

## His Beta 358

### Chapter 358

Lanie

One by one, each of my three mates left me. Three times, the door slammed hard enough to rattle the pictures on the walls. On the last slam, a flower vase on the dresser actually vibrated right off and onto the floor. And then I was alone in our giant bed, wondering what the f uck had just happened.

I swiped my tears away. Even me crying hadn't stopped them from abandoning me. And why had they all been so angry in the first place? We'd all made love....and it had been fierce and wonderful and unlike anything we'd ever done.

I thought it had brought us together, but it seemed like it had only shoved us all entirely apart.

Was that my fault? I asked myself that question as I cleaned up the shattered vase. It was a

as broken as

my heart was trying to be. Would I have to toss my relationships into the trash the way I was throwing away this broken glass?

cold cloth

Determined not to let myself fall into despair, I went to the bathroom and washed my face. I pressed a cold cloth to my eyes to soften the swelling from my tears. Emotions that had been so high were fading now.

Tentatively, I tried to see if I could sense where they were. Zane had let his wolf out and was running.

Xander's aura felt like he was working out hard. The gym, maybe, or the training field. For Mason, I could only sense voices, maybe music.

The farther away my mates got in distance, the less upset I seemed to be feeling.

Something about that seemed like it should be important, but even though I wracked my brain, I couldn't put my finger on why. The best I could come up with was that I'd been filled with aggression after being a to compel Greyson, and that had manifested itself in my need for food and fucking. Lust was an aggressive emotion, and I'd spent it with my mates by taking control of our sex play in a way I'd never really done

Being in charge, commanding all three of them and having them obey...all of that had left me deliciously empty of anything but satisfaction. But somehow, had my aggressiveness transferred to Xander, Zane, or Mason? Was that why Mason had been so quick to jump down Xander's throat about a comment

that had been clearly meant to tease me, not to insult him? And then, they'd both turned on poor Zane,

who'd only been trying to be the Beta they needed.

"Damn it," I said aloud to my reflection.

If I'd known that bossing them around in the bedroom was going to lead to this, I would have....

I would have still done it, I realized with a frown.

It's not even like I'd just wanted to take charge for giggles or a way to spice things up. It had been a

raw,

insistent need inside me that I doubted I could've ignored.

What a mess.

I was going to have to consult with my grandfather and Charlotte about this. A sinking feeling told me

anyone to experience things just this way before."

"Story of my life," I muttered to myself as I started the shower water as hot as it would go.

If my mates were going to be gone for a while, I was going to take advantage of being alone in the

bathroom and having some time all to myself. As I let the water pound my neck and shoulders, I

became aware of how sore my muscles were. I ran my hands up and down my arms, but there were no bruises

anywhere on me. Every ache was internal...like I'd run a marathon or climbed a mountain.

This was from more than the vigorous fucking we'd done. A lot of the tension and aching centered at the base of my skull, kind of like a headache but also...not. Gingerly, I probed the area with my fingertips, but although they slipped on my wet skin, I couldn't feel anything abnormal.

The pain tingled a bit, upward from the base of my skull and outward, around my head to curve behind my eyeballs. I blinked and tipped my head back to let the shower spray over my face. I could see just fine, so that wasn't a concern. And the pain was fading even as I tried to concentrate on it

At least the pain in my head was. The pain in my heart still throbbed. I wasn't even sure who to be mad at.

One thing I did know for sure. Wherever my arrogant pack of husbands had run off to, someone had to be responsible and go pick up our pups.