

Trio of Mates Chapter 36 - Chapter 35

Chapter 36: Chapter 35 - Zak

I receive a mindlink around 2 pm from my father, waking me from a sound sleep.

"Son, we need to meet. There are things to discuss before the Blue Crescent Pack gets here. And we've got to talk to the pack as well."

I rub my hand down my face, my voice groggy as I reply, "You're right. Give me 30 minutes and meet me in my office. Grab the old leadership. I'll contact Carl and let Brandon and Charlie know."

"Sounds good." With that, father cuts off the mindlink.

I want to stay where I am, cocooned in Brandon's scent, lying in his bed. But the thought occurs to me that if I get up, I will be able to find him in bed with Charlie and can wake them up in my own way. The thought has my dick standing at attention and I push myself out of bed.

I quickly link Carl to let him know what is going on as I hurry to my rooms. No point in trying to contact Devin or Xander. They are in the midst of the post-marking frenzy. They won't be leaving their rooms for a while. Honestly, I think that Charlie, Brandon, and I are in that frenzy as well, even without the marking. I've never had this much sex in my life and still been ready for more. How bad will it get when we do actually mark each other?

Pushing the thought aside, I make a mental note to have the omegas bring food to Devin and Xander in the barracks. Of course, they will be moving into the packhouse and taking up the Delta rooms, but for now, they are still in the barracks. I think they like the thought of being so close to where they first found each other.

Unlocking the door to our rooms, I am greeted by the scent of both my mates. It is heavenly to have their scents mixed together to welcome me home. I can't wait until this is a daily occurrence. Two more days. Two more days until Brandon's birthday. Two more days until he finds out that he is our mate. Our other half. Well, other third as the case may be. But regardless, he will find out that he was made for us.

I follow my mates' scents to the bedroom. As I pass the playroom, I can tell that they used this room quite thoroughly when Brandon initially came home. Their scents and the smell of sex permeate the air. I dry swallow, thinking of the things that I have wanted Brandon to do to me in that room. I'm not into pain the way that Charlie is, but I love being restrained. The Goddess truly knew what she was doing when she mated the three of us. Brandon seems to be a deft master in both of these fetishes. The

anticipation of what he will do to both of us in the playroom has my dick twitching in my pants.

I walk into our bedroom and see my mates curled up in one another on the bed. The sight is breathtaking, knowing that they both are mine. They are naked, though I can only see them from the waist up, the rest obscured by the sheet. Charlie's hair is fanned out on the pillow where she lays, the raven black complimenting the maroon bed sheet. She is on her side, her face snuggled into Brandon's chest as he holds her to him. He is also on his side and I can see that Charlie's leg is thrown over his in her sleep.

Slowly, I pull the sheet down, exposing their lower halves. I carefully remove Charlie's leg from Brandon's, pushing her onto her back. I spread her legs wide. Leaning in, I lap at her pussy, tasting her. At the same time, I grab Brandon's cock in my hand and begin to stroke.

Charlie moans above me, her hands immediately going to my hair. Brandon stirs on the bed and in my hand.

Charlie moans again, her eyes opening to look down at me. "Fuck, Zak! That feels amazing."

Brandon's hips start to move, but he still isn't quite awake yet. He groans, his arms tightening around Charlie. We can't have him sleeping through his wake up call.

I move away from Charlie and turn to Brandon. I continue to dance my thumb over Charlie's clit, causing her to squirm and moan under my touch. I lick the tip of Brandon's cock hearing his sharp intake of breath. I look up at him and see his eyes open.

"Zak?" he says, still half-asleep.

Just then, I push all of his considerable length into my mouth, hollowing my cheeks as I suck.

"Oh, fuck!" Brandon yells, unable to hold himself back in his half awake state.

I bob up and down on his dick before popping him out of my mouth and turning back to Charlie. I continue to move between the two of them for a few minutes, hearing them moan and kiss each other above me.

"More, Zak," Brandon sighs out. "I need more!"

Looking up at him from lapping at Charlie's pussy, I say, "You want me to fuck you?"

"Goddess, yes." Brandon's eyes are blue fire, his desire consuming them.

Charlie hands me the lube from the bedside table. Giving her a nip on her clit before getting up, I push Brandon's body so that he is flat on the bed.

As I begin to ready him, I hear him say to Charlie, "Sit on my face." I look up to see her straddle his face, her pussy lining up with his mouth.

I pour lube all over my fingers and his asshole before inserting my fingers inside of him. His dick bobs as his hips move along with the movement of my fingers.

I chuckle. "Somebody's hole is hungry."

Brandon moans as he continues to pump his hips into me. I look up when I hear Charlie's groan of pleasure. Brandon's hands are gripping her hips as he holds her to his face. Charlie is gripping the headboard, her back arched and her head thrown back. Her eyes are closed as she says Brandon's name over and over.

"Fuck, you two are so hot," I say, my mouth dry.

Brandon's voice comes out muffled. "Just fuck me already!"

"You're not quite ready." I continue scissoring and twirling my fingers inside of him.

"I don't care! I need you inside of me." His voice is pleading and I completely understand why he likes it when we beg.

"I'm sorry, Sweetcheeks. I didn't hear you," I say, pushing my fingers harder into him.

"Fuck me!" Brandon yells, gripping Charlie's ass as she rides his face.

"I think that you might need to ask me a little nicer." I smack his ass as I continue to finger him.

Charlie chuckles, but it turns into a moan at something that Brandon does.

