

His Beta 52

Chapter 52

Lanie

Braden didn't hesitate.

His soft, cool lips crashed onto mine, and I melted into him as he wrapped his arms around me.

His tongue slipped into my mouth immediately, exploring with a curious hunger.

But his kisses remained soft and so did his touch, his hands roaming over my body gently, like he was savoring every inch.

It wasn't like the switch that seemed to flick on when Xander and Zane touched me.

There was no clawing need, no animal desperation, but a burning flame of desire still flickered deep in my stomach.

What did it mean that I wanted to stoke that flame and feel it grow warmer and brighter?

That I wanted Braden to strip down so I could feel his skin against mine?

My hand traveled down between his legs to the bulge in his pants.

He moaned into my mouth as I grasped him, and the fire in my belly shot straight down to my core.

A was just beginning to unbutton his jeans, needing to feel more of him, but before I could even think about pulling them

down, a harsh voice rang out across the lake.

“Lanie!”

I froze. I recognized that voice.

Elder Aldon.

Part of me expected to be followed by Xander or Zane, maybe I even wanted it, but I was standing naked with a f u cking vampire. An Elder was the last person I wanted to see.

I turned around slowly, and there he was, shaking with fury.

“What the hell are you doing with a vampire?”

Xander

Was Zane right?

Was I making a huge mistake locking Alice away?

It wasn't like she was an actual prisoner. She was locked in her own decked-out quarters for g ods'

sake.

She had everything she needed. And on top of that, she still wouldn't tell us where the hell she'd been last night.

There were worse things I could've done to her.

If she'd acted like this with her original mates, she'd be dead by now, so really I was doing her a favor.

And I couldn't lie, knowing she was secured in her quarters meant we could do what we wanted to with Lanie without being

interrupted.

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Again...

"Xander." I turned to see Monroe standing at the entrance to the great room.

Speaking of interruptions.

"Can't it wait?" I asked irritably. It seemed like I couldn't get more than five minutes alone these days, and it was starting

to wear on me.

“No, it’s the High Elder.”

!

And just like that, he appeared at Monroe’s side, white robes flowing behind him.

“Xander.” The High Elder nodded toward me. “I must speak with you urgently.”

Without waiting for an invitation, he swept inside.

I stood to greet him, but I was in no mood to update him on our mating situation or entertain any more

of the Council’s

commands.

“High Elder.” I bowed my head to him in a show of respect. “I’m sorry, but I don’t have the time for a

meeting right now.”

His gaze swept around the room before his eyes narrowed back onto me. “You don’t look very

occupied at the moment.”

Da mn, he didn’t have to drag me like that.

He walked over and sprawled onto one of the armchairs by the hearth and motioned for me to sit

across from him.

Great, now he was making himself comfortable. Obviously he had no plans to leave until he said his piece.

“And please,” he said as I sat down, “call me Gustav. I imagine we’ll be having many meetings like this in the future, so you might as well address me by name.”

Many meetings? Lucky me.

“You know I’m a busy man, don’t you, Gustav?” I folded my hands in my lap, not breaking eye contact.

He cocked his eyebrow. “With two mates to attend to, I’m quite sure you are.”

I clenched my teeth to keep from cringing. I had no interest in discussing my intimate activities with a High Elder.

“Gustav...” I sat up, eyeing him suspiciously. “With all due respect, why are you actually here?”

“I have some very bad news.” He sighed deeply. “There’s been a vampire sighting.”