

Mated to the Alpha and His Beta novel

Chapter 491

Chapter 491 Stella

I knew humans were different, of course, but my entire life had been spent around supernatural kind. My curiosity was raging as I allowed Selena to lead me to a set of leather chairs tucked around a coffee table littered with empty glasses. The leather couch across from us was occupied by two other women engaged in an intense conversation. They didn't pay any attention to us other than a quick, flicking glance Selena's bright gaze stabbed around the room in all directions before she turned it back on me. The flare of her wolf had faded, thank the Goddess. Human eyes didn't glow.

She leaned closer to me to shout over the thumping beat of the dance music. "Isn't this great?"

"I've never seen anything like it, that's for sure!" I shouted back.

She laughed and twirled her fingers in a circle again. It was a gesture I was getting to recognize. She wanted me to do...something.

"Make it quieter for us," she said.

With a small shift of effort, I was able to create a small, private bubble of soundproofing. We could still hear the music, but it wasn't so loud that we had to shout. I was glad she'd thought of it, but I wondered aloud how she knew I could do such a thing.

"Why do you think I was really going to that library?" Selena asked, leaning against the back of the chair and fluffing her hair out around her shoulders. She moved gracefully, but also with utter awareness of how every line of her body, every twist of her waist or toss of her hair was perfectly designed to show herself off.

To who? I looked around. Nobody was looking at us right now. When I looked back at her, she was rolling her eyes.

"You said it was to hide from my mom," I replied with a small frown at her expression.

"Sure. But also, I was reading up on you. I bet you don't even know the half of what you can do."

I felt my mouth twist as I pressed my teeth to my bottom lip for a moment. "I can do everything."

"Yeah, but you don't even know what that means. Do you?" Selena scooted to the edge of her seat. "Would it have occurred to you to do that silencing thing for us here?"

"Maybe," I said defensively. "But it's not like we need it. It's just a convenience."

"Not everything has to be as important as a battle," she told me. "What's the use of being able to do 'everything' if you don't do anything?"

She had a point. I looked around again and added a protective shield to our quieting bubble to keep anyone from overhearing us. "Did you want to come to a human place because they aren't attracted to you? "Aren't they?" She looked surprised, then frowned. "That would be a giant disappointment."

She waved a hand. Tossed her hair again. Her gaze was already scanning the room, no longer fixed on me. I sensed her wolf pacing. Selena was on the hunt.

"Constantine doesn't have a place like this," she said. "And if it did, I'd never have been able to come here."

She turned back to me. "Human

men will still want to dance with me,

but it will be because they are

attracted to me, not because ma hybrid. And I don't have to worry about finding a mate."

"Get you something?"

We both looked up at the male voice. The man standing over us wore nothing more than

butt-hugging briefs that looked like some kind of shiny, stretchy leather. Both of his nipples were pierced with bars, and his naked skin glittered with a dusting of silver and gold. He smiled at us both, and his teeth gleamed so white they looked like they were glowing. So did the whites of his eyes.

"Two margaritas," Selena told him. "Put it on our tab, please."

He nodded and left. Selena laughed, probably at my wide eyes. She shook her head and patted my knee.

"Chill out," she said. "You fixed it so we don't even have a tab, but he'll think we do."

"He was so handsome," I blurted.

Her eyebrows went up. She looked over my shoulder toward the bar. "Yeah, he was cute. But don't crush on the staff, Stella. Sorry. Elleah, We're going to find men who are here to have a good time, not to work."

"Oh, I'm not here to find anyone," I protested, but my aunt laughed right in my face.

"We're going to get you danced up on, maybe even a little smoochy boochy." The lilt in her voice and the way she talked was so much lighter than she'd sounded before.

She was only eighteen, and excited about sneaking away from the people who wanted to control her. I couldn't blame her. This place was pretty exciting. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

And I wanted to experience all of it.

The server appeared with two frosty glasses. I sipped mine, wincing at the sweet and sour bite. Selena downed hers in another few gulps. Then she did the same with mine.

