

His Beta 28

Chapter 28

Lanie

I still couldn't process what had happened yesterday and the bullets hit that had spewed from Xander's

mouth about my helping to take care of their demon spawn with Alice.

Over my dead body.

Literally.

Before yesterday, all I'd been thinking about was doing whatever I needed to do to protect my parents

and my sister, but

those thoughts were long gone. Now wasn't the time to be self-sacrificing for others.

Now was the time to figure out a way to escape this utter madness.

I

And I was going to start by meeting with Braden this morning

I

If vampires had been kept from us, what else had been kept from us? I was pretty sure the High

Council was behind it-they

were behind everything. And since so much of our history was lost in the Great Wars, it would have

been fairly easy for them to

create whatever narrative they wanted.

Apparently, that new narrative left out some pretty interesting things.

I hated thinking that we'd been lied to, but I'd laid up all night thinking about the eight million things that

had just happened. and I couldn't come up with another reason why none of us would know anything

about vampires.

Or did they?

Did only certain people know? Did my parents know? What about Xander and Zane?

The more I thought about it and all of the possibilities, the more my head spun, and I couldn't let myself

sink into the

quicksand of what-ifs.

What-ifs didn't do anything but make you doubt everything and everyone, and I didn't want to start

viewing everyone I knew

as some sort of deceptive accomplice.

If they were, I'd deal with that later.

For right now, I just needed to talk to Braden again to learn more about the chunks of our history that

had been left out of

what we were taught.

Something told me I could trust him, that he was one of the only people I could trust right now. Hell,

maybe he was the only

person I could trust. Now, I didn't even have Lanie, because her mates would be able to read her

thoughts. Even if she didn't want

to betray me, she would

This sucked.

Braden and I hadn't set up a specific place to meet, but I assumed going back to where we'd met would

be the best bet.

Plus, since we could scent each other out, I was sure we'd find each other. This time, I didn't shift to get

there, and instead walked. So, ya know, I'd have clothes on during today's rendezvous and still be able

to scent him, but just not as strongly as if Lily were in control

Before I could see the lake, I could smell Braden. Was it that I was looking for it? Or that his smell was

more potent than I'd realized before?

1/2

Regardless of the whys and hows, the scent caused immediate desire to shoot through my body,

settling between my legs. Could he smell me, too? Did my scent affect him the way his scent affected

me?

I hoped so. Now that I'd had sex, I wanted more of it.

And since I wasn't going to be getting it from my "mates", maybe Braden was an option.

There were n

no viable options for me among my own kind, that was for sure.

Even if there were someone I was attracted to or someone who was available, no one would touch me

with a ten-foot pole. I was completely off-limits for them even though Xander had said I was free to

“have fun” as he put it, so long as I didn’t get

knocked up with bastard pups.

But who the hell was going to dare to touch the cast-off mate of the Alpha and the Beta?

No one, that’s who.

“There you are.” Braden stepped in front of me.

I’d been so lost in my thoughts and the scent of him that I hadn’t even seen him.

“Hi” I said, a bit more shyly than I intended.

“I’m glad you came. I was worried I might have scared you off with, you know, my whole existence.” He

waved a hand up and down his body, a boyish, lopsided grin spreading across his face.

His very attractive face.

I blinked

Then blinked again.

Fuck, all I could think about was his very attractive face buried between my legs like Zane’s had been.

This was no good.

I

I needed to get my s hit together and focus on why I was really here.

He tilted his head, a lock of dark hair falling over his forehead, and I had to fight the urge to reach up and brush it back.

“I brought a blanket with me” Braden turned and started walking away from me, and da mn his a ss looked good in his jeans. He was wearing pretty much the same thing he’d been wearing yesterday, and I wondered if he had some sort of lumberjack

fetish

I sure as hell might now.

At the edge of the tree line, overlooking the lack, he’d spread a large, thick, red blanket, even taking the time to weigh down each corner with a large rock. He gestured for me to sit, and I lowered myself, folding my legs beneath me and hugging my oversize black cardigan around me a bit tighter, even though I wasn’t remotely cold.

He sat down across from me, spreading his legs out in front of him and leaning back on his elbows.

“So, where do you want to begin?”