

His Beta 268

Chapter 268

Zane

The muscles under my fingers relaxed. Not entirely-Mason was still alert and aware. But that powerful Alpha energy that had been pulsing out of him like fireworks being shot from a cannon had turned into a spray of sparklers

Asher narrowed his eyes, looking back and forth from me to Mason. He took a few steps back, out of Mason's reach. He still looked really pissed off, but without the edge of Mason's Alpha fury riling him up, it looked as though he might just calm down.

And that's what we wanted. No harm, no mess, no big drama in front of everyone. Nobody asking questions we didn't have the answers to. No attention drawn to our unusual quartet.

"Whatever, dude," Asher said finally, but there wasn't as much heat in his voice as there'd been even just a few minutes ago.

Mason slid me a sideways glance. "The fuck did you just...? Did you....Beta me?"

"Yeah, I guess I did. I didn't think about it. I just did it. Sorry?"

“We’ll have to talk about this later. Thanks.”

www

“I don’t want us to be at each other’s throats,” Mason said now to Asher, who only gave him a strong, steady glare.

After another few seconds, though, Asher finally gave him a grudging nod. “You think I want that?”

▪

“I hope not. Look, let’s just go in and enjoy the rest of the party, okay? We can meet up for coffee in town tomorrow. I have so much to tell you.” Mason’s voice rose, eager, and it was easy for me to hear the desire in his voice to connect with his friend.

I tried not to let jealousy rear up in me at Mason’s tone. He and Asher had been friends for a lot longer than I’d known him. Hell, from what Lanie had said, Asher was as good as Mason’s Beta.

Except. I was the one who’d calmed him down. I was the one who’d been able to sense just what he needed to stop from totally blowing up. That wasn’t his oldest friend, his potential Beta.

That had been me.

I felt the heavy weight of Xander's gaze. When I met it, I expected to see his wolf snarling, or at least a twisted expression. Instead, he wore a faint smile that disappeared when he caught my eye.

So he wasn't mad about it. That was good. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was piss off

Xander

"I think I'm just gonna head out," Asher said stiffly.

He didn't sound like he was ready to launch himself or his wolf-at either one of us. That was good, too.

He looked like a guy who's been punched in the nutsack, though, and I had kind of an idea of how that had to

1/2

"I'd never do that, and you know it," Xander thought at me.

.

I turned toward him. "Did you hear me think that?"

"No. I could just tell by the look on your face. Is everything cool? Is that other dude gonna wolf out?"

I shook my head. Xander put an arm around Lanie's shoulders. She looked worried for a few seconds,

then nodded as Xander must've sent her something through the link.

him.

"Tomorrow. Hank's place. Three?" Mason asked. He was smart, didn't press the guy by moving toward

After a

a moment, Asher nodded. Without another word, he stalked away. We both watched him go.

Lanie came over to us and slipped her hand in Mason's. I could feel her love radiating off her. Mason

must've been able to feel it, too, because he turned to pull her into his arms for a hug.

"He'll come around," she told him in a low voice.

"I hope so."

"He was wrong," I said to Mason's back.

He let go of Lanie and turned to me. "Huh?"

"What he said about you being a s hitty Alpha. He was wrong.

"F uck yeah, he was wrong," Xander said as he joined us.

Mason snorted. "I thought you'd agree with him."

▪

“The only person

only person who’s allowed to call your Alpha skills into question is me, bro.” Xander grinned and

punched Mason lightly on the arm.

Well, lightly for Xander. His brother staggered back a step or two before catching himself. Mason

pretended to make a threatening gesture. The two of them squared off, tapping fists before Xander

tossed up his hands and backed away.

“Truce, truce.” He glanced around. “We don’t need to gather an audience. Everyone already thinks you’re still just waiting for the right chance to kill me.”

The faint sound of singing rose to us from the backyard.

Lanie grimaced. “They’re starting karaoke. Are you sure you all want to stay?”

We all looked at each other and grinned.