I pull my fingers out of Brandon and begin to rub my cock along his asshole, pouring lube along my shaft. "What do you say, Brandon?"

He moans against Charlie's pussy, causing an answering moan in her. But Brandon still doesn't answer. I slowly push my tip into his hole, stroking his cock. "Tell me, Brandon."

"Oh, Goddess. Please!" he pleads. "Please, fuck me! I need you inside of me. Plea-"

His last plea turns into a long, low, loud moan as I thrust inside of him.

"Fuck, you are so tight!" I cry out. I begin to fuck him fast and hard. His moans are muffled by Charlie moving on top of him.

"Yes, bite my clit," she says, followed by a scream as he listens to her. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Charlie," I call to her. "Turn around and kiss me."

She turns around, sitting herself on Brandon's face again. She props herself up by one hand on Brandon's hip and the other on my shoulder and she kisses me. It is all tongue and teeth. I can't help but moan into her mouth at the feel of Brandon's ass clenching around my cock and Charlie's mouth on mine.

She pulls back when Brandon smacks her ass and she groans at the pain.

"Suck his dick, baby," I say to her. She gives me a wicked grin and leans down to take him in her mouth.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop! Zak! Charlie! I'm gonna cum!" Brandon cries out.

"Me too," I rasp out.

Charlie moans around Brandon's cock.

Brandon's asshole tightens around my dick and I scream my release. This seems to trigger both Brandon's and Charlie's orgasms. They both scream, their mouths still on each other.

"Oh. By the way...we have a meeting with the old leadership in about 15 minutes," I say after a few minutes breather.

Both Brandon and Charlie groan.

"Really, Zak?" Charlie says. "You couldn't have told us that earlier?"

"Would you have changed what just happened?" I ask, smiling cheekily.

"No!" Brandon says adamantly.

Charlie and I both laugh. We snuggle in closer to Brandon.

"Come on," Brandon says, kissing us both on the head. "We've gotta hurry."

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Chapter 37: Chapter 36 - Brandon

I end up showering in my room. As much as I wanted to help Zak and Charlie wash, there was no way I could explain why I smelled like them when I was freshly showered. Not without admitting what we were up to and I think my father would kill me. That is, if he didn't die of a heart attack first.

So, I raced to my rooms and quickly showered and dressed. I made it to Zak's office just as he and Charlie were walking in. I couldn't keep the smile off of my face as I thought about what had happened since I woke up in the forest with Zak waiting for me. I kiss Charlie's head before Zak opens the door and she gives me a radiant smile before walking in. I pinch Zak's ass as I walk by and hear him chuckle behind me.

Can't keep your hands off? Zak mindlinks me.

With an ass that hot, who could? I respond.

Charlie and Zak sit on one of the couches, holding hands. I sit next to Charlie, throwing my arm across the back of the couch. This way, it looks casual, but I can still touch her. She smiles up at me and I see the love radiating from her eyes.

Within the next few minutes, the former Alpha, Gamma, and Delta walk into the room, as well as my father. Zak had already told us that Devin and Xander would be excused from today's meeting and that he would catch them up later. They would be busy for the next few days. I made a mental note to ask Zak if I could be a part of their meeting so that I could apologize. I didn't want to intrude on their new mate time, but I also really needed to clear the air with them.

"Thank you all for coming on such short notice," Zak begins, sitting forward in his seat. "I know that we are all a little worried about the upcoming Blue Crescent Pack's visit, especially as it will be the day after our new Beta takes over." At that, Zak looks at me with a confident smile. "And we've got to talk to the pack about what happened last night."

Can't wait to see how fucking amazing you're going to look in your suit. Charlie mindlinks me. You might have to fuck me while wearing it.

Control yourself, Red, or I might have to take you into the bathroom and punish you. I respond, a smile crossing my lips.

Promise? she responds, her voice a seductive whisper in my head.

And, just like that, I have to readjust my position on the couch so that no one notices my boner.

"Not so much worried," Former-Alpha Jared states, "but definitely cautious. You know how much of a loose canon Mathias can be."

"We've already gotten the guest rooms ready in the cottage," Beta Carl says, "and we've already arranged security and meals for their stay."

The cottage is a two story house to the side of the packhouse. It is furnished as comfortably and lavishly as the packhouse, but we found many years ago that it was better to have visiting leaders in a place that was close to us, but not exactly in the packhouse. This house was built for those leaders and also served as a place for displaced pack members or new couples to live until arrangements for housing could be made. It was where Devin's parents would be staying when Devin took over his rooms with Xander. Devin's parents were in the process of building a new house. They would have already moved into the cottage if it weren't for the Blue Crescent Pack's visit. Though, I don't think that Devin and Xander had any complaints about it at the moment.

"Good," Zak nods. "Have we gotten any more intel as to why Mathias wants this meeting?"

"A little," I say. "We know that he wants to broker a compromise with the neighboring Eclipse Pack. We finally found out why their alpha, Diego, is so reluctant to meet with Mathias." I clear my throat, uncomfortable. "Apparently Mathias was originally mated to Diego's beta. But Mathias rejected her when he found out that her brother was openly gay and dating a member of their pack. Apparently Mathias is extremely homophobic."

Charlie growled beside me and Zak's aura suddenly turned cold.

"That's why I wanted to meet, son," Former-Alpha Jared said. "With Devin and Xander's mating, this meeting could be a disaster. And if the pack doesn't handle it well..."

