

Pen's First Threesome

Wake Up, Alpha - Bonus Epilogue

Anna Fury

© 2021 Anna Fury Author

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced by anyone for any reason.

Pen

My shockingly handsome mate smiles at me from across the dinner table. Next to me, Brady talks quietly with Mal and Orion about the attack this week. It's a somber topic, but right now—a few short days after the full moon—my mind is elsewhere.

Under the table, Samson kicks his legs out and rests both feet on the bench on either side of my thighs. His smile widens when I reach down and caress up both his ankles. I just want to touch him, all the damn time.

Now that we're mated and he's shifting, his seer powers are growing exponentially. The things he's capable of doing are shocking and awe-inspiring, and they make me hungry to lick every inch of him all damn day. But...those capabilities also make him a valuable part of our pack's leadership crew, and we need that guidance now more than ever. His free time is growing short.

I feel a faint rap inside my mind, and I know it's Rolf trying to connect. Closing my eyes, I will myself into the blank, empty space he occupies inside Samson's mind, the space I can see now as well.

"Good evening, mate," floats Rolf's deep voice into my ear.

It's bizarre that this other side of Samson, this gift he has, manifests itself in the form of a different male. He looks like Samson—sort of. Rolf is all thick, stacked muscle, but darker than Samson—tanner. He's freaking hot, and I'd be a damn liar if I didn't admit to having fantasized about him once or twice, which is almost embarrassing because with the way our minds are interconnected, he probably knows.

That hasn't stopped me from flirting with Rolf, but it's still a struggle for me to remain present in this space for longer than a few minutes. I'm completely determined to improve though.

Someone sets a plate down next to me, and it snaps me out of Samson's mind. I smile as Tiernan's Irish lilt drifts into my ears. "Good eve', Pen. How are yeh holding up?" His handsome face breaks into a wide grin as I grip Samson's ankle and keep stroking. Tiernan's eyes glance down, then across the table to my mate, who smiles smugly.

"Still got that full moon energy going, I see," quips Tiernan with a smirk. "Have yeh been practicing what we learned yesterday?"

“She’s up to ten full minutes,” Samson rumbles proudly. “But she is getting stronger every time.”

“Aye, that’s great news, Pen,” cheers Tiernan, stuffing steak in his mouth. “Tonight we’re gonna work on your ability to see Samson’s visions. It’s important for the both of yeh, as sometimes alphas and omegas interpret things differently.”

“Oh, really?” I ask, curious.

“Aye,” he agrees. “Omega intuition is a remarkable thing. Mine has definitely read situations differently than I have sometimes—she’s usually right too. It’s handy to work as a team, so that’s why it’s critical we teach yeh how to read his visions—fast.”

Dinner passes in a blur as we chat with Tiernan and enjoy the delicious food. There’s an undercurrent of worry though, because after the attack, it’s clear we’re not safe here. I’m getting accustomed to having a target on my back, but I’d rather have more offensive capabilities.

“Let’s get this done, Tiernan,” I say as he finishes up his steak. “I’m ready.”

The seer smiles at me, then my mate. “Itching fer a training, is she?”

“She is *always* ready,” offers Samson quietly, with a sly smile in my direction.

Samson

Now that Pen and I are fully mated, our connection is flourishing—*she* is flourishing. She's always been incredibly strong and resilient, but she's thrown herself into this training with a vigor that continues to surprise me—although it shouldn't, because if she is anything, she is the most stubborn person I know—Even more stubborn than Orion, which is truly saying something.

“Come, mate,” I command her as I reach across the dinner table.

Penelope slaps her palm in mine and hops up onto the bench seat, jumping into my arms. Immediately, her lips find my neck as she winds her long arms around my neck, peppering my skin with nipping kisses. We ignore the casual interest of our packmates as we head up the row of tables.

“Calm yourself, Penelope,” I chide her as I stalk out of the Great Hall, through the kitchen, and to the front of the house. We ascend the stairs as she giggles into my chest, stroking freckled fingers down the golden line that marks me as our pack's seer.

