

His Beta 292

Chapter 292

Lanie

At first, I wasn't sure what I could even say. The thought of it was horrible. Xander, Zane, and Mason

were

already a number of years older than I was. I'd always imagined us growing old together. To find out

now that

they'd get older and eventually die while I stayed the same...I shuddered.

"So, I won't age beyond this point?" I asked her.

DarkLuna waved a hand as though she could read my mind. At this point, I wouldn't have been

shocked if I found out she could. "Maybe by a few years or so. But your hair won't go gray. Your face

won't get lines. Not until you're far older than I am, at any rate."

"It sounds awful," I whispered.

Her brows knit. "There's an advantage to keeping your physical youth and beauty. The world is kinder

to a pretty person than an old crone. There's a reason why everyone thinks of witches as being

ancient, withered,

and ugly..or that ancient, withered, and ugly women are witches.”

I thought of Rhiannon. “The only witch I know personally is not old and definitely not ugly,”

I hated thinking of Zane being with the witch, of having had to go to bed with her. Did this woman know

about that, too? I wasn’t going to say anything about it, if she didn’t bring it up.

“Not a relative, is she?” DarkLuna sounded concerned.

“No.”

Although if she had a child with my mate, wouldn’t that make her family, of a sort? I shoved the

thoughts out of my mind. Rhiannon was not going to have a baby with Zane. We’d done everything we

could to make

sure that didn’t happen.

“Don’t worry about keeping that pretty face, then. It’s not like you don’t grow and mature with

▪

experience

Age is more than a number, either in years or in lines on your forehead,” DarkLuna said.

Her words made sense to me. Didn't I feel a lot older than eighteen? By the Moon, so much had happened.

since my Mating Day that I realized I'd entirely forgotten about my birthday I was nineteen already.

Closer

even to twenty than eighteen. I shuddered at the realization and looked up to see the woman studying me with

a small, secret smile.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about, don't you?" she asked

"And this is because we are hybrids? I don't understand. There are others who age normally. My mother, for example." I hesitated, thinking of my precious Stella, who seemed to be growing and maturing extra fast.

DarkLuna snorted softly and drank some more of my beer. She lifted the glass toward me. "You sure you don't want one for yourself? You might need it

"No. I want my mind to stay clear" I shook my head.

1/2

Chapter 292

you everything ikhismow My real name is Charlotte, first of all, so don't feel like you have to

Keamtthmpoofime by that old web usumaname if I'd known then how long it was going to follow me

around, wouldn't have picked something so..enten & Burwhatcan I say? The 'net was young. It's what

we did.

A small smile proficit at at may ups Tm Lanie."

"I know that, shesaditouwave no explanation about how

I stopped myself from as kin anul Charlotte was going to tell me in her own way and time, and no

matter how

desperate I felt. I needed to tot bener is it,

▪

"I was born in the late 70NING: far from here, actually. I've been all around the world, but guess what

hey say is true. There's no placa dik eltonoma Her lips pressed together for a second. "My father was

one of the

Ancients. A vampire called Ezekiel believed you might have some first-hand knowledge about the

Ancients

Again, I wondered how she knew so much about me

I nodded. Yes. My mother's fetishes are placach. Did you know him?"

Charlotte's expression went carefully blank. "Sure."

"But you didn't know he was my grandfather who pieced her

This was curious. Was it possible that Charlotte actually knew as much as she pretended to?

Or

was there something else about my grandfather that was troubling her?

"My mother was a wolf shifter. Like your grandfather, Charlotte said without answering me.

"Which means that you and I really are alike."

She nodded slowly, then tilted her head to look at me. "One of the reasons why I agreed to meet

with you."

"Have there been others looking for information?" I asked myself from asking her how she

knew

so much about me. Everything was going to come out in time

“Over the years, yes. But, Lanie,” Charlotte said. “Nobody else is going to live you”