

## **His Beta 197**

### Chapter 197

Xander

“Where?” I demanded.

“The hybrid testing facility,” my mother said, a worried look on her face. “If the Council knows Orion has been killed, then the first thing they’re going to do is rush to build their hybrid army so they can win the next war. No more treaties and hiding; they want the shifters to reign supreme.”

“F uck,” I muttered under my breath. “How do we get there?”

“We need Rhiannon,” Gabriela said.

All eyes went straight to Rhiannon, still bound by chains that couldn’t be broken with magic.

“Hell no,” she said. “Cut me free and let me go hide. I’m not gonna be accused of taking sides in the next war. I’m not gonna be the reason all of us witches are wiped out for good.”

I didn’t understand why we even needed her. She was volatile and powerful, she’s the reason the protective spell was broken, How could we trust her?

“Why can’t 70

and I just sneak into the facility and grab them ourselves?" I asked impatiently. We were wasting precious time with all this complicated coordination. "We already did it once at the prison with Aldon's potion."

"That was the last of it," my mother said. "And even if it wasn't, they'd be expecting it now. Plus, it's unpredictable-if the glamour faded too soon, you'd be exposed and killed in seconds."

She turned to Rhiannon. "But if Rhiannon can give us a transmogrifying potion..that's another story."

"I'm sorry...a what potion?" Lanie asked. She sounded about as impatient as I felt. This plan was growing more complicated by the minute.

"It transforms the drinker into someone else entirely, my mother explained. "Like hiding in plain sight. If one of us can transform into one of the guards at the facility, that's the surest way of getting in and rescuing the twins."

"Fine, then I'll do it," I volunteered, stepping forward,

Rhiannon laughed mirthlessly. "I'm not sticking around and risking my neck to make a potion for the same dogs who destroyed my supply storage," she sneered. "I told you I'm not taking sides in this war.

I'll

never do that again."

She glanced at my mother, and a strained look passed between them. I still didn't know everything that

had happened in the first Great Wars, only that everything I'd been told was a lie.

"Then make it for me," Lanie said. "I'm a hybrid-so you wouldn't technically be taking sides, would

you?"

Rhiannon rolled her eyes. "You're reaching," she said,

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If the potion fails, you will be doing just that. And if it succeeds, we set you free, and you can run as far

away from this as you want. It's a win-win."

Rhiannon clenched her jaw, refusing to answer, I could see the fear in Lanie's eyes at the idea of going

in there, but she didn't argue.

"We're trying to be respectful here, Rhiannon," my mother continued, "but you're still tied up at the

scene of the crime. If you want to be cut free, then do this one last thing for us."

I cocked my eyebrow at my mother, impressed. Her top-notch Luna skills were jumping out once again. I didn't see how Rhiannon could argue with that logic.

"Fine," Rhiannon spat. "But only if Lanie agrees to be the one to take the potion. She's my insurance."

Lanie stood frozen and silent for a moment before nodding. "Sure. I'll do it," she said.

I felt a low growl building in my chest, but my head turned at the sound of more growling to r Mason was standing there, fists clenched, looking just as furious as I was.

my

left

Rhiannon was making it sound like taking the potion and waltzing into the facility was the easiest thing in the world and not extremely f ucking scary and dangerous for Lanie. But before I could open my mouth to protest, Rhiannon jumped in again.

"And before any of you big bad wolves argue with me about your precious Lanie going into the lion's den," she said, "I won't budge on this. So if you want your pups back, I'd stay quiet and agree to my terms."

None of us said a word.

“That’s what I thought,” Rhiannon said. “I’ll need at least twenty-four hours to brew the potion,” she said.

We all let out frustrated sighs.

F uck. More time wasted. How many tests could the Council perform on the twins in that time? How much pain would they be in?

“Then we need a place to hide in the meantime,” Mason said.

Just then, Zane walked out from the cabin carrying an empty gas can. “Everyone get in the car,” he said, holding up a match. “I’m gonna light this, and then we run.”

We all piled into the SUV and watched as Zane threw the match and dove inside, too, the cabin exploding in orange flames behind him,

“GO!” he screamed to my mother in the driver’s seat. We peeled off, silent for a few minutes as we sped through the forest and out onto the mountain road.

“Where are we going to brew the potion?” Zane finally asked.

“We need somewhere close by where the Council isn’t breathing down everyone’s necks,” Gabriela

said. "Rogue territory is our best bet."

Mason sighed in the backseat.

"Then I guess we're going back to Stillwood"