"It was part of the reason that we were so...taken aback last night," Former-Delta Alistar says. "Besides the shock of having mated males, we knew the hardships that would come with that status." Charlie's dad is trying to placate us, but it does little to calm the three of us.

Only five people in the pack know that I am gay, three of them being in this room. The only woman I have ever had any feelings for is Charlie. I can't help but think that I will also be mated to a male. That is going to throw the whole pack into a tailspin. If they thought that the reaction to Devin and Xander being mates was bad, just wait until they see my father's reaction. And that will likely happen in two days time...

Devin's father hurrumphs at the former-delta's words, but remains silent. It is obvious to all that he barely slept last night, if at all. There are dark shadows under his eyes, stubble along his jaw, and his hair and clothes are mussed. He is taking this quite hard.

My father picks up the doom and gloom. "Mathias is an ass, but he is powerful. His pack is one of the largest in the area and, as such, he holds a lot of sway with other packs. I know that we have a lot of credibility with many alphas, having helped them over the

years, thanks to Zak. But that will only go so far if their alliances and livelihood are affected by Mathias out right shunning us."

"With that in mind, I think that it might be best to keep Xander or Devin or both away from the Blue Crescent Pack when they visit," Former-Alpha Jared says. "We can tell them that they had to go respond to something at Xander's old pack or - "

"No," Zak interrupts, his voice filled with resolution and finality. "I will not hide my pack, especially not two people who are so vital to our success, one of them being one of my best friends. I don't care what Mathias thinks. He is coming to us for aid. We did not ask him to come, nor will we apologize for what we are when he does. I don't care what he thinks when he sees that Devin and Xander are mated. He can get his head out of his ass long enough to complete the job he came for or he can leave. I will not have Devin and Xander hidden as if they are shameful to our pack. And I will let our pack know that tonight at dinner."

The room falls silent with the conviction in Zak's voice. Had others not been here, I would have kissed him. I am so proud. Charlie smiles at him, her arm linking into his, her head resting on his shoulder. I pat his back, trying to make it look more platonic than I felt.

I opened a mindlink to him and Charlie. "I love you so much," I say, sending a mental image of me giving him a goofy kiss on the cheek.

Charlie giggles in our minds as Zak sends back an image of him goosing me.

My father is the first to recover of the others in the room. "Alpha, with all due respect, I don't know if that's the best approach for this particular pack. Mathias has a reputation for screwing things up for those packs that he objects to. It could get really dicey for us."

"Do you truly think that what Mathias thinks is more important than what the Goddess has decreed, Carl? Do you truly think shaming and hiding our Delta and Gamma, making them feel like they are less than they truly are, is worth making Mathias comfortable? Because I do not," Zak's face is impassive, his tone leaving no room for disagreement.

My father lowers his gaze, bearing his neck slightly in submission. He is acknowledging not only Zak's dominance, but also conceding the point.

Former-Gamma Richard stares wonderingly at Zak. "You really have no issue with them being together?"

Zak turns a cold gaze towards the former gamma, causing the older man to flinch. "No, Richard. I do not."

Again, silence falls over the room. Our fathers appear stunned.

The link between Zak, Charlie, and me is still active and I feel the love radiating from Charlie and me to Zak. In my head, I know that this could cost us a lot. Mathias has a lot of power in our part of the country. This could really screw us over. But knowing that Zak is willing to stand up to anyone in support of his pack, his friends, was powerful. It was the first real test for Zak as an alpha and it showed that he would lead with integrity and compassion, as opposed to bowing down to the will of others and leading through fear. It was amazing and fucking sexy as all hell. I knew that Devin and Xander would have gone with whatever Zak had said, but this was more than I think even they had hoped.

Former-Alpha Jared clears his throat before speaking and we all turn to him. I had expected to see many feelings cross his face: resignation, anger, incredulity. But what I saw in his eyes was pride, fierce and unrelenting. "Ok, son. We will not hide our Gamma and Delta. How would you like the visit to run?"

For the next 30 minutes, we ironed out the details of the Blue Crescent Pack's visit. The meeting ran smoothly and, by the end, we were as prepared as we possibly could be.

Hey friends - Thank you guys for reading! I have a favor to ask. Do any of my readers speak Afrikaans? I have a character coming up in the sequel to this book that is from South Africa and speaks Afrikaans. I'm looking for some help with cultural information, as well as running some colloquialisms by you. TIA!

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Chapter 38: Chapter 37 - Devin

"Fuck, Xander! Right there. Don't stop!" I scream as he pounds in and out of my ass. He has my back against a door, my legs up on his shoulders. I'm holding on to the top of the door jam, hoping that it can take the punishment that he is giving me.

'Goddess, you feel so good," he groans, his head thrown back and his eyes closed.
"How the fuck are you still so tight? I've fucked you like ten times today."

"My ass was made for your cock!" I cry, grabbing my own dick and beginning to pump.
"Shit that feels so good."

Xander smacks my ass as he continues to fuck me. His movements are becoming jerky, his dick hardening as he nears his climax.

"I'm gonna cum, babe," He says, his face contorting in pleasure.

"Me, too!" I squeeze out between clenched teeth. "Almost there. Don't stop."

He manages to hang on until I cum, squirting all over both of our chests. With a final hard jolt, he cums inside of me, screaming my name.

