

## His Beta 165

### Chapter 165

Lanie

“If we have no idea where we’re going, then why are we all stuffed in this car together?” Xander asked

irritatedly.

I couldn’t help but smirk. He was so annoying sometimes.

I So why had I run up to him and hugged him like that? I was grateful that he’d saved us, yes, but

honestly, I was also just happy to see him and Zane again, and so was Lily. She pranced around like

crazy as soon as they’d come running up to us.

This was going to be fun...

I tried to catch Mason’s eye after the hug, but he would hardly look at me. I didn’t blame him. I knew he

hadn’t been thrilled about returning to the mansion in the first place for this very reason he was worried

I’d run back into Xander and Zane’s arms again.

S hit, that was the first thing I’d done. A hot prickle of shame ran down my neck, and I rubbed it

self-consciously.

Gods, wherever we were going, I hoped it had enough space that Mason and I could be as far away from Xander and Zane as possible. Otherwise, they'd kill each other before the Council even had the chance.

"Because you can trust me," Braden answered. "I have good reason to want Lanie's safety, too, and it's got nothing to do with wanting to get in her pants."

Heat crept to my cheeks. What did that mean?

"Thanks for that, Braden," I snapped.

"If this guy doesn't shut the fuck up, I'm gonna jump up there and make him," Xander mumbled. Mason rolled his eyes next to me.

"Wait" Braden suddenly said, "Where'd Aldon run off to?"

Aldon??

"Oh gods, don't tell me Aldon is your accomplice?" I asked, pinching the bridge of my nose with my

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fingers.

The man who'd been so heartless to me for what he claimed were good reasons. That didn't change

the fact that he'd chained me up and treated me like shit.

"He was trying to throw the Guards off our scent, so he ran away from us," Zane said. "Pretty fucking noble for a senile asshole. Still can't believe he's one of the good guys."

Neither could I. He'd really risked his own neck to break Xander and Zane out of prison and make sure

we

got away safely?

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with hybrids.

They were shocked and horrified, to say the least.

"Aldon's been helping me play both sides and get the information I need to figure out what the fuck Orion is up to," Braden said. "He seems to be the only Elder who actually cares about protecting the lives of she-wolves and hybrids."

I wondered why that was. When every other male Elder seemed obsessed with exercising power over us, why did Aldon want to be a protector?

It suddenly hit me that we were quickly speeding away from Constantine territory, and my heart stopped.

“WAIT!” I cried. Braden skidded to a halt and pulled over. Everyone looked at me with expressions of concern.

“Aren’t we picking up my family first?” I asked desperately. “If Orion’s been using Selena to gather information about me, then she and my mother are in danger.”

Braden twisted around to face me in the back seat.

“I’m keeping an eye on them,” he reassured me, pulling back onto the road. “They’re safer not seeing you. or knowing anything about where you’ve gone.”

“But what if the Guards or the Elders torture them?” asked. The thought was unimaginable.

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“Orion and any Guards will be able to tell whether or not your sister is lying to them,” Braden said.

“They have no reason to hurt her as long as she stays in the dark.”

I swallowed hard, fighting back tears. What could I say? I didn’t want to put my sister through the

torture of having to meet with Orion, but I also couldn't put Stella in more danger. It was an impossible situation.

Plus, leaving them behind meant not seeing them for who knew how long again. And I'd already had to say goodbye to Mindy back at the mansion. I told her to go back to her family's place for the time being and take shelter there, but it was horrible leaving her behind.

It felt like I was constantly pushing away the people loved.

Mason laid his arm over my shoulder, pulling me closer even though we were already packed tightly together in the seat.

I closed my eyes and leaned my head against his chest. When would things be normal again?

Finally, Braden slowed down and pulled off onto a winding dirt path. He came to a stop in front of a tiny cabin tucked far away into the woods.

It looked like it couldn't be more than a couple of rooms. Guess having spaces of our own was wishful thinking...

As we all piled out of the car, I could tell the guys were worrying about the same thing,

"Welcome to my enchanted abode," Braden said. "This is where you'll be hiding out."

“Uhhh how many bedrooms does this place have? Mason asked, cocking an eyebrow. 2/3

“Just the one,” Braden said. “So you’ll have to get creative.”