Sparks fly down the backs of my thighs as she leans in, licking her way up the line. Heat blooms in my chest, spreading down to my core as I growl into her ear.

“Do not get me started,” I purr. “Tiernan is right behind us.” If she keeps touching me the way she does, I will not be able to hold myself back. The pull of the moon is still a heady rush that makes me wilder than usual. And teaching my mate to enter my mind, to interact with Rolf, is still draining because it's so new. “We need to concentrate,” I remind her.

Tiernan grumbles lightheartedly under his breath, following us into my room. He folds his enormous frame down into a fireplace chair, as she and I take up residence in the other one. I leave Pen folded around me because closeness helps us to connect.

Her forehead touches mine as she nuzzles me gently with her nose. “I love you so hard, alpha,” she admits with a smile.

“I know,” I joke, nipping at her lower lip as she chuckles.

“Asshole, I was trying to be sweet.”

Come, omega, purrs Rolf in our joined consciousness.

I like it when you say that, Rolf, returns Penelope, her teasing tone traveling through the bond to Rolf and I.

This teasing is driving me mad, he admits, as Tiernan knocks on our mind. We all converge together into the dark place that's become our meeting room; Tiernan pulling up a chair as Rolf settles himself down next to Pen and I. Even here, she's wrapped around me.

Although she glances over at Rolf—and I'm sure she gives him a come hither stare, because his nostrils flare and his chest heaves slowly— he can't rip his eyes from her; I know he's remembering her earlier question about playing around with him in this space.

"We've only got ten minutes or so," I grumble at them both. "Let us do what we came here for."

Rolf whines deep in his chest as he struggles against reaching out to touch her.

In my arms, Penelope strokes her fingers up and down my chest absentmindedly, not tearing her gaze from Rolf.

"I sense I've got limited time with yeh tonight," Tiernan deadpans, "But let's try to focus for a moment, shall we?"

My mate moans softly, but turns in my lap so her back is pressed to the gleaming line on my chest.

Pulling my shirt over my head, I groan when she settles back into me, lifting up the back of her shirt so that our bare skin connects. As always, sparks fly down the line, lust screaming through my body at any hint of connection with her.

Tiernan sniggers. "Alright, Pen. Samson will think of his last vision, and I want you to try to focus on him and allow those images into your mind."

I've only had two visions, so I think of the first one, allowing the visuals to settle in my brain. My mate's skin rubbing on mine is a distraction, but I clear those thoughts and feel her joining me in the vision. She stands next to me, her hand in mine as we watch, almost as if we're watching a television screen.

Yesterday she was able to stay here for a minute or two. Today she stays much, much longer—long enough to see nearly the whole vision. But then her energy flags, and we appear back in the room with Tiernan and Rolf.

Rolf slow-claps as he gifts her a devastating smile. "Well done, omega, well fucking done."

"Aye," agrees Tiernan. "I sense that took a lot out of yeh, Pen, so we'll end there for tonight—that alone was a huge achievement. But keep practicing that until you can see the entire vision. Try it with everything Samson's seen. If he gets any new visions, try with those as well until yeh're able to see all of it, alright? Multiple times in a row."

My omega lets her head fall back, resting against me as Rolf watches us quietly, giving Tiernan a cheeky thumbs-up.

He chuckles in the seat across from us. “Just a little reminder that our power loves sex, and so if yeh decide to spend some quality time *all* together, it’ll actually re-energize yeh.” Then he stands and walks off into the darkness, disappearing from our joined consciousness.

“I’ll take that as a sign from the universe,” jokes Penelope as she flips around, wrapping both arms around my neck. Her soft lips are on mine before I can think of a retort, teasing and devouring me. She pulls us apart breathlessly, before holding her wrist up, pressing the underside of it to my canines. “Bite,” she commands me.

My cock twitches in my pants as I shift my hips up against her. I love it when she bosses me around because it just means I get to unleash myself that much harder on her when I wrest control back. Kissing her wrist gently, I flick my tongue along it as she whines in my lap.

