

His Beta 304

Chapter 304

Lanie

“Zane. Hold him,” I sent through a private link. “He’s going to lose his s hit.”

“Got it,” Zane thought in reply.

Together, we wove a tapestry of calm for Mason, but I was surprised that instead of bursting into rage,

he started laughing. He shook a finger at Melina. She laughed gently

“If you’re going to read my mind,” he said, “you’d better be prepared for what’s in there.”

Zane and I shared confused looks. Melina, however, simply glided forward like she was walking on air

and took Mason by the shoulders. She kissed one cheek, then the other, her lips brushing the air over

his skin without actually touching.

“My dear new friend. You cannot leave without a bath, dinner, fresh clothes, and the assurance that you

have our protection. We treat our guests with the utmost hospitality,” she said, then paused. “But I

suppose

you are not guests, are you? If you are family to Malachi, you are kin to us a all.”

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“What did you think to her?” I heard Zane ask through the group link, but Mason only grinned and

shook

his head.

“Melina, perhaps our guests would be better prepared for what we have to share with them if they’re

shown to their rooms and given a chance to rest. Reflect Refresh.”

The gray-haired man at the back of the group said this a bit sharply, and I wondered what his

relationship was to Melina. She didn’t seem at all taken aback by his tone. If anything, the look she shot

over her shoulder

made me think he amused her.

“Allow me to introduce Jacques,” Melina said. “He is a warlock.”

“And her husband,” he said sternly, his brow furrowing

“So, men can be witch kind,” Xander said aloud.

Malachi nodded “Your world is going to get so much bigger over the next few days, son. I hope you’re

ready for it”

“Tim Penelope,” offered a pretty brunette whose eyes tipped up at the corners when she smiled. “I’m a vampire witch. No wolf in me, but I’m fascinated by how you shift. I’d love the chance to learn more about how it all works. I mean, where does the power even come from? And where does it go?”

“Pen, let’s get them to their rooms so they can relax a bit before dinner. Melina chided kindly.

Penelope moved closer to link her arm through mine. “I do hope we can be friends, Lanie. I promise you, I’m not always so nosy. Eve just heard so much about you from Charlotte. Well, we all have. I’m so very excited to have you here!”

I looked around the group of those who’d come to greet us, wondering how many more lived here it had

“You have the advantage, I guess,” I told her with a small, self-conscious chuckle. “Since none of us had

any idea about any of this before a day ago.”

Gabriela hefted Alaina higher on her hip. Isaac clung to her leg. Both pups were staring, goggle-eyed, all around them. “These two little ones could certainly use a change of clothes. So could I. We’d be

very grateful if you could show us where we'll be staying."

"I'll take them. You, Penelope, stay here and help prepare for the dinner tonight. You'll have plenty of time. to get to know Lanie later. Give her a chance to settle in," my grandfather ordered. To me, he said, "I'll take you all to your rooms. Your belongings have already been taken there."

We gathered ourselves and the kids and followed him out of the courtyard, through an area dominated by the fountain I'd heard earlier, and then through a set of wooden doors that matched the ones on the outside

wall. These, though, hung open in a way that suggested they were rarely closed. Inside the main building, the

enclave turned out to be a maze of stairs, halls, and common rooms.

"Is that thing

ing safe?" This time, Xander was the one with a suspicious glare at the elevator in front of us.

The doors were of elaborately scrolled metalwork that formed so many small scenes I thought I could spend hours looking at them all. My grandfather laughed and opened the door to usher us inside.

Despite the antique appearance, all eight of us fit comfortably. Malachi hit the button marked seven.

“This building isn’t even seven stories high,” Mason said.

Malachi shook his head. “Floors zero through four are above. Five through eleven.

go below.”

The elevator shuddered and began to move, but without his explanation I’d have been hard-pressed to

know if it was going up or down.

“It’s like what the humans call witches’ stairs,” Gabriela murmured admiringly. “Meant to confuse

anyone.

who’s not supposed to be here.”

Malachi grinned at her. “You got it.”

The doors opened to let us out into a small, cozy entry foyer that looked like it belonged in a boutique

hotel. That was surprise enough, but when my grandfather unlocked and pushed open the door, I

couldn’t he back my cry of utter shock.