

His Beta 193

Chapter 193

Xander

I closed my eyes.

Even after everything that had happened, I didn't want to watch my father die.

I heard the whine of my mother's wolf, and then my father's body going limp.

Then I felt hands on me. Lanie.

"I'm so sorry, Xander," she breathed into my neck as she wrapped her arms around me. I laid my head against her, focusing on her warm, beautiful, familiar smell. I wanted to crawl inside of it and live there forever.

his blood still on

But I opened my eyes and pulled back as Lanie let me go, I glanced once at my father, at his Malachi's

lips, and I pushed my way out of the cabin, needing to know that Xander was okay

His wolf whipped around at the sound of my paws on the steps, and Braden looked up at me, too. They were dirty and panting but seemed to be okay. Mason and Rhiannon were both still lying on the ground,

chained up and dazed.

Thank the fucking gods everyone had made it out of this. Well...everyone except my father.

I looked around while Hunter's ears perked up, both of us on high alert for any more guards. But the

forest looked empty, aside from the handful of men and wolves who were lying on the ground,

unmoving and covered

in blood and dirt

safe"

Zane and I ran to each other, shifting back to our human forms in mid-air

"Where are the other guards?" I asked

"Dead. Or ran off," Zane said, his brow furrowed. "Orion?"

I let out a long, shaky breath. "Dead," I said.

Zane set his hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said, and I knew he meant it.

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I shrugged. "Doesn't matter." It was easier to say that than to let myself feel anything serious. "Lanie's

"Thanks to all of you," Lanie said behind us.

Braden, Zane, and I all looked up at her. They breathed out huge sighs of relief.

“And Stella?” Zane asked.

“Inside with Gabriela.” Lanie smiled ever so slightly. It was a welcome sight.

She walked over to us and handed us each a towel. We slung them around our waists, even though I

wished I could’ve just scooped Lanie up and taken her straight to the bedroom.

hands out and the chains holding him snapped like they were made of string.

His eyes flew open, and they were glowing an otherworldly gold.

He let out a great snarl and snapped the chains around his ankles.

And then he lunged.