

His Beta 209

Chapter 209

Lanie

Running with two babies strapped to my chest and feet four sizes bigger than I was used to was harder than I'd thought it would be. I caught myself as I stumbled, muttering a curse, and my heart pounded at the thought of what would happen if I dropped the twins.

My shoulder hit the wall, and I spun in a half-circle. Alaina shifted against my chest, letting out a muffled yelp.

"Shh, shh," I soothed. If she started crying, this was going to get that much harder.

Light shone into the corridor that didn't look like it came from overhead fluorescents, and when I turned the corner, I let out a small yelp of my own at the sight of a door to the outside. I mumbled more thanks to all the gods above. Nobody was standing guard. I ran for it. I was never going to make it through the front

door without getting caught.

I wasn't going to get out this door, either.

Just as I passed one of the many closed doors lining the corridor, one flew open. A guard came out,

looking as startled as I felt when I screamed. Philips's mouth let out a high-pitched and shrill shriek that

would've had me busting into hysterical laughter under any other circumstances.

The guard reeled back for a moment before getting himself under control. "The f uck?"

"Out of my way!" I shouted with as much authority as I could. "There's been a breach in security! You

gotta get...f uck!"

I kicked the door shut in his face. From behind it came a shout, but I didn't stop. I kept running toward

thé

door, and freedom. Behind me, I heard half a dozen voices and the heavy clomp of boots as more

guards spilled out of the doorway. Shouting like thunder. The floor, rumbling.

"They found me," I sent to Zane. "Where are you? I need you!"

I did my best to send him a mental picture of where I'd be exiting the building, but I couldn't tell if he

would understand. Against my chest, the babies screamed and wriggled in the sling. My arms ached

from holding them both up, my shoulder hurt from hitting it against the wall, and I was only steps ahead

of the

other guards.

“Philips, what the fuck are you doing?”

“Breach!” I shouted over my shoulder. “The coup! They’re coming! You need to get to the armory!”

I had no fucking clue what I was saying, but the raised voices told me they were all confused. When I

was just a few feet from the door, alarms started drowning out the screaming infants.

My heart seized. Sheer terror threatened to overtake me, but there was no way I was going to let any

one of those motherfuckers catch me and take away the twins again. I’d fight them all to death if I had

to.

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I didn’t have time to think about that feeling, because the guards behind me weren’t going to stop.

Wheezing, doing my best to haul Philips’s big body, I kept heading for that door.

“Zane, please! I’m almost to the door! Where are you?”

“...edge of the fence...cut a hole...”

His voice broke up but gave me fresh determination. I flew out the door, banging it open so hard it

bounced off the wall and came back, almost knocking me over, I staggered, holding the babies tight

with one

arm while the other grabbed the railing to the short flight of concrete steps.

From behind me, a voice shouted, “No, idiot! Don’t shoot him! he’s got those kids with him!”

I didn’t dare close my eyes, even though I wanted to freeze, tense with expecting to feel a bullet

between

my shoulder blades. I leaped off the steps, hitting the pavement beyond and rolling my ankle. I went to

one

knee, shredding Philips’s uniform pants, but I kept the babies safe against me.

I could see the fence in the distance. There were a few vehicles between me and it. The alarms blared.

Other doors were opening with more guards appearing.

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All I could do was run as fast as I could. My legs pumped. My breath seared my throat, sharp as thorns,

and I was sure my next step would be my last.

I had to keep my feet. Had to keep running. I had to make it to that fence.

“I see you!” Zane said through the mind link. “Keep coming, love! I’m here!”

“They’re right behind me! They’re going to catch us!”

More than words came through the link. Zane’s strength, his love, support and confidence in me all

urged me to run faster. I could see the hole in the fence, a familiar shape just beyond. Searchlights

swept the area as I reached the chain links, and Zane’s strong hands grabbed me by the front of

Philips’s jacket. He pulled me

through.

Wheezing and gasping, I almost fell, but he caught me. He would always catch me, I thought a little

deliriously as Zane stepped between me and the fence.

He held up a leather pouch and tugged open the top. He pulled out a handful of dust and blew it into

the

air all around us.

The babies went instantly, eerily silent.

Everything. I realized, was quiet.

“What the f uck?” I managed to say as four guards made it to the fence and pushed through the hole...

and kept on running right past us as though we didn't even exist.