

## His Beta 275

### Chapter 275

Mason

I was seriously debating about running into town as my wolf when Xander came over to my truck. I

raised a hand in greeting. "Hey."

me

"You need us, you call for us. We'll be there right away," he said.

I nodded. "Thanks, man. But I won't need you. This conversation's going to suck, but it's been weighing

on

for way

too long. I need to get everything out in the open, clear the air. Asher deserves to know that I've

officially accepted Zane as my Beta. It would be shitty of me not to tell him in person."

My brother gave a solemn nod as his wolf flashed for a few seconds in his gaze. "You know that even if

things weren't the way they are with the four of us, you could never have taken him as your Beta. Not

with the way he had feelings for Lanie. Your wolf would never trust him around her. And without

complete trust....”

I shot a glance towards the house, but Zane had gone inside. “It’s not good if you can’t fully trust your

Beta”

“With everything. Your mate. Your life. All of it.” Xander also looked toward the house, and I heard the

swell of pride and love in his voice. When he looked back to me, I could see the complicated ripple of

emotions moving over his features.

Even th

though our connection was letting me tune in to him, it wasn’t the same as actively reading him. Not the

way we’d been able to do with our Luna.

“When I get back, we need to talk about Lanie and the way she’s been sending,” I told him. “Figu

there’s anything significant we need to know.”

“Like.....maybe it’s her vampire side? Xander tilted his head, his eyes narrowing in thought. “Do you t

it’s dangerous? I thought maybe it was just another way we’re all bonding. Like, none of this is the way

it usually goes, so this was just one more way we’re unique”

I shrugged. “Could be. But it’s probably worth exploring. We’re all in this for the long haul, brother, so

we'd better get a good handle on it now."

He grinned and punched my bicep lightly. "I'll see you when you get back. If sh it goes down, though, seriously. Just shout. We'll be there."

"I know you will."

That was the thing-I did know it.

Xander and I had been enemies because of s stupid circumstances, but the truth was, we were brothers,

and we had each other's backs.

"Always," he said, but I couldn't tell if he was echoing my thoughts or sharing his own.

Honestly, I wasn't sure it mattered anymore. Whatever was going on with all of us was out of our control.

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than believe in Zane, I had to accept that the Goddess wanted me to trust Xander, too.

The drive into town didn't take any more time than usual, but it felt like for-f ucking-ever. By the time I

pulled up in front of the pub where Asher had decided to meet, I was wishing I had given in to my impulse to run here as my wolf. It wouldn't have made it any easier to face my best friend-who might now be my former best friend-but it would've felt good for me.

As it was, Colt was close to the surface, pacing and ready to pounce. I had to soothe him down.

Whatever the conversation with Asher led to, I didn't want to start it off coming in like I was ready for battle.

It took me a few minutes to find him in the dimly lit pub. As I stepped through the doorway, the hairs on the back of my neck tingled and rose. I scanned the room quickly, Colt leaping up with a snarl. I saw no signs of danger. The only people in the place were the bartender, a waitress standing near the back, and Asher, in the far corner. He had a glass of something amber in front of him.

I ordered a whiskey and a tall lager from the bar and carried them to the booth. I slid the whiskey in front of him. "Quit nursing that watered-down c rap and have a real drink."

For a moment, I thought he was going to snarl at me, but then he laughed. He shook his head and waved at the seat across from him. "Far be it from me to turn down a drink"

I slid into the booth with my beer. "Thanks for meeting with me. We have a lot to talk about."

Asher raised his glass and waited for me to do the same. The clink of the glasses against each other was very loud. He took a long, slow sip before putting his glass onto the table with a small thud. He fixed me with a thin, grim smile.

“Then you’d better get talking, friend.”