

His Beta 211

Chapter 211

Xander

I smelled them before I saw them.

I'd been standing on the front porch of Lanie's cottage, a mug of coffee in one hand that I wasn't drinking. The urge to shift and run as my wolf all the way through the woods to find them both had been almost overpowering me. The only reason I hadn't was because I was an Alpha, dammit, and I had more self-control than that.

The first moment I scented them, though, I dropped the mug. I didn't even care about the hot coffee splashing on the way to the ground. I jumped down the few small steps and took off across the small patch of grass, heading for the trees.

Lanie had baby Alaina strapped to her chest. Next to them, Zane carried Isaac. I had them both in arms, squeezing, before I said a word. I didn't think I could speak, actually. All I wanted to do was make sure

they were all okay.

“Whoa, there,” Zane said into my ear. “We’re okay. We’re all fine. Xander, you have to let go...

But I couldn’t. The thought of losing them. My mate, and the man I also loved, and our pups... Only

when

Isaac let out a mewling squeal did I ease off, but I kept my hands on both Lanie and Zane.

“We’re fine,” Zane reassured me again through the mind link.

From behind us, I heard a rough growl. In the next minute, I was jostled out of the way as Mason pulled

Lanie into his arms and then turned to Zane with his eyes flashing. He held out his arms.

“My pup,” Mason said, adding after a second, in a lower voice full of gravel, “Please.”

He and Zane shared a look, and Zane handed over the baby. Mason cradled his pup to his chest and

pulled Lanie close to him again with his other arm.

Then we were all hugging, four adults and two fussing infants, and Lanie was weeping happy tears.

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Zane’s arm went around my waist. Mason and I were hip to hip, and I didn’t even want to punch him.

“We need to get these babies inside and cleaned up. Fed,” Lanie said in a voice hoarse with tears

still

streaming down her cheeks.

Her eyelids fluttered, and I sensed her stagger before I actually saw her knees start to buckle. Moving

as one unit, coordinated as warriors on a strike, Zane scooped Alaina out of her arms, and I caught

Lanie as she

started to topple over.

She nestled against my chest. She smelled disgusting, like sweaty male human, but I didn't fucking

care

She was home.

My mother waited on the porch, her anxiety palpable.

"You two," she barked, pointing at Mason and Zane. "Get those babies fed. They're famished. Xander,

you

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It had been a long time since I took orders from my mother, but we all did exactly as she told us. In the

tiny bedroom, I laid Lanie gently on the bed. She was clearly fighting unconsciousness, and she clung

to me as

I sat next to her

right.

“The twins...”

“They’re with Zane and Mason. Their fathers.” The word slipped out of me before I could stop it, but it

felt

Lanie let out a gasp of relief and shuddered against me. “Oh, Xander, I was so scared!”

“You’re here now, I won’t let anything happen to you. None of us will,” I whispered fiercely and pressed

my

forehead to hers.

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When her mouth met mine, wide open and eager, it was all I could do not to strip us both naked and

take

her then and there. This wasn't the time, though. Carefully, I pulled away from her to cup the back of her neck

and look into her eyes.

"You need to rest until you feel strong enough to take a hot bath. I'll bring you some water," I told her.

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From outside the bedroom, a baby's wail rose.

"Stella!" Lanie gasped and struggled against me while I held her back. At last, she fell onto the pillows with a gasping sigh. "Xander, I want my daughter."

"I'll bring her to you," I promised, "First, you have to relax. Let us take care of you."

A small smile quirked the corners of her lips. Her eyes were shadowed with exhaustion, but damn, she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. The only one I could ever want again.

A soft knock at the doorway turned me to see my mother holding a basin. "You leave this poor woman alone, Xander. I'll help her get cleaned up. Go you have someone else to take care of too. Several someones,

I'd say."

Heat slithered through me as I stood, my hand lingering in Lanie's. She squeezed my fingers and gave me a smile, a stronger one this time.

"Go," she said with a knowing glint in her eye

I knew better than to argue with either of these women. In the doorway, I paused to look across the living

room to where the two other men hovered over the babies in their bassinets.

"Zane," I said.