

## **His Beta 381**

### Chapter 381

Lanie

Instead of opening the book, I clutched it to my chest. I sent up another grateful prayer to the Moon

Goddess.

“And thank you for not losing patience with me,” I added in my head. “For trusting that I can and will always follow you.”

I didn’t think anyone would pay attention to me reading a book. Everyone was doing the same thing.

Since I wasn’t sure what I was going to find, though, I wanted to take the book back to our quarters. I

wanted to be able to take better notes than on my phone, too.

The first thing that happened when I stood up was that the book was so heavy I had to use both hands

to carry it. And then when I headed toward the desk where the ledger was, I tripped and almost fell

over. I barely hung onto the book!

Luckily for my pride, nobody seemed to notice my clumsiness. When I tried again to get to the desk, I

stubbed my toe and let out a sharp cry. This time it was much more noticeable that nobody turned to

look at

I went still, looking around. Seriously, nobody was looking at me or even seemed to notice I was standing in the aisle, based on how someone nearly ran me over. I had to jump out of the way. They looked back, though, surprised when I muttered, "Excuse you."

So...I wasn't invisible.

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But every time I tried to get that book to the desk so I could check it out using the ledger, something stopped me. Something was shielding me from anyone in this library seeing that I carried that book.

"Okay, okay," I thought to the Moon Goddess. "I get the hint. No paper trail."

It felt wrong to take that book out without following the rules. Like stealing. But for a good cause, I told myself as I carried it out of the library without anyone shouting after me that I should come back and sign it out. Once the door closed silently behind me the book itself got instantly lighter.

I couldn't do anything about the sheer size of it, so I tucked it under my arm and scurried through the hallways and staircases, heading for home. I'd have an hour or so to read it before I had to pick up the children from school, and then hopefully some more time after that.

Just like in the library, nobody seemed to pay me any attention. I got on an elevator just before the doors closed, and nobody so much as looked at me or asked what floor I needed them to push. I did it myself, and the woman standing in front of the panel looked surprised, but as soon as I moved back a step, her face went blank again.

I did find myself wondering what kind of mischief I could get into with everyone in the enclave seemingly thinking I wasn't there. When I was a kid, I'd always been fascinated by the stories about magic cloaks and whatnot...the book in my hand seemed like something of an equivalent. I wasn't going to risk anything, though. After all, I wasn't eight years old.

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Once back in our quarters, I cleared off the heavy wooden table from the children's books and board games. I found a notepad and several pens, and I settled into the chair with the giant book in front of me. This was it. Was I finally going to find out the truth about my precious little girl?

Carefully, I opened the cover. The inside pages were of thick paper that had rough-cut edges. Instead of printed words, I saw handwritten scribbles that looked to be in a similar handwriting to the essay that I'd

found tucked inside the other book. When I pulled it out, sure enough, they were the same.

The title of the book was Celestial, but there was no author. To my shock, as I turned the first page, the words.....moved. They scrambled around and then settled back into place. This time they appeared to be

printed like a regular book, making it much easier to read.

That wasn't the only shocker, though. The pictures in this book moved, too. Kind of like gifs, the illustrations ran on loops. I flipped through the entire book, fascinated by this magic. Had the author of the

book been a witch?

Witches can read

My jaw dropped. Did this book just...read my mind and react to my thoughts?

Witch blood Can read

The words scrambled and formed the message, then reverted to the text. A picture of a rising sun side

by

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side with a matching moon looped over and over.

“Where do I start?” I said aloud.

Beginning

I laughed. Of course. Where else? I shouldn't need a smart ass book to tell me that.

So, that's where I started.

Page one.

The first sentence.

I recoiled in the chair. I couldn't believe it. “No!”