We are both breathing heavily as Xander carefully lets me down and pulls me into his arms. He captures my mouth with his. Xander's hands roam my body, running through my hair, along my back, and cupping my ass. I pull his hips close, rubbing our dicks against each other. I feel his erection begin to build as the slickness from my release drips down our chests.

Fuck, this mating thing is no joke. It is literally like we can't get enough of each other. The only time that we haven't been fucking has been to cram food into our mouths or when we've passed out.

"Devin," Xander whispers as I grab his balls and squeeze slightly. His lips move from my ear to my neck, sucking and nipping.

I groan, feeling his nails dig into my ass. I grab both of our dicks in both of my hands and begin to stroke up and down.

"Ahhhhh," Xander groans in my ear. "That's it, babe. That feels so good." His hips begin to move, pumping his dick into my hand. It increases the friction and feels amazing.

Just then, we both get a mindlink from Zak.

"Hey guys. I know that you're a little busy, but could we stop by to talk to you for a second."

"Really bad time, Zak," I mutter to him.

"It will only take a few minutes, I promise. I wouldn't bother you if it weren't important. It's about our meeting with the Blue Crescent Pack."

I heave a sigh. "Fine. Give us 20 minutes to shower."

"Make it 45 minutes," Xander adds. "We have some business to finish."

"Don't wanna know," Zak says quickly. "We'll give you an hour."

I bust out laughing as Zak cuts the link.

Xander smiles as he nuzzles into my neck. My laugh quickly turns into a moan as his fingers move to my nipples, rolling them in his hands.

"Shower sex?" he asks.

"Oh, hell yes," I groan. "But this time, I'm fucking you."

An hour later, we get a mindlink from Zak. "We're waiting outside. Meet us out here. Your room must reek of sex right now."

Xander and I had been doing so well with the time. We were showered and getting dressed about five minutes ago. But then I saw his abs and chest glistening with the water from the shower as he was drying off and had the irrepressible urge to lick it off. Which then turned into me sucking his dick. Which is how we got into our current situation of my face in the floor, ass in the air as Xander pounded into me from behind.

"Give...us...mmmm...another ten...holy shit!...minutes," I reply.

'Ten is all I'm giving you before I bust down the door and drag your naked asses out here," Charlie breaks into the mindlink.

"So rough, Luna. Promise to spank us like the naughty boys we are," Xander says and my dick hardens even more at the tone of his voice. I grab my dick and stroke, feeling the precum leak onto my fingers.

"Only if you beg for it," Charlie replies, laughing before cutting off the link.

"You heard our Luna," I say to Xander. "Fuck me faster!"

"Yes, sir," Xander replies, smacking my ass before gripping my hips and using his amazing strength to drive himself in and out of me faster and faster.

Feeling him power into me, his balls slapping against my own, urged my hand on my dick to move faster. I only last a few minutes before I scream, "Xander! Fuck, babe! I'm gonna cum!"

He leans over me and bites my mate mark, sending me hurtling into my orgasm, pleasure racking my body.

But he continues to pump into me, riding out the tightness of my body from my orgasm. "So...tight," he grits out. "Almost...there."

I turn my head, kissing him deeply as my orgasm ends.

"Mmmmmm," he moans into my mouth, his hands spasming along my sides as he releases inside of me.

He leans onto my back as I sink into the floor, both of us breathing heavily.

Suddenly, there's a knock on the door. "Two minutes, lovers," Charlie calls out. "And you know I keep my promises."

Xander chuckles on top of me. He kisses my cheek before saying, "I hope that our mate is as feisty as our Luna. That could be a lot of fun."

"Heard that," Charlie calls from outside the door.

We guffaw with laughter as Xander moves off of me. He helps me up, handing me a towel to clean up with.

Charlie is reaching for the doorknob when we open the door.

"Damn, Charlie. Were you really going to bust down the door when you knew that we were getting dressed?" I say, incredulity clear on my face.

"You forget that I went through this manic mating with Zak, too. I know how one look can turn into sex in an instant. And we really need to talk to you guys," she says, smiling innocently up at me before stepping between Xander and me. "We only need five minutes of your time. Then you can go back to screwing each other's brains out, ok?"

Charlie leads us to a clearing with picnic tables, lawn chairs, and a large fire pit behind the barracks and the packhouse. Zak and Brandon were waiting for us at one of the benches. I had been a little concerned about how Xander would react when he saw Brandon again, but a small peek into his emotions showed me how calm and happy he was. And horny. Damn was he horny.

I stop walking and turn to Xander, a growl escaping my lips. He and Charlie both turn back to me and Xander's eyes have turned to a dark chocolate brown, almost completely drowning out his irises. He begins to walk towards me, before Charlie steps between us.

"Guys, don't make me command you. Get it together. We literally need just five minutes and then you can go back to your fuck fest," she says. She pushes Xander towards the picnic table with Zak intercepting him and sitting him between Zak and Brandon. Charlie takes my hand, leading me to the other side of the picnic table. She sits next to Brandon and plops me down beside her. Xander and I are the farthest away from each other that we have been since I'd marked him and it was almost physically painful.

Brandon looks extremely uncomfortable sitting next to Xander. I get it, since their last interaction almost came to blows. But Xander doesn't even seem to notice. His eyes are only on me and I can feel the desire coming off of him in waves.

Zak pulls out his phone and sets a timer. "Look, guys. Five minutes. When the timer goes off, you can run back into the barracks and go nuts."

The fact that he was setting a timer would be funny except for the fact that my skin was literally itching for Xander's touch.

