

His Beta 121

Chapter 121

Katie

“Xander, don’t,” Zane warned.

I might not have known too much about how things worked in the Constantine pack, but I did know it

was wrong to threaten your Luna.

But when Xander looked at me, his eyes were full of concern, like he was worried for me.

Was he being a mega a sshole to his mom? Yes.

But was he doing it to protect me? It seemed like maybe.

Sh it. If I wanted to stop thinking about Xander and Zane, then they were going to have to stop going all

Alpha on my behalf.

“I’m going to pretend like you didn’t just say that,” Gabriela said icily. “Using compulsion on your own

mother... despicable.”

I agreed, but the tiniest, most evilly curious part of me wanted to Xander to do it. Then maybe I’d know

more about that woman in the cafe, or why she mentioned me and someone named Selena.

I tried to bring it up in the car, but Gabriela had filled every silence with inane questions.

Xander was right. She was hiding something. But I was pretty sure everyone else in the room was, too.

Xander took a deep breath in and stepped back, looking away from his mother.

“I’m not actually going to, and I’m sorry to even threaten it. But I won’t tolerate more lies and secrets.

A hand fell hard on my shoulder. I flinched, but it was only Mason.

“Are you okay?” he mouthed.

www thing.

I reached for Stella, the could quiet the restlessness in my mind and body.

I nodded at Mason, but I was very much not okay.

When we got back up to our quarters, I put Stella to bed and then climbed in to sleep next to Mason

without a word.

I knew he wanted to ask me how it had gone with Gabriela, but it was the last thing I felt like talking.

about.

Instead, I went through the checklist of weirdness that seemed to follow me all over Constantine for the

last few days

I had incessant déjà vu that Lily felt, too.

Gabriela told Mason to keep me away from town.

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town recognized me.

So many secrets, and none of them shared with me.

I knew there was more I was missing, too, but before I could conjure them all, I'd slipped away into sleep.

I finally got out of bed the next morning when I heard a knock at the door.

Mason had woken me a little while before with a deep kiss that sent a jolt of electricity straight from my lips down to my core.

At that moment, I wondered why I'd ever questioned what I had with Mason, Just his brief touch sent my head spinning and made me desperate to pull him into bed and yank all his clothes off. hips.

My mind just hadn't been right yesterday. I'd been stressed and tired, that was all.

I knew Mason would've obliged me, too, if Stella hadn't stirred just as his hands were drifting down my

"Do you need me to stay?" he'd asked.

I shook my head and got up, grabbing Stella and feeding her from bed.

Now, walking to the door, my heart rate quickened.

Without Mason here with me, I was afraid to face the rest of the people who lived in the mansion.

I opened the door slowly, still holding Stella in my other hand.

"Hello, Katie," Gabriela said, an apologetic smile on her face. "I'm so sorry for yesterday"

I shrugged, not really knowing how to respond.

"I have an idea if you're interested," she said.

"What is it?" I asked apprehensively.

"As you now know, Xander and Zane no longer have a mate. And this means that I no longer have a

Luna-in-training to help with tasks concerning the house and caring for the pack."

Where was she going with this?

"I was wondering... she eyed me closely, "If you might be interested in helping me out. It'll get you and

Stella out of these stuffy quarters, and it would allow me to reintroduce myself. I feel like we've gotten

off on

the wrong foot."

That should've been an immediate red flag. She was obviously making this offer to soften the blow of

my being trapped in the mansion.

But some kind of instinct told me that I could trust her, that she was here to protect me, too.

Plus, she was a total badass and I really didn't want to get on her bad side.

Lau allowed hard. "Umhem that sounds neat

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She led me and Stella downstairs and out the back door to a greenhouse where a petite girl with a

ponytail was fiddling with some kind of vine.

"This is my other pair of helping hands," Gabriela said, waving toward the girl.

When she spun around, my throat tightened.

"Her name is..." Gabriela started to say, but I cut her off.

“Mindy,” I said. “We’ve met before.”