

His Beta 213

Chapter 213

Mason

I hated being this fucking jealous, especially of Xander, but bitterness surged all the way up my throat

as I watched my half-brother move through the kitchen, pausing to press a kiss to Lanie's hair, then

baby Stella on her lap. Hell, I even hated the way he casually ran a hand along Zane's back and

shoulders when he moved

around the other man at the counter, where he was grabbing plates from the cupboard.

They were all so clearly a unit, and I fucking. Who was in all of this? An outsider. Interloper. I might also

be the true Alpha because we shared a father, but that didn't make me part of what they all shared.

"They've known each other a long, long time, Mason. That's all" Gabriela murmured by my side as she

hitched Alaina on one hip. The baby fussed and gnawed a fist until Gabriela soothed her

My baby. No actual blood relation to Gabriela at all, yet the woman clearly loved the little girl. The same

as I loved Stella, despite knowing I hadn't fathered her.

Isaac squirmed, fussing in my arms as I glanced at the woman my father had been married to. The

one. he'd betrayed. Xander had grown up with a mother, a father. He had a Beta.

But Lanie Lanie was mine.

Lanie looked up at me as I thought the word. Her eyes narrowed and her head tilted, but she didn't say

anything. She crooked a finger at me.

"Mason. Bring the baby here. He needs to be fed."

"Don't they always?" I joked.

Between the three infants, it sometimes felt like all we did was rotate through feeding, rocking,

changing

diapers, bathing, and soothing babies to sleep. But I couldn't deny how hot it fucking got me to watch

the

woman I loved being so maternal. Not for the first time, I imagined her belly swelling with my pup, and

my

cock throbbed.

Gabriela put a hand on my sleeve to hold me back for a second. "I'm glad you and my son have found

a way to get along. I always wished..."

Her voice cracked, causing both Xander and Zane to look at her.

“I often wished for another son. A brother for Xander,” Gabriela whispered and lifted Alaina up so she could nuzzle the baby’s cheek. Gabriela’s eyes shone. “You are all so blessed. I hope you realize that.”

I did, even if I did hate parts of that blessing.

With a grim nod, not sure what to say to her, I took my spot at the table as Xander slid a bottle in front of

me. Isaac was already wriggling in my arms, ready to eat. When Xander put a hand on my shoulder, I tensed,

not sure what he wanted.

He waited until I met his eyes. “You need anything?”

1/2

unshed tears, but her lips curved into a smile. I shook my head.

“Just my...I coughed, clearing my throat, risking the next words. “Just my family.”

Silence fell through the entire kitchen. Zane turned from the cupboard, his eyes wide. Xander didn’t lift

his

hand from my shoulder. He nodded once, firmly.

“How about a big old steak, too, little buddy?” Xander asked.

I almost bared my teeth at the “little buddy” until I realized he was yanking my chain. Was that how it

felt

to have a brother?

I rolled my eyes. “Rare as you can make it, so long as it’s not still mooing.”

Gabriela sighed soft laughter and shook her head as she settled into a seat next to Lanie. “Boys.

Behave

yourselves.”

“It’s what we are, though,” Lanie blurted.

When we all turned to look at her, pink flushed her cheeks. She gave each of us a short stare before

settling her gaze back on mine. She reached across the table for my hand. Our fingers linked.

“It might be unconventional, but that’s what we are. A family. All of us, she emphasized. “And if

you three are going to get worked up about it, you can all just...not. Got it?”

of

Fuck, she was sexy when she got all tough like that could see the blaze in Xander's eyes at her tone.

Zane's, too. Were they thinking what I was? About carrying her into the bedroom and ravishing that

sassy

mouth?

Of course, they were.

I didn't love the idea. Hell, no. But I'd seen how they could share her, and I knew it was possible for

more

than one man to love the same woman.

The question I couldn't get out of my head, though...could Lanie love all of us equally?

Or would someone...me, for example, always be the odd one out?