

His Beta 253

Chapter 253

Lanie

“Wait!” Quinn cried. “You can’t just run off like that! What’s wrong, Lanie? You look like you’ve seen a ghost!”

The urge to crack a joke rose to my lips. A ghost? More like a vampire, a witch, and a werewolf walked into a bar. I shook my head with a burst of nervous laughter that hurt my throat.

The feeling of desperation and that something was very wrong at home was only getting worse. I could tell Quinn was worried for me. I felt like I probably looked like shit.

“You went the color of that milk,” she said, pointing to the bottle on the table next to us. “Are you going to pass out? Take a breath. Do you need something cold to drink?”

I breathed slowly. “I’m okay. I think maybe something I ate disagreed with me. I should really just get going.

I could tell she did not believe me. “I wish you wouldn’t just run off again, I want to hear more about

Stella. I miss her. I could go home with you. We could hang out longer?”

“I really don’t feel good, Quinn. I’m sorry. It’s my stomach.” I wasn’t lying. I really did feel like I might puke right there, but I knew it had nothing to do with anything I’d eaten.

Something was very wrong at home. I had to get there right away. I couldn’t tell if it was real danger, or something simpler than that, but whatever it was, my stomach churned and twisted and chill dripping

down my spine. Then heat flashed over me. I had to grit my jaws to keep my teeth

eat was

tering

Quinn frowned. “Yeah, you really don’t look very good at all. Are you going to be able to could take you.”

“No, I’m okay to drive. I really just need some fresh air. I’m sorry to rush out on you. Let’s get soon, okay?” Without waiting for an answer, I pushed away from the table and hurried out the front coffee shop

Wildly, I searched for the car. I couldn’t remember where I’d parked it. On the street? In the lot? My ni was whirling as fever waves of hot and cold ripped through me over and over. My legs were shaking.

“Hey, Katie Lanie, wait a second!” Quinn had followed me out of the coffee shop. I’m having a birthday party on Saturday, and I’d love it if you came. Bring Stella, Umm bring Mason, too. And I guess bring Xander and Zane. I’d really like to get the chance to get to know them. And don’t worry about Asher, he’ll get over it all. Say you’ll be there?”

I spotted my car in the lot by the book store I turned, doing my best not to show how sick I was really feeling I even managed a smile. “That sounds awesome of course I’ll be there. I can’t promise everyone else will come, but I’ll bring Stella. What time?”

“Starts at three. You don’t have to let me know if you’re all coming or anything. There will be plenty of

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town is enough of a present. Oh, Goddess, I’m so happy to see that you’re doing okay!”

Before I could stop her, she had me in a long, hard hug that I had to return, I closed my eyes for

a few seconds, taking in strength from the force of her friendship. Strangely, I felt steadier when we stepped apart.

Quinn, on the other hand, frowned and looked a little confused. She blinked rapidly before focusing on

me. Her smile returned. "Yeah, so see you Saturday. You sure you don't need a ride home?"

"No, I'm fine." I was. The feverish chills had faded, and the churning in my stomach now felt more like a hunger rumble than nausea. My clothes were damp from sweat, but my legs were steady. "I'll see you."

"Bye!"

She waved, and I shot a wave over my shoulder as I hurried to my car. I didn't bother calling home on the way, just drove as fast as I dared without risking ending up in a ditch. I pulled up the drive and threw the car in park in front of the house. I took the porch steps two at a time and burst through the front door.

Everyone was in the living room. They all turned toward me with matching startled looks.

I scanned them for anything that looked out of the ordinary. I scented the air.

Fresh water. Pine needles. Sweat. Xander and Zane had been running. Carrot cake? My stomach rumbled.

"I came home as soon as I felt it," I told them. "Something is wrong."

"But how...?" Zane started.

Xander took a step toward me. "Don't get freaked out..."

“By what?” I cried. “Tell me!”

t’s Stellarak

said quietly. “She’s talking.”