

His Beta 110

Chapter 110

Xander

"I heard you were here," Orion said to Mason. "I figured it was better to face the situation head-on."

"Since when?" Mason and I both asked at the same time.

We looked at each other, our eyes widening, then narrowing, still sizing each other up even though it was clear we were on the exact same page.

Zane shot me a shit-eating smirk, "You guys really are alike," he said.

"Don't fucking start," I bit back at him.

"Okay, sure..." my father said, throwing up his hands, "Let me have it, then."

"Really?" I asked, my anger surging already. "Fine. You-"

"No." Mason's voice rang out through the library.

He'd said it like a command, but that as shale had no power over me.

I called the shots here.

"You don't deserve to even know what we're thinking or how we feel," Mason continued. "And we don't

give a f u ck what you're thinking or feeling."

We? Now he was speaking for me?

I flexed my fists and turned my furious gaze on Mason, prepared to jump in and speak for myself like

I'd been doing before he so rudely interrupted.

But then I felt Zane's hand on my shoulder and his voice in my head.

"Don't," he said. "This isn't the time to flex your Alpha status."

"He's trying to f u cking speak for me," I spat. "He can't just come in and do that."

"He's never had the chance to challenge Orion before, Xander, and you know he's right. This isn't

about who's the bigger Alpha, it's about your father answering for what he's done to you."

I shook Xander off, but of course, everything he said made sense.

My father tried to speak, but Mason's voice rose, drowning him out.

"You never thought twice about any of us," Mason said. "Not even your own f u cking mate. You just did

whatever the hell you wanted, and you only thought about yourself."

My father spun around to look at me, his jaw clenched so tight I thought it might shatter.

"And you agree with this?"

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I sighed deeply. Even though this whole confrontation thing was my idea, I hated siding with Mason.

Especially since I was imagining I'd be the one leading the charge.

"I do," I admitted.

My father really was a selfish prick.

Now that we had the twins, I couldn't imagine throwing them or our mate under the bus to protect my own power, and I knew Zane would never do that, either.

All I cared about was protecting them and preserving the pack's peace, so that when it came time for one of them to lead, they could do so without conflict like this.

These two pups were our legacy pups, and all we wanted was to create the best life for them.

I glanced at Mason, chest heaving, wearing an angry expression that probably looked identical to mine.

He was surely thinking about the same thing with Stella, how he didn't want to repeat the same mistakes as our father had.

For the first time, when I looked at him, I actually felt respect.

“If you don’t want to hear how I feel, then I don’t know what the f uck I’m supposed to say,” my father argued bitterly. “I don’t know what you want from me.”

“An apology would be nice,” I said icily. “You owe us that at the very least.”

“I don’t owe you anything,” he sneered.

“Oh yes, you do.” My mother’s voice cut through our argument as she swept into the library. “Because we haven’t even scratched the surface of your lies, Orion.”