

His Beta 334

Chapter 334

Xander

There was a f u c k i n g street cart selling kebabs. And beer. And churros

“Beer,” my brother grunted. “Hot dam n, what is this place?”

“Floor Eighty-Seven is the sh it,” I said to Mason.

We hadn’t even planned to get off here, but when the elevator doors had opened on our way up from the spa, we both stepped out. Hunter was scenting the air, both our bellies growling. I caught a flash of

Colt in Mason’s gaze.

“Let’s grab some before some other da mn bell tells us to go somewhere else, Mason said with a grin.

“You’re speaking my language, bro.”

We waited in line behind what I was now learning to recognize as Fae by the slight shimmer of air behind them. They both turned and nodded, totally polite but nothing more. We might as well have been...well,

anyone.

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“That’s what I’m talking about,” I said under my breath when we’d taken our skewers of beef toward an iron cafe table in a small, open arca between two shopfronts. “People here don’t give a f uck who we are.

I mean, I’m sure they know, but they just don’t care.”

“And the food is good,” Mason said, tearing into the meat and chewing messily. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, showing off a gleam of grease.

My stomach rumbled, and I gulped down some of my own. It was good enough to make me groan so loud it startled a passing vampire pushing a small portable cart. She giggled. I waited until she’d passed out of sight before turning back to my brother.

“I want our pups to grow up in a place like this. Not one ruled by a bunch of Elders bent on destroying

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everything I was told to believe in. Not one on the verge of war.” I washed down the beef from my

kebab with a

pull off the bottled beer I'd also grabbed.

“This place is on the verge of war, though. We can't pretend it's not, matter how many food carts it has.”

Mason tipped his bottle toward mine before drinking.

I frowned, looking across the street toward a building labeled as the Post Office. If I could just be in touch with someone back in Constantine, find out what's going on. I could reach out to Maxim and Monroe

Get an update. It would set my mind at ease.”

“I know you're worried about the pack, even if you are enjoying your freedom. But you don't think the Elders are watching every bit of correspondence that makes its way to Constantine, especially to those two? The second you tried to open up any lines of communication with either one of them, the Elders will be on you like a fly on a dead deer. Who knows, it could even alert them that we're at Brightsky.

Security or no, that would

I growled but kept it low so we didn't attract attention F uck Yeah You're right it'll put them in danger

And all of us, too. The less I know, though, the worse it feels. Anything could be going on back there.

They could all be

I didn't want to say dead, but Mason nodded like he knew what I meant anyway.

"Malachi would've told us. Braden would've known it.

You could just ask him, Mason said. He gnawed off another hunk of beef and let out a low groan. "F

uck, this is good. Where do you think they get this from?"

"Dude, they have underground hot springs and an entire little Main Street here. They probably keep a herd of Wagyu beef on some floor we haven't been to yet." I laughed, hard, then sobered. "Brightsky is

beyond anything I ever imagined. Why does it feel like we're going to be the ones to burn it all to the ground?"

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"You're a paranoid as shole?" My brother postulated with a grim smile, then added, "I know how you feel."

"They took us in, put their asses on the line, to give us a safe haven. I can't think of any pack that

would. do the same," I said honestly. I hated admitting it, but although wolves were loyal, that loyalty

was to their

own.

"They are a pack, though, aren't they? All of them?"

And us now, if we let them make us a part of it," Mason said. "We won't be Alphas in it, but maybe

that's okay."

"If we aren't Alphas, Lanie won't be a Luna, right?"

We both contemplated that.

"What would that mean for her? The Moon Goddess has plans for her," Mason said quietly.

"And what about Stella? It's all well and good for us to stay here, but if we let ourselves truly belong,

what

does that mean for them?"

For that, neither one of us had an answer.