"Let's dance!" Selena shouted.

"You drank my drink!"

"There will always be more drinks," she said, standing and grabbing my hand. I stood, too. "Let's go!"

Chapter 492

Chapter 492 Stella

The crowd parted for us as we moved toward the center of the dance floor. I wasn't doing that. Selena moved so confidently that she naturally took up the space.

I watched. Tried to learn. I was bumped and jostled until I followed her lead to dip and weave. By the time we got to the middle of the floor, the music had changed to something fast, with a driving beat that made me want to move my body.

Our bubble had come along with us, so I had no trouble hearing her when she said, "It's like watching a wildlife documentary, isn't it?"

"More like being in the middle of one," I said as the crowd began moving in unison.

Selena tossed back her head in a torrent of laughter. She twirled around to face a tall man who'd been dancing closer and closer. She looked over her shoulder at me and winked as she began to move in time with him.

Heat. Music. The smell of sweat and lust and unbridled joy swirled around me, tickling my nostrils. When I expanded my senses, I caught hints of anxiety, jealousy, desperation. Humans might not mate the way wolf shifters did, but this club was definitely a mating ground.

The man my aunt had started dancing with fitted his hands to her hips and pulled her up close as the song once again changed. Now I was dancing by myself, doing my best to look like I knew what I was doing. A man danced up to me, but I quickly turned around, my cheeks flaring with heat that rushed up from my center. I wanted to flirt with him, to let him pull me close the way Selena was doing, but he'd know right away that I had no clue how to dance. How to flirt.

I edged toward a smaller group of women who were dressed alike in matching T-shirts. One said "Bride." One said "Maid of Honor." She grabbed my arm.

"Is that creeper bothering you?" she cried, tugging me into their circle. "Get in here, girl!"

He hadn't been really bothering me, but I let her pull me into their group. I kept an eye on Selena. The women in the circle had a confusing human array of emotions that took a few seconds for me to sift through. They were so different from supernaturals! Complex layers of feelings swept through them, but they weren't using them to communicate with each other, because they couldn't feel each other the way supernaturals could. [search the Find_Novel.net website](http://www.find_novel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The song changed, and so did their circle. One of them wore several strands of beads around her neck, each with a plastic pendant dangling from it. She yanked one over her head and slung it around my neck, where it bumped against my chest as I danced. I couldn't tell what it was, and when I tried to thank her, she just waved me away.

I turned back to make sure Selena was still okay. She had one man in front of her and a different, new guy behind her. The two men were grinding her body as she had her arms in the air. Her wild grin told me she was having a great time, but the human men had heat pulsing out of their crotches. They might not be able to sense the fact she was a hybrid, but that didn't seem to matter. They were still riled up, and she was loving it.

But was she in actual trouble?

I danced closer, trying to make sure she was okay with being rubbed up and down by these strangers. "Selena!"

The music kept going from one

song right into the next, and she pushed herself out of the human male sandwich. They grabbed at her half-heartedly but then turned toward the circle of women in the matching shirts and tried infiltrating it.

"What?" Selena asked.

"Are you all right? They were both really grabbing you!"

She laughed. "That's the point, isn't it?"

Was it? I'd have to take her word for it. In the few minutes since I'd left the circle, two new men had danced up to us. One was behind Selena. And one...

"Oh!" I cried in alarm as a hard male body pressed along my back. I felt the nudge of strong thighs against my butt and turned quickly.

That wasn't much better. Now he pulled me against his front. He flicked my beads. "Bachelorette?"

"Huh?" I stepped back to put some distance between us and bumped into Selena, who was happily pressing her butt against this new guy.

The four of us were in a tangle now. More people on the dance floor. Everyone writhing and bumping and jumping & heard a pop, and dozens of colored paper strips fell out of the ceiling and floated down while wild lights flashed. Giant screens on the walls lit up with colored patterns that moved in time to the music.

The man dancing with me was trying to talk to me, but I couldn't hear him. As I leaned closer to try, I lost track of Selena for a second- while the crowd closed up around her. I spotted her a few feet away, tugging herself free of the man's grip. She looked annoyed.

