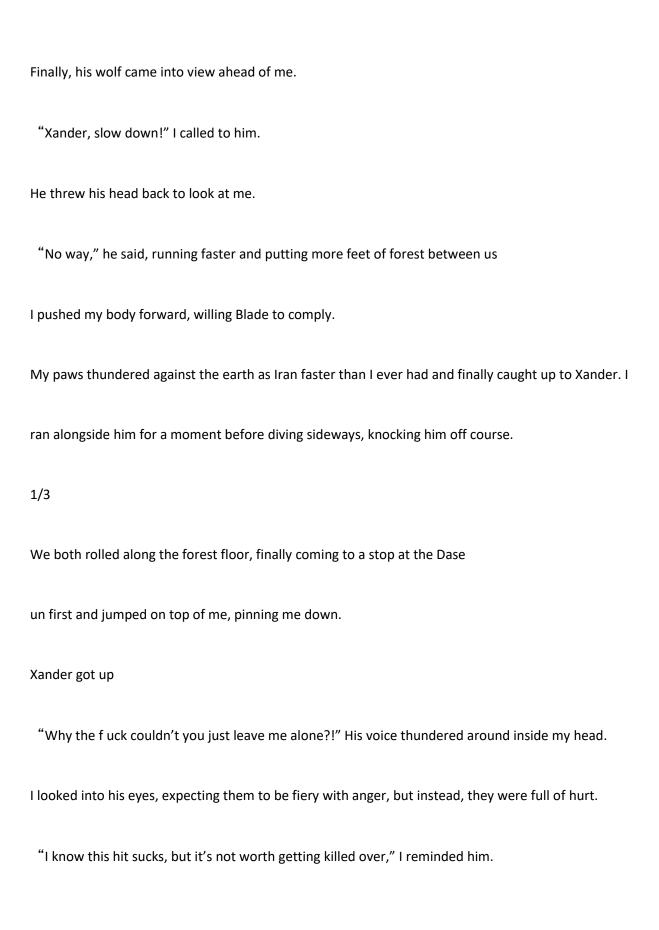
## His Beta 172 Chapter 172 Zane What the f uck was Xander thinking? Realizing Mason had claimed Lainie was like taking a silver dagger in the heart, but running away from the cabin and out of bounds of the protective barrier was plain s tupid. have Iran out after him, Lanie and Mason trailing behind me. "Da mmit!" I yelled when I realized how far he'd run already. His clothes were shredded on the ground. "I to go after him." "NO!" Lanie shouted, "It's too dangerous. What if you're caught? What if you're-?" "He's not going to come back unless I track him down," I said. Xander was stubborn like that. He'd think he found some better place to shelter and then wind up getting







I took a few steps closer to him, only this time he didn't growl. "But we didn't claim her when we had the chance." I hated to admit it, but it was true. "We made our bed, and now we have to lie in it." I stood next to him, so close our fur was almost touching. "We can get through this together," I said, "But not here. Not out in the open like this with no protection, We have to think about our pups," Xander leaned his weight into me. I never felt more connected to him than when we ran as wolves together. Right now, even though we'd just been through hell with Lanie, I felt closer to him than ever. "He's my brother, Zane," Xander said, his voice thick with emotion. "How could he do this?" "It had to be Lanie's decision as much as his," I reminded him. He slumped against me. It was a hard pill to swallow that she still didn't want us like we wanted her. "I don't know how I can live under the same roof with them, Xander said. "We'll figure it out," I said. "But right now, we have to get back to the cabin."

Xander straightened, and without another word, he was running back the way we came
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We were almost back when we heard it.
The sound of running, of something big brushing against the limbs of trees. We were being followed.
"We have company," Lcalled to Xander.
"I know," he said. "We need to move fast and throw them off our trail.
"You think it's the Council?" Lasked.
Xander looked back at me. "Don't know who else it would be"
He veered dramatically east for a few moments, then took another sharp turn, sprinting with insane
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speed. I struggled to keep up with his crazy bobbing and weaving.
Eventually, the sounds of other movements stopped, and Xander corrected his course back to the
cabin.
It came into view only moments later, and I watched as Xander ran the last few yards toward the line of

