

His Beta 171

Chapter 171

Mason

The second I let Colt's teeth lengthen and sunk my canines into her, everything else melted away. It

was only me and Lanie.

It was like we were rising up off the bed and into some second dimension. And it felt so right. The most

right anything had ever felt before.

Her blood was filling my mouth, the flavor sweet and complex and addicting.

I wanted to live there forever, buried deep inside her, blutching her close to me, drinking her in.

Lanie moaned deeply and wildly as her walls clenched around me. I reluctantly drew my mouth away,

licking the puncture wound. She was still panting and shaking.

"Your turn," I growled into her ear before I turned my head to the side, offering her my neck.

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She lifted herself off me first, nestling her head against my

"I can't wait to taste you," she purred.

I was desperate to feel her heat around my cock again.

The sting of her canines hit at the same time she sank down on me, riding me like a wild woman,

desperate and untamed.

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She moaned into my neck as she tasted my blood. Her teeth went in deeper along with my cock inside

The feeling wasn't pain exactly. It stung, but the pleasure of it, the significance of it, was so

overwhelming

that I hardly noticed.

I held her tightly, never wanting to let her go. I knew then that I'd do anything in the world to protect her.

Her mouth was locked on my neck, and I could feel her sucking deeply. My hands moved down to her

hips and I thrust into her hard, spilling my seed inside her before I could help myself.

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"Now you're mine," I growled.

"And you are mine," she whispered.

And then we fell down onto the bed and drifted off to a deep sleep.

Xander

I awoke with a start the next morning, the early light of dawn streaming in through the living room windows.

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and checking on Stella

“Oh, sorry,” she whispered when she turned around and saw I was awake.

Thank goddess Zane and I had managed to pull ourselves together and not fall asleep with our dicks out last night. How the hell would we explain that?

I got up off the couch, careful to be quiet. Zane and the babies were still sleeping.

I tiptoed over to Lanie. She was wearing a big t-shirt and nothing else. It took all my willpower now scoop her up and pull her close.

She e crossed her arms in front of her like she could read my mind.

“It’s okay,” I said to her. “You want some tea or something?”

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She shook her head, and a long lock of hair fell in front of her face. When she pushed it back over her shoulder, I saw it. Right on her neck. A f ucking bite mark.

“What is that?” I asked, louder than I meant to.

She raised her eyebrows and tossed her hair back over her shoulder to hide it again.

“Oh, I...it’s” She took a step back from me and bit her lip. “Xander.”

“Did he claim you?” I asked. My voice came out harsh and ragged. “Did Mason f ucking claim you?”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Zane sit up off the floor.

“I should’ve shifted so you wouldn’t see,” she said in a shaky voice. “I just. I didn’t want it to go away yet.”

“Lanie, what the f uck?!” I was almost yelling now, but I didn’t care. One of the babies started grunting.

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They’d all be crying in a minute.

Mason charged out of the bedroom.

“Keep your f ucking voice down,” he spat. “What Lanie and I do in private is none of your g odda mn

business.”

I laughed harshly. “It’s not very private if you do it on the other side of a paper-thin wall!”

Lanie blushed, and Mason clenched his jaw. Zane stood up, ready to intervene.

“And you seem to have conveniently forgotten that she’s our f ucking mate!” I yelled.

Stella was crying now. Lanie swiped the curtain aside and picked her up, then rounded on me.

“You never claimed me,” she hissed. “You said I wasn’t suitable. So you don’t get any f ucking say in this.”

She moved next to Mason, and he put his arm around her protectively.

I was shaking with anger now. He’d taken Lanie away from us. He’d marked his territory permanently. I

was supposed to do that. Zane was supposed to do that. Not Mason.

I walked up to him slowly.

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“Or what?” I snarled, feeling my wolf surging to the surface.

Before I could think about what I was doing, I raised my fist and punched Mason square in the face.

Lanie screamed, Stella cried, and the twins stirred.

F uck. What had I just done?

Zane rushed over to stand beside me and shot me an annoyed look.

He wasn't angry enough about this. Why wasn't he angry?

Mason leaned down, squeezing his nose. When he stood back up, his canines had dropped, and his

claws

were out.

"NO!" Lanie said. "No more fighting!" Tears were streaming down her face.

"Get the f uck out of here!" Mason yelled, struggling to keep himself from retaliating.

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But still, I could feel Hunter rearing up inside my chest, desperate to claw his way out and rip Mason's

head off.

I looked around the room, and everyone was staring at me. Lanie looked disgusted with me.

A searing pain ripped up my body. I was hurt, but more than that, I was f ucking furious.

I needed to get out of here, otherwise I was going to lose control.

I spun around and flew out the door of the cabin, diving off the steps and shifting in midair, then soaring

straight through the protective barrier and into the woods.

Far, far away from there.