

His Beta 153

Chapter 153

Lanie

Fuck what my mother said, being with Mason was all I wanted right now.

Later that night, I made my way upstairs to my attic bedroom, dragging my hand along the wooden

railing

I'd used so many times.

When I walked inside, Mason was rocking Stella gently, and her eyes were fluttering closed.

"Hold her while I grab the bassinet from downstairs?" he asked. I took her, always grateful for any

moment she was in my arms.

Mason returned only a moment later, but she was already fast asleep. I set her down gently in her

bassinet and wheeled it into the rec room off the landing.

"Does it feel strange to be back here?" he asked me as I walked back into the bedroom. "It sounds like

things with your mom and sister are..."

"Complicated?" I finished for him and shrugged sheepishly. What else was new? Even with my

memories back, my life was nowhere near stable. Quite the opposite

“Yeah, it does feel strange not sharing this room with my sister,” I continued. It had two twin beds separated by a small nightstand. We’d slept in there together our whole lives until I’d left for the mating ceremony.

But now she was downstairs in the guest room while Mason, Stella, and I were staying here.

“Do you think everything’s gonna be okay with her?” he asked, his eyebrows knitted in concern.

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Tears suddenly sprang to my eyes. “I don’t know,” I said. “I wish I knew exactly what was happening.

I’m

scared I’ll find out too late”

Mason sat down with me on one of the beds.

“What if I tried tracking her?” he suggested. “I hunted down Orion once, and he didn’t want to be found, either. I’m sure I could do the same with your sister.”

The tears spilled down my cheeks and a warm rush of gratefulness bloomed from

“You’d really do that?” I asked.

He rested his hand on my knee. "That's what I'm here for."

my chest.

He sighed deeply. "Why don't we just start over now?" he asked. "Pretend for a bit like none of that sh it

with the spell and Constantine even happened."

He moved his hand up and down my thigh absentmindedly. It gave me the shivers.

"I know it's not realistic," he continued, "but there's enough for you to worry about here with your family.

And I don't want to nunich wou anymore"

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"Thank go d," said, and my lids fluttered closed as he kissed me softly

My back, it was like I was meeting

hiks p rickled with warmth. In a way now that I had my i

again.

"I feel like a sixteen-year-old sneaking a boy up to my room." I was even blushing like a f ucking

teenager. "Not that I ever did that before I was mated," I said shyly.

“Really?” Mason said, raising an eyebrow. “I find it very hard to believe that every wolf in town wasn’t scaling the walls of this house to get to you.”

I barked out a laugh.

“Oh please,” I said. “I was like the least boy-crazy she-wolf to ever exist. I hated the concept of mating because I thought it was sexist and stupid. I used to drive Selena crazy with my rants,” I laughed.

The corner of Mason’s mouth quirked up in a smirk. I can totally imagine you doing that,” he said.

“I was a walking cliché, too,” I said. “My style when I landed in Stillborn was much more minimalist mom, but back then I’d wear black, Docs, had my hair up all the time, the whole nine.”

“So punk rock of you,” Mason teased, I giggled.

“I probably have a whole closet of rocker chick shit in here still,” I said, motioning to the wardrobe across the room.

“Oh, shit,” Mason said, his eyes lighting up. “You gotta try something on for me.”

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I rolled my eyes. What had I gotten myself into?

But I didn't think too hard before I walked over and plucked out a black lace-up corset and leather skirt.

I didn't bother mentioning that these had sat in my closet for years because they were entirely too sexy

and uncomfortable for me to leave the house in. They'd been impulse purchases, egged on by Selena.

"Hell yes," Mason said hungrily.

"Close I instructed.

reves.

I

"I will, but I don't want to," he said

He sat back on the bed and put his hands over his eyes while I stripped down and pulled on the outfit.

The corset was a pain in the ass to lace up. No wonder I never wore it.

But when I told Mason to open his eyes, the look on his face made it all worth it.

His eyes turned dark and animal, like he wanted to devour me.

"Get the fuck over here," he growled, and his commanding tone sent a surge of heat straight to my

center.

I climbed on top of him on the tiny bed.

“How are we gonna fit?” I asked. His huge, muscular body took up so much space.

“We’ll figure it out,” he said, tugging me down and claiming my mouth as his

2/3

I reached down between my legs and rubbed it slowly, feeling it throb beneath my touch.

“Lanie...” he whispered. “I wanna f uck you so bad.”

was already so wet and ready for him.

His hands traveled up my thighs, then under my skirt, grabbing my ass roughly. He yanked down my
panties hard.

“Sit on my face,” he said,

“Yes,” I answered breathlessly.

But before I could move, I heard a thump outside. We both froze.

“You heard that, too?” I asked, and Mason nodded.

I ran to the window and peeked through the slats of the shutters.

“It’s Selena,” I said.

She stumbled out into the yard, stripping down and throwing her clothes to the ground. She shifted before my eyes, snatched up her clothes, and then she was sprinting into the woods.

“Fuck,” I cursed. “She just shifted. She’s leaving.”

Mason jumped up from the bed and stripped off his shirt. “Then I’m following her.”