

His Beta 189

Chapter 189

Xander

Zane and I were splayed out on the couch, dressed now and totally spent from our time with Lanie.

It was incredible how in sync we were, how right everything always felt with her. But now that it was over, the guilt was creeping back in.

We'd had the time of our lives f ucking her while half our family was in mortal peril. How f ucked in the head was that?

I tried to remind myself that we'd had to stay here anyway, that worrying ourselves sick would only have led to us trying something stupid, but still. The fact that we still hadn't heard any news was concerning.

I was just about to stick my head out the door and bother Braden when a crackle sounded from the walkie-talkie. Zane and I both snapped our heads toward it. I snatched it off the side table and held it between us.

Another crackle, and then my mother's voice, barely audible through the static.

"Xander, they're—" Her voice cut out.

I pressed the button to talk. "They're what? What's going on?" I asked.

More static, and then Mom's voice again. "They're coming, Xander. They're coming for you. Get out of there, get away, NOW."

Zane and I locked eyes, my worry reflected in his face

"What the hell?" he said.

I pressed the button again.

"Ma!" I yelled. "Ma, who's coming? Where do we go?"

But there was only silence.

"Fuck!" I yelled and threw the walkie-talkie down.

"She's gotta be talking about Orion," Zane said, his brow furrowed with concern.

But my mother had said "they're coming."

I pressed my palm to my head, trying to think.

Just then, the door flew open, and Braden stepped through. "Everything good in here? I heard yelling."

He glanced from me to Zane. "The bad kind, I should say..

I narrowed my eyes at him. Of course, he had listened in on us earlier.

"No, this is f ucking serious," I snapped.

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it."

Braden shook his head. "You can't leave here," he said.

Yeah, we f ucking knew that.

Braden sn atched up the walkie and spoke into it. "Malachi, are you there?"

There was still silence on the other end.

"I didn't hear Malachi's voice when my mother came through," I told him.

"S hit," Braden cursed. "This isn't good."

"How strong is this protective spell?" Zane asked.

"Pretty da mn strong," Braden said. "But if Orion finds us here, then we're stuck until he can break

through

Fuck. We'd have to leave here eventually. And if Orion found us, he could surround the place Guards and make sure we never escaped.

with High

"What's going on?" Lanie asked sleepily as she walked into the room holding Stella. It was almost a shock. to see her dressed normally, with no blindfold over her eyes.

"We have to leave," Braden said, his gaze distant, like he was lost in thought. "If it turns out Orion's not on our trail, we can always come back."

I knew it wasn't that simple, and so did Lanie by the look on her face. Her eyes were wide and she was chewing her bottom lip.

Braden seemed to shake himself out of whatever daze he was in. "We have to move quickly," he said, already beginning to gather things we'd need to bring with us.

I walked over to Lanie.

"I never really unpacked," she said in a quiet voice. "My suitcase is ready."

We started taking things out of the cabin to the black SUV still parked among the trees. Our eyes shifted every which way as we worked, keeping our wolves close to the surface so we could hear

anyone who

approached.

“We’re ready to go,” I called to Lanie inside. We’d decided she’d come out at the very last second, right

when we were ready to drive away.

She’d barely made it down the front porch steps when we heard the snap of a branch in the woods.

Zane, Braden, and I whipped around. And there, on the other side of the protective border was my

With Mason.

father.

Lanie gasped and a sob ripped from her lips.

Mason looked like he’d been through literal hell. He was beaten, bloodied, and barely standing upright.

His ankles and wrists were tied together with silver chains.

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“Lanie,” Mason wheezed. “Don’t give him anything.”

“Shut up,” my father cried, slapping Mason across the face.

Lanie cried out, tears running down her face.

Regardless of how I felt about Mason, Lanie's pain cut straight through me. My father was a fucking asshole, and he was going to pay.

"I want Lanie and Stella, my father announced. "Come with me, or else."

"Fuck no," I growled. He was insane if he thought I'd ever let him touch Lanie again. I'd die before that happened.

"Fine," my father said. "Then Mason dies."