

## His Beta 95

### Chapter 95

Zane

Oh, s hit.

So this was Mason.

Glancing between them, it was easy to tell that he and Xander were brothers.

Mason's hair was longer, and he was rougher around the edges, but anyone could see they were related.

"It's like looking in a mirror," Mason said, taking the words right out of my mouth.

Xander looked like he was going to make some smart-as s comment, but then thought better of it.

He looked Mason up and down.

"This is f ucking scary," he said to me.

"Da mn right, it is."

"Shall we talk outside?" Mason asked.

"After you," Xander said, his voice thick with bitterness.

We followed him onto the main street.

“Let’s cut right to the chase,” Xander said, puffing out his chest. “What the f uck are you trying to do?”

Mason narrowed his eyes at Xander.

“I don’t know what you mean,” he said co olly.

Xander scoffed.

“Sure you don’t,” Xander said, matching his icy tone.

It was scary how alike they sounded, too.

But I could tell Mason was already working Xander up.

His rage was boiling so fast, I felt like my insides were liquifying, too.

“Tm a f ucking Alpha,” Xander said. “You think I can’t kick your a ss up and down this street?”

Mason laughed and Xander’s eyes flashed a dangerous red

I stepped between them.

•

If this turned into a fight, we’d never get any information out of Mason.

“That’s right, Zane. Leash your little dog,” Mason said wickedly.

Oh fuck ma

1/3

“Fuck you, Mason.”

This

guy deserved a beatdown.

Ohhhh, I’m so scared,” Mason said, wiggling his fingers.

Blade was running circles inside me now, clawing at me to be released.

I closed my eyes and breathed in deeply, letting him rise to the surface.

My claws ripped from my knuckles..

Beside me, Xander’s claws were out, too, and his canines glinted in the morning light,

We were starting to draw attention to ourselves.

A crowd of people from the main street had gathered across from the cafe to watch us

“We don’t acknowledge Alphas here,” Mason said, his voice seething with disdain. “Your power has no meaning in Stillwood.”

Sweat broke out along my hairline as I looked around at the growing crowd.

What would happen if we attacked Mason?

Would they all attack us?

It suddenly seemed like we were way out of our depth, confronting Mason in rogue territory.

Fuck

“What do we do?” I asked Zander.

“I’m trying to think,” he said. He clenched his jaw. “There’s so many fucking people around.”

A cold knot formed in my chest.

“Are you just gonna fucking stand there, or are you gonna try to fight me?” Mason asked.

But before we could decide, a woman ran up beside him, a baby swaddled in her arms.

All the air left my lungs.

▪

Her face was creased with worry, her wildly long red-brown hair tumbling down her back.

And her scent....

Gods, I’d never smelled anything like it.

I looked over at Zane.

His nostrils were flaring, too.

Who the fuck was this?

“Mason, what’s going on?” she asked anxiously.

2/3

When our eyes met, it was like the rest of the world fell away.

Blade reared up inside me, pawing and pawing against my chest. I was

to Xander.

He wanted her. Badly.

My back arched uncontrollably.

Blade was forcing me to shift, forcing me to claim this woman.

“She’s mine,” he said.

Hunter was doing the same