

## **His Beta 111**

### Chapter 111

Katie.

“I won’t be too long.”

Mason’s words from earlier rang in my ears.

Stella’s nap had come and gone, and bedtime was fast approaching.

What the hell was he still doing with Xander and Zane?

She’d been fussy the whole afternoon, and I didn’t blame her one bit.

She was in a strange new place, I was an anxious mess, and her favorite person was MIA.

Oh w

yeah, and I’d passed out right in front of her earlier.

Amazing first day for all of us...

all

I let my thoughts travel briefly to earlier in the bathroom, the only highlight, and reminded myself that

Mason would be back. He had to be.

Stella's lip quivered again and I rocked her side to side, trying to do it like Mason, but the wails came anyway.

It wasn't the same without the jacked superhero biceps, I guess

"Let's try something else, shall we?" I said as I laid Stella across the couch.

I stripped off my lounge clothes and closed my eyes, letting Lily take over.

Shifting sometimes worked when nothing else calmed Stella..

Something about the warmth, the softness of the fur, or maybe it was the pheromones. And aside from the weirdness Lily had pulled the day of Stella's birth, the two always seemed to get along.

I pressed the side of my furry face to Stella's chest.

Normally, this delighted her. She'd squeal and tug at my fur, and Lily would shake playfully in response.

But this time, the crying didn't stop.

Lily sent me pacing the length of the couch, irritated by the sound.

I guess she wasn't in the mood, either.

I shifted back and threw my clothes back on.

Time for Plan B.

I crept out of my quarters quietly, bouncing Stella to keep her at least somewhat quiet.

The chance of scenery seemed to distract her as well. Her little eyes were darting all around the hallway. 1/3

Something about sneaking out felt wrong, but I reminded myself that Alpha Constantine had told me to make myself comfortable.

“My home is your home,” he’d said with such an intense gaze that I thought I might light on fire.

Even remembering the look sent a brief rush of warmth through me,

He had a weird way of doing that. Making me feel special, like I was the only person in the room.

Wait, no...what the hell was I doing thinking about Xander like that when I’d spent the whole afternoon dying to see Mason again?

Nope, nothing good could come of those sorts of thoughts.

Besides, I was sure the way Xander was treating me was nothing. Maybe Alphas were like that with everyone...

I’d gotten lost in my thoughts, and now I was just plain lost.

The mansion was crazy big, and I'd been too distracted by all the tension earlier to notice how we'd gotten from the den to my quarters.

Shit.

Could I even find my way back there?

But just as I was about to start panicking, I heard Xander's voice.

"It isn't good for us, Zane," he said. "It isn't good for anyone here."

I could barely hear him. The door to the room they were in was big and heavy and only open a crack.

I snuck a quick peek inside. No Mason.

That was weird

Lily stirred inside me. I let her rise to the surface so their voices would amplify.

"I know," Zane said. "I can smell her everywhere...even on Mason earlier."

A sick wave of recognition washed over me. My cheeks burned hot.

They were talking about me. They had to be.

"Being under the same roof is too much to handle," Xander said.

The warmth I'd felt at Xander's words just moments before turned to an icy knot in my chest.

“We’re going to have to do something about her,” Zane said in a grave voice.

My heart pounded so hard, I worried they’d hear it through the door.

I started to back away slowly, but Stella’s lip quivered.

“No, no, no,” I whispered, trying desperately to pull down my shirt to get her to latch and shut the hell

up.

2/3

“Stop,” Xander commanded, and he and Zane both fell silent. “She’s here.”