

His Beta 40

Chapter 40

Lanie

I had no plans to meet Braden, but something was calling me back to our spot by the lake.

Was it a feeling he'd be there, or was it just stupid hope?

Sure, I could sense Xander and Zane's presence, their emotions even, but we were more connected

through the mate bond

than I'd initially thought.

With Braden, though, it was something else.

You want to see him. You want his dirty scent all over you, my wolf Lily teased.

But I told myself it wasn't just that.

He had information, he knew things my mates didn't.

Before Heft Xander and Zane, I'd name-dropped vampires and witches, just to see if there was any

flicker of recognition behind their eyes.

But they ignored the comment altogether, which made me think they had no idea how deep the

Council's lies ran

All the more reason to slip from their grasp and wash my hands of all of this, sooner rather than later.

But first, I needed answers.

A wave of relief crashed over me as I walked up to the lake and saw Braden

Someone who might actually be able to help me out of this mess.

His back was to me, but I recognized the clean-cut hair, the flannel shirt, that tight as s in those

perfectly-fitting jeans...

Gods, he was gorgeous..

For one wild second, I imagined sneaking up behind him, wrapping my arms around his lean, muscular

torso, pressing my face to his back, and inhaling deeply, letting his sp icy, intoxicating scent wrap itself

around me.

Maybe Lily was right.

Just the thought sent a rush of longing straight to my center.

"Are you just going to stand there, or come and see me?" Braden called out, before turning around to

face me.

Suddenly the heat that had settled between my legs rushed straight to my cheeks.

S hit. Could he smell how turned on I was?

He flashed me a wide, dazzlingly white smile and his green eyes twinkled mischievously.

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That wasn't helping things.

I walked up to him slowly, the scent I'd been craving wafting over me on the cool fall breeze.

Even though I wasn't in my wolf form, his smell was still strong enough to send pleasant chills down my spine.

As I got closer, his eyebrows knitted together, and I thought he was going to call me out on my dirty thoughts

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“What's wrong?” he asked.

I was taken aback, and his question made me feel vulnerable in a different way, like he could see straight into my soul.

When I didn't answer right away, he smirked.

"I can scent your distress, remember?"

How could I forget? He'd said it's what had "intrigued him the first time we met.

"Guess I can't get away with anything around you, can I?"

I sighed and went to plop down onto the ground, but Braden grabbed my arm before I could.

"Here," he said and reached for that same red blanket he'd had the last time we met. He spread it on the ground, then patted

it. "Much more comfortable."

Warmth bloomed from my chest at the gesture and I could feel myself smiling.

He sat down next to me, and I was overcome with the urge to tell him everything.

"Xander and Zane took another mate. Their first love, Alice. The words were tumbling out before I could

stop them. "The High Elder has commanded them to have pups with us both. They're going to start making every wolf pair take two mates."

For a split second, I regretted my word vomit, but then I remembered why I'd come here..

I'd wanted to tell someone who cared and could maybe even help. And for some reason, the first person I'd thought of was

Braden.

I didn't know how I expected him to respond, but I was surprised by the sympathy in his expression.

"Those ancient bastards," he said, his voice dripping with more vitriol than I'd heard before. They're returning to the old practices."

This is what I'd come for. More information, more confirmation that the Council had a plan..and none of us wolves were in on it.

"What old practices?" I asked him.

"You want to know what really happened during the Great Wars?" Braden took a deep breath. "Then here goes nothing..."