"Talk fast," I say, never taking my eyes from Xander's.

Brandon clears his throat uncomfortably. "First, I need to apologize to both of you."

That finally breaks Xander and my eye contact as we look at him. His head is down, eyes staring at his hands. Shame is written all over his body language and I feel bad for him.

"I was upset, but not about what I said," he continued. "I just wanted to have someone hurt as much as I did at that moment. I went way over the line and - "

"It's alright, man," I said, truly understanding why he had exploded at us. "We get it."

"It's all good. No hard feelings," Xander says, clapping his hand on Brandon's shoulder.

A low and menacing sound rumbles through my throat at the contact.

Zak chuckles at Xander. "Probably shouldn't touch any other males while the frenzy is still on."

"Sorry," I say, but I feel Xander's amusement through the matelink.

"Ok, so the other reasons that we came," Zak says. "We just wanted to let you know that we will be talking with the pack about your mating and our stance. And we got some more information about Mathias."

Again, Xander and my attention diverts to something other than the incessant ache between us.

"What are you going to say to the pack?" Xander's eyebrows furrow slightly in worry. I want to smooth his brows back with my hands, to calm the worry he feels at a possible pack rejection.

"That we love and support you guys. That your mating changes nothing in our pack and that if they have a problem with it, they can shove it or leave," Brandon says, sincerity lacing every word.

I smile at him, a smile of genuine warmth and brotherly love. "Thanks, man."

"Do you think that anyone is going to have a problem?" Xander is obviously still worried.

"Outrightly? No," Zak replies. "I think that the vast majority of us believe that Selene brings mates together for a reason. I mean, rejections are rarely heard of in our pack. I think the last one was during my great-grandfather's rule."

"And, as Lucille so deftly put it, if they have a problem with you two being mated and the Gamma and Delta, they can feel free to challenge either of you," Charlie says, a feral smile crossing her lips. "I'll bring the popcorn to the beat down."

I bark out a laugh and pull her into a hug. My eyes widen in surprise and I pull back when I hear a low growl rumbling from Xander's throat. I look to see a fierce gleam of possessiveness in his eye and he lowly and firmly states, "Mine."

I slowly remove my hands from Charlie, who just waves it off.

"I don't want your mate, Xander. I've got my hands full already." Her eyes dart between Brandon and Zak, a satisfied smirk on her lips.

Xander shakes his head, as if coming out of a trance. "Sorry. Sorry."

"Ok, no touching any other people for a while guys," Brandon says, barely containing his laughter.

I dry swallow, not breaking eye contact with Xander. The look in Xander's eyes, his low tone, and possessiveness went straight to my libido and I'm having a bit of trouble here. "Right. Got it."

He must be feeling my lust swirling down the matebond. I see his irises begin to widen in response. Huskily, he says, "What about Mathias?"

"The prick is a homophobe," Charlie says, disgust clear in her features and tone.

"He even rejected his mate, who happens to be the Beta of the Eclipse Pack, because her brother is openly gay," Brandon says.

The snarl that rips through Xander and me this time has nothing to do with lust or possessiveness. I can't believe that, with everything that happens in our world on a regular basis, there are people who are that concerned with who is in another person's bed.

"It doesn't matter what he thinks," Zak says, waving a placating hand to us. "We are a team. In two days, the five of us will be the leadership of this whole pack. If Mathias doesn't like it, he can fucking get out. I don't care."

"Thanks, Zak." I smile in gratitude.

"We were thinking that it would be a good idea to have Lucille with us at the meeting of the two packs. Meredith, as well. If the situation is salvageable, maybe she can help us," Charlie says.

"Not bloody likely," I mindlink to Xander, Zak, and Charlie.

"I know, but something is telling me that she needs to be there. And it might be a good idea for your other mate to meet you one at a time," Zak responds.

Xander and I nod, as if to what Charlie said. We still can't tell Brandon anything until he has marked and mated Zak and Charlie.

"If you want, I can bring them to the meeting," I offer.

"That's what we were hoping," Charlie responds, a tight smile on her face. This situation was going to be stressful for all of us. At least Xander and I had an outlet.

"I anticipate this first meeting going poorly," Zak says, a grim look on his face.

"That seems to be an understatement, Alpha, knowing that he will be the cause of a Civil War," Xander links in.

I huff in response, shaking my head. "We'll do what we can."

Just then, Zak's cell phone timer goes off. My head immediately pops up and my eyes cloud with lust.

"Go," Zak laughs. "That's all we needed to talk about."

Xander and I lunge from the picnic benches. I grab him for a passionate kiss, not caring who saw.

"Go into your fucking room!" Brandon calls.

Xander grunts, grabbing my hand and pulling me to the barracks.

"See you at the Beta ceremony!" Charlie calls.

I flip them off as we enter the backdoor of the barracks, hearing them all laughing as the door closes.

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Chapter 39: Chapter 38 - Zak

We watch Xander and Devin run into the barracks, laughing at their rush to get back to their room.

Sobering slightly, we all turn back to the table. I grab Charlie's hand from across the table and rub Brandon's leg under the table. Brandon's hand lays on top of mine.

"You know that this is all going to go horribly wrong, right?" Charlie says. "This is going to be really, really, really bad."

"I know," I say. "Honestly, all we can do is try to minimize the damage and make sure that we are ready for it."

"So, what do we need to do?" Brandon asks. He starts ticking things off on his hands. "Beef up patrols. Step up training. Stockpile food. Start calling in favors..."

