

His Beta 352

Chapter 352

Mason

Greyson stared down at his hands, holding them out in front of him like they belonged to someone else.

He turned them over and over before looking to Zane, who still held the torch. When he crossed to us, I

instinctively stepped between the Beta and the dragon shifter. Who knew what the fuck he was going

to do?

“Sorry,” Greyson said, like he knew what I was thinking. “Thank you, Zane, for stepping in. If Malachi

hadn’t stopped me, I’m sure you would have.”

Charlotte came up behind Greyson and wrapped her arms around his waist with a gleeful squeal. “My

love, you almost burned me to cinders!”

Greyson frowned and turned to pull her against his chest. “This is not something I want to celebrate.”

“Not about you,” she said with a shake of her head. “It’s about Lanie. She was able to compel you. I

know. you would never, not in a million moons, ever deliberately hurt me that way. The fact she was

able to get you to obey is huge.”

I shared a look with the dragon shifter. He didn't seem happy about Lanie's obvious power, even if his mate was almost dancing with joy. Malachi, too, had a broad grin spreading across his face. He had pulled Lanie into a half hug as he leaned to whisper in her ear. Lanie was radiating with obvious pleasure at her accomplishment.

When I looked at Xander and Zane, though, I was glad to see that my brother and our Beta seemed like they felt the way I did....which was not at all sure we liked our mate having the capacity to compel people into murder.

For one minute, I considered telling them all I wanted to leave the enclave. We could pack our shit and gone from here in a few hours. Take our pups, our mate and just get the fuck out of Dodge. The three of us could protect our family, and if we couldn't, what the hell good were we, anyway?

Zane must have sensed my wild train of thoughts, because he sent out another pulse of calming energy

let it flow through me, even though I really wanted to fight it. He was doing his job.

I locked eyes with my brother and opened the mind link. "This is fucked up, right? Like, I get that we should all be happy she's got this power, but..."

“No. I’m with you, brother. I love our mate, and I’m super proud of her, but this feels like too much.”

“Same,” Zane thought.

Lanie pulled away from Malachi with a frown and stared straight at me.

Ah, sh it. She’d heard us.

Lanie

stay private. I could overhear some of their words and sense the emotions behind them, but I hadn’t

caught all

of it.

They weren’t happy, that much I could tell.

And ...didn’t...care?

My grandfather snaked an arm around my shoulders again, pulling me close again. “Pay them no mind.

They’ll get used to it, even if it does bruise their egos. You were marvelous. Don’t let anyone make you

feel

otherwise.”

I wasn't going to. I wasn't sure I even could. I'd never felt like this before, such a strange combination of exhilaration and exhaustion.

"I feel like I could literally climb up those walls right now, but I'm also so drained I could fall over and sleep for a hundred years," I told my grandfather with a small grin. "Is that normal?"

Malachi waved a hand. "What's normal? Nobody's normal. You'll have to learn what is 'normal' for you, and it won't be the same as for anyone else. You're a hybrid, Lanie. You are unique unto yourself. I can tell you

that it's common to feel both tired and excited after a successful compelling. Does that help?"

"Yes," I told him, because it did. "I guess I just have to accept the fact that I'm not normal. I won't have a normal life."

My words had a solemn tinge to them as I sought out the sight of my mates. Three of them. That wasn't normal. My beloved and precious Stella, a Celestial. That wasn't normal, either.

I could spend my time moaning about it and wishing for things that were never going to happen, or I could fully embrace everything that made me who I was.

Different. Strong. Special.

“So, what do I do about this?” I asked my grandfather.

He gave me a knowing grin. “Full vampires would consume blood and have a rousing f uck.”

I still wasn't jazzed about the blood-drinking thing, and talking about sex with my grandfather felt weird,

too. “How about a raw steak and some time alone w

my mates. Would that do the trick?”

Malachi looked at the three of them and gave me another grin. “Why don't you go find out?”