

## **His Beta 78**

### Chapter 78

Xander

The tension in the air was so thick it practically choked me.

I was an only child.

That's what I'd thought my whole life.

Mason is your brother.

Why had no one ever told me about him?

"I thought you only had one mate," I finally said, not breaking eye contact with my father.

I was still compelling him. I needed the whole truth.

"He did as far as I knew," my mother answered instead, her voice shaky and her face pale.

Zane's shock radiated through me, mixing with my own like a megawatt jolt to the system.

So this was news to my mother, too.

Good to know I wasn't the only one without a fucking clue that I had a secret brother.

My mother continued. "In our time, Alphas didn't have to participate in mating ceremonies. Orion chose

me, and I chose him. I thought that bond was sacred.”

Her voice broke, and my heart shattered along with

How dare my father keep this from her, from all of us, for all these years?

“Why d

id you do this?” I demanded, my eyes boring into my father’s soul.

“I loved her,” he said plainly. “During the Great Wars, the other side found out I was having an affair.

They threatened me, so I gave in to their demands.”

“That’s enough!”

My mother rushed between my father and me, breaking our gaze.

My father shook his head like he was coming out of a dream.

The compulsion was broken, but the damage had been done.

“You ended the war to save your own ass?!” A cry of anguish tore from her lips. “You allowed us to go

▪

back to our old, disgusting ways...all because you didn’t want anyone to know you’re a cheater?”

I’d never seen my mother come apart like this, and it scared me.

Normally she was the glue that held this pack and our family together, but now that glue was cracking.

“Gabriela, you know what the consequences are for infidelity.”

1/2

Banishment to rogue territory at best. Death at worst.

“Not even Alphas are immune to it,” my father said through gritted teeth. “Did you want me to rip our family apart? Did you want me to leave you alone with a child?”

He gestured at me, and my whole body flamed with raging anger.

“Don’t use me as an excuse!” I roared.

“Don’t talk about things you don’t understand!” he roared back.

Zane’s hands fell heavy on my shoulders, holding me back from pushing past my mother and strangling that lying motherfucker.

I wanted to shake him off, but I knew getting angry would only make my father more defensive.

It was always a vicious cycle with us.

“The negotiations I made to end the war benefitted everyone,” he said, puffing his chest out.

He'd never admit he'd done anything wrong.

He'd never allow his methods to be questioned.

It infuriated me.

“That’s not true, and you know it,” my mother said coldly.

There it was. More cagey mentions of the Great Wars.

T

More things I didn't know, even though I was the f ucking Alpha here.

“What the hell does that mean?” I demanded.

My mother breathed deeply, struggling to keep her wolf at bay.

If she lost control in front of my father, he'd never forgive her.

Even though I now knew he'd done so, so much worse.

.

“It means I trusted your father, and he betrayed me,” my mother said. “How could you love another she-

wolf?” she asked him. “After everything you'd promised me?”

Something about her words stung me, too, but I didn't know why.

I had loved Alice even though it hadn't felt like it at the end, so her dig at my father shouldn't have.

bothered me the way it did.

Zane and I had stayed loyal, hadn't we?

I turned to look at him, and he nodded.

"We did," he said, though I sensed he wasn't totally sure, either.

"Look," my father said, holding up his hands. "I stopped seeing the other she-wolf when the war ended.

When Xander was born."

2/3

Did he want a fucking medal for that?

"Then how the fuck did I end up with a brother?" I asked.

My father's jaw clenched. "I didn't find out until years later. I wondered why she never contacted me

after I left the day of Xander's birth. It turns out she died alone during childbirth that day."

My heart beat wildly.

“She died that same day? The day I was born?”

My father nodded solemnly.

“What time was Mason born?” my mother asked.

The eldest son was the heir to the Alpha title.

It was one of the most basic, longstanding rules of our pack-of any pack, for that matter.

“I don’t know,” my father said. “I’ve tried to find out, but without his mother, it’s impossible.”

“Then that means...” I said, the realization hitting me like a silver dagger to the heart.

“I might not be the true Alpha.”