

His Beta 360

Chapter 360

Gabriela

Mason looked at me with both of his eyebrows raised. Then, they furrowed.

“Huh? Sto

Stop her from doing what? Malachi stopped Greyson before he actually did anything bad, if that’s what you’re talking about.”

He’d looked upset and lost in thought when I first saw him from across the room, but now he only looked. confused. Well, so was I. Was it possible that what I’d thought I’d seen was not what it appeared to be?

Oh, how I prayed to the Moon Goddess that was the case.

“Malachi wanted Lanie to see if she could compel someone really hard, but he wouldn’t have let Greyson hurt his mate,” Mason said confidently. He took a long pull off his beer and added, “You thought she was out of control.”

I didn’t want to admit it, especially not to her mate, but I nodded. He shook his head and also leaned

toward me. Mason pitched his voice low.

“I didn’t like it, and I can see you don’t, either,” he said. “I realize that Lanie is strong and special, And mostly, I’m cool with that. But I’m not sure how I’m feeling about all this new stuff her grandfather is throwing out at us. Especially since it seems sometimes like he’s flying by the seat of his ancient pants.”

A laugh choked out of me at Mason’s irreverence. “So...Lanie was doing that under the guidance of her grandfather? Not all on her own.”

“Nope.”

I

I leaned back in my chair with a sigh of relief that I could tell intrigued him. “If you knew it was all part of a test, why did you end up fighting about it?”

Mason groaned and rocked back for a second. He took another drink before he answered me, and I thought I could spy a hint of red creeping up from his collar. He cut his gaze from mine when he answered.

“After the test, Lanie was....worked up. Which ended up being great, but after...” He coughed into his

fist and didn't say more.

I laughed. "Mason, I know what the four of you get up to. I don't need every last detail, believe me, but you don't have to be embarrassed about it."

He met my eyes. "Why have you always been so nice to me?"

This took me a second to answer. Truthfully, I wasn't not quite sure how to answer him.

"You're my son's brother," I eventually said. "Why by the Moon would I go out of my way to be cruel?"

We both knew all the reasons why I might have found it easier to hate Mason than to be kind. We didn't really need to dissect them. I tried to let him see and feel my acceptance of him in my gaze, until finally, he nodded.

His voice was hoarse when he replied. "Thanks."

"So. The fight?"

Mason grumbled and ran both hands through his hair, standing it on end. He looked very much like my son when he did that...which meant there was more than a passing resemblance to their father.

For the first time in many moons, thinking of Orion didn't immediately churn my stomach. I wasn't sure

I'd

ever be able to find my way totally to forgiveness-he'd never have the chance to ask for it, anyway. But

I could find a way to let my mind help ease the pain he'd caused in my heart.

"After we were finished, Xander cracked some smarta ss comment about being the only Alpha. It really rubbed me the wrong way."

"I can see why," I said. "He's my son, but even I can see that Xander sometimes speaks without fully thinking his words through."

Mason sighed. "He wasn't even saying it to me, or about me. It was a joke that didn't hit, I guess.

Maybe I overreacted. But then, the next thing I knew, we were about to get into a beatdown with each other, and Zane

stepped in to break it up."

"He is your Beta," I said, but it was easy to see that Mason didn't need the reminder.

"We both turned on him.""

"Oh, no." I shook my head. "That's no good at all."

Mason again scraped his hands through his hair. "I don't even know what to do about all of this. I've

even been thinking....I don't even want to say it out loud."

Gently, I patted his shoulder. "Mason, I know I'm not your mother, but...I'd like to be something like a mother to y

o you, if you'd let me. And you should be able to tell your mother anything. Okay?"

His shoulders heaved with a sigh. Whatever was on his mind was weighing heavily. When he finally s

his voice was so soft that I couldn't believe I'd heard him correctly.

"No," I said. "You can't be serious."