Keeping her out of trouble was turning out to be harder than I'd expected.

Chapter 493

Chapter 493 Stella

Quickly, I formed a different sort of bubble around her. A small shield, light and thin, that kept the man grabbing her from being able to pull her with him off the dance floor. Every time he tugged, his fingers slipped off her wrist like she'd been covered in oil. His confusion was obvious, and I wanted to laugh. Finally, he gave up and turned away to find someone else.

Selena danced back over to me with a frown. "Hey! I know what you're doing!"

I turned my back on the man who'd flicked my beads, and he gave up to find someone else. "He was trying to take you off the dance floor!"

"Yeah, he wanted to buy me a drink!" She frowned. "Listen, kiddo, I'm here to have a good time. The deal was that I'd show you how to be normal, and you'd help keep away the supes trying to get at me."

"Is this normal?" I shouted to be heard. The quiet bubble had faded while I shielded her from the man she apparently had wanted to go with.

I was having a hard time juggling everything at once.

Selena's eyes were glowing again, but not from her wolf this time. Like the server's, the whites were bright. So were her teeth. It was from the purple lighting overhead, I realized. Her fingernail polish, the white tips, were glowing, too.

"And don't call me kiddo," I shouted.

Only a minute or so had passed without any men trying to grab our hips and push themselves against our butts. That seemed to be about the limit of time we'd get solo. As Selena felt big male hands pulling her back against him, she grinned at me and let this new stranger hold her close.

"You don't even know what he looks like!" I couldn't hold back my laughter, even though I didn't really think it was funny.

Behind me, my own brand-new

stranger was bumping his pelvis against the small of my back. I tried to take a couple of steps forward to let him know I didn't want him to do that, although truthfully, I kind of did. Everyone around me was linking and untinking, all of us part of a giant chain of rising desire mingled with a plethora of other feelings that were starting to give me a little bit of a headache.

"What difference does it make?" Selena cried as she put her hands over the guy's, resting flat on her belly. She swiveled her hips and let her head fall back against his chest.

"You don't even know if he's cute!"

She grinned again. "Everyone's hot on the dance floor! Let yourself go!"

I wanted to, and it was easy to let myself get swept up. In the music, in the man touching me, his breath now hot on the back of my neck. His grip got bolder, pulling me

closer, his fingertips inching around to my belly and just under the hem of my camisole. At the touch of his bare skin on mine, a flood of strange new sensations rushed through me.

I wanted to see his face, but the

crowd had pushed in on us so closely that I couldn't twist around without pulling myself away...and I couldn't pull away, because there was another body in front of me. My front bumped a woman's back. We were all moving in unison. Up and down, side to side. With each beat of the drums, the floor shook beneath our feet. I shot a glance toward where I'd last seen Selena and could only catch a glimpse of her hair.

Something hard was pressing against my back now. Something firm and hot pushing through the denim of this guy's jeans. Then cool air replaced the heated breath, but only for a second, because another set of hands flattened on my belly. Pulled me against a different body. A pair of lips nudged my ear, and I shivered as small tendrils sensation tiptoed up and down my spine. [SEAR*ch the Find novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I couldn't move without shoving the woman in front of me. We all rocked together, boats on an ocean of music and sweat and lust. I barely had to move my feet because the entire crowd was doing the dancing for me.

I found myself being spun in a slow circle. Now my back rubbed the woman who'd been in front of me. My chest pressed against a broad, male chest clad in a glowing white T-shirt. He tossed his head to get sweaty hair off his forehead and looked down into my eyes with an intense gaze.

Was he cute? Like Selena had said, everyone was hot on the dance floor. But did I think he was cute? He was a human, so what did it matter? We weren't going to be mated. I wasn't even going home with him... All we had to do right now, in this moment, was give up to the throbbing meat. To let go and dance.

I let my fingers link behind his neck for a moment while he moved us in time to the beat. I looked around to make sure my aunt was all right. I couldn't find her.