Next to us, Rolf pants slightly, leaning forward in his seat as he watches.

“You’re next, mate,” she growls at him as I sink my teeth into her wrist, tearing the vein that throbs closest to the surface of her skin.

He growls as bright blood splashes down between us, Penelope hissing at the sharp pain.

Our omega rubs her wrist down my chest, moaning as blood sizzles and spits along the golden line traveling from my chest to my cock. Then she turns her wrist to herself, laughing as blood drips from the wound to land on her chest, sliding down her small breasts and coating her nipples.

Growling, I lean forward and suck the blood off the pert tips. Sunlight and tangy sweetness fill my mouth as she groans, thrusting her hips up against me, leaning back with both hands on my thighs.

Next to us, Rolf falls to his knees off his chair, his big chest heaving as I glance over at him, at my own self. I’m still not entirely accustomed to having another entity in my mind. At the same time, I can feel his desperation to touch her, as if it were my own. Because it is, in a way. I can only imagine what it will feel like for us both to fuck her. *I cannot wait.*

“Rolf has need of you, omega,” I command her as she writhes in my lap, lost to the sensation of my mouth on her breasts.

“Back in your chair, Rolf,” she says to him, pointing at the chair he slid from.

He hops back in and rips his shirt over his head, revealing a chest just like mine, golden line and all. He’s tanner than I am, wavy black hair giving him a slightly different appearance.

Our omega slides off my lap, blood dripping between us as she drops to her knees in front of Rolf, gripping the edge of his waistband. Already his cock presses upward in his pants, hard as mine is. She chuckles when he lifts his hips to assist her in pulling his pants down. But before they even get to his knees, her mouth is on him, sucking him deep into her heat.

Rolf bellows as he arches his back, pumping his hips to meet her, bringing his fist to her hair.

She sucks him hard, and I feel the faint echo of her ministrations on my own cock—not as vibrantly as if she were sucking on me—but enough that I wonder if having sex like this might actually drive me mad from lust.

“I’ve never done this, Pen,” he admits as his hips buck up against her mouth, his breath leaving his body on a hiss. “Goddess, please, go slowly with me. I’m ready to explode.”

I watch as Rolf’s thick cock pops out from between our mate’s teeth.

She chuckles as she leans forward to lick up the vein on the underside of it, and I gasp, throwing my head back when I feel the residual sense of her tongue on my own cock.

Penelope glances back at me before sucking gently on Rolf again.

My answering moan as I remove my pants and fist my dick is all the encouragement she needs.

“Rolf, are you telling me you’re a virgin?” she asks quietly, hopping to a stand as she straddles his lap.

Rolf gasps as he runs both big hands up her back, pulling her close to his chest, groaning when her nipples stroke the golden line gently. “While I can connect with past seers, I have never existed until Samson. And even though I feel much of what he feels when you two connect, it’s not the same as this, what we’re doing now. So in a sense, I suppose I am.”

Penelope snickers as she looks back at me. “Let’s blow Rolf’s mind, alpha. Let me take him first, and when that’s done, take me while I ride him.”

“Once again with the demands, omega,” I snap, attempting to infuse alpha command in my voice. But she’s aware of how much I adore her bossiness, and she’s unapologetically herself at all times with me. I wholeheartedly adore it, the way we are together. She is my greatest treasure. I love her more than my books, even, and that is truly saying something.

My mate reaches forward, wrapping delicate fingers through Rolf’s hair as she tugs his head back—hard, biting up his neck.

I nearly laugh at his reaction when she surges forward and then back, seating herself down on his already-leaking cock.

The other alpha roars his pleasure as she thrusts her hips slowly, purposefully against him.

“Just feel me, mate,” she purrs into Rolf’s ear. Even so, the bond tells me she’s desperate for more with Rolf because he feels so good to her. Similar to me, yet different. It’s...fascinating.

