

His Beta 142

Chapter 142

Katie

What the hell?

I turned back toward the door to mine and Mason's room, immediately wanting to hold Stella and make sure she was safe. But before I could move back down the hall, Rhiannon crashed into the hallway.

"The ritual is off," she shouted at me. Her face was twisted with anger and pain. "Your memories are gone.

forever, thanks to one of Gabriela's disgusting dogs," she sneered.

I

"What happened?" I asked her. She looked sick, almost green in the face, and unsteady on her feet.

She barked out a mirthless laugh. "Someone ransacked my spell supplies. Ingredients I'd worked at

lifetime to gather...destroyed in one night."

Her voice was manic and high-pitched "This is why I hate werewolves."

Panic shot through me. Fuck. How would I get my memories back now?

Suddenly, Xander and Zane came sprinting down the hall, with Gabriela trailing behind them.

They ran up to Rhiannon, and I instinctively stepped back, slowly inching back down the hall to where

the

guest rooms were.

Now that I knew Xander's plan, I wasn't interested in being anywhere near them.

"YOU!" Rhiannon screamed, shoving a shaking finger toward Xander and Zane. "You're the ones who destroyed everything!"

"Whoa, whoa," Xander said. "Destroyed what?"

"Very funny." Rhiannon laughed hysterically, but she clearly didn't find it funny at all. "I know what you've done. Is this why you actually came here?!" she demanded.

She lunged at Xander and he stepped back, his face wrinkling in confusion.

"We really don't know what you're talking about," Zane said.

Rhiannon narrowed her eyes, and I saw them flash with an eerie light. Was she about to do magic?

"You don't, do you?" she said wickedly. "Maybe this will teach you not to touch a witch's sh it again.""

She raised her hands high in the air, and a crackle of electricity jumped between them.

“NO!” Gabriela cried, diving at Rhiannon and knocking her to the ground. Her head hit the floor with a smack and lolled to the side.

Gabriela’s eyes widened in horror.

“What the f uck?!” Xander said. “Did you kill her?”

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when she wakes up.”

“Zane, grab Mason, we’re taking him to the Council.” Zane ran toward my room, not even glancing at me as he passed.

So Mason was right. They really were going to force him to hand himself into the Council. Did that mean

they were going to take me back to the mansion, too?

I backed away slowly, wondering if I had any chance of grabbing Stella and slipping away, but then

Xander rounded on me.

“Pack your bags and get Stella. We’re taking you home.”

They would lock me away again, just like Mason said. Not if I could help it.

“No,” I said. “I’m not going.”

Xander raised his eyebrows. “Yes, you are, Katie.”

“No, I’m not,” I argued again before diving for the door next to mine—the door to Braden’s room.

I ran inside and slammed the door behind me, thanking the gods it locked from the inside.

I latched it and sprinted to Braden’s beside.

“Lanie?” he asked in a confused voice.

“It’s me, Katie,” I said. “You need to drink my blood. Now”

The only way to stop Xander and Zane’s plan now was to heal Braden’s bite.

Braden picked up his head and winced in pain. “I’m not doing that,” he said simply “I refuse to hurt you.”

A body slammed into the door. Shit. They were coming to get me.

“You have to, Braden,” I said. “You can stop, I know you can.”

“I don’t trust myself,” he croaked out. “Please don’t make me do this.”

On the other side of the door, I could hear the scratching and snarling that meant Xander and Zane

were

shifting.

And then another huge slam. The door started to splinter.

F uck.

I cast around the room looking for something sharp. If Braden didn't want to bite me, then I'd make him

I fingered the sharp metal edge of the side table and decided it was my best bet. I closed my eyes and

raked my forearm across it as hard as I could. Blood bloomed from the scratch.

I held it up to Braden's face and watched as his nostrils flared and his fangs dropped.

Another slam of the door. It wouldn't hold much longer.

"Drink," I commanded. And this time he did.

2/3

His fangs sank into my skin like a dozen silver daggers. The pain momentarily blinded me, but then a

different picture swam into my field of vision, and then another, and then another.

Me with my younger sister and my dads.

Me hanging out with Mindy.

Me being mated to Xander and Zane..

“G ods,” I whispered, “I remember everything.”