

His Beta 170

Chapter 170

Zane

Her scent clouded the room like thick poison, intoxicating and deadly.

F uck.

It had been so long since we'd aroused that kind of desire in her.

Watching her go into the bedroom with Mason and shut the door was pure agony.

Xander growled next to me. "This is f ucking torture," he mumbled, throwing his head over the back of

the

couch.

"We're gonna hear everything," I complained. "Should we go outside?"

Just as I got up from the couch, Lanie let out a long, needy moan. Xander threw his hand out.

"Wait," he said. "We don't have to."

I sat back down.

Again we heard her, making the kind of noises she'd made with us once. It sent a stab of desire deep

down into my belly.

Xander blew out a long breath.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

Her sounds were so sexy, the smell she’d left in the air so sweet.

Before I knew what I was doing, my hand was traveling down to my rapidly hardening cock, and my

legs

were falling open.

I stroked myself through my pants, imagining the scent of Lanie’s wet heat and the taste of her sweet

juices as I lapped them up.

She moaned again, and I stroked faster, a grunt escaping my lips. But then with a jolt, I remembered

where I was.

I opened my

.

eyes and glanced over at Xander, but his head was still leaning back, his eyes shut tight, his

hand making its way down to his own crotch.

He reached for the button of his jeans and tugged down the zipper, releasing his rock-hard c ock

I leaned back and did the same.

Another desperate moan sounded from the room next door, and my d ick throbbed with need. Xander

and I both sighed.

Pre-come was already leaking through my boxers. F uck, I needed her. I needed her on my d ick, in my

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How could we do this every night and not have her?

It seemed f ucking impossible.

Lanie

was straddling Mason again, just like I had in my bedroom back home.

Only this time, I wasn't wearing a tight corset and a leather skirt. I wasn't wearing anything, and neither

was he.

I hovered above his thick, huge c ock, before finally sitting on him. He pulsed hard beneath me and my

pus sy clenched, releasing a gush of wetness onto him. I slid my slick folds up and down his shaft until

we were both moaning and aching with need.

“Now can I sit on your face?” I asked breathlessly.

“You fucking better,” he growled.

He placed his large hands around my waist and pulled me up toward his face until my center
from his lips.

I heard him take a deep breath in.

“Fucking hell, Lanie,” he said. “I can’t get enough of you.”

was inches

He flipped me around so I could plant my hands on his chest, and then pushed me down onto his
mouth. He pressed his tongue into my entrance as one of his hands reached up to massage my clit.

I moaned loudly, bucking against his face and digging my hands into his chest. Vaguely, I wondered if

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Xander and Zane could hear us in the living room or if they’d left.

Secretly, I hoped they’d stayed. I hoped they could hear everything. I hoped they liked it. Another

aching pulse ripped through my center at the thought. I knew how badly they wanted me, and I fucking

loved having that power over them.

I grinded my hips against Mason's face, harder and harder while I pictured Xander and Zane on the other side of the wall, their eyes locked on mine, stroking their thick, dripping cocks.

Fuck. I shuddered and threw myself off of Mason, panting hard. I blinked away the vision, but it still

hung

there like a phantom

"What is it?" he asked, sitting up and pulling me onto his lap again. His dick was still hard and slick

with

pre-come.

I shook

my head "Nothing," I said as I nuzzled my head into his neck. "I just need you inside me."

by the intense

Mason obliged, and suddenly the vision of Xander and Zane disappeared, steamrolled by pleasure I

experienced every time Mason was inside me

I clung to his neck, breathing in his warm, sexy smell, wrapping my fingers through his hair, and clenching my thighs around him as he thrust into me again and again.

2/3

“Lanie,” he growled.

through the cracks. I

And then he hit that sweet spot inside me, and I broke a little, Lily clawing her was the

dug my fingernails into his back and tossed my hair wildly.

When I looked into his eyes, I could see Colt flashing there, too, his wolf just below the surface.

I was suddenly overcome with need for him. To have him closer, to chase away these thoughts of

Xander and Zane, to claim him as mine.

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I knew he wanted it, too.

I grabbed his head and shoved it into the crook of my neck.

“Do it,” I begged. “Claim me.”

He let out a growling moan and shoved himself deeper inside me. I couldn't hold on much longer.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes!”

I felt his mouth on my neck, his tongue running up my soft skin. A tangled knot of pleasure was tightening deep in my belly, and soon it was going to snap.

“Please, Mason...

And then his teeth sank into my flesh.