

His Beta 221

Chapter 221

Lanie

No matter how much I wanted to, there was no way I could sleep in past the first blush of light in the sky. With three babies in the house, it was going to be a long time before any of us had that luxury.

When I crept

out of the bed and into the mostly dark living room, I was surprised to find all three infants still quiet.

Knowing they'd be up soon, I carefully let myself out onto the front porch. I took in breath after breath of

the crisp, cool morning air. So much loomed on the horizon, but for now, we were all safe. All together.

I

wanted to drink in this peace for as long as I possibly could.

"Morning." Gabriela's soft voice turned me. She sat on the porch swing, a mug of coffee in one hand.

She

gestured at the small table next to the swing. "The pot and a mug are there, if you want some."

"I'm desperate for some," I admitted. "How did you know?"

“You’re a mama. I knew you’d be up. Those three big lugs will be snoring away for a while. Not that

they

aren’t all wonderful daddies,” she countered with a small smile. “But...”

We both laughed as I poured myself a mug and settled into the rocker next to the swing.

“I take it you all worked things out to a mutual satisfaction?” She peered at me over the rim of her mug.

“I hope so.” I fought a blush, but I knew she didn’t mean that kind of satisfaction. “It’s going to take a lot

of work. Twice as much, I guess.”

“Three times.” Gabriela sipped.

I thought for a second, then nodded. “Yes. I think of Xander and Zane as one unit, but...”

“They are, of course. Alpha and Beta. But Mason is also an Alpha, and Xander’s brother, which means

he and Xander will become a unit of their own. It’s going to be an ever-changing triangle for you to

navigate.”

I sipped my coffee, thinking about everything that had happened since the mating ceremony. All the

secrets that had been revealed. When I looked at Xander’s mother, she wore a frown of concern.

“You’re worried that it’s not real,” she said.

I forced a laugh. “Are you part of the mind link, too?”

When she looked confused, I added as explanation, “The four of us are mind linked. I thought maybe

you

were somehow part of it, too.”

Her eyebrows went up, and she shook her head with a soft chuckle. “No. Just a mother. The four of

you,

really? Mason links to Xander and Zane, too?”

“Yes”

We sat in silence, each of us sipping coffee as the sun rose. The trees brightened. Birds began to

chirp. My wolf nosed the air, scenting it, wishing for the chance to run free. I hoped I could give her that

freedom

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“That should reassure you,” Gabriela said.

“I’m a hybrid,” I told her flatly. A sour taste washed away the good coffee flavor, and I grimaced.

“Wolves

and vampires all smell me and want me. What makes those three any different?”

She snorted lightly. “Wanting to f uck you is not the same as wanting to have pups with you. Share a

life. I

daresay that simply being drawn to your scent and wanting to rut is nothing like the desire to build a life

with

you, and certainly, it does not mean anything like love. Those men all love you enough to find a way to

make this work. That isn’t because you’re a hybrid, Lanie. That’s because you share something so

much deeper than

the physical...which, I’m hoping is wonderful; for your sake.”

I blushed again, but she only laughed and set the swing in motion with her toe. The creak of the chains

and the wood was soothing as a lullaby, and I understood why babies loved to be rocked so much.

As though they all sensed my thoughts, three thin wails filtered out through the cabin’s half-open front

door.

“They’re up,” Gabriela said. When I stood, she reached to put a hand on my arm. “Never doubt your mates, Lanie. I promise you, I don’t need a mind link to feel their love for you.”

She stood up so we could hug. My emotions were up and down and all over the place, but my tears were happy ones. Gabriela thumbed them away from my cheeks as the crying from inside got louder.

“I guess we’d better go inside,” she said.

When I opened the door, it was to the sight of three giant men, each holding an infant cradled against their chests. With the babies bundled up, it was impossible to tell who held which pup, but then I realized that

made no difference.

We all belonged together.

“I’ll make some breakfast, since it looks like the boys have everything under control,” Gabriela offered.

A soft tension swirled around me, Mason, Xander, and Zane as she went into the kitchen. Last night had

changed everything for all of us once again, and it was going to take some time to get used to it all.

And, beyond our personal drama, there was so much more we had to figure out.

“I’ll help,” I called out to Gabriela, but before I could follow her to the kitchen, a knock came at the front door behind me.