

His Beta 91

Chapter 91

Xander

“Are you gonna tell me why the f uck Mason was at the regional gathering?!”

Zane and I had called my father into the library after Maxim and Monroe dropped their bomb about my brother and his suspicious activities.

talk.”

“Or why he was having discussions with rogue guards?” Zane asked.

My father scoffed and scrubbed a hand down his face.

“How should I know?” His voice was sharp with irritation.

Zane and I shared a suspicious look.

“Seriously?” I flexed my fists.

How s tupid did he think we were?

“When Alice was on her deathbed, she wanted you to deliver a message to Mason. So clearly you two

“This is ridiculous,” my father spat.

“NO!” I roared. “What’s ridiculous is that you’re still hiding things from me even though your bastard son could put our entire pack in danger

Zane came to stand next to me.

Neither of us was letting my father leave until he finally told us the whole fucking truth.

“Tell us the full story,” I commanded, “Or I will compel you to tell me.”

My father’s jaw clenched and his wolf danced in his eyes.

Hunter clawed at my insides, and beside me, Zane’s body seemed to be humming with the effort of keeping Blade at bay.

Two against one.

My father might’ve been the Alpha once, but Zane and I were strong and much younger than he was.

He didn’t stand a chance against the two of us.

“Fine,” he finally said, “I’ve been keeping tabs on Alice for years, assuming the two of you would mate

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with her eventually. If she was going to be our pack’s Luna, I needed to make sure she could be trusted.”

“Let me guess,” I said. “She couldn’t?”

My father shook his head.

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meet with the same guy.

“Mason,” Zane said.

“Yes,” my father answered. “There was something familiar about him. But it wasn’t until I walked into the bar myself one night to get a closer look at him that I realized...he looked just like you, Xander.”

My mouth flooded with saliva and my stomach churned.

“I was planning on investigating him,” my father continued, “but as I was leaving, he headed me off.

And that’s when he told me about the photo he’d found. That’s when he told me he was my son.”

I turned away from my father.

Zane’s hand rested on my shoulder.

“He was a smug motherfucker, Xander. I could tell he’d known for a while. Hell, maybe that’s why he

was

h looking up with Alice in the first place. To get to me.”

I rubbed my temples, trying to loosen the mounting pressure in my head.

“I wanted to tell you, son. But not until I knew what he was planning.”

His voice was softer, and shaky with guilt,

Good. He should feel guilty.

“B ulls hit!” I growled, spinning back around to face him. “You knew Alice was f ucking around on us for years. You could’ve given us a heads-up on that, at least

My father sighed deeply.

“You weren’t mated, Xander. You and Zane were single, as was Alice. As much as it might hurt, she wasn’t f ucking around on you.”

“Cool. Yeah, I guess you’d know, since you’re such an expert in that department.”

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“Shut your f ucking mouth,” my father snarled as his claws shot from his fingertips.

Zane stepped between us, planting his hands on my father’s chest.

My father breathed in deeply, squeezing his eyes shut until his claws retracted again.

At this point, I was ready for a fucking fight.

But if news got out that I'd fucked up my own father, Gregory and Luca's rumors about us being murderers might not sound so crazy after all.

"What about after mating?" Zane said, trying to move us forward. "What about the night Alice was out with you, Orion? You still owe us an explanation for that."

"She was saying goodbye to Maso n," my father said, his eyes still closed. "I went with her so nothing else could happen between them."

"Does that mean the pups aren't his?" I asked.

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"I already told you mating ceremony."

Fuck.

There really was no way to tell.

What the hell were we supposed to do with this information?

The only thing I could think of was to track down Mason.

Right f ucking now.

“We’re going to find Mason,” I said.

Zane looked at me like I was crazy.

“We should wait and see if he does anything else suspicious. He’s a f ucking rogue, we have like ten

times

the power he has.”

“I don’t think you’re going to have a choice soon,” my father said ominously. “If he’s going to act, he will

do it quickly.”

“Then where is he?” I demanded.

“You’ll find him in Stillwood.”