

His Beta 239

Chapter 239

Lanie

“Shh, shh, Stella. Mama will be home soon.” I clutched my daughter to my chest and kissed her soft, fat cheeks over and over again. I breathed in the scent of hair. When I looked into her vibrant green eyes, cooed and giggled with a slobbery smile.

“Love, we

we need to get going.” Xander knew better than to try and pull me away from the baby, but his reminder had me sighing.

I handed Stella to her grandmother, Gabriela would take excellent care of her, and so would the first f she’d ever known. Mason was already reaching to take her as Gabriela turned to lift Isaac from the port crib we’d set up in in the living room.

I kissed Zane’s mouth, letting the embrace linger as long as he wanted. I couldn’t be the first one to away. Not right now.

His grip on me t

tightened, and he breathed into my hair much the way I'd done with the baby. He wanted

take in as much of me as he could. I knew the feeling.

"I love you," he said into my ear, low, but loud enough that everyone could hear it. "And I am loyal to you."

"I know that. I love you, too." I kissed him again, aware of Xander moving from foot to foot impatiently.

I was tempted to pulse some Luna energy to get him to stop, but I didn't really want that to become the

way our relationship worked. Battling each other. Yes, I was strong, but so was he. We needed to use

that

strength in tandem, not opposition.

I could focus some of that Goddess-guided strength into Zane, though. I felt his muscles, which had

been tight and tense, relax. He drew in another breath and let his nose rub along my jaw before he

kissed my mouth

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again. He stepped away.

"You should get going. You have a long run ahead of you, and I know-"he tipped his chin toward

Xander, “-that guy’s got a plan to take a little detour.”

My heart thumped and my core heated at the thought of it. With everything going on, it seemed silly

and selfish to spend even a spare second anticipating the chance to be alone with one of my mates,

but the Goddess had shown me several visions of how difficult it was going to be, navigating being

mated to three

different men

Each would need-and each deserved-having their own time with me where I could give them solo

attention. We’d be spending most of our lives intertwined, so we’d have to make an effort to remember

that we were all important to each other in different ways.

Xander pulled his shirt off over his head and tucked it into the small duffel Hunter would be carrying in

his mouth. His boots, socks, and jeans followed. Naked, Xander twisted from side to side, stretching his

back. He opened his jaw wide, moving it back and forth, prepping his wolf for the burden.

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surrounded me from all of my mates. I closed my eyes for a moment to let their love and desire flood

over me. Fill me up. I took strength from the heat of their passion for me.

Lily was already rising, so eager to be free that I didn't even dare give my daughter one last kiss

goodbye in case my sharp teeth cut her. By the time I hit the front yard on all four paws, I was almost

fully transformed.

Hunter sat on his haunches and sent up a long, wild and thrilling howl that Lily answered at once. I was

slipping away to the back of my wolf's mind, but she deserved this chance to be front and center. I took

one last look toward the cottage.

Zane stood on the porch, his hand half-raised in a farewell wave. A sudden sense of warning rushed

over me, and Lily spun to lope toward him.

She went up on her hind legs to put her front paws on his shoulders. She licked his face as he buried

his face in her shaggy fur. With a whine, she jumped off the porch and followed Hunter, who held the

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bag in

mouth.

Together our wolves ran through the forest. Lily reveled in controlling her limbs and her senses. I gat

full rein and felt myself being taken along for the ride.

Time passed differently when Lily was in charge. Wolves were ruled by the phases of the moon, not by

th hands on a clock. Minutes and hours were the same as years, as far as my wolf was concerned. She

cared

of about her legs getting tired and the rumble of hunger in her belly. She cared about her thirst and the

scent

prey.

By the time we got to far side of the forest, she was panting. Hunter slowed and dropped the bag

before returning to his human form. I joined him a few minutes later.

We hadn't discussed what would happen when we were alone together. Our bodies did the talking. He

pulled me into his arms, our naked flesh slick with sweat.

Xander pressed his forehead to mine, and his voice still bore the wolf's throaty growl.

"Mate..."

"Take me," I whispered.