

His Beta 198

Chapter 198

Mason

A little while later, we were pulling up to Lanie's cottage in Stillwood.

Memories flooded back immediately. Those early days with Stella, just the three of us bonding and hanging out together.

Until I got the call about Alice and everything changed. I'd been blinded by grief and revenge, not realizing that leaving this place and bringing Lanie with me would change both of our lives forever.

I heard her suck in a deep breath next to me, then sigh deeply. I reached over and took her hand. She squeezed mine gratefully.

We'd both dreamed of coming back here one day, of returning to our normal, easy life, but I wanted it to

happen under better circumstances.

"Oh

good, another tiny house," Xander said sarcastically.

I rolled my eyes. He had to be a dick about everything. He couldn't help himself.

“I doubt anyone will be sleeping very much tonight anyway.” Gabriela said. “You guys get settled in while Rhiannon and I gather a few supplies. We won’t be gone long.”

Lanie, Xander, Zane, and I walked inside. Zane had grabbed Stella out of the car seat before I could while Xander brought in her bassinet.

I felt a pang of jealousy as they tended to her-I’d been away from her and wanted to hold her and let her know that I’d never wanted to leave her, but I knew if I tried, Xander and Zane would bite my head off, and to be honest, I had no leg to stand on right now.

I’d run out on Stella and Lanie, and now the twins were gone, too. I was lucky Xander hadn’t literally bitten my head off yet.

Once inside, Xander set up Stella’s bassinet in the living room while Lanie headed straight for her old bedroom. Lanie’s place was still small, but we had much more room to breathe than we did in the cabin, and thank the gods for that

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“Mason, can I talk to you for a minute?” Lanie’s voice traveled from the back room.

Xander and Zane glanced up at me, then at each other, and I wondered briefly what they were saying about me. But then I decided it didn't fucking matter. Lane was calling for me, not them.

"I'm glad you called me in here," I said as I closed the door behind me. Lanie was sitting on the bed staring off into space while she mindlessly stroked the comforter.

I came and sat next to her. "I can't even express how sorry I am," I admitted. "Running away from you and

Stella was the stupidest fucking thing I've ever done. I don't know what I was thinking"

She sniffed and turned away, but I could tell she was crying. My chest tightened. 1/2

"I know it was complicated," she said shakily. "Xander and Zane keeping the twins from you was fucked on so many levels, but running away from the problem, running away from me...you broke my heart."

She turned back to me, her cheeks stained with tears.

"I didn't know how to feel, what to do...I didn't recognize myself," she said. "...I have to tell you something."

My breathing got shallower and a prickle of heat crept up my neck. I hoped this wasn't about what I

thought it was about.

“What happened while I was gone?” I asked, but I wasn’t sure I actually wanted to know.

“I took advantage of the contract with Xander and Zane,” she said. “I was angry at you and at Xander and Zane, but also scared out of my f ucking mind and sad that you’d all lost your pups.”

She swallowed hard and finally looked into my eyes. “We were cooped up inside that tiny cabin, and everyone was about to lose it. So we put our energy into each other, and we forgot about our problems for a while.”

So while Orion was torturing me and taking away my pups, Lanie was f ucking Xander and Zane in the safety of the cabin?

I felt my face get hot, anger and jealousy churning deep in my gut.

“Look, you told me to be honest, so here I am, telling you everything,” Lanie said. “I forgive you for

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walking out, and I hope you can be okay with this, too.”

I wasn’t, I never would be, but what could I say without pushing her away?

I'd missed her, and I wanted her. all I could do was channel that rage into fucking away the memories of Xander and Zane in her bed.

All I could do was claim her again like she belonged to me and me alone.

I took her chin in my hand. "Sure," I said, and then I kissed her, hard and desperate, pushing her back onto the bed and mounting her, pressing my swelling cock between her legs.

She cupped it and squeezed slightly. I shivered,

"Mason, please. Will you...?" she asked, her voice whiney with need.

"Can you stay quiet?" I whispered in her ear.

When she spoke, her voice was low and husky with desire.

"Yes. I won't make a sound."