His Beta 70
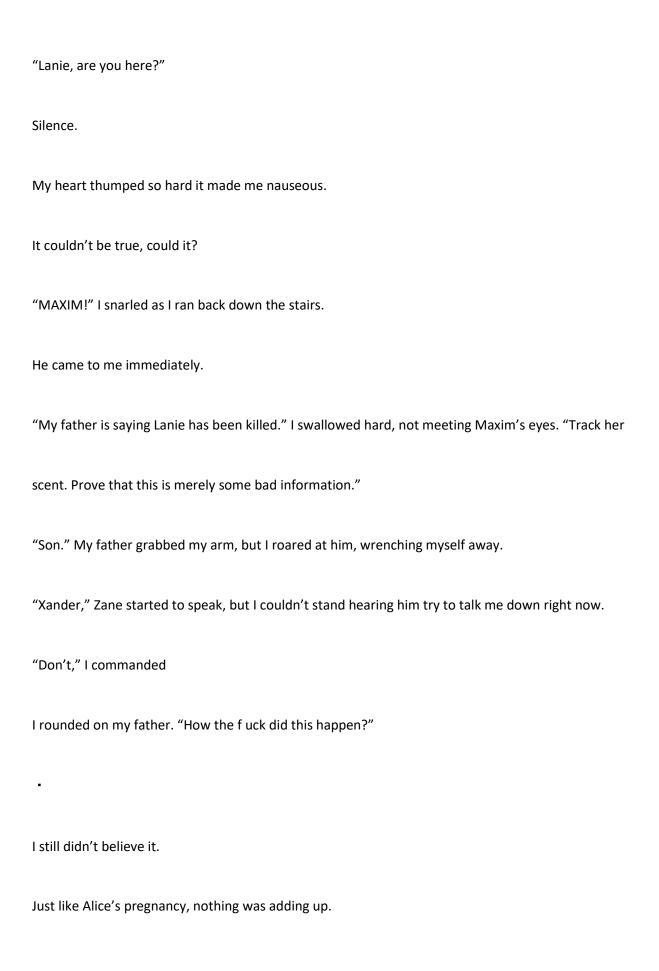
Xander

"I don't believe you," I said.

My father's expression quickly turned from concerned to infuriated.

"Why the hell would I lie about that? Your mother was with her when it happened."

Zane and I exchanged wary glances.

"I don't feel any different," Zane said. "If she'd died, we'd feel it."

I closed my eyes tightly, but I couldn't sense a change, either.

"I know you don't believe in our mate bond, Father, but it's strong enough for me to know that nothing

has changed. She's alive and well."

"Then where is she?" my father asked.

I rushed upstairs, Zane and my father trailing close behind.

I ripped open the door to Lanie's quarters.

Nothing.

"Lanie, are you here?"

Silence.

My heart thumped so hard it made me nauseous.

It couldn't be true, could it?

"MAXIM!" I snarled as I ran back down the stairs.

He came to me immediately.

"My father is saying Lanie has been killed." I swallowed hard, not meeting Maxim's eyes. "Track her

scent. Prove that this is merely some bad information."

"Son." My father grabbed my arm, but I roared at him, wrenching myself away.

"Xander," Zane started to speak, but I couldn't stand hearing him try to talk me down right now.

"Don't," I commanded

.

I rounded on my father. "How the f uck did this happen?"

.

I still didn't believe it.

Just like Alice's pregnancy, nothing was adding up.

"Wait." I held up my hand. "Why the f uck was Lanie in the elty with my

My father shrugged. "Luna duties."

Another f ucking lie, I could feel it in my bones.

"What happened to them in the city?" I asked.

"She was hit by a car. Lanie died instantly."

Lanie

I woke up to light streaming in through the window.

Once my eyes adjusted, I took in the room around me.

A decent-sized bedroom, furnished in cozy earth tones.

The view from the large windows was moody and gorgeous, a forest covered with rolling fog.

I pushed myself from the bed, my hand going to my forehead, feeling like I was in a daze.

I walked out to the main living area, more big windows lining the walls and letting in morning light.

The place wasn't huge, but it was definitely nice.

It was decorated with the same warm greens, oranges, and yellows as the bedroom.

Like a forest in the middle of fall.

But it wasn't fall now, I realized as I suddenly noticed small sno wflakes dancing through the sky.

Wait…why didn't I know what time of year it was?

Why didn't I recognize this place?

My head started to pound and my vision blurred.

I stag gered and laid myself down on the cool wooden floor.

I couldn't remember anything.

The panic set in, and beads of sweat burst across my hairline.

I grabbed fistfuls of the nightgown I was wearing, clutching it like a lifeline.

I was dizzy, on the verge of passing out, when a woman entered the room.

I had no idea who she was.

She walked over to me and pushed back my hair, a concerned look on her face.

"Oh dear," she said. "It would seem that something went terribly wrong"