

Trio of Mates Chapter 4

Chapter 4: Chapter 3: Charlie

Zak and I walk into the dining room and immediately lock eyes with Brandon. We haven't gotten to spend time with our best friend since the morning of Zak's birthday. Yeah, we've been in meetings, led trainings, and completed inspections together. But Brandon has always left immediately after we were done. He refuses to joke around or talk about anything but work. It is literally killing us. Zak and I both miss him.

Don't get me wrong, I couldn't be happier to have Zak as my mate. We've been in each other's lives since the womb. He is one of my best friends in the entire world. But Zak wasn't the one that I'd hoped I'd end up with. Even though Brandon is gay, he's the one that I'd always wanted.

Brandon is hot. I mean, like the hottest guy that I have ever seen. He is a mountain of a man, standing at almost 6'6", with broad shoulders and muscles everywhere. He spends so much time in the sun, that he has a year round tan. Brandon's tawny hair is cut short and he keeps it gelled so that his bangs stay off of his face. A light dusting of freckles covers the bridge of his nose underneath sky blue eyes, and he constantly has stubble along his strong, prominent jaw. Just looking at him is enough to make me wet.

He is the one out of our friend group that I felt the closest to, but I never told him how I felt. I mean, what was the point? He's gay. And the Moon Goddess would give me my mate. I'd forget about him, right? I mean that's what I'd always been told. Once the Moon Goddess gave you your mate, you forgot about everyone else.

Only that didn't happen. I mean, I forgot about him for about a month. Zak and I spent a lot of time alone...getting to know each other. Zak wasn't an Alpha for nothing. His stamina, massive appendage, and fucking amazing tongue kept me busy for that entire month. We only left our rooms when necessary for training and pack business.

But after that first month, I started to dream about Brandon. The dreams were always intimate in nature. Not always sexual. Sometimes he held me while we talked. Sometimes it was just fleeting moments of him brushing my hair back from my face or grabbing my hand as we walked out of the packhouse. I woke many mornings with tears staining my cheeks as I reached for him. But he was never there.

I was able to hide it for a while, but eventually Zak noticed.

"Charlie, what's wrong?" he asked me, shaking me awake.

"No," I sob, tears rolling down my cheeks. "Come back. Please don't leave me."

"Who, baby?" Zak's arms curled around me and he pulled me into his chest. "Who are you talking to?"

Normally, I wouldn't have said anything, but I was so broken from my dream that I couldn't keep it in. "Brandon!" I cried. "Every night, I see him in my dreams and every morning he leaves me!"

Zak sat up, body taut. He turned my face to him, his face filled with shock. "You dream about him, too?" he whispered.

When our gazes meet Brandon's, my heart leaps in my chest. I take a quick inhale through my nose and immediately pick out his scent. My stomach fills with lead as I can smell Devin's scent mixed with Brandon's. If you didn't know, you'd think it was just that they were hanging out together a lot. Obviously they were sleeping in the same room, but that is common among wolves. We are a social species. We often sleep in the woods in large puppy piles after hunts or runs. But Zak and I know better. Devin came out to me years ago. Brandon to Zak, then to the rest of us. Zak and I know that they were together. We also know how Devin feels about Brandon.

Though Brandon has been actively avoiding us, Devin hasn't. We meet with him regularly when he is finished with his duties and not with Brandon. But he hasn't told us why Brandon has stopped talking to us and we haven't told him about our dreams. Devin must have guessed that something is wrong, but doesn't push us.

We stare at Brandon and I see the longing in his eyes. For our friendship? For old times? Can I dare hope that it is for more? But just as quickly as our moment begins, it ends. He stands, quickly whispering into Devin's ear. Then he walks out of the dining hall without looking back. I whimper quietly and Zak's hand tightens around mine.

Devin follows Brandon a few seconds later and my heart crumbles.