

## His Beta 311

### Chapter 311

Lanie

My first instinct was to run for my children Meskinibrawled at the idea that a witch had been taking care of them. My heart ached with betrayal, and I stopped myself short of sending a cry to Xander to get the children from their preschool so we could get out of here

But...Gabriela was his mother

She'd never shown my children and re-nyahat and support. I shook my head, still tense, and caught sight of Malacht's bemused expression

Gabriela is not a witch, Lante."

Is she a hybrid, then?"

Not necessarily." My grandfather gestured at the pitcher on the coffee table. "Have some more lemonade."

Why do you have a coffee table?" I muttered, my mind whirling. "Ting says you don't drink coffee."

got Malacht out up and poured me a fresh glass and pressed it in bony hand. "Here Sip this. You wolves can besefrague sometimes."

at thbristled at that as Lily rose at what we both perceived as an insult Sadn't been free to run in so long Ecowon't recall how long it had been. My skin itched.

mpire the varrpire only studied me with those green eyes. I still couldn't quite geven the fact he tooked more Fere my mother's age, and she only looked to be a fewyears older than mee Heessa tekmes chain and

taped one long leg over his knee. He steepled his fingers beneath his chin and watched mw tited

taring top caring, I said.

tiny stof my sp of the lemonade. It did make me feel better.

e fearful of ye ir attal of your mother-in-law being a witch because you believe, for no real booktress not to be trusted desmuster it is what you've been fed your entire life."

& not true?" then free thought of Rhiannon "My personal experience has been that witches 1 i kke they don't stort frist us, ether"

you trust all that a meop that's made it their mission to accuse you of dastardly deeds at every tem

much as a scrap of pa drap of picof?"

ead

ed and took another clampther now rip batore setting the glass on the table. You said that Gabriela

vous

arily a hybrid Warm doos that means?"

itch in her ancestry could be gry cottid bewegtions in the past. Two or even more. And, because watch

blood

ve trait, it's likely even the scoutor wits aware of carrying it

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"If it passed to Stella, that means Xander has it, too. My mouth and throat dried. He was going to lose

his sh it about this.

Malachi sighed. "Obviously. But again, wolf blood, like vampire blood, is the dominant trait. Whatever

witch blood flows in his veins is so diluted it's barely a trace."

“It can’t be that diluted if Stella is a Celestial because of it!” My fists clenched on my knees. I wanted to get up and pace but held myself back. I wasn’t going to give Malachi any more reason to accuse me of being f ucking fragile.

“Lanie, listen to me. Here at Brightsky, we embrace all supernaturals. Pure o f blood or no. After all, you are my granddaughter, and you’re not a pureblood vampire. And Celestials are the best of us all.”

“So you say. But you also said you didn’t really know much about them, or what they do. This Galahad guy. He wrote a law book for supernaturals I’ve never ever heard of. Which, yeah, I get that’s because both the councils f ucked us over, but that doesn’t help me.” I leaned forward to put my elbows on my knees so I could rub my eyes. My head hurt.

Malachi chuckled gently. “How familiar are you with humans, their history, and their beliefs?”

I sat up with a frown. “We live in the human world and consume their media. It’s kind of hard not to be familiar with them even if we don’t interact personally.”

“Then you understand how important the humans’ religious texts are to so many of them. The Book of All is like every single one of their most important religious texts, along with the Hippocratic oath, the United States Constitution....any document that has ever and continues to impact the way humans

relate to each other and their world....That is the Book of All.”

“So this Galahad is like....a prophet or messiah or something like that?” I wasn’t sure I was using those human terms correctly, but Malachi nodded.

“Yes, particularly in the way that those leaders existed so long ago they have taken on a mythical status. Until now, of course, as we have been graced with the appearance of a new

Malachi got up to take my hands. His fingers were cold, but his gaze seared mine.

“Lanie, Stella is destined for a greatness we cannot even imagine. Something so fantastical the entire supernatural world as we know it.”

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