

His Beta 118

Chapter 118

Katie

But then he stepped back from me.

Immediately, I missed his body against mine.

“Follow me,” he said. “I found somewhere I think you’ll like.”

Then he threw his head back, and with a low growl, he shifted back into his great, brown wolf.

My heart beat with both nerves and excitement.

I’d only just gotten to run with my own wolf, and it seemed like a big step to run with Mason’s, too.

But when else would I get the chance?

I stepped forward and shut my eyes tightly, my back arching before I fell to all fours and fur rippled over

every surface of my skin.

Lily yipped with excitement and ran to Mason’s wolf, rubbing our reddish-brown fur all over his dark

brown body. We looked good together, I had to admit.

I nuzzled my head into his neck, and he folded himself over me protectively. I licked his nose, and he

let out a little growl of pleasure.

Our wolves broke apart, and we pranced around like puppies, nipping at each other's tails and running in circles.

Then Mason turned and sprinted into the woods.

Lily was desperate to follow, and I didn't hold her back. I was dying to see what he wanted to show me.

Mason's movements were fast and graceful as he darted through trees. I let all the weirdness from the past few days melt away, taken over by the joy, curiosity, and wonder I felt running through the forest with Mason, just the two of us, free to roam wherever we wanted.

He dropped his speed slightly so I could run up beside him, and our pace became synced, almost like we

were moving as one.

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He finally slowed down when we came to a stunning clearing deep in the woods. The trees were towering and majestic, and springtime wildflowers bloomed all around us. Lily's ears perked up at the sound of rushing

water nearby.

Mason tilted his head and ran toward it until we came up on the most beautiful waterfall I'd ever seen. It

looked magical, like a place where fairies would live.

It was lush and colorful and absolutely perfect.

Mason trotted down to the edge of the small plunge pool beneath the waterfall and dipped his nose in the

water I followed and curried he how warm it was

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Without warning, he dipped his nose deeper and threw his head toward me, splashing water all over me and soaking my fur. I snarled playfully and leaped onto him, tackling him to the ground,

We rolled over each other onto the bank of the water nipping and growling playfully.

When we stopped, Mason shifted back into his human form, his beautiful naked body splayed out on the mossy ground.

I shifted, too, and an electric shock zapped through me as my warm skin touched his. I felt light as air

and totally happy.

We lay next to each other in silence for a few moments before Mason finally spoke.

“Your wolf is beautiful,” he said, turning his face toward mine. “What is her name?”

I looked into his eyes. They seemed to be glowing from within. He was happy, too.

“Lily,” I answered. “It’s strange... When she told me her name it was like she’d known it forever. I

wonder if she remembers more from my life before than I do.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised,” Mason said, a small smile playing on his lips. “My wolf has a mind of his own a lot of the time. Sometimes he’ll push me to do things that I’m not sure I actually want. It can be super f ucking annoying.”

We both laughed. I knew that feeling.

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Lily was all over the place, and I thought it had something to do with me and my messed-up memories.

But maybe it was normal.

“What’s your wolf’s name?” I asked.

He smiled. "Colt."

"I like it." It was strong but wild. Kind of like him.

He propped himself up on one of his elbows and pushed my hair back from my face. His touch sent a shiver down my spine.

"I like you," he said softly.

And then his lips were crashing into mine in a deep, passionate kiss. I rolled myself over onto my side, and he pulled me closer. His cock grew hard against my bare skin, and I moaned into his mouth.

"Mason..."

I nuzzled my head into his neck like I had when we were wolves, and I smelled the desire rolling rich, strong waves, mixing with my own sweet, animalistic scent.

off h

him in

I took in a deep breath through my nose before bringing my mouth to his once more. The feeling of his tongue on mine and the thickness of his scent surrounding me was completely intoxicating.

A deep well of desire bubbled up from my belly and moved straight down to my core in a hot rush. I

was so wet, so beyond ready for him.

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moved his hand up my inner thigh, swiping his fingers through my wetness.

“I want you, Mason,” I whispered.

A low growl of pleasure fell from his lips as he scooped me up in his arms and carried me to a tree,

pinning me up against it.

I didn’t feel the scratching of the bark or the gritty dirt on my back, I only wanted Mason inside me.

But as his fingers wrapped around my hair and he tugged lightly, a vision suddenly surged to the front

of my mind.

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Xander with his hand around my throat, Zane throwing me over his shoulder and then onto the bed,

Another wave of heat, fiercer and darker than before, exploded through my core.

What the hell?

I tried to focus on Mason kissing my jaw and then my chest, then licking my hard, pink nipples.

I closed my eyes and bit back a yelp as he bit them delicately.

Stay here, I urged myself, Stay with Mason.

I groaned softly as he wrapped his hands around my thighs and hoisted me higher, gasping as he

thrust himself inside me

eyes.

It was just like I'd imagined. So why was my mind still drifting?

I clung to Mason desperately as he thrust deeper and deeper, but each time a new image swam before

my

Zane's head buried between my legs,

na my c lit over and over.

My lips around Xander's c ock, him hitting the back of my throat so hard I gagged.

Xander thrusting into me while I took Zane in my mouth.

I cried out, half in pleasure, half in horror, and the sound seemed to awaken something in Mason.

He thrust with a punishing pace, grunting with exertion as my legs shook and bucked.

Everything Mason was doing was making me wild with pleasure, but still, I was thinking of the Alpha

and

his Beta.

“I’m all yours,” Mason growled as he thrust once more, deeper than he ever had before.

But as my walls squeezed around him tightly and we fell over the edge together, I could only picture.

Xander.