

His Beta 279

Chapter 279

Mason

“You didn’t even have to tell me that. I saw it written all over your face,” Asher said. “F uck, I could practically smell him all over you.

His sneer revealed sharp teeth he used to tear into a wing, devouring it in seconds. He tossed the bones onto a plate and scrubbed at his finger’s with a napkin while I watched, saying nothing.

“Just tell me that wasn’t the plan all along.” Asher spat out finally.

I sighed. “Of course it wasn’t. It just...happened.”

He grimaced. “Not sure how s hit like that can just ‘happen, but whatever.”

There wasn’t a whole lot I could say to make any of this better, but I was d amn sure going to try. Asher had been my best friend, my right-hand man, for years. I hated that he looked at me now like I’d let him down...

I hated knowing that I had.

“You know the ways of the Moon are not always clear,” I said in a low voice. “If this is what the

Goddess, wants for me, Asher, I can't go against that."

He narrowed his eyes and then hung his head. His shoulders lifted and dropped in a heavy sigh.

"It just feels l

feels like you didn't

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you didn't even f ucking try, man, You went off and left me here, not a f ucking word. Next thing I know,

you're back with Lanie as your mate, but you're best buds with your brother. The one you swore end."

Asher lifted his head.

"Tell me the truth, man. This is all some kind of long game, right? You're getting close to Xander

Constantine because you're working our plan, aren't you? In the end, you're really going rip him to

shreds."

Zane

Panting, I fell onto a bed of crispy leaves and pine needles and let my wolf retreat. There were always

those few minutes of the in-between. When I wasn't fully wolf anymore, but I wasn't totally a man,

either.

Honestly, I kind of f ucking loved it.

In the in-between, I didn't feel like I had to be anything other than me. No matter how much I loved being Xander's Beta, I was now also sworn to Mason. And I still wasn't sure how all of that was going to play out.

For right now, I didn't have to worry about any of it. Only the stretching of my muscles and the soft whine

of my wolf as he settled down to sleep. I joined him, allowing myself to relax into a doze

I hadn't been sleeping well ever since the night. well, the night whatever had happened, happened.

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close enough to see the house, but still in the shelter of the trees. He had his hands on his hips, fingers

splayed and pointing at his crotch. So fully Alpha I had to shake my head with a laugh.

"You let me beat you," he challenged, "You know you're faster than I am."

I

I got up with a stretch and met him as he crossed to me. "It's not always about winning, dude.

Sometimes, it's just about. running. Having a good time."

He slung an arm around my shoulders and bumped his hip to mine. "You hear anything from my

brother? I poked him, but he shut me right the fuck down."

"No. I can reach out to him again, but I'm pretty sure he's shielding from us." I sent out a few thoughts

toward Mason, nothing too strong. He wouldn't like it if he thought we didn't believe he could handle

himself, and there was no point in pissing him off when he was already in an emotional upheaval about

having to talk to Asher.

I spotted Xander studying me. "What?"

"You," he said with a shrug. "You're a good Beta. You're giving him space but checking in on him. He

might not appreciate that yet, but he will."

"I hope so."

Together, we headed for the house. I paused at an old pump out by the shed to draw some cold, clear

water from the spring. I drank my fill and let it flood over me to wash away at least some of the sweat

from running. When I stood up, Xander's eyes were blazing

I knew what that look meant. I grinned, returning it. Slowly, I ran my hands through my wet hair.

“Time for a cut soon,” I said.

“No.” He shook his head. “I like it long.”

“Your wish is my command, Alpha.”

Xander rolled his eyes, but I could tell he liked it, too. We were on the porch when a surge of Alpha

anger poked at my ribs hard enough to make me cough. It wasn't him, obviously, but he sensed it, too.

His head went up, nostrils flaring.