

His Beta 191

Chapter 191

Zane

The High Guards rushed straight at us, and my heart leaped into my throat.

I spun around to look at Lanie and took her by the shoulders. "Go inside NOW. All the way into the bedroom. Lock every door, Protect Stella."

Her eyes were wide and afraid, but she nodded. And then I leaned down and kissed her. Fast, but hard.

I

"We love you, Lanie," I said as I pulled away. "We're going to get you out of this."

She turned and dashed inside, slamming the door behind her.

"We have to keep the guards from getting inside," I shouted to Xander through our mind link, praying to the gods that he could hear me through the chaos.

I ran down toward the fallen border. The Guards were steps away from crossing over now

"You and Braden take the guards," he said as he shoved one aside. "I'll take my father."

S hit. This was going to get very ugly

I glanced at Braden, who was moving lightning-fast, running from guard to guard, delivering blows before they could blink.

Suddenly, two guards were rushing at me, trying to weave past and into the cabin.

“Hell no you don’t,” I said, ducking to avoid the attack, then rounding on them and swiping my claws across their torsos. They stumbled backward, clutching their sides.

“Zane, look out,” I heard Mason croak from the ground, just before a guard in wolf form jumped me. I rolled out of the way, shifting as I tumbled through the dirt, and landed on all fours.

I growled, and without thinking too hard, I blindly attacked, biting and tearing at the guard’s flesh, only stopping when his body slumped onto the ground.

Could we actually get out of this? Would we have to kill them all?

Xander

“Get out of my fucking way,” my father growled.

I stood between him and the cabin.

All around us, guards were flying, Braden and Zane taking them out as quickly as they could.

Zane and Braden were outnumbered, but they were winning. Could they keep it up?

“No,” I said simply, flashing my claws and my canines. It wasn’t an empty threat. I’d used my power 1/2

But my father was fast, he knew me too well. Without even putting his hands on me, he was dancing

around me, just out of reach of my claws, and before I knew it, he was on the porch throwing open the

door.

I launched myself in after him, slamming the door behind me and jumping him from behind. He threw

me off, his face red and wild with fury. I landed with a floor-shaking crash, and he stood over me,

vibrating with anger.

Fuck, I needed backup. Why did I think I could do this alone?

I kicked at my father, and he snarled as I tried to roll over and push myself up, but he was faster. I’d

underestimated him and how much power he still had.

He was kneeling, and his hands were at my throat before I could stand up again,

“Don’t make me do this,” my father growled. “I’m not here to hurt you.”

“You’re here to steal my mate and my daughter,” I spat. “Obviously, you are trying to hurt me.”

He shook me, his hands tightening around my neck. My vision was starting to blur.

“You don’t understand,” he cried manically. “I’m in too deep. I’ve done too many things, made too many.

mistakes. I can’t go back now.”

For a split second, a wave of sadness overtook me. This was my father, the man who was supposed to protect me. And in his own way, he probably thought he was. But in the end, all he ever did was hurt me.

me?

His grip tightened again, and I felt myself drifting. Was this the end? Was my father really going to kill

But then distantly, I heard a voice. My favorite voice in the world.

“STOP, you’re killing him,” Lanie cried. “I’ll go with you. I’ll do anything.”