

His Beta 299

Chapter 299

Xander

I was thrown by this dude's allegation about abortion. What the actual fuck had he said? A fucking dragon

nifter? I played it cool, though. His remarks about us being ignorant because of the Council was true,

and I knew it.

The part about us being arrogant. I knew that was true to

He drove a battered black pickup truck that revved and purred despite its appearance. When he gave

him a look as he started it up, Greyson let out a series of nervous chuckles that, fuck me, smelled like

a candle being blown out. Warily, I eyed him in case he intended to create fire or some shit like

that

find that my choice of vehicle is necessarily as...well, shall we say nondescript, as I am, myself." He

glanced over at me with another broad grin. This time, his teeth gleamed with sharp points, and although

it was hard to see because he flicked it out so fast, a forked tongue. He swore his face

looked like it was covered in scales, but then he looked exactly as he had, handsome.

“Your kind is viewed as myth, or sometimes monster. My kind is another tankiosso well-known. We’ve not
to ourselves for centuries. Mostly, anyway. Even before the Great Wars:

I

date neaced away from the diner and toward the city I could see rising in these

cho,what changed?” I asked.

Byel xep an eye on the mileage and street names we passed. If something went down wanted to make

sure isabelfogat myself and Lante back to the diner for my truck.

d. The weld, I suppose.” Greyson shrugged and easily handled the large vehicle down as s

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us out or eus out on a main thoroughfare, He peered up through the windshield to the skyecre en

loooove the Boman city. So glittery. So shiny.”

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shiny things so much you h oard then”

ys gone by, sundry, sure. Now, I collect my wealth more virtually. But that doesn’t stop me fro leauty

wing even my weezer can find it. Unlike your kind, we dragons like things made of stone an

referred me to the forest Cities make me twitchy." I confirmed

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pulled up in front of up to tons of a bar and eased the truck to a parking spot. He led me inside and too

re-spotted her at once she sat with a young woman about her age, both of them chatting in

the world in the world trig gune wong like my mate hadn't been completely out of reach for hours.

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growled, showing teeth through the mind ink at the same time.

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je nothing the done wrong, like my mate hadn't been completely out of roach for hours

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better with Xander at my side, his arm slung around my shoulders, almost pinning me next to him. He

was going to keep me close for awhile, I could sense that. I didn't mind.

When Charlotte introduced me to Greyson and said he was a dragon shifter, though, I let out a long,

incredulous laugh. She frowned and looked a little pis s ed off, but Greyson only grinned and nudged

her with

his hip.

"It's fine," he said as my laughter died down. "I suppose if I were you, I'd laugh, too. Seeing as how I'm

willing to bet you had no idea we even existed until the moment Charlotte told you."

"Just like we didn't know about vamps." Xander sounded sullen. "The f ucking Council has been really

screwing all of us over."

“All that’s going to change,” Charlotte vowed.

I quickly y sent a series of thoughts and images through the link to update Xander on at least some of what she and I had covered. I’d have to fill him in with more detail later. For now, I had to get him to trust her, and her shifter boyfriend.

That part I’d figured out the second he looked at her. Charlotte didn’t seem to notice, or she was maybe pretending not to, but Greyson was clearly head-over-heels for her. The casual way they touched each other

told me they’d been together for at least a little while.

What really surprised me was how easily Xander had taken to Greyson. They weren’t buddies, but at least my mate wasn’t trying to fight him. This was curious, but I also noticed something particularly soothing about

the other man. Maybe it was his voice, low and smoky

We covered the basic details in a few minutes, and to my surprised relief, Xander was the one who offered

for Greyson and Charlotte to come home with us. He even called home to let Zane know we’d be

bringing

strangers so there'd be no shocks.

off.”

It wasn't until we were in our own truck, leading the way back to Stillwood, that he told me why.

“They feel like good people,” he said. “Tell me differently, and I'll turn around and tell

“No. They do.”

He pulled into the driveway and turned off the truck, He twisted to take my hands in his.

get the answers we need, love. I promise you.”

ck right