Rolf’s chest heaves as he grips the sides of the chair, pumping up into her with slow, measured strokes. “I feel you everywhere, Pen, on every inch of my body.” Growling, he leans in, nipping at her breasts as she moans.

The deep residual feel of her fucking Rolf is driving me to distraction, and yet she told me to wait. But the sight of her blood coating his chest, and the feelings rocketing down our bond—it’s enough to make me explode. Every inch of my skin is getting attention like this. It’s distracting and delicious, and I never want it to stop.

She’s still not strong enough to stay buried in my mind indefinitely, so our time is limited. Pen rocks up and off Rolf’s cock as he grips the edges of the chair, snarling with desire.

Slick coats him as he punches his hips up to meet Pen, starting to build a rhythm. His dark brows are furrowed into a vee as he stares into his lap, watching where our omega takes him.

And then, suddenly, he comes with a bellow, big hips fucking our mate wildly as he roars over and over. Rolf comes down with a series of grunts as Pen continues to rock up and down him purposefully.

Then she slides off his lap and turns to me, all hooded lust and need. Behind her, Rolf slumps in the chair, practically catatonic. “Goddess help me, that was fucking incredible,” he groans. “I promise I’m a fast learner, and I’ve been watching you both for a while. Just...gimme...minute,” he grunts out as he struggles upright in the chair.

I let out a deep chuckle as my eyes flick from Rolf to my mate. She’s riled up, practically ready to come, but she needs more than what Rolf could give her for his first time. She needs a practiced touch. She needs *me*.

“Get on me now, omega,” I command her, smirking as she hops up into my lap, folding her legs around me as she slides down onto my cock. I don’t want it like this right now though, so I shift out of the chair, thinking up a bed I can stalk to and throw her down in. Turning to Rolf, I smirk. “Watch and learn, alpha.”

He waves me away with a middle finger as he settles himself back into the chair, wiping his fingers through the blood on his chest, groaning as it seeps into the golden line and

disappears with a hiss. “Goddess I could come again from this,” he admits as I toss our mate into the center of the bed.

She bounces twice, but before she can stop chuckling, I’m on her. I press my hips between her thighs, using my knees to spread her wide as I run my cock through her folds. She’s already soaked from Rolf’s cum, and I find it...intoxicating. Leaning in, I nip at her breasts hard, until she’s covered in tiny puncture wounds, blood welling to the surface of her skin.

Behind us, Rolf groans, desire and need shooting down our shared bond as he experiences her again through me. He stands and comes to the side of the bed, leaning against one of the posters to watch us, both hands on his cock as he strokes slowly.

I glance up at Rolf, our dark eyes connecting as I share with him my plans for our mate.

He practically purrs with excitement as he hops onto the bed next to us, reaching for our omega and pulling her on top of him in the sheets.

She moans when he wraps both fists through her wild red hair, taking her mouth. He’s far less gentle this time, learning quickly just how rough she likes us in the bedroom, just how wild she needs us. He releases her hair just long enough to run big hands down her back, over the beautiful pale globes of her ass. Gripping her cheeks, he spreads her wide as he slips back inside her again, pumping hard.

“Oh God, Rolf,” she groans. “You weren’t lying about being a quick learner, that feels fucking amazing.”

He chuckles as I crawl across the bed and take my place behind her. Through our bond I feel Rolf’s determination to make this good for her, and I send him my support. Leaning in, I press my stomach to Penelope’s ass, letting her rub against my cock as Rolf thrusts slowly—in and out and in again.

She kisses him with wild abandon, taking out her growing need on his mouth and neck and shoulders, nipping and biting.

“More, mate,” he commands, yanking her back by the hair as he sits up on his elbows, still pumping slowly. “Draw blood, if you wish.”

I can’t see my mate’s face, but I feel her need for release simmering just under her skin as she attacks Rolf’s skin with flat teeth, biting hard enough to leave indentations on the smooth skin within her reach.

He growls, ending in a chuckle as she slowly begins to unravel, begging with her body for more—faster.