"Whoa, Sweetcheeks," I say, squeezing his thigh. "We've already started the process. All of those things are in the works. Once we knew about Xander and Devin's mating, we knew that problems would be coming. We have called and spoken to nearly all of the packs from the East Coast. We think that many of our alliances will hold strong, though we weren't able to talk about the crux of the issue. Food is being brought in and placed in a variety of stockpiles around the territory. Devin and Xander worked out patrol schedules and training is set to ramp up the day after Mathias arrives - "

"And probably leaves," Charlie interrupts.

"So, what is there left to do?" Brandon asks.

"I need you to do some investigations into our alliances and Mathis's. We need to find out all of their strengths, weaknesses, locations, numbers...the works. Plus, we need to find out if there are any strong objections to homosexuality in any of these packs. Charlie will help you with gathering intel."

Charlie gives a low, seductive purr.

"I expect you two to actually do the work!" Zak says, lightly smacking her hand. "I've got to finish calling the rest of the packs. And probably call back some of our strongest allies. Now that things have happened, we don't have to be so cagey with the packs about the reason we are calling."

"Ok," Brandon says, nodding his head. "We can do that. Let's go." He stands and starts to make his way to the packhouse.

"Hold on, Big Bad," Charlie calls after him.

He turns, a smile wide on his face. We both get up and walk over to him. Charlie wraps her arm around his waist. He puts an arm around her shoulder and she tucks her head under his arm. If I weren't so happy that Brandon was accepting us, I would be jealous that she is able to show him affection in public without anyone batting an eye. But that will all change in a matter of days.

We walk into the packhouse together. Charlie heads to the kitchen to organize food and drinks to be sent up to us. Brandon and I head directly to my office.

I walk in after Brandon, closing the door behind me and pulling him toward me by his hand.

"Yes, Lollipop?" Brandon says, walking into my arms.

I chuckle before grabbing the back of his head and pulling him into a kiss. I keep my hold on the back of his head, the other landing on the base of his back. Brandon hums his approval into my mouth. His hands trail under the hem of my shirt and play along the ridges of my abs. He opens his lips and my tongue plunges in, tasting his entire mouth.

When we finally pull away, I lean my forehead against his. "No matter what happens," I say, my voice breathy from our kiss, "I want you to know that I love you. As much as I love Charlie, that is how much I love you."

Brandon's eyes widen in surprise. He wraps his arms around my torso and pulls me into a tight hug. "I love you, too. No matter what happens. If I find my mate. If Mathias finds out that I'm gay and wages unholy war. Even if Selene herself pulls us apart. I will always love you."

Tears stand in my eyes at the depth of feeling coursing through us both. At a knock on the door, we pull apart and I see that Brandon is near to tears as well.

"Come in," I call.

Charlie and two omegas walk into the room loaded down with food and drinks. Brandon and I quickly turn away, me to my desk and Brandon to the bathroom.

Charlie gives us a quizzical look. "Everything ok?" she links me.

"Yeah. Happy tears." I send her the memory of the last few minutes and I feel the happy glow down our link.

Brandon returns and Charlie pulls him into a hug.

"What's that for?" he asks, smiling down at her.

"Just wanted to," she says.

I can't describe the happiness that I feel in this moment. My mates and I are so in sync, so happy together. I am so in love and it's obvious that they feel the same way.

We easily settle into work, grabbing some sandwiches and chips from what Charlie and the omegas brought in. I sit at my desk, beginning my phone calls to my fellow alphas. Charlie and Brandon sit next to each other on one of the couches, each on their own laptop, creating spreadsheets and talking quietly about different aspects of the surrounding packs.

At 6:00, we head downstairs to dinner. Time to face the pack.

Nearly everyone is in the dining hall when we arrive. The three of us head to the high table and take our seats. The dining hall, which is usually filled with chatter, squeals, and the general hubbub of several hundred people, quiets and then becomes silent once we arrive. They look at us, me in particular. Looks of worry, expectation, and curiosity meet my stare. My pack is looking towards me for guidance after what happened yesterday.

I look to Charlie and see that she is nibbling her lower lip, a tell that she isn't as confident as she seemed when talking with Xander and Devin. But I have faith in our pack. And, honestly, if someone has a problem with Xander and Devin being together, I don't want them in our pack anyway.

I give Charlie a quick kiss on the forehead and get up to address my pack. My family. I walk away from the high table to stand on the ground below the dias, between the high table and the pack. Yes, the pack is looking to me for leadership, but I want this to be more of an open discussion instead of a ruling. I want my pack to feel comfortable in expressing their feelings about this.

I squeeze Brandon's shoulder as I walk by and he gives me a wink of encouragement.

Standing below the dias, I address my pack. "So yesterday was a bit exciting, huh?"

Many of them chuckle and the tension in the room seems to relax some.

"I know that you have questions and concerns. Let me tell you where we stand and our," at this I turn and gesture to those seated at the high table, "feelings on the matter. Then I'll open the floor up to you guys."

Nods and murmurs of ascent greet my statement. The pack has their total trust in me and I will not let them down.

"So here is where we stand. Gamma Devin and Delta Xander are mated." I can't help but smile at this statement. I am so happy for my friend. I am met with many smiles in return, as well as some looks of confusion and concern. "This is joyous news for our pack as this will increase the power and potency of their bloodlines, which will in turn help to keep us safe and prosperous as a pack."