Selena was gone.

Chapter 494

Chapter 494 Stella

Wildly, I spun in place. I was trapped, unless I wanted to push rudely through the crowd. I opened my mind to find Selena and was relieved to feel her presence still close by. Unagitated. She was having a good time.

"Don't go," said the man who'd been dancing with me when I pulled away.

I didn't really want to, but I couldn't concentrate on keeping my aunt out of trouble and also get swept up in dancing myself. Yes, she'd promised to teach me how to be normal, and apparently, this counted. But I'd promised to keep her safe, and even if humans weren't coming after her the same way supernaturals would be, it was very clear that I couldn't trust her to use good judgment.

I found her standing near the bar with the guy she'd been dancing with. Or it could have been a different one. Honestly, it was hard for me to tell these humans apart. They all wore the same kinds of clothes, had similar features, and didn't have a distinctive, signature scent. They all smelled the same to me, an odor I couldn't put my finger on but was basically bland.

"This is Joey," she shouted.

"Meetcha," Joey said with a nod. His gaze slid over my face and down my body.

I'd forgotten for a minute that I didn't look like myself, so his blatant appreciation took me aback for a few seconds. Then, warmth flushed my cheeks again. I chased it away by forcing a cool smile and lifting my chin.

"Sup," I said, imitating what I thought someone who looked like Elleah Whitehaven should say.

"Joey," Selena said, "has a friend."

She sipped her drink and wiggled her eyebrows at me. I thought she might have something in her eye, but then I got it. Oh. She meant he had a friend for me.

"Where's your friend?" I asked.

Joey shrugged, leaning against the bar. "You want a drink?" [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"No, thanks." I licked my lips and tasted sweat. More sweat pasted strands of my hair to my cheeks, so I pushed them back.

How did Selena stay looking so put-together? We'd only been here for a couple of hours, and I felt like I looked like someone had hit me in the face with a shovel. I could feel my mascara streaking. My lipstick had to be smeared. Sweat coated my back. I

could've freshened up by manipulating my shapeshifter talents, but it would have to be subtle. I didn't want to risk anyone watching as Elleah's messy makeup repaired itself.

What was the use of being able to do everything, like Selena had said, if I couldn't do anything?

"Oh, go on," she said. "Live a little. Have a drink."

"Just a cola, then."

Joey laughed. "Sure, princess."

I frowned at the hint of sarcasm in his tone. Joey was not as handsome as the server had been. Selena leaned into his embrace as he gestured at the bartender. She seemed to like him well enough, but she was also definitely feeling the influence of the alcohol.

"Don't be so uptight," she scolded.

"One of us should stay sober," I told her.

Joey snorted. "Why?"

I hadn't realized he could hear me. The bubble I'd put around me and Selena was entirely gone. I didn't try to put it back into place. So much was going on, and I needed to keep my head about me. "Come on. Let's dance again!" Selena swayed on her high heels.

Joey put his arm around her. "Whoa, whoa, little lady."

เลน%%%

Little lady? Ugh. How could she stand to be talked to that way? But Selena shot me a secret grin that showed me she was not as intoxicated as she seemed...or least as not as much she wanted Joey to think she was. Her wink didn't really make me feel better, either.

"I'll stay here," I told them both. "My feet hurt."

That was true, I might not have squeezed my feet into the kind of

pointy tettos my aunt was

รณ

wearing, but these fashion boots were still a lot different than the sneakers and flats I was used to. It wasn't the real reason I didn't té get back on the dance floor, though.

I really just wanted to be able to keep my wits about me.

"You go," I told her. "Have a good time. I'll be over here."

I could tell Selena was torn, but only for a few seconds before she shrugged and took Joey by the

hand. She led him back to the dance floor. She didn't even glance back. I felt a little insulted, honestly, She was obviously more interested in having her own fun than helping me.

I was content for the moment to stay here at the end of the bar and sip the fizzy cola with the bubbles tickling my nose. I wanted to take in every sight. Every smell. I wanted to simply experience this night, even if it was on the sidelines.

