

## His Beta 382

### Chapter 382

Lanie

I read the words aloud but softly, although I was alone and nobody would overhear me.

“Celestials are amongst the rarest of us, and therefore, the most blessed. Children of the Moon

Goddess

as well as her Sisters Sun and Earth, Celestials carry within them the powers of every supernatural

kin.”

Below that sentence was a list of the different supernatural kinds. Wolves, vampires, witches, fae,

dragons...the list went on and on to the next page, naming supernaturals I'd never heard of.

“Malachi, you weren't exactly right,” I murmured, watching as another looping picture scrolled through

illustrations of all the different beings that made up a Celestial. “Gabriela might have had a witch in her

. bloodline, but that's not what makes my daughter a Celestial. It's...everything. Everyone in every

bloodline,

ever.”

Even a single drop passed along for generations.

I read farther.

“Celestials carry the skills, powers, and traits-recessive and dominant-of every supernatural to ever

have

existed. Celestials are capable of everything any supernatural being can do. Furthermore, they are in

complete

control of these traits and skills from birth, so that any Celestial is able to present oneself solely as one

supernatural, should they so choose, or to display any or all of their other traits. See illustration.”

I didn't even look at the picture right away. From birth? I had to digest this. I was no baby expert, but

Stella had been born...well..normal. At least I thought she was.

Normal for a Celestial The words rearranged.

“Are you a spirit or something trapped in here?” I asked.

Just a book Read Me

I felt giddy and almost hysterical from all of this. I had to get up and circle the table to burn o

nervous energy. I was talking to a freaking book.

And my daughter was probably the most powerful person in the entire world.

I felt like I had to put my hand over my heart to stop it from leaping right out of my chest. I wanted to scream and cry, but I was also proud. Anxious. Afraid.

Overjoyed to have an answer, even if it left me with more questions than ever before.

My Stella, my little star, was already proving that she could use multiple traits without being trained. She

looked like a wolf pup, had experienced the doubling like one of them. She'd never shown any

inclinations toward needing or wanting to drink blood, and I'd never known her to be able to move

physical objects with her

mind. She hadn't even been able to connect with her wolf yet..at least, I'd never seen her do it.

If she had all of these talents from birth and was capable of choosing them, did that mean that she was

simply mirroring us, her family, in order to fit in?

Did my precious little girl have any idea of how to be anything else? Perhaps she'd need to be exposed

to

different supernaturals, see how they looked and what they could do, before she chose to manifest

those

talents...

Would she no longer look like me?

A strangled cry shot out of me. I would love my child if she looked like a wolf, a vampire, fae, a dragon,

no matter what. But this not knowing how to prepare, or even what to prepare for...

"Moon Goddess, if ever you offered me guidance, I sure could use some right now," I said out loud.

The lights flickered.

paused, thinking it might have just been a trick of pages, or from my anxiety.

my eyes from staring so hard at the old-fashioned The lights flickered again, this time staying dim for a

few longer seconds. Definitely not my imagination.

Immediately, I felt the nudge of my three mates in our bond link.

"Lanie?" Xander's voice filled my mind.

"I'm in our quarters. Where are you?"

"With Mason in a conference room."

"Zane?"

“Here,” he thought back at once. “I’m with Greyson in a pub.”

“Where are the pups?” Mason asked.

“In school,” I thought. “I was just getting ready to go pick them up.”

“I’m the closest,” Zane thought to us all. “I’ll go for them.”

“I’ll go, too,” I replied as my heart pounded. “I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

“We’re on our way,” Xander thought to us all.

Something wasn’t right. I heard no alarms bells ringing or anything like that, but in all the time we’d

been

here, nothing like that had ever happened before. It could be nothing, or it could be something very big.

Very

important. Very dangerous.

I had to get my children.

I shoved the book into the shelf in the corner and ran for the door. I had my hand on it, flinging it open

to

the empty hallway beyond.

That's when the lights went out completely, and I was plunged into total darkness.