

His Beta 30

Chapter 30

Lanie

I had about a million questions for Braden, but I started with the most obvious one.

“Do other werewolves know you exist?”

He gave me a funny look, then let out a soft scoff of a laugh. The sound tickled my brain in a not-unpleasant way.

“I would assume so since some tried to kick my ass in the Great Wars, and others I fought beside.”

My cheeks flushed furiously.

I’d once again opened my big mouth and given away my ignorance. He probably thought I was a total idiot.

“Key word being tried.” He puffed out his chest dramatically. “Obviously they didn’t succeed.”

I rolled my eyes but I couldn’t fight the smile that forced its way onto my lips. Something else nagged at me, though.

Did Braden know the High Council had kept this information a secret? Or was he using me to find out?

Seeing him again, I still sensed I could trust him, but I wasn't entirely sure why.

Even Lily, my wolf who paled at the surface when the slightest hint of danger or discomfort appeared,

remained quiet

"I'm being serious. Aren't you worried you'll be discovered by other shifters when you're out here

prowling around our

territory?"

He narrowed his eyes at me and his gaze seemed to darken.

Heat slowly crept up my neck

"I already told you... I wouldn't have let you see me if I hadn't wanted you to."

His voice was lower, almost a purr, and something stirred in my stomach.

He was too damn good at flirting. It was throwing me off.

I crossed my arms and raised my eyebrows.

"You couldn't resist revealing yourself to me, could you? I guess I'm just that irresistible."

Two could play this game.

He shook his head and his eyes twinkled with mischief.

“Maybe you’re right. Or maybe you’ve got a big head.”

I scowled at him.

“Honestly, the reason I came to you was because I smelled your distress. And I was...intrigued.”

He raised his eyebrows suggestively.

“You prey on emotionally vulnerable women is what I’m hearing?”

He smirked.

1/3

“If I wanted to do that, you’d already be dead.”

My heart was beating faster. He was joking wasn’t he?

I suddenly wondered if I was making a huge mistake, meeting him out here alone like this.

“So now you’re threatening me?” I challenged,

He held up his hands.

“No threats, just the truth. Since it seems like no one else is willing to tell you, I guess it’s my job.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked defensively.

“You grew up thinking shifters were the only supernatural creatures who existed, right?”

Trolled my eyes to avoid admitting he was correct.

“This might blow your mind, but your kind aren’t the only ones who live here. And they’re not the only

ones who fought in the

Great Wars, either.”

I was shaken up enough that vampires were real...was there even more to the story?

“Oh, I suppose next you’re going to tell me that mummies walk the forest at night ripping out peoples’

or gans?”

He threw his head back and barked out a louder laugh

“No, but you know about the witches, don’t you?”

I studied his face for a moment.

It was impossible to tell if he was f ucking with me or not.

When he looked back at me, his expression had turned serious.

“Da mn, you really have no idea what I’m talking about...”

I huffed out a sigh and pushed myself up onto my knees.

“If you’re just here to insult me, then I have no problem leaving

Except, if I was being honest, that was the last thing I wanted to do.

I needed information from him, but I was also keenly aware of how close were sitting how his strong

scent had fully

wrapped itself around me.

I wasn’t ready to break the spell, and Braden knew it.

“You’re not going to do that, but just in case your weak-ass bluff was real, I’ll tell you more.”

He patted the blanket next to him and I plopped back down.

“For many years, witches and shifters lived in harmony. it was almost like you couldn’t have one without

the other. Until..”

He trailed off

“What happened?”

Braden scrubbed a hand over his face.

“We don’t have enough time to even scratch the surface of that answer. Besides, hearing the truth all at

once might break

2/3

you. And I must admit, if that happened, I'd sure miss that sassy mouth of yours.

I didn't know where he got off talking to me like that, but I would be lying if I said it bothered me.

Quite the opposite, actually.

I lost myself for a moment looking at his mouth and the fullness of his bottom lip. I wondered what it

would be like to bite it

softly.

What it would be like if he bit me back....

The thought sent a rush of desire straight to my core, and his head tilted up ever so slightly.

So he could smell me. Or at least it seemed that way.

Last week, I didn't even know vampires existed, and now here I was wondering if there was ever a time

when they'd mated

with wolves

If the High Council had gone to such lengths to keep them from us, then it seemed very much

forbidden.

I tried to change the subject, but when I spoke my voice came out strained and husky

“Why don’t I know about all of this?”

Braden shrugged.

“There’s been a lot of mistrust between species since the Great Wars. Maybe pretending we don’t exist

is what your kind

thinks is best.”

I took in his beautiful face and wondered how that could ever have happened.

“Why did shifters lose trust in vampires?”

There was a sadness in Braden’s voice when he answered.

“That’s a long story. And the ending is very ugly..”