

His Beta 212

Chapter 212

Zane

At the sound of my name, I turned. Xander's eyes blazed, and those long fucking legs brought him across the room to me in seconds. I was pulled against him and crushed against his chest before I could do anything

but just let him.

I let him hold onto me, and my arms went around his broad back as he buried his face against the side of

my neck. I didn't even fucking care that Mason was watching us.

I'd been Xander's Beta for so long. A brother. A best friend. We'd shared women and more than that. In that moment, it didn't matter that my muscles ached with exhaustion, that I reeked of sweat, or even that I

was anxious to check on Lanie and make sure she was really okay.

All that mattered was Xander.

He only pulled away when Mason coughed, clearing his throat. Xander's lip curled, and his eyes blazed
as

he looked at his half-brother. The Alpha tension wound up so tight I had to step between them, a hand
on

Xander's chest to hold him back.

Mason, on the other hand, only shook his head and let out a soft huff. "I'm glad you're back, Zane.

Thank

you for taking care of my pups and for bringing Lanie back to me safe."

"Back to you?" Xander growled, and again, I held him back.

"Cool it," I murmured through the mind link. "You're on edge. Mason's not the enemy. We have other
enemies to worry about."

Xander shot me a look and stalked out the front door. I could see his big form pacing on the porch. He

was transmitting his fury, fear, relief...an onslaught of emotions that every one of us felt, including the
babies,

who all started fussing again.

Mason seemed untouched, but that made sense, since he was also now a true Alpha. He wouldn't be affected by Xander in the same way. He looked past me with a raised brow. A silent understanding passed between us, and I nodded.

Xander wasn't on the porch anymore when I got out there. I opened my senses to search for him. He was still radiating his Alpha power, so it wasn't hard to find him. He'd gone around the side of the cabin to a stump used for splitting wood.

I took the time to admire his bare back as he hefted the ax and swung, splitting a log neatly in two.

Physically, we'd always been closely matched, but Xander had a grace his bulk denied. Watching him move was sometimes like watching a trained dancer, fluid and mesmerizing.

He knew I was there. I could tell. But he reached for another log and set it up on the stump, then swung the ax with such power I felt the thud of it against wood in my belly. He kicked the split pieces out of the

way

and reached for another log before I spoke

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stump. He faced me with clenched fists. "But I'm also very f ucking glad to be back here with you, so

maybe. you could let us all just settle before you go waving that big di ck around."

For a second, I thought I'd gone too far. Then Xander gave me a grudging smile. He put his hands on

his hips and looked over my shoulder toward the cottage, then into my ey

eyes,

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"You think my di ck is big?"

My own co ck thickened at that knowing tone. Suddenly, I wasn't so tired. I grinned at him.

"Come here," he ordered in a dark voice so powerful it sent a shudder straight to the base of my spine.

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Xander had never compelled me; he never needed to. When he gave an order, I obeyed it. I was in front of him in a few long strides.

When he kissed me, our teeth clashed. His tongue fucked deep into my mouth. It wasn't the first time we'd ever kissed, but this time it felt different. Like the two of us had agreed on something we'd never really admitted to before.

His hand cupped my rising cock and rubbed it as he fisted his fingers into the hair at the base of my skull. Xander nuzzled my throat, smelling me. He pressed his sharp teeth to my skin, and I tipped my head back to give him as much of me as he wanted.

"Boys?" Gabriela's voice carried to us from the front of the cabin,

If Xander had shoved me away from him at the sound of his mother's call, I would have understood.

What we had and shared wasn't unknown among the packs-you don't consistently mate two males with one female for years without accepting that two men sharing a mate would also be intimate with each other. But Xander and I had never been that way with each other around anyone else.

Instead, he gave my c ock another slow rub and kissed my mouth firmly before slinging an arm

shoulders.

n over my

“Let’s get you in a hot shower,” he said. Tll wash your back. If you’re lucky, I’ll wash your front, too.”