

## **His Beta 346**

### Chapter 346

Lanie

“F uck that, and f uck you, Malachi! I would never do anything like that!” I bit the words out harsh tasted sour, like ashes.

“Not on purpose, perhaps.”

“Never,” I said again and got up to pace. I went to the fake windows, this time being careful not to bump my head as I looked out at

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take night sky. I turned back to my grandfather.

“Seems like you’ve spent so much time living in an illusion you can’t understand what it’s like to feel something real.”

By the Moon, how did he get up from his chair and across the room to stand in front of me no quicker than it took me to blink? For one single heartbeat? I staggered back against the glass with a little shriek of surprise.

I'd pissed him off. Malachi's eyes rimmed with red like they were filling with blood, and his lips pulled back to show off the curving fangs so very different from wolf canines. Same location, far different shape. His teeth weren't made for tearing and biting. His were as sharp as needles, poised for plunging through skin and into veins. Hollow-tipped like a snake's.

I felt my muscles trying to stretch and ripple. I bared my own teeth, growing longer. My voice came out as a low, thick growl. Lily was ready to burst free.

"Back the fuck off me, old man."

"You should show me more respect." His voice hissed like a snake's, too.

But, he backed off and turned his back on me to take a few steps away. Another person would've been panting, breathing hard with emotion, but Malachi looked as cold as ice.

"Do vampires even breathe?" I muttered, moving away from him without running. I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of knowing he really had scared me.

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I'd kind of scared myself.

"Of course we breathe. Our hearts beat. We are not, as the human legends would have it, corpses." He

turned back to face me, his eyes no longer bloody. His expression twisted a little into something smug.

“If we were the undead, we wouldn’t have a bloodline.

You wouldn’t be who you are. You’d be someone simply...

ordinary”

My fists clenched, and I realized my nails had started to become claws. Lily peered out through my

eyes, and I soothed her, trying to get her to settle.

“That’s a shitty thing to say,” I told him

“But it’s true.” He lifted his chin, and his gaze swept me. I’m not going to pretend otherwise. Your

vampire

the responsibilities. Without knowing the consequences

“You think I don’t deserve all three of them?”

My fists clenched again.

“Of course not. Who is the one who told you to seek what your heart desired? To take what you want?

Not to settle?” Malachi demanded.

I stalked to the bar on the far side of the room and poured myself a generous slug of

it wasn't tainted with blood. I gulped down half before turning back to him.

My wolf was so close to the surface that I had to make a strong, conscious effort not to shift rig and go for his throat.

Which would be madness. A certain suicide. In my mind, Lily snarled and paced again.

Malachi's eyes narrowed. The red glow had abated, but he still looked pissed off. "Get your beast under control. You need to be able to manage your emotions."

"Manage...!" I slugged down the rest of the whiskey. "I'd rather have these feelings than be cold-blooded and feel nothing!"

"I feel more than you could ever begin to imagine," Malachi countered. "You accuse me of not

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understanding what you feel for your mates? You deny you could ever harm them, yet your rage rises

inside you at the slightest provocation. There are parts of you that cannot be tamed, granddaughter.

The sooner you recognize that, the better."

"You're the one who told me not to settle, I finally said in a low voice. "And now I have three mates

because I let my heart guide me to accept them all, even though it's not normal! I opened myself up to

what the Moon Goddess gave us, and you're telling me I might kill them because of it?"

"I'm telling you what is possible, because of your unique nature. That one day, you might find yourself with needs greater than those they can fulfill. You might need to seek another lover, or more than one."

Malachi tossed up his hands. "I'm telling you that if you do not heed my warnings, Lanie, your love for those three men might be exactly what ends up destroying them."