

His Beta 242

Chapter 242

Xander

I didn't trust this shifty looking little p rick.

"Human," I muttered to Lanie through the link. "Untrustworthy, backstabbing, human."

She didn't answer me.

Taking a few steps forward and keeping her voice pitched low, Lanie approached the guy although I put

my hand on her to keep her behind me. No way was I letting her get in grabbing distance of this guy.

He smelled like microwave burritos and unwashed feet. Greasy little punk.

His eyes glittered as he waved a flashlight in our direction. Of course he'd need that to see in the dark

with his weak little human eyes. I felt my canines dropping and let my lips draw back so he'd be sure to

see

them.

"Xander," Lanie said warningly.

"Hi, hi," the human said quickly, putting up both hands. "Listen, I don't want no trouble. I'm just here to

deliver the candy. Okay? That's it. No trouble from me, okay?"

"I can smell his fear. He's not going to try anything to hurt us," Lanie thought toward me. Out loud, she said, "You have instructions for us?"

The little as shole was dancing nervously from foot to foot. "Yeah, yeah. I gotta make sure you're the uh... the right...customers, though."

"It's the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere. Who the f uck else would we be?" I growled, towering over him with my fists clenched and my teeth fully out.

"Dam mit!" Lanie whisper-shouted. "Back the f uck up off him!"

A pulse of her energy centered between my shoulder blades and at the base of my spine, yanking me back a few steps as easily as if she'd used her hands. My hackles rose. I knew tensions were high, sure, but the fact she could compel me like that, even for a few seconds...

"I need you to be with me on this," she said through the link. "We're going to give this guy what he

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needs so he can give us the wolvesbane and the herbs, and we're going to get back home. Please stop wolfing out. Can't you see he's terrified? He's no threat to us."

“Of course he’s not. I could break him in half with one hand.”

“But you won’t,” she said.

“Uh...guys?” The little sh it said, looking back and forth from Lanie to me. He put his hands up. “I don’t want no trouble.”

“You said that already.” The words clipped out of me, sharp as knives, but I backed up.

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“It ought to be halitosis,” I muttered.

He backed up another step. “That ain’t it. Look, I’m just here to do a job, okay? I got bills to pay, same as youse. And believe you me, the last thing I wanna do is pi ss off a barker, okay?”

My claws bit into my palms. “The f uck did you just call me?”

“A woofers, a...s hit, man!” The guy whined. “I’m f ucking nervous, okay? You’re over there looking at me like you want to gobble me up and use the bones to pick your teeth!”

“He’s not going to hurt you, so long as you give us what I paid for.” Lanie’s voice was soothing.

She pulsed Luna energy out and around me and the human. I didn’t know if it would work on the little pr

ick...could humans be affected by it? But it worked on me, even though it made me wary at the same time. I did not fucking like that she was manipulating me, even if I could tell she was doing it. Fuck, maybe especially because I could.

“Code phrase,” the guy said.

“A naked American man stole my balloons,” she said.

“The fuck?” I shot at her through the link.

Lanie didn't even blink in my direction. The human snort-laughed. She sent out another calming wash of energy, but kept her light dim. Probably so it didn't freak him out.

“Yeah, that's it. Okay, you're legit.” The man went for something in his pocket, and I bristled, stepping forward in case it was something stupid like a knife.

He pulled out a small vial. It had a faint rainbow shine when he held it up to the beam from his

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flashlight. He turned it side to side. I caught a whiff of something sweet.

My mouth watered.

“Here’s the candy,” the guy said in a low, hurried voice. “You need only a drop or two, okay, this is cut with some powerful shi t. It’ll get your di ck hard and your brain soft, you get what I’m sayin?”

“I don’t have a di ck,” Lanie answered mildly, “but yes.

“Just a drop or two. You mix it with whatever you want. Take it straight under the tongue, I don’t care, but the taste is nasty. You wait five minutes. If you ain’t throwing up by then, you take another two drops. But no more than that, or I can’t be responsible.”

“The arrangements stated clearly that you’re not responsible for any reason,” she said calmly and took