

His Beta 135

Chapter 135

Katie

“Excuse me?” Gabriela asked the guard,

“I said what I said. Now clear my door.”

“No,” Gabriela argued. “We’re here to see Rhiannon.”

The guard looked her up and down.

“No way you know her. Now move, or I’ll make you move.”

He clenched his fist and suddenly it was coated in silver..

Damn. So that’s what magic looked like.

We all took an involuntary step back. That would do some major damage to a shifter.

“Please,” Gabriela pleaded, “We..

But she was interrupted by another woman walking out of the exit door next to us.

A woman with short, dark wavy hair. I knew her.

“Adele!” I called, pulling off my hat and sunglasses.

Her eyes widened. “Katie,” she said running over to us. “What the hell are you doing here?”

I

Her gaze shifted quickly to Gabriela, and I could swear I saw a flicker of recognition.

“Could you help us get inside, please?” Gabriela asked Adele.

“Sure.” Adele turned to the guard. She looked anxious to be on her way. “Jett, will you let these guys.

through?”

He grunted.

“Sorry, there are a few more in the car,” Gabriela said. He looked us over once more, me with my hair

sticking out in every direction, Braden barely standing upright, and Gabriela struggling to support his

weight.

“They don’t pay me enough for this s hit,” Jett said. But he opened the door anyway.

Once we walked through the hallway and stepped inside Rhiannon’s place, I was shocked to see a

modern apartment that looked more like an underground artists’ loft than a seedy basement of a club,

though you could still distantly hear the thumping of the bass. There was cool art and lighting in every

corner of the place

and the overall vibe was cozy but chic.

And when Rhiannon walked out, I could see why.

She was dressed in a gauzy, perfectly draped outfit, that looked, in a word, fabulous.

“What’s the deal with the half-dead bloodsucker?”

“Long story,” Gabriela said.

I heard shuffling behind us and watched the rest of our party pour into the apartment, including luggage and baby strollers.

“You’ve brought quite the little group with you,” Rhiannon said, her nose wrinkling up. “You know I told. trust wolves, G.”

“These are good ones.” Gabriela said. “Mostly.”

Gabriela shoved her thumb in Mason’s direction. “This one got a little overzealous when he came up on

Braden here,” she said. “He bit him, and we need a cure fast.”

“That’s Braden?” Rhiannon said, raising her eyebrows in surprise. “As in Braden-”

“Yes,” Gabriela cut her off. “So you see why we need a cure.”

“Well, there’s only one cure, and it’s getting harder and harder to come by,” she said, suddenly looking more concerned. She waved Braden and Gabriela over to a huge velvet couch and sat him down. He groaned with pain.

“Do me a favor will you?” Rhiannon asked, grabbing my arm. But then she looked up at me and something flashed in her eyes.

“Wait, hold on,” she said. “This one’s got a spell cast on her”

I giggled nervously and pulled my arm back, glancing around the room. You would’ve thought I was on stage with a spotlight pointed right at me the way everyone was staring.

“Wh-what kind of spell?” I asked.

“Give me your hands,” she said.

I hesitated but held them out to her. When she took them in hers, my skin tingled like they’d been res on blocks of ice.

“Let’s do this later, Rhiannon,” Gabriela said impatiently, “We’re losing time.”

“No!” Rhiannon shushed her, and all the color drained from Gabriela’s face. Did she know what on here?

that was g

gol

“It’s a dampening spell,” Rhiannon said, looking deep into my eyes. “It’s concealing your vampire side.”

I gasped and then choked on my own breath. What the f uck?

I glanced around the room again. The looks on everyone’s faces ran from shock to confusion to utter

horror.

“My what?”

“You didn’t know that you’re a hybrid?” she asked.

I shook my head and the room started spinning around me

“Only your blood can heal a wolf shifter’s bite.”