Rolf is a quick learner, indeed. His slow, steady torture of Penelope is driving the both of us wild because I can feel her teeth on my skin every time she bites him. I can feel the desperation building between her thighs as he fucks her steadily, never picking up the pace at all.

I run my fingers down her back as she snarls, sitting upright to move herself on top of him faster.

“No,” we both command her as she gasps. My alpha command is enough to throw her over the edge most days, but to hear it from both of us? I can feel her shock and need all the way to her bones. Running my hands up her back, I circle her neck and press her forward onto Rolf once more.

“Stay, Penelope,” I direct her as Rolf smiles smugly.

Our mate whines and shifts her hips, trying to get more friction from Rolf as he keeps up a slow, hard pace.

Reaching between my mate’s thighs, I circle Rolf’s cock with my hand as he hisses. He pumps into her several times, slick and cum coating my hand as he glances over her shoulder at me.

I can feel his question. Here, in this place. Can he and I touch? Should we?

He is me and I am him, and I see no issue with it. So I remove my slick fingers from his cock and I slide them into Penelope from behind as she gasps. I move my other hand to Rolf’s sack, cupping it and tugging it as he hisses, punching his hips up to meet our mate.

Together they groan as I work them gently, preparing them for me. And because I am fucking myself, I can feel not only Penelope on my cock, but my own hands on my body. It’s...intoxicating, and distracting because multiple sets of hands are touching me everywhere, lighting every inch of my body on fire.

Our time is growing short though, my mate’s focus is slipping as her desperation for release ratchets up.

I mount her from behind, bracing myself with a hand on the bed as I run the other over her stomach and chest, circling her neck. “Hang on, mate,” I snarl into her ear as I slide slowly into her ass, all while Rolf still takes her from the front.

She screams immediately, so incredibly full of both of us.

Below her, Rolf belts out a series of expletives.

I am not far behind him because buried inside her like this, I can feel him too. “Move, Rolf, as one,” I command.

He does, sinking out, and back in—hard—at the same time as I do. His dark eyes flick from mine to our mate, astonished as he watches her lose her mind to the feel of us both.

Sparks fly between us as our omega's skin slides against the gleaming line on my skin, as she leans forward to lick up the matching one on Rolf's chest.

He picks up the pace then, unable to hold back, so I match it.

And then, together, we are fucking Penelope with such wild abandon that I am slightly concerned we will break her. But the roaring desire and need screaming through our bond tells me otherwise. As always, I unleash every part of myself on her, pouring all my want and lust into each pump of my hips.

It does not take long before she explodes, screaming into the empty space as Rolf and I follow her quickly into ecstasy, our joined roars shaking the bed as we come together, over and over. Orgasm doesn't fade like it usually does, but surprises me when it builds again and we come fast and hard—twice, before our bodies begin to settle.

Every nerve feels like a livewire, prepped to explode at a moment's notice. Deep power flows through the three of us as the glowing line on my chest burns brighter, hotter. I slide my cock out of my mate and fall back onto the bed, pulling her gently off Rolf and into my chest.

Her breath comes in fast, short pants as she looks up at me, her face pink from exertion. "That was...I don't think I can even find words, alpha."

"I feel incredibly powerful," admits Rolf behind her, rolling to his side as he reaches long fingers out to stroke her hip. Leaning in, he kisses his way up her shoulder as he presses his chest to her back, purring deeply for her.

"Oh God Rolf, you're about to get me started all over again, but I feel myself slipping," she admits, glancing up at me. "I can't maintain focus here for much longer."

"You were incredible, mate," agrees Rolf. "We will get stronger together, but your love is a blessing."

I smile, watching them connect like this. I am Rolf and he is me, but to fuck her like this as two separate entities... I will never be able to get enough of this. And I cannot wait to do it again. "We're leaving, Rolf," I tell him kindly. "But as soon as we're recuperated, we'll be back for more."

He nods gently to me as we fade out of our joined consciousness and reappear in my room, although we're in my bed now.

"I have questions," Penelope moans, pushing just far enough away from me to glance up.

