

His Beta 163

Chapter 163

Xander

"Who are you?" Lasked, trying to make out the figure outside my cell.

Suddenly, they stepped into the light, and my mind went momentarily blank.

"Elder Aldon?" I said shocked.

I heard scrambling on the other side of the wall where Zane was.

"Aldon is here?" he asked with similar disbelief.

"Did you come to spit in our faces, too?" I asked him bitterly. Everyone had turned on us now, and I'd

never really trusted him in the first place.

Aldon held a finger to his lips.

"Keep it down," he whispered harshly. "I've come to get you out of here."

My first instinct was to lean into my relief, to go along with whatever the hell he was doing so we could

escape and see our pups again...see Lanie again.

But this was Aldon. Slimy, skeevey Aldon. He probably had ulterior motives.

“I don’t trust you,” I said,

Aldon arched an eyebrow.

“Do you have any idea what’s going on here Xander? Or what about you, Zane?” he asked, looking

from me to the cell next door

“No, but I’m guessing you do,” Zane’s muffled voice called out.

Aldon crossed his arms and jutted out his pointy chin. “The Council intends to hold you until their grand

plan is executed.”

“What plan?” Zane asked.

Aldon waved him away. “My accomplice will explain in due time. But the execution could take months,

even years. Would you really like to wait here that long?”

I huffed out a sigh. Who the hell was Aldon’s accomplice?

In a perfect world, I would’ve forced him to explain everything right here. But we couldn’t stay locked

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away any longer than we already had. These damn chains were sucking away all my strength and

power, and I needed to talk to Zane mind to mind.

“Fine How exactly will you get us out?” I asked, rattling the chains singeing my wrists

1 swiped this,” Aldon said, waving a set of keys in the air. “The High Guards upstairs are oafish dolts,

but 1/3

Aldon slipped the key into the door and swung it open quietly. He walked over to me and undid the

chains. next. I rose up quickly, but his hand clamped over my arm

“Wait” he said, pulling out a small vial from his pocket. “Your shifter abilities are still dampened by the silver exposure. Take one swallow of this.”

He handed the vial over to me. “It will cast a glamour over you so the guards can’t see you. Be careful, though. They can still hear and feel you.”

I eyed him warily.

“Do it now, while I free Zane,” he instructed. “The guards are on break, so there’s no one keeping watch

outside. We have to do this quickly”

Without thinking too hard, I downed a gulp of the thick liquid. It was either this or we tried and failed to

get past the guards and ended up back in these cells.

The liquid burned as it moved slowly down my throat. It sent bizarre tingle's through my whole body.

I stepped out of the cell, and Aldon snatched the vial out of my hand, passing it to Zane. He winced as

he

drank. Aldon took one small sip, too, and then pocketed the vial.

“That’s all I have, and it may only last a few minutes, Aldon said. “We need to move now.”

Aldon waved us down the hall and through a heavy steel door. The prison was eerily empty. Where

were

the criminals who usually filled the cells?

here.

Zane shot me a worried glance. He was thinking the same thing. Thank the gods we were getting out

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We opened another door into a depressing, windowless room, and suddenly, a handful of guards spun

around and looked right at us. I held my breath, my heart pounding. But then their faces scrunched up

in

confusion.

One of them walked toward us and I had to duck at the last minute so he didn't run into me.

"What the...?" one of the guards asked. "This door f ucked up?"

"Nah, something's up," another guard said. "Someone check downstairs."

Two of the guards rushed downstairs. S hit. They were going to see that our cells were empty.

Suddenly a tiny, high-pitched cry rang out from across the room. The twins were here, too.

One of the other guards clapped his hands over his head. "I can't stand those da mn babies," he

grumbled through gritted teeth. "What's the point of even keeping them alive?"

I took a deep breath, barely holding myself back from snarling and lunging at this disgusting as shole.

Zane looked at me and nodded toward the hall. I knew what that meant: Let's get the babies and get

the

f uck out.

We sprinted into another sad, small room, empty except for our babies in their bassinets. My heart

panged. They looked so sad and scared

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Zane and teach scooped one up while Aldon waited anxiously at the door.

From the other room, we heard one of the guards yell, "They're gone!"

F u c k. We had seconds to leave, if that.

Zane and I held the babies tightly to our chests and ran like we'd never run before.

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Even Aldon, despite his age, sprinted through the hall and out of the door to the prison like a f u c k i n g

madman,

f u c k.

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Aldon suddenly halted "Give me the babies and take off your shirts," he said. I blinked hard. What the

"Quickly." Aldon snapped. The guards will follow the scent trail, I'm going to try and lead them away.

You

keep heading east."

We handed over the pups and we stripped before taking them back quickly and turning to run.

“Be careful” said to Aldon: He’d just saved our lives and the lives of our pups.

He nodded, and then we were sprinting away.

We crashed through the trees and what seemed like ages later, were running up on a black SUV.

And there, standing in front of it, was Lanie. Holding Stella,

A heavy wave of relief pummeled me. I wanted to fall onto the ground and melt into it.

“Get in!” she yelled

But before we could make it to her, one of the guards from the prison stepped out in front of us.

“Oh no, you don’t