

## His Beta 232

### Chapter 232

Xander

Something was wrong with my mate, and there wasn't sh it I could do about it. That pi ssed me off-and that made everyone else in the cottage on edge. The babies were practically inconsolable, which only made it all worse.

Zane had firmly suggested I go outside to keep the babies from being agitated, and Mason had agreed with such force I found myself on the front porch with my fists clenched, hating them both. I had to begrudgingly admit they were right to get me out of the cottage, though. Being cooped up inside wasn't helping.

"You need to go for another run or something," my mother said, irritated, as I paced the front porch. "

nor I

off some of this angry energy, Xander. It's not good for you or for anyone else."

"What's she doing in there?" I stabbed a finger toward the front door of the cottage.

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Lanie had been hiding out in the bedroom since Mason and I came in from the grill last night. She'd

accepted a tray of dinner, but then shut the door right in my face. It had been hours without a peep from

her, and any time I tried her through the mind link, all she said was "I need some time."

"I don't know what she's doing, but whatever it is, you need to back off," my mother said sharply. "By

the Goddess, being the Alpha doesn't give you permission to run roughshod over your Luna just

because you've

got an itch to scratch,"

My lip curled at that. "Ma, this isn't about that. Not that I want to discuss that with you."

"I was the Luna for a long, long time, and believe me, there were plenty of times when I needed your

father to back off so I could simply have a few minutes to breathe. You have a lot of responsibility as

the Alpha." My mother shook her finger at me. "And you have a Beta to help you. You have a Luna. But

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who does the Luna have? Give her the time she needs. Goddess knows, it'll be soon enough that none

of us have the luxury of

taking a few hours alone.”

Zane opened the front door. “The kids are all quiet. Mason and I are going to play a few hands of cards.

You want in?”

I wouldn’t be able to concentrate on a game right now, and I didn’t even need to say so. Zane nodded

and

went back inside. I returned to my pacing.

“If you don’t stop, I swear by the moon, I’ll take you down myself!” my mother growled.

I leaned against the railing and looked out across the yard. “You haven’t been able to come up with

anything, have you?”

“If I had, you’d know. But no. None of my resources have been able to give me a definitive answer

about

the ways to break a witch’s vow binding spell, especially since we can’t be sure exactly what she used.

At least

not without asking her, and I highly doubt she’d be willing to tell us.” My mother chuckled without much

humor. "As for what she'd be able to do with a hybrid witch-wolf child..I'm trying to be very careful who and how I ask."

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I turned to face her. "Can't we just kill her?"

"Oh, Xander."

"I'm serious, Ma." My voice dropped. "When Malachi killed Dad, he broke the treaty. There's no reason

for us not to just take her out since everything is f ucked anyways."

My mother flinched, her expression getting as dark as a summer thunderstorm. "I've always hoped you had more of me than your father inside you. I guess I was wrong."

I guess it didn't matter how old you ever got, or how much power you could control. When your mother looked disappointed in you, it royally sucked.

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"I'm not my father," I told her. "But I will do what I have to in order to protect my pack and my mates."

"Killing Rhiannon would cause far more trouble than we can hopefully prevent." She shook her head if

the treaty is already broken. Which is something I never thought I would see in my lifetime.”

I settled into the wicker chair across from her. I’d learned so much about my mother and father and 1 roles they’d played in what the High Council had done, but it felt like there was still so much that had been kept secret from us all. Now war was coming, and all I could think about was what I could do to stop it.

“Lanie,” I heard Zane say through the link.

Mason joined in. “She’s out of her room.”

When I leaped to my feet, my mother jumped to hers, immediately wary and ready to fight. She spun toward the trees, then back to face me.

“What? What’s going on?”

“Xander,” Lanie murmured through the link. “You and your mother should come in here. I have something to share with both of you.”