Again, many in my pack are not sure what to make of this. If I didn't have the information that I do, I'd be concerned as well. How are their bloodlines going to continue? They can't have a baby. Unfortunately, I can't provide that information yet. Two more days.

Taking a breath, I continue, "The Goddess has made her will known to many of our leadership, including myself and Luna Charlie, as well as to Oracle Lucille. She wishes

for this to happen. There is more information that we have to share, but the Goddess strictly warned us that we have to wait for certain events to occur."

A buzz fills the hall as the pack talks among themselves. I raise my hand and wait for quiet before continuing. "I know that sounds cryptic, but it is nothing to alarm you. The Goddess just doesn't want anything to get in the way of these events happening. For now, all that we need to focus on is that we have a new gamma and a new delta and that both are happily mated. We as a leadership fully support them and we hope that the pack does as well. Now, I know that you must have questions. Hit me."

For a few seconds, no one says anything. Then a hand at the back of the room raises.

"Yes, Gabriella."

A dark-skinned Latinx woman stands up, a questioning look on her face. "So, that means that Gamma Devin and Delta Xander are still gamma and delta, right? We don't have to look for replacements?"

"Correct. They ascended, were accepted by the pack, and were blessed by the Goddess already. Their titles cannot be taken from them, except by challenge."

"Good," she states simply before sitting.

I smile at her. That's what I love about my pack. They are more concerned with the people than the situation.

There are a few moments of silence before another hand goes in the air.

"Go ahead, Neil."

An older wolf stands. He looks sheepish and I already have the feeling that I'm not going to like his question.

"Alpha," he begins after a deep breath, "I'm happy that we have our new gamma and delta and I have no doubt they will be the leaders that you have touted them to be. But, don't we need them to provide heirs?"

Ok, not as bad as I thought it was going to be. "Neil, thank you for your question. I'm sure that many of you are thinking the same thing. Unfortunately, I can't give you the answer. This is something that the Goddess asked us not to talk about. But I will assure you, whether they are able to produce an heir or not is not our concern. That is for the Goddess to take care of. She matched them for a reason, one that none of us know, other than the fact that she made them for each other. And she brought them together to be the gamma and delta of our pack. I believe that she will provide a way."

Neil smiles at me. "Thank you, Alpha. That helps me understand better. I agree."

This interaction seems to spread a feeling of ease around the hall and the anxiety seems to drain from my pack's faces.

"Any more questions or concerns?" I ask.

Many pack members shake their heads and murmurs of "no" are heard.

"If you ever have any concerns or questions about this or anything else, you know that your Luna and I are here for you, as are all of the leadership and council. Now," I say, clapping my hands, "I'm starving. Let's eat!"

With that, dinner starts.

After dinner, we head back to my office to get back to work. We work for several hours, late into the evening, due to our late start on the day. Finally, I decide that it is too late to continue calling alphas and hang up the phone. I rub my face in my hands and roll my shoulders in an attempt to rid myself of the weariness from the past few hours.

I turn to my mates, seeing them staring at their laptops. Twin glazed looks of tiredness line their features and I can't help but give a small smile.

"Hey, guys. Let's knock off for the night," I say standing up and walking to them.

"Do you want to debrief?" Brandon asks, setting his computer aside.

"We can do that tomorrow. I want to shower and head to bed," I say.

"Agreed," Charlie says. We clean up the remnants of food, scrap papers, and other miscellaneous things that we have accumulated throughout our work, then head to our room.

We are all exhausted from the events of the past few days and our feet drag as we walk to the bathroom. Like everything in the alpha suite, the shower is huge. Whatever great-great-great-great-grandparent thought that having a shower and tub this big must have had a mate trio as well, since all three of us fit into each without any difficulty. Things had obviously been remodeled and redecorated since then, but the size of the bathroom and it's amenities had not.

We quietly undress, our movements slow. Occasional touches and pecks happen, but it is more loving than lustful. There is so much to think about, so many emotions to deal with, that we all simply want comfort from each other more than anything else.

In the shower, we help each other wash and rinse. I would be lying if I said that we weren't turned on. It is impossible to see your mate naked and touch them without having some sort of reaction. But none of us seemed inclined to take it beyond light caresses and occasional kisses.

Once out of the shower, we dry off and get ready for bed. There is something extremely intimate in doing these everyday things with the people that you love. With going through your bedtime routine, you take off your outer layer. The part that you show the world and leaving yourself vulnerable. You only show this side to people that you love, those that you trust. That sense of intimacy surrounded us in the bathroom, all of us making eye contact and smiling shyly.

We finally make our way to the bedroom and to bed. Charlie sleeps in between Brandon and me. Our arms wrap around her and our legs intertwine. In this tangled mass, we fall asleep.

Trio of Mates Chapter 40 - Chapter 39

Chapter 40: Chapter 39 - Charlie

I wake up to the feeling of sparks marching up and down both sides of my body. I could acutely feel each and every part of my mates' bodies pressed against mine. My face is pressed into Zak's chest, my arm wrapped around his waist and his leg thrown over my hip. Brandon has his face pressed into my neck, scenting me. His arm is thrown across my chest, reaching to touch both me and Zak. His front is pressed against my back.

This is a wonderful way to wake up. Intimate. Full-filling. And fucking HOT! Like, I'm sweating balls here. Werewolves run hot naturally and having two huge-ass males wrapped around my body did not help matters at all. If this was how we were going to spend the rest of our lives, the AC would have to be turned down, a ceiling fan installed, and possibly frozen blocks of ice placed in the mattress every night. But for now, I needed to get up and cool off.

