

Mated to the Alpha and His Beta Chapter 18

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Xander

The moment I spoke the words, all color drained from Lanie's face.

"What is the meaning of this?!" Aldon shot up and grabbed the banister in front of him, his bony knuckles white and his face twisted into a sneer of disbelief and sheer rage.

"Elder Aldon," I said calmly. I would get nowhere by showing any emotion right now. "I am simply following the laws that were set forth by the High Council."

I held my hand out and made a "come here" motion with my index finger. A member of the High Guard immediately came to my side, holding the book of laws, and I indicated with a nod for him to take it to Aldon.

"I've bookmarked the page, and you may look at the law yourself."

Aldon unpeeled his hands from the railing and snatched the large book away from the guard, scowling as his eyes scanned over the page.

He slammed the book shut and flung it back at the guard, who struggled to catch it without harming any of the pages.

"Do you agree with my assessment of this law?"

Aldon gave a slight nod, and a gasp escaped from Lanie.

"Then my ruling stands. As our assigned mate has proved to be unsatisfactory, and we were unable to claim her, we will be taking a second mate of our choosing."

Aldon's lip twitched as if he wanted to say something, and I met his gaze, raising an eyebrow at him and daring him to do something.

Right now, I had him. He couldn't go against me, because he would be going against laws that he himself helped to write.

God, I loved it when people were the key to their own undoing.

"That's bulls hit and you know it!"

More gasps and tittering from the gallery at Lanie's outburst.

Zane and I had known she'd be upset, but we'd been unable to anticipate what exactly her response would be.

Zane gave a sigh next to me that only I could hear.

"Excuse me, Ms. Stanton?" I turned to her and growled.

Her fingers were twisted into the fabric of the robe at her sides, and defiance, shame, rage, and humiliation.

Her fingers

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flowed in waves off of her.

"You heard me. Your not claiming me is bulls hit. She lifted her chin and set her jaw, and I knew whatever she was about to say next would be..something. "You and Zane claimed me multiple times last night, and there was no indication that anything was 'unsatisfactory', as you so delicately put it."

From the corner of my eye, I saw Alice half-rise from her seat, leaning forward and looking as if she wanted to maul Lanie, if the ferocious gleam in her beautiful blue eyes was any indication.

Oh how I wished I could speak to her the way I could with Zane.

"Yes, we consummated the mating, but we did not claim you. A full claiming only occurs after we have bitten your neck, and you ours. I'm sure you can recall that that act did not occur last night."

I hadn't thought it possible, but Lanie went even more pale.

"But..." Her face was washed in a desperation I'd never seen on another person before. My stomach dropped, my wolf tearing me up inside. Hunter was not happy right now. You're an idiot, you fool, Hunter said to me. A complete idiot, and you're going to regret this.

I ignored him. He was only concerned that I was bringing the attention of the High Council on us by doing this. Right? Right

It had nothing to do with the fact that my heart was twisting and my guts were knotted into a tangled mess as I gazed upon Lanie standing there in her robe, the hurt and humiliation etched on her face like a scarlet letter. And I most certainly didn't want to scoop her up and run to my quarters with her and shield her from this shame she didn't deserve.

That was just my dick thinking right now. And I needed to be thinking with my big head. Not with the little one.

“Be gentle with her, brother,” Zane said.

Lanie’s throat constricted as she swallowed. “Claimings do not always happen on ceremony nights. Many mates take the time to emotionally connect more before they complete the claiming ritual.”

“She has a point... Fuck.” Zane’s tone shifted to frustration tinged with a bit of worry.

“It’s okay. It doesn’t matter.”

“You are correct, Ms. Stanton. But even though many mates elect to wait to complete the claiming process, they still feel the urge to bite their assigned mate when they consummate the match.”

I steeled myself for her reaction to the next words I was going to say.

Hunter knew what I was about to say, and I felt him pawing and pawing and pawing instead of me, begging me not to speak, begging me not to...not to hurt her?

What the fuck?

I threw my shoulders back.

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“Zane nor I felt any desire to bite you to complete the mating. In fact, the thought of biting you was so

unappealing, we left your bed as soon as we could.” I turned to face Alice, and saw the hope on her face. “Instead,

we have felt compelled to bite Alice Fabine, and we will be choosing her as our second mate.”