"Of course you do," I chuckle. "Let's hear them."

Pen

I can admit to never having a threesome in my life, although I always found the idea incredibly hot. But I also imagined it could be a little awkward, maybe a little ungainly as you figure out who puts what where.

But that thing we did just now? I don't think anyone has ever had sex that good in the history of the universe. Because watching my mate as two separate males, both railing me into the bed with practiced strokes? Yeah, I will never not want that.

My body feels abused and sore, but strong and vibrant too. I'm going to be walking bowlegged tomorrow, but already I can't wait to recover enough to get back in there and fuck Rolf again.

Samson laughs quietly as he strokes my back. "You are distracted, omega. Tell me what you're thinking about."

Now that he's truly embraced who he is, the way he speaks is changing slightly. The German comes through a little more when he's upset or angry or enjoying my body. His English is infused with a bit of an accent too, and I find it completely irresistible. Hot German literature professor? *Yes please.*

"I was just thinking how you're every fantasy I ever had, come to life."

My mate smiles, leaning in for a deep kiss as he pulls my body on top of his.

"You are *my* gift, mate," he whispers when we break apart. "Now ask me your questions."

"Okay, hear me out," I start as my mate quirks a brow upward devilishly. "Since Rolf can connect with other seers, do seers have like, big seer orgies in one another's minds?"

Samson throws his head back, wiping a palm across his face as he roars with laughter. "You will never cease to amaze me, woman. After that incredible round of lovemaking, you need a step further?"

I shrug and smile. "I'm not saying I want to have an orgy, I'm just trying to learn more about what's possible. Is that a thing? Or is my mind dirtier than the average person?"

My mate is unable to hold back as his beautiful lips pull upward into a smile—pearly white canines showing as he rolls himself on top of me, hips meeting mine.

"Rolf tells me seer orgies are a thing. You aren't the first to ask about this," he admits as he drags his cock through my folds, smiling the whole time.

“I fucking knew it,” I whisper, winking up at him. “Can you sex it up with current seers who are alive, or past ones because you’re all still connected? How does that work?”

Samson grins. “I am not sure, omega, let us quickly ask Rolf...”

Thinking hard, I will myself back into that dark space that Rolf, Samson and I can occupy together. I’m still tired, but when I appear there, Rolf is on me in an instant, hauling me up into his arms as he claims my mouth.

Samson appears behind us, pressing himself against my back as Rolf goes wild. His deep voice wraps around my clit as if he’s sucking on it right now. “Penelope is interested in—”

“I heard,” snaps Rolf, tearing his lips from mine before dark eyes find their way to me once more. “Would you like to fuck a seer who lived a thousand years ago, Penelope? Would you like to feel how an alpha from a darker, more brutal time in our history takes an omega?”

“I don’t know that I’m def—”

“I am definitely interested, omega,” Samson purrs from behind me, kissing the sensitive skin at the top of my neck. “Seer power loves sex, and I’ll admit that the idea of you tangled in the middle of multiple alphas turns me on, incredibly so.”

“Really?” I turn to him in surprise. “You don’t feel like it’s cheating?”

Samson smiles, nipping at my chin. “You are mine and I am yours, and we can choose to do whatever we want with our bodies, with our lives. If you and I both want this, why should we not have it together?”

Rolf nips at my neck, purring his agreement with Samson. “Let me show you visions, mate, visions of the alphas who would be interested in such an arrangement. There are...many,” he admits with a chuckle into my skin.

Looking up at my mate, I wink. “You wanna go alpha shopping with me?”

Samson laughs as he presses me into Rolf’s arms. “Absolutely, mate. Let us go pick someone to have a little fun with, shall we?”

It’s my turn to laugh. “Someone? Or someones?”

Rolf intertwines his fingers through mine as he leads me into the darkness. “However many someones you want, omega. Samson and I are ready for it.”

Smiling, I follow my mates into the depths of Rolf’s connection to history. I’m feeling very ready for adventure, if I do say so myself.

