

## **His Beta 115**

### Chapter 115

Katie

Mason had carefully walked me back to the den to rest after my “migraine” at breakfast.

I didn’t know what else to call it.

It was almost like a brain ripple, like my mind was working so hard to dig up a memory that it was physically painful.

I started to wonder if coming here was a good idea after all.

My mind had been pulled in about a million directions, and even when I experienced pleasure like I had with Mason, some other weird flash or feeling would creep in and make me question everything.

Gabriela walked into the room and set down a glass of steaming tea.

“Drink. And then you should go for a run with your wolf,” she suggested.

“Oh, but I have to.

“I’ll watch Stella,” she cut in. “The guys are off doing who knows what. You should take some time for yourself.”

She walked away and paused at the door, studying me carefully. She opened her mouth to say something else, but then closed it and walked away.

I stepped outside in nothing but a robe and breathed in the fresh mountain air.

The scent reminded me of my cottage back in Stillwood.

It was hard to believe I had been there just yesterday

I stepped into the woods just far enough that I'd be covered, and stripped down.

The spring breeze still carried a chill that nipped at my bare skin.

Lily immediately surged to the surface and broke free before I could even properly think about shifting.

She sprinted through the woods, and the feeling was honestly miraculous.

When I shifted nowadays, it was only to comfort Stella within the safety of our little home.

The soft ground on my feet, the wind whipping through my fur, the feeling that I could go anywhere I wanted. I'd never remembered having it, and yet I still felt like I'd missed it more than anything.

I was grounded, I was strong, and I was so damn fast.

"We need to go faster," Lily said, and my body raced forward at lightning speed.

There it was again. Deja vu. Even my wolf was feeling it.

“What are you doing?” I demanded. Lily was taking over completely, her path locked in. “Where are you taking us?”

“I know where we need to go,” was all she said.

“But how?”

She couldn't tell me.

We ran and ran until we reached a lake on the other side of the forest.

Lily took me to a patch of dirt on the lake's edge. She pawed at it roughly.

My nostrils flared. What was that scent?

It was so different from the scents that followed me down the main street in Stillwood or the thick, sp  
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scents that hung in the air of the mansion, and yet it was so familiar, too.

There was spice there, but also something older and more papery.

Like it belonged to something ancient. Or someone.

The trees beyond the lake rustled ominously, and I jerked my head up.

“We’ve

been here before,” Lily growled, still pawing at the patch of dirt. “When were we here before?”

But I was too busy trying to see who had followed me into the woods.

Another branch cracked, and this time Lily paid attention.

We backed up, hackles raised.

And suddenly, they leaped from the trees, straight at me.

Three of the biggest wolves I’d ever seen.