

## **His Beta 73**

### Chapter 73

labor.

Zane

Xander and I paced around the great room like zombies, waiting for Gabriela to tell us that Alice was in

She'd been ill through most of the pregnancy, which as terrible as it was to say, had made things easi

We could go visit her at her bedside on the rare moments she felt like seeing us, and just squeeze her

hand until another wave of nausea came over her and she screamed at us to go away.

I

I was plagued by an emptiness deep in the pit of my stomach, made worse by the near-constant

despair that rolled off Xander in deep, depressing waves.

There had been an increase in reports of petty violence and raging outbursts among the shifters in our

pack recently.

There was no doubt in my mind that it was because of Xander's sour mood.

His mother was growing impatient with him for refusing to pull himself out of his funk, and impatient

with me for being too deep in my own to force him out myself.

She kept reassuring us that once the baby was born, spirits would lift once more.

And if they didn't, she warned what would happen: "The pack will start turning on you. The Council will question your positions as Alpha and Beta."

Once upon a time that threat would've rocked us, but now it rolled off our backs like nothing.

A sudden wail echoed in my ears.

Alice, probably going into labor.

It sounded like she was in excruciating pain.

Xander turned around to face me.

"I don't know if I can do this," he said.

"You will, though," I told him. "You want to be there for her."

I knew this was true, I could sense it as deeply as I could my own emotions.

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She was in pain, going through so much. And we had truly loved her once.

I still couldn't recall why we'd ever stopped.

We rushed upstairs together.

“She’s not doing well,” Gabriela said somberly.

If it wasn’t obvious enough by her wailing, the way she looked would’ve been a dead giveaway.

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Her face was ashen and glistening with sweat.

Her usually bright blue eyes had dulled to a foggy gray.

Her chest was rising and falling much too quickly, and she grasped at the sheets beneath her, writhing against the pain as she pushed.

Xander and I went and stood on either side of her bed.

We locked eyes, and I saw my own mix of pain and fear reflected in his gaze.

I wanted to feel some glimmer of something as I looked down at our mate: hope for our future pup,

excitement for new life to come, but there was only that same nagging emptiness that had been

plaguing us

both for months.

Xander leaned down, brushing her blonde hair off her sticky forehead.

“We’re here,” he said to her softly.

He grabbed one of her hands, and I grabbed the other, but it went limp as soon as I touched it.

She groaned

“I don’t want you,” she whispered with great difficulty.

“Alice, it’s us,” I said, squeezing her hand gently.

She shook her head wildly and turned to Xander, a desperate look in her eyes.

“I want...your father.”