

His Beta 150

Chapter 150

Lanie

I packed mine and Stella's bags as slowly as possible, waiting for Mason to show up and help me or

tell

me he'd decided to join.

Gabriela had thought it best if we left the next morning since she, Xander, and Zane all needed to get

back to the mansion to avoid suspicion. They'd already been gone more than a day.

I finally walked outside, taking my time throwing the bags in the car and buckling Stella into her car

seat.

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I cast my eyes around for any sign of Mason, but there was nothing. I bit my tongue to keep tears from

welling in my eyes. I could do this alone. I didn't need him or anyone else.

But then I heard a creak on the cabin steps, and I spun around, relief already washing over me.

Only it wasn't Mason, it was Zane.

He ran down the stairs and straight up to me.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come with you, Lanie?” he asked softly. “Xander will be fine alone for a few days.”

He reached out and squeezed my shoulder and a bolt of electricity spider-webbed out from where he’d touched me.

“We want to start over fresh, forget all the shit that happened before the spell,” he said.

Impossible. You don’t forget the kind of rejection they made me feel.

“I just don’t want you to go alone,” Zane said.

“Oh, she won’t be alone,” Mason said as he swept out of the front door. “I hope there’s still room for me.”

I smiled brightly in spite of myself. Mason showing up was a damn dream come true.

“Of course there is,” I said.

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He shot me the same winning smile that had won me over the first time we met. “Good,” he said.

And then he kissed me. Slowly and gently. And right in front of Zane.

I glanced at him as we broke apart. I could swear his eyes flashed red. But when I looked again, they were only full of sadness.

He

e stomped back into the house without another word.

Lily scratched at my insides. She was telling me to go to Zane and comfort him, but I fought against it hard. Mason always put me first when Xander and Zane didn't. I needed to do the same for him.

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It was also tucked away in the woods, but a much more modest bungalow than the or their hunting cabin.

As soon as it came into view, my vision swam with tears. I hadn't been there since right before the mating ceremony, what felt like a million years ago.

I'd seen my mother briefly, but my heart nearly cracked in half when I realized it had been more than half a year since I'd seen my sister.

As soon as we got out of the car, she sprinted up to me, throwing her arms around me, and covering

me with her blanket of hair that was just a little brighter red than mine.

“Selena,” I whispered, breathing in her familiarly comforting scent, a scent that reminded me of skipping stones in a pond, gossiping instead of sleeping, and bonds that can’t be broken.

“I’ve missed you so much,” I said as I pulled away from her. I took in her face, the crowded dusting of freckles across her nose that matched our mothers. She was only seventeen, a year out from being of age, but she looked so much older than the last time I’d seen her. On closer look, she seemed tired, her face a little sunken.

“I’ve missed you, too,” she said thickly. She smiled, but it didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Gods, is this Stella?” she squealed, running toward Mason, who was holding her

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While they introduced themselves, I looked to the house and saw my mother standing in the doorway, a wistful expression on her face.

too?

“My girls, back together again,” she said. Was I imagining it, or did she look more exhausted than usual,

“Mama,” I said, wrapping her in a tight hug. “This is Mason.”

I gestured toward him and my mother gave him a small wave as he approached.

Selena slipped through the front door, now holding Stella. The sight of them together made

my

heart

swell.

“Be careful with her Selena, she’s still so small,” my mother said

Selena’s nose wrinkled. “F uck off,” she muttered, stomping into the living room and plopping down

onto

the couch with Stella.

I gasped at her response. It was so unlike her to be rude to our mother.

“What the hell has gotten into her?” I asked. Selena had always been a quiet, goody-two-shoes type. I

used to make fun of her for it.

“Honestly,” my mother said, leaning in closer. “I’m worried for her safety. I think she’s seeing someone,

I think they might be hurting her.”

and