

His Beta 82

Chapter 82

Katie

I walked up slowly, my heart still pounding.

“Take what’s mine?” What the hell did Mason mean by that?

He and Asher spun around when I approached, and both of them beamed at me like nothing had happened.

The intensity of their gazes and the brightness of their smiles sent a burning blush across my cheeks.

Maybe they weren’t talking about me at all.

I was just being paranoid.

Pregnancy hormones at it again.

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“Looks like you made a friend, too,” Asher said, wiggling his eyebrows. “I knew you’d be fine.”

“Yeah, I guess.” I shrugged. “It’s a lot to take in. I still feel like I have so much to learn about the other packs.”

Mindy had name-dropped the Constantine pack like should be impressed, or at the very least familiar, and now I was curious.

Asher waved off the idea. "Nah, you'll probably never see these people outside of this event."

"Yeah, thankfully they don't f u ck with us rogues too much." Mason threw his arm over my shoulders casually, and butterflies fluttered in my stomach. "So we don't have to worry about getting caught up in their petty drama."

"I guess. But Mindy mentioned her pack... Constantine, I think? I tried to make my voice sound casual.

"Do you know what they're all about?"

Mason's arm stiffened, and I swore Asher's eyes darkened a shade.

But just as quickly they'd both recovered, flirty smirks returning to their faces.

Did I imagine it?

"Wealthy a ss holes," Mason said glibly.

Asher nodded in agreement. "So far up their own a s s es, they think they're the only pack that matters."

"I don't wanna talk about them," Mason said, removing his arm and draining the rest of his drink in one gulp. "I wanna have fun."

A few hours later, the night was finally winding down and the boys were sobering up,

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A lot.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy it, but it was overwhelming too.

These men barely knew me, and I was about to pop out a pup that wasn't theirs...was their flirting

actually

genuine?

They led me outside, my arms hooked through each of theirs.

I tried to chase away my anxious thoughts and just closed my eyes, luxuriating in the feeling of being

wanted.

Suddenly, a lightning bolt of pain shot through my head, and it was like I was transported to a different

time and place.

very powerful.

Two other wolves stood beside me, big and strong and very

Two wolves I'd never seen before...or had I?

When I opened my eyes and saw Mason and Asher standing there instead, it was like my

short-circuited.

brain

My heart stopped, then hammered hard against my chest, causing a wave of nausea to sweep over

me.

Of course they were standing beside me.

Who the hell else would be there?

Gods, was I actually going crazy?

Suddenly, Mason's phone rang, breaking me away from my thoughts.

His arm slid out of mine and when he looked at the caller, his face paled, and his gaze darted to Asher.

"What's wrong?" I asked, already shaken up from my weird vision

Mason shot me a half smile, before starting to back away.

"Just a call Asher and I need to take."

Asher's arms slipped from mine, and suddenly I was standing alone, wondering what the hell had just

happened.

“Hey, Katie!” I whipped around, still on edge, and saw Mindy walking out of the lodge, flanked by two gigantic, meathead wolves.

Those had to be the High Guards she mentioned.

“This is Maxim and Monroe.” She gestured to the identical-looking men.

They nodded, barely smiling.

“Hi,” I said politely.

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Not this s hit again.

Mindy seemed sweet, but she could’ve used a little work on her social cues.

What person wants to hear a stranger tell them multiple times that you look like their dead BFF?

“She does,” Monroe said, looking me up and down with a wary expression.

Or maybe it was Maxim.

Impossible to tell these giants apart.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mason walking back over, but as soon as he caught sight of Maxim and Monroe, his face blanched, then turned an angry red.

What was going on with him?

“Mason, you met Mindy. And this is-”

Mason cut me off, his tone curt.

“Asher’s getting the car ready. It’s time to go.”

He grabbed my hand and pulled me toward him, hard enough that I lurched forward.

We’d only walked a couple of steps before one of the guards called out,

“Mason!”

He froze, his breathing heavy.

We both turned around to face the two men. Their eyes were narrowed in suspicion.

“Haven’t we met before?”