

His Beta 123

Chapter 123

Xander

“L...I’m so sorry.”

Katie stumbled over her words.

Even through the billowing steam, I could see that her face was bright red.

“What are you doing in here?” Zane asked, his mouth curling up in a smirk.

“...” She bit her lip and glanced up at the ceiling, avoiding looking at us. “I needed a towel.”

The steam was disappearing fast. Soon she’d have to face us like she did yesterday.

And this time, Mason wasn’t there to whisk her away.

I

“You’re not going to find a towel in here,” I said, feeling my own lips twist up in a mischievous grin.

F uck me. We needed to stay far, far away from Katie

But what the hell were we supposed to do if she came looking for us?

Was that what was happening right now? Was the towel just an excuse?

I stepped closer to her, and she backed up until her back was pressed against the door that had closed behind her.

I grabbed the towel I would've slung around my waist and held it out to her instead. Her eyes were fluttering as she tried to keep her gaze locked on mine and not...elsewhere.

"I I

guess you can have mine if you're really desperate," I told her. "I'm sure Zane would even give you his, too. Isn't that right, Zane?"

Zane nodded and came to stand next to me

"Of course, Katie," he purred,

She gulped.

"Th...thank

you," she said desperately. "But I think you need them more than me."

I locked my head to the side.

"You want us to put on the towels?" I asked, motioning down to mine and Zane's rapidly hardening cocks. "You don't like seeing us like this?"

She opened her mouth to speak, then shut it again.

She breathed out deeply. At the same time, the sweet, heady scent of her arousal hit us, even more powerful in the steamy room.

1/3

“Fuck,” Zane groaned, closing his eyes.

Gods, she smelled so good.

I wanted to cage her in against that door and press my body to hers, wrap her legs around my waist, and thrust inside her so deeply she screamed. My cock twitched at the thought.

fuck

Her eyes flitted down and then back up, and her lids drooped slightly.

We couldn’t make the first move. Not when she was mated.

“Yes, you can,” Hunter begged and pawed. I could only imagine Blade was dying to get to her, too.

“I don’t know how much longer I can stand here like this,” Zane said. “Blade is killing me.”

“I know she wants it, too. She just won’t make a move,” I said. “Do you think...”

“What?” Zane asked.

“If we do anything with Katie, are we doing the same thing to Mason that Alice did to us?”

“It’s different.” Hunter interrupted.

“My wolf doesn’t seem to think so,” Zane said.

“Mine either.”

“What are you two saying about me??” Katie asked in a shaky voice.

I stared at her curiously.

“You can speak to each other with your minds, right? Her voice was huskier than usual. It was sexy as

“So I want to know what you’re saying.”

“Are you sure about that?” Zane asked.

She nodded.

“We were saying that it’s really fucking hard to stand in here alone with you, looking at you, smelling

you, and not touching you,” I said. “Not tasting you.”

She drew in a quick breath and her face flushed.

“Especially when you keep doing that,” I said, my nostrils flaring as another wave of her scent hit me.

“What if you didn’t touch?” she said.

Zane and I exchanged a confused glance.

“What if you just looked while I did it?” she asked.

And then she slid her hand down her pants...

Katie

2/2

I should’ve opened the door and ran the second they spotted me, but I was still glued to the floor.

And now my f u cking hand was in my pants.

But it was impossible to resist them.

Water was rolling off their muscular torsos in delicious rivulets, and their huge, thick c ocks kept pulsing

like they were begging to be touched.

But I couldn’t. And I couldn’t let them touch me, either.

So now I was touching myself. How f u cking wrong was that?

“Mason’s not your mate,” Lily growled. “He’s not even your boyfriend.”

She wasn't wrong. But still, for all Xander and Zane knew, he was.

I slid my finger inside my soaking, aching heat.

Xander's and Zane's hands traveled down to their c ocks as they watched me, and a moan escaped

my lips as they started pumping them in rhythm with my own movements.

It was too much to stand there and watch, I needed to touch them.

I pulled my hand out of my pants and walked up to them.

I reached out to touch their wet, muscular torsos first, releasing a little gasp of pleasure as I traced the

grooves of their muscles.

"Katie?" a voice cried out.

My brain short-circuited. This couldn't be happening.

I whipped around to see Mason standing in the doorway, sweaty and shaking with anger. "What the f

uck. are you doing?"