smacking the other cheek, the paddle hits harder this time.

"Four, sir."

Another smack.

"Five, sir."

Another and another and another in quick succession.

"Six, sir. Seven, sir. Eight, sir."

The next one is lighter, but he aims for my core. It sends a jolt of electricity, pain, and immense pleasure through me.

Breathily, I say, "Nine, sir."

The final smack is the hardest one, running across both of my ass cheeks.

"Ten, sir," I say through gritted teeth.

I hear the paddle being tossed to the floor and Brandon begins to rub my stinging cheeks.

"Such a good girl. You took your punishment so well." I feel him kiss my ass cheeks, soothing away some of the pain. "Goddess, your ass is so red. It's so fucking hot. Are you ready for your reward, Red?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"That's a good girl. I love to hear you beg." Brandon's fingers are suddenly inside of my core, fingering me, preparing me for him.

"Oh, fuck! That feels so good, sir."

"Damn, you are so wet. Did you like it that much? Who knew that our Luna was such a fucking pervert?"

"Only for you," I say, my voice muffled by the mattress.

"What was that, Red?" Brandon adds a third finger and begins finger fucking me hard.

"Only for you, sir!" I scream.

"That's right, Red," he says, his voice seductive and low. Brandon removes his fingers from inside of me. Before I can complain, I feel him move between my legs, his length running between my ass cheeks. "You only act like this for me." His big hands knead my ass as he continues to run himself up and down my ass and core.

"Please," I beg. "Please, sir."

"Please, what?" His voice is obviously excited by my begging. "What do you want?"

"Please fuck me, sir. I need to feel you inside of me."

"Since you asked so nicely..." In the next second, Brandon is inside of me, stuffing me full with his length.

"Oh, shit," I groan.

"You like that, Red?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get ready. This is going to be hard and fast." With that, he begins pounding himself in and out of me. I am completely helpless in front of him, a fuck toy for him to use. All I can do is moan wordlessly, filling the room with the sound of my pleasure.

"Such a good pussy. So wet and so tight for me." His voice is husky. His breathing is rapid. "Tell me how my cock feels."

"Amazing, sir. I fucking love it."

Brandon spits on my asshole and slides his finger around it's rim. "The only thing that would be better is to have Zak's cock in your asshole." With that, he slides his thumb into my hole, stroking it in and out in time with his length.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Please, sir. Please let me cum!"

"Not yet, Red. You're being so good. Just hold out a little more."

I try to ignore the pleasure that is building, but it is probably the hardest thing that I have ever done in my life.

Brandon smacks my ass with his other hand and I tighten around him.

"Hold on, Red. Almost. I'm almost there."

"Oh Goddess. Oh, fuck!"

He continues to pound into my core, his finger stroking in and out of my ass. Every so often, he punctuates a thrust with a hair pull or a smack to my ass. It is amazing and I am about to lose my mind.

I don't even realize that I'm repeating "Please, please, please..." over and over again until Brandon finally grabs my hips with both of his hands.

"Cum, Red. Cum all around my cock."

I immediately let go, screaming my pleasure. Seconds later, I hear Brandon cumming inside of me with a loud roar.