

His Beta 228

Chapter 228

Lanie

“No,” I said at once. “Her baby will be half wolf. She wouldn’t do that. She’ll be its mother! And

mothers...

don’t...”

I had to get up and run to the sink to splash my face with cold water at the thought of any mother using

her child, its blood, for any reasons, much less as part of a war.

she?”

“She wouldn’t use her baby to make a spell,” I muttered into my wet hands, my voice muffled. “How

could?”

“Because she’s a witch, and you can’t fucking trust any of them,” Xander gritted out.

“A witch who already said she didn’t want to take sides,” Zane pointed out.

“Sure. She won’t take sides.” Gabriela’s laughter sounded like coins rattling in a jar, breaking the glass.

“How easy was it for Lanie to convince her otherwise? And she agreed to help Zane in exchange for

getting something she wanted. She'll do whatever it takes to get whatever she wants, and it looks like

Zane's going to

hand it right to her."

"I didn't know she could do anything like that," Zane said, his tone rocky and rough.

Mason spoke up. "It sounds like nobody really knows s hit about anything.

I

man."

Zane turned on his heel and left the kitchen. When I tried to go after him, Xander's firm grip on my wrist

held me back.

"Let him go for now," he said. "I know him better than any of you, and he needs to get his head on

straight

about all of this."

His mother shook her head. "Unfortunately, if in fact he did make a vow to her, it's not as easy as

breaking a promise. Before Rhiannon would've agreed to give him anything, she'd have done some

kind of binding to him. Whether he knew it or not at the time, whatever Zane promised her is now

bound by deep magic. To break

that vow..."

When she didn't finish, I splashed my face again and then took a long, deep drink.

Xander handed me a dishtowel to dry my face, and then pulled me close. He kissed my damp

forehead, and I let myself lean against him, taking strength. Alpha and Luna, two sides to a coin, the

completion of a puzzle with two pieces. We were not the only two in the room, but in that moment, we

might as well have been.

"I need you," he growled through the mind link. "You and me, my Luna. We need to run and hunt. I just

need some time with you, and only you."

"Soon. I promise. I want that, too."

Not for the first time, I had to ask myself exactly how all of this was supposed to work. A Luna to an

Alpha, mated to him and his Beta, and also another Alpha. Would we ever have the chance to just

settle in?

1/2

“How can we stop another war?” I couldn’t stop myself

Xander’s brood, strong chest for a second until he captured my wrists and held me close. I stopped

struggling

Gabriela didn’t move from her spot at the table. “None of us can stop a war. The best we can do is get ready for it. Find out what we can.”

“We can’t let her have a hybrid baby.” Xander’s tone was no-nonsense and commanding, and it sent a thrill of pride all through me.

His mother sighed. “I already told you, Zane is likely bound to that promise. He won’t be able to break it without dire consequences, probably physical. Certainly irreversible.”

“He can’t guarantee he’ll impregnate her!” Mason took a step away from the counter to face Gabriela.

“Asking him to vow that, no matter the spell that binds him, can’t be legit. I don’t care what magic she uses Bodies don’t work that way. He can’t promise to actually make a baby”

“He can’t refuse to try,” Gabriela shot back at him. “And so long as he’s trying to, I’ll guess there’s a very good chance he will succeed.”

All of this was worse even than I’d imagined. I sent my mind to touch Zane’s. His pain and shame and

anger were overwhelming, even through the link. He needed us.

“Come back to us, love,” I urged.

Xander approached his mother. “So, what are we supposed to do? If he tells her he’s going back on his word, what will happen? She’ll cut off his d ick, or what?”

“Binding spells are personalized. I can’t say what it is she’d do, only that I know Rhiannon, and she’d have made it foolproof.”

“Could another witch help?” I asked.

She shook her head. “That is a box of trouble I have no intentions of opening, Lanie. Involving another of her kind would backfire”

“So what do we do?” Mason asked.

Gabriela stood up from the table. “I need to think about this and do some research. I’ll have to let you know what I find out. In the meantime, let’s just hope she’s not ovulating for at least a week or two.”