That's when things started to get really interesting.

Chapter 495

Chapter 495 Stella

The comparison to a wildlife documentary seemed even more accurate when I was a bystander and observer instead of a participant. Everywhere I looked, there was something going on that had my eyes going wide or made my hold back a laugh or gasp of surprise.

Humans sure did get up to some wacky hijinks once they got going with some booze in their systems.

I kept my back firmly against the bar behind me, so nobody could surprise me. On the far side of the room, shadows were split with flashing lights as people gathered around a long table. Each end was set up with red plastic cups, and the teams looked like they were bouncing small plastic balls in an attempt to get them into the cups. When someone made it, a small splash wafted a scent of yeast and hops toward me. Beer. The person who got the ball in the cup shouted and...drank the contents.

Gross!

Still, I was intrigued. I'd told my aunt I wanted to be normal, but what was common for humans wasn't necessarily translated into what supernaturals would do. At the same time, I could see so many similarities. Our physical forms were basically the same, at least between humans, shifters, witches, and vampires. This hinted at common ancestry.

I concentrated for a few seconds on my inner library but didn't give myself time to do any more searching. I couldn't forget how Selena had described me as going blank. I couldn't afford to do that here in Paradise, not even for a few seconds. But I was intrigued at this new realization of how much alike we all were. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

My mom and her sister were both hybrids. So were Alaina and Isaac, and their birth mother, Alice, was likely one, too. I myself was a hybrid of the most complex sort, a blend of every single supernatural that had ever existed. It should have been as natural for me to be born looking like a Cyclops or Fae as it was for me to look like a wolf shifter. Yet my natural appearance, the one I didn't have to think about to keep, matched my parents'.

Could humans mate with supernaturals? And if so, what kind of hybrids would they create? Would the human lack of any innate special talents dilute or even block out those of the supernatural? Or the opposite, would babies from a human/supernatural joining be even more talented because of something I didn't yet understand?

Why was I even thinking about this now, I scolded myself as I focused back on the dance floor where Selena had abandoned Joey for someone else. I could spend as many hours as I wanted to when we got back home, either researching all the millennium of knowledge locked away in my mind, or with real, physical books from the library in the mansion. Right now, all I really needed to pay attention to was my aunt and her shenanigans.

She'd called me uptight, but I saw others standing along the walls or the bar, same as I was. Not everyone here tonight was looking to get mated...to hookup, I thought, catching an overheard conversation between two guys near me. Dudes. Bros. That's how they referred to each other, anyway. It made me laugh behind my hand.

I'd seen all three of my fathers acting kind of like this. Clapping hands on each other's shoulders. Posturing. I'd even seen Isaac starting to imitate them. What was it about men that made them walk around with their pelvises leading the way? Like the entire world needed to step aside so they could get by? Like they deserved to take up more space than anyone else around them?

The whisper of a fingertip trailed along the back of my neck, and I shuddered. But when I turned, nobody was there. I scanned the room, expecting to pick up the signature, either heat or scent, of another supernatural. At first, I thought I saw a flash of crimson eyes, but it turned out to be the silly mannequin in the fake coffin. Other eyes glowed

white from that purple light, but I didn't see anyone else with a rising wolf or anything like that.

Still, my back straightened as my senses tingled. The atmosphere in the bar had changed a little. More people had been drinking for a longer time. The night was wearing on, and those who hadn't yet paired up were starting to give off waves of desperation. Humans yearned for passionate interludes that were not attached to mating-their instinct for sex was as strong as that of wolf shifters, but they seemed way less concerned about finding their one and only. More like they wanted their only for one night.

I could see Selena, surrounded by human men all yearning toward her. They were being affected by her being a hybrid, after all. They just didn't know why she seemed so much brighter, sexier, more desirable than the other women here. They weren't as dangerous as the wolves in Constantine had been, but I still needed to be watching out for her. She clearly wasn't doing it for herself.

"Hey, you." An elbow nudged me. "Guess what?"