

Trio of Mates Chapter 5

Chapter 5: Chapter 4: Zak

Watching Devin follow Brandon out of the dining room, my appetite disappears. Goddess, I wish it was me going to Brandon. It is obvious from the way that they both rush from the room and readjusted themselves what they are hurrying to do.

It's not that I don't love Charlie. I do. She is the best thing that has happened to me. The Moon Goddess gave me the best mate I could ask for and an amazing Luna for our pack. But these damn dreams! Both Charlie and I have been having them. They are just like the dreams that we had before we found each other as mates.

Which of course makes no fucking sense! We are mates. Why are we still having these kinds of dreams? It's a good thing that we are going to the Oracle today. Maybe she can tell us what to do about all of this.

Wrapping my arm around Charlie, I kiss her forehead before putting on a brave face and greeting our families.

After breakfast, Charlie and I make our way to the Oracle's cabin. Though most of our pack lives in cabins and two-story houses around the packhouse or in the barracks, the Oracle, no matter who it is, has always preferred to live apart. Not that she doesn't take part in the pack festivities and life. As our current Oracle, Lucille, told me, being away from the constant chatter of pack life helps to center her so that the Moon Goddess's voice can speak.

So Charlie and I walk through the wood surrounding the pack's main area, following the three mile trail to the Oracle's cabin. Though we are both anxious and eager to hear what the Oracle will say, we walk slowly. These dreams, these feelings, have taken over our lives. This should be the best time in our lives. We literally just found the one that the Moon Goddess made specifically for us. We should be humping like bunnies, attempting to make an heir for the pack. But we hadn't had sex in weeks. These feelings for Brandon had literally taken over every part of our lives. It was to the point that we dreaded sleep, knowing that we would have more dreams.

Charlie and I walked silently down the path. She held my hand as if her life depended on it, her knuckles white. As we walked, Charlie stared absently ahead of us, chewing on her thumbnail. I pulled her to a stop, turning her to face me.

"What?" Charlie says, still looking down the path.

"Baby," I say, turning her face to me. I pull her hand from her mouth and wrap my arms around her. The fated sparks from our mate bond dance along my skin, soothing me

some. Charlie stills against me, but quickly melts into my embrace. "Whatever happens, we will be ok."

"I know, I just - " She starts.

"No, love. We are going to be ok. We have each other. I love you more than anything. We will get past this, whatever this is," I say into her hair.

I hear her snuffle. "I love you so much," she says, kissing my mate mark.

I shiver at the feel of her lips on my skin. "I love you, too, Charlie." Pulling back, I stare into her eyes and run my hands through her hair. She gives me a sad smile. I bend and kiss her slowly, thoroughly. Immediately, she wraps her arms around my neck, pushing her tantalizing body into mine. All of the frustration, the sleepless nights, and the unrequited feelings for Brandon pour into that kiss. For the first time in weeks, the heat between us reignites.

I pick Charlie up and she wraps her legs around my waist. Her arousal scents the air and I growl into her mouth. The kiss picks up speed and takes on a bruising, punishing ferocity. I stumble to a large oak tree, pushing Charlie's back against it as my hand travels up her shirt and palms one of her breasts.

Charlie moans into my mouth. I move my kisses down her jaw and neck, stopping right above her mate mark. I lightly graze my teeth over the mark and she sighs in pleasure.

"Yes, Zak," she groans.

Suddenly, we hear a throat being cleared. "I'm sorry to interrupt, Alpha, Luna. You were running late and I was worried that whatever the problem is had become worse. I came looking for you."

Turning, I see the Oracle standing approximately 20 yards down the path. I was so focused on Charlie that I didn't even hear her approach.

Charlie unwraps her legs from my waist and moves from the tree, straightening her shirt. I turn away to adjust myself before turning back.

"Nothing to be worried about, Oracle," I say, inclining my head in respect. I may be the Alpha, but she was the pack's spokesperson for the Goddess. "We just got a little...sidetracked."

Giving me a smirk, the Oracle says, "Please, call me Lucille."

"Only if you call us Zak and Charlie," Charlie replies, a small smile and a blush creeping onto her face.

"As you wish," Lucille says, giving a slight bow. "Please come with me." Lucille extends her hand down the path towards her cabin. We nod and follow.

The Oracle's cabin stands in a secluded part of the forest. It is small, but homey, with a beautiful flower and herb garden along the front, bright white curtains blowing in the open windows, and a large porch swing. The cabin stands in the middle of a clearing, giving the Oracle a perfect view of the moon every night. The smell of honeysuckle and thyme fill the air. It is beautiful and serene. No wonder the Oracle prefers to live out here. My wolf spirit feels closer to the surface out in the secluded piece of nature. I wonder if the Oracle would be willing to trade jobs.

Lucille holds the door of the cabin open for us and we walk inside. Again, the scents of herbs fill the space, calming the senses. Though the place is somewhat cluttered, it is orderly and feels more lived in than messy.

"Please have a seat. I seem to recall that you both prefer coffee over tea," Lucille says, busying herself with a kettle.

"Oh, you don't have to bother-" I begin.

"Nonsense," Lucille waves off my objection. She runs water into the kettle from the tap and scoops in instant coffee. I see her grab some cinnamon from the table and sprinkle some into the coffee. When she sees me looking, she winks. "My secret to making that instant stuff palatable," she says. She places the kettle on the stove, turning it on. She then comes to sit with us.

Settling in her seat, Lucille turns to Charlie and me with a smile. "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

Charlie and I look at each other, unease written all over our features. Neither of us is quite sure where to start.

Lucille waits patiently, her smile never wavering. It's almost as if she has all day to wait for us. Maybe she does.

Finally, Charlie starts. "We both have been having these dreams...and feelings...about another pack member. They are haunting our sleep and we can't get them out of our heads when we are awake."

Eyes taking on a look of curiosity, Lucille says, "What sort of dreams?"

Glancing at Charlie and then back at Lucille, I say, "Sometimes sexual. Sometimes not. They're very...affectionate."

"I see," Lucille says, her smile widening. It's almost as if she is excited to hear this. "And you say that you are both having these dreams? About the same person?"

"Yes," Charlie says, quietly. I nod my confirmation.

"May I ask who it is?" Lucille continues.

I clear my throat, shifting in my chair. I really don't want to admit this. This could bring everything crashing down. Though homosexuality isn't a big deal for regular wolves, as the Alpha, I have a responsibility to the pack to produce and heir. So does Brandon. This just isn't a possibility for us. Yet, here we are.

Charlie looks at me. She seems just as uncomfortable as I am. "Is that important?" Charlie asks.

Shrugging her shoulders, Lucille says, "It could be. If it is someone in a powerful position, it likely is."

Grabbing Charlie's hand that is resting on the table, I give it a squeeze. I don't know if I am trying to reassure her or if I'm looking for assurance myself. Either way, she squeezes my hand back. I clear my throat. "We have been dreaming about Brandon Snow."

"Ahhh," Lucille says, smiling and nodding her head. "The future Beta. And a white wolf to boot. Your future pups will be quite beautiful with Charlie's chocolate coloring and Zak's reddish hue. The three of you will make wonderful parents."

My mouth drops open and I hear Charlie squeak out, "Our future... pups!"

Just then, the kettle begins to whistle. Lucille stands and walks towards the stove.

Taking the kettle off, she pulls down three mugs and starts to pour. "Just in time," she says. Sneaking a look at Charlie and me, she adds, "I think that we might need to make these coffees Irish, if we are to talk any further, hmmm?"

Still staring where she was sitting, I absently nod my head. "Good plan, Lucille."