Easier said than done when you are wrapped up in two males. After maneuvering for several moments, I finally manage to get an arm under me and push up. Just as I get up, an arm pulls me back down.

"Where do you think that you're going, Red?" Brandon asks, sleepily.

"To cool off," I say. "You two are like damn furnaces."

"Stay here. I'll get something to cool you off," Zak says, rolling off of the bed.

"Thank you, babe," I say smiling.

Zak smiles at me and walks out of the bedroom. Brandon chuckles as he walks away, pulling me further into his body. He rubs himself against my ass and I feel his morning erection.

"Mmm, I love waking up next to you. Your skin feels so good against mine," Brandon says, pinching my nipple between his fingers. He runs his lips over my neck and rolls his hips against me.

I try to turn to face him, but he doesn't let me, holding me tighter to his body. "Uh, uh, uh, Red. You're right where we want you," Brandon whispers into my ear.

Just then, Zak returns with a cup in his hand. I think that he has brought me a drink, but he sets the cup on the bedside table out of my reach. Instead, he dips his hand into the cup, pulling an ice cube out.

"You said you wanted to cool off, right my Luna?" Zak says, coming to sit in front of me on the bed. Brandon's grip on me tightens, his length hard on my ass.

Zak lays down beside me. He leans in as if he is going to kiss me, but instead, he takes the ice cube and runs it down the side of my throat. I squeal at the feeling, attempting to scoot away from him, but Brandon is behind me, not letting me move.

"Don't worry, Red. We're going to help you cool down," Brandon says, nipping my ear.

Zak chuckles as he trails the ice cube from my collar bone down to my nipple, circling it.

"Holy shit! That's so fucking cold!" I scream. "Stop, please!"

"What, are you going to say that you don't like it?" Zak says. "Don't lie to us, Luna. We can smell just how much you do like it."

And from the feel of Zak and Brandon on my ass and inner thigh, I can tell how much they are enjoying watching me.

The ice cube continues to circle my nipple, occasionally switching breasts, but always cold, always circling. Zak leans down, putting the ice cube in his mouth and uses it to move up and down the front of my body.

In contrast, Brandon's warm mouth and hands roam my back. His lips and tongue tasting my neck and shoulders, his hands kneading my ass and back. The stark difference between the two temperatures has my body ablaze and my arousal rocketing skyward.

I'm making loud, inarticulate moans as they pleasure my body, unable to keep them inside.

Zak moves up to my mouth, kissing me with the ice cube still on his tongue. He leaves the cube in my mouth as he reaches for another one.

"Put her on her back," Zak says to Brandon.

Brandon moves from behind me and grasps my wrists in one strong hand. Zak hands him an ice cube and then settles himself between my legs.

Brandon uses the ice cube on one nipple while taking the other into his mouth. Zak begins to finger me. As I start getting used to the sensations, he uses the ice cube on my clit, rubbing it as if it were his finger.

"Oh shit! Holy fuck!" I scream.

The torture lasts until the ice cube melts some. Then Zak inserts it into my core. My legs begin to spasm and I try to protest. But Brandon covers my mouth with his and Zak covers my core with his mouth. Zak holds my legs down so that I can't buck into his face. I lie there helpless, feeling my orgasm building. Zak's tongue joins the ice cube inside of me, his wet finger playing along my asshole.

Brandon bites down on my lip and I scream my orgasm, clenching around the ice cube as it melts inside of me.

Brandon moves away from me and Zak lifts his head as I come down from my high. Brandon tosses Zak the bottle of lube. Zak pours it over my ass and his finger. Brandon lays down and rolls me onto him. He quickly inserts himself inside me, causing me to scream his name.

"Fuck! I can still feel the ice cube inside of her!" he moans.

Zak inserts two fingers inside my asshole and smacks my ass. "Ride his dick, baby. Help me loosen up this asshole."

So I begin to move. Both Brandon and I moan at the feeling of him inside of me.

"Goddess, that feels amazing!" I cry out as Zak inserts a third finger into me.

Zak meets every thrust of my hips with a thrust of his hand and soon I am loose enough for him to enter me.

I'm still on Brandon's shaft, waiting for Zak. He slowly pushes inside me and I feel so amazingly full.

"Oh, holy Goddess in heaven," Brandon breathes out and I can't help but giggle.

That is, until they both start to move inside of me. Brandon grips my hips and Zak grabs the headboard and they both just rail me. I'm helpless between them and there is no other place I would rather be.

Brandon kisses my mouth while Zak's elongated teeth play along my matemark. The sensations send me over the edge and I cum hard and fast, clenching around both of them.

"Holy shit!" Zak yells while Brandon lets out a guttural growl. Brandon wraps as much of his legs as he can around both Zak and me and pulls Zak down for a kiss as well.

I feel them both harden even more inside of me, their thrusts becoming even more powerful. Instantly, I'm on the edge of another orgasm. With a deafening roar, Zak lets go inside of me. It sets off a chain reaction, causing me to orgasm, followed closely by Brandon.

We end in a breathless, sweaty mess on the bed. Zak rolls off of me and Brandon pulls out, pulling me up between the two of them.

"Feeling any cooler, my love?" Zak asks, kissing my shoulder.

"Nope," I say, breathless. "But I definitely don't care about that right now."