

Chapter 157

Sarah's struggling turned to thrashing, on the bed as she watched Drake with Rissa. The girl's small frame trembled as she dropped her bra at Drake's feet. Drake reached down and stroked his rigid member as he watched Rissa push her panties over her hips and down her legs.

A large clawed hand gripped Rissa's shoulder and pushed her to her knees. Leaning forward, cock in hand, he pushed it into her mouth. Rissa let her lips part willingly, tasting Drake's pre-cum mixed with the remnants of Sarah's sex coating his throbbing cock.

Drake moved so that he could look into Sarah's eyes as he urged Rissa to suck on his member. Sarah growled in frustration, watching as her mate began to thrust in and out of the small theta's mouth.

When it seemed that Sarah was about to rip the bed apart to get to the pair, Drake pulled his cock from Rissa and pulled her to her feet. He briefly ran his hands over her tiny breasts and down her stomach. He was far more interested in the effect that his attention on the girl was having on his mate than in Rissa herself. Pushing her toward the bed he chuckled a bit. He could smell Rissa's arousal distinct from his own and Sarah's.

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It's always more pleasurable when they enjoy it too, he thought at Sarah teasingly. "Unntie herrrr," he said to Rissa.

Hesitating as she approached Sarah, Rissa nearly turned to run out of the room. The fire blazing in Sarah's eyes was frightening.

Calm yourself. I'll take care of you when I'm done playing, Drake thought at her, noticing Rissa's obvious uncertainty.

"Sarah," Rissa stammered. "I didn't intend—"

"Just do as you're told," Sarah snapped. She didn't care about anything beyond getting her legs wrapped around Drake again.

Instinctually Rissa did as she was told. Working the tight knots free, Rissa noted the wax across Sarah's back and butt, and the various red marks and scratches from the play before she arrived. Once Sarah was free she immediately turned toward Drake.

Don't even think it love, Drake ordered.

Sarah sat back on her heels and stared at him questioningly. Heated growling emanated from Drake's chest. I want to see you with the girl.

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"But Drake," Sarah started to protest, desperately wanting him to finish what Rissa had interrupted.

Her obvious need for him only motivated him to drag the situation out longer. "Now," he growled.

Compelled to respond to Drake's orders Sarah reached out for Rissa, offering a hand to pull her onto the bed. Drake watched as Sarah guided Rissa to lay back on the bed. Kneeling over Rissa's face, Sarah pressed the girl's legs apart and leaned down. Rissa gasped as Sarah began licking at Rissa's weeping sex. She could feel the burning need between her own legs and running down her thighs.

Stroking his cock, Drake stood watching as his mate spread her legs wider and dropped her pussy down within reach of Rissa's tongue. Immediately the girl took the cue and began sucking on Sarah's clit. Her inexperience showed, but that only made watching the two women more exciting. *w.w.w.nôveIworm.com*

When it looked as if Rissa was going to manage to make Sarah come, Drake decided that he needed to finish. Moving forward to join the women on the bed, he knelt behind Sarah. Rissa got to watch close up as Drake took hold of Sarah's hips and forced himself into her. The scene was more than Rissa could handle. Her pussy convulsed in pleasure as she felt Sarah sucking relentlessly on her clit and watched Drake pound into Sarah from behind.

Like a chain reaction, Rissa's release triggered Sarah and then Drake. The triad growled and moaned as the joint climax rippled through them. Drake and Sarah collapsed to one side of Rissa on the bed. Heavy breathing and satisfied murmurs hung in the air for a few moments, before silence settled on the exhausted group.

Noises from some passing omegas in the hall brought them back to reality. Rissa had left the door open. The conversation from the passing omegas included speculation as to what sexes Cullen's children might be. Suddenly it occurred to Sarah that Rissa may have been sent because Aislinn was having the babies. Bolting upright in bed and grabbing Rissa's shoulder she guiltily asked, "Is Aislinn alright?"

"Yes, it was a vision," Rissa quickly answered.

Sarah nearly laid back down. "Okay," she growled with much less energy. She shot Drake an apologetic look.

"Its fine," he grumped, pulling the blankets over himself and rearranging the bed as the women got up. "I expected it the minute I saw Aislinn's pet theta come into the room."

Rissa wasn't quite sure how to take that comment. "She's in the kitchen or at least she was when I first got here. Should I bring her to your office?" They both dressed hurriedly, not sure how much time they had taken.

As they finished dressing, Sarah ushered Rissa out into the hall, closing her door behind them. "What the hell is she doing down here," she said almost accusingly. The question was intended mainly to move things along from the previous events and came out harsher than she originally intended.

Rissa seemed to have blushed a permanent shade of rose. "The vision bothered her and she didn't want to stay in her room."

"Great. Just what we need in Cullen's absence. Another vision." Sarah took a deep breath and let it out in a long labored breath. "I couldn't have one night," she asked to the air. "Get her and bring—" Sarah growled at herself and corrected her phrasing. As glad as she was to have someone to help take up some of the burden of the alpha job, she was still getting used to saying the right things about Aislinn. "Go to Lady Arnauk," she said with emphasis, "and ask her to meet me in the office."

Rissa took off down the hall toward the kitchen, briefly wondering how uncomfortable the wax that Sarah didn't get to clean off her butt might be.

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