

His Beta 160

Chapter 160

Lanie

Mason and I drove down the winding road back to the mansion in silence.

I rested my head against the cool glass and wondered if I'd ever see my family again.

My sister was only a little over a year away from her mating day, the day she'd be sent away and

forced to reproduce, possibly with a disgusting wolf like Orion.

If her vampire powers didn't awaken and put her in mortal peril first. I shivered.

Gods, everything was so upside down, and I had no idea what to do to make it right. I wasn't even

sure going back to the mansion was the best move, but at least there we'd have an Alpha's protection.

Suddenly, Mason veered off the road and pulled onto the shoulder, stopping the car abruptly.

"Should we just fucking run away together?" he asked, his question mirroring the doubts I was already

having

He looked over at me, a determined expression on his face.

"I just want you and Stella to be safe and happy. We can find someplace good and then we can move

Julia and Selena and your dads there, too,” he said.

He leaned in, his lips inches from mine. I closed my eyes, letting him kiss me, letting myself melt away into the fantasy for just a moment.

It was amazing to imagine: the three of us running off somewhere warm and beautiful, finally laying down real roots and then sharing them with my family.

But it wasn’t that simple, and Mason knew it, too.

When I pulled back from him, his eyes were full of sadness.

“I wish we could,” I whispered. “But you know it’s not possible. I don’t want to run. I don’t want to be constantly looking over my shoulder wherever we go. And I know you don’t want that, either.”

Mason nodded solemnly and pulled back onto the road. He had unfinished business at Constantine, just like I did. Hell, his own fucking father was the one responsible for all of this.

And I couldn’t deny that there was something pulling me back to the mansion, something telling me it was where I needed to be. I’d felt it when Gabriela assured me that I could come back one day, and I still felt it now, even though I knew it was dangerous to go there.

The tiniest voice in the back of my head, or maybe it was Lily, piped up. “Your mates are there” But i

shook it away and focused on the road in front of us.

A few minutes later, we were pulling up to the mansion Mason cut the engine but neither of us moved.

Tud at alamus took so cream?" he asked

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"I don't know," I answered, Something about it did feel eerier than usual. It was darker,

Mason let out a deep sigh and reluctantly climbed out of the car, then pulled Stella out of her car seat. I

climbed out after him and watched him set her in her stroller. We were really doing this, I guess.

We walked

up

to the front door and froze. It was open, and the hall beyond it was dark,

"Maybe we should come back in the morning," Mason said.

My heart started to race and my palms were sweating. But I was being ridiculous. Xander and Zane

were in there, where else would they be? And I wasn't afraid of the dark.

"It's fine," I said, pushing open the door.

“Wait,” Mason said. “I’ll go first.”

We crept inside slowly, Stella’s gurgling and our footsteps the only sounds echoing through the mansion.

“Zane?” I called, “Xander? Gabriela?” No answer.

“Is it empty?” Mason asked. But just then, we heard footsteps on the stairs. We moved into the great room to follow them.

Mindy came sprinting in from another room, her eyes wide and wild. She looked fucking terrified.

“They took them all,” she said, “And then they-”

Suddenly, what few lights were left on in the mansion cut off and we were thrust into total darkness.

A scream ripped through the air and footsteps ran frantically.

I waved my hands around trying to make contact with something familiar, and finally landed on an arm that felt like Mason’s. I clung to it tightly.

What felt like minutes later, the lights finally flickered back on. I was holding onto Mason for dear life and Mindy was halfway across the room, squatting with her arms thrown over her head.

She looked up at us, then pointed with a shaking finger at Stella’s stroller.

It was empty.