

## His Beta 254

### Chapter 254

Lanie

“What do you mean, talking?” I turned in confusion toward the playpen where the pups had all been happily playing when I left. It was empty.

I turned to the couch. Isaac and Alaina sat at one end, each them playing with a cloth book that had manipulatives sewn to the pages. Stella sat on the other end.

“Hi, Mommy.” Stella waved a small hand at me, and her face lit up with a grin. She had board book in her other hand.

“Hi, baby,” I said. “Mommy’s going to talk with...”

I stopped. We hadn’t really talked about how the pups were going to address Xander, Zane, and

Mason. I’d been calling myself Mama and Mommy to all the babies, but with three fathers, we’d have to

figure out how to differentiate

Your

daddies,” I said quickly. “Can you stay here and be good for Grandma?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Stella said cheerfully. Incredibly, she looked down at the board book and began sounding out words.

I thought I might fall over right then and there. The sense of doom and dread that had overtaken me while

talking to Quinn hadn’t returned, but it had been replaced by a new sense of unease and concern.

“Kitchen,” I said and we all went in there.

“Coffee?” Zane asked.

“I’m about to float away from all the coffee I had at the shop. No. I could use a cold glass of water, though,”

As he filled one for me, I looked into the living room again at the sight of our children on the couch. The twins were babbling happily, and Stella was still reading.

I turned back to my mates. “What by the Goddess is going on?”

The first doubling must’ve kicked into its final surge right after I left this morning. It was a surprise to see them all the size of toddlers, but not a shock. They’d been growing so fast over the past couple of weeks, I knew it could only be a matter of time before their first growth spurt finished.

But talking...

“We aren’t sure,” Mason said “Gabriela said she’s never heard of this before.”

Zane gave me the glass, and I gulped it down. I put the glass on the table. I crossed my arms over my

belly, hugging myself to hold back the shivers Zane put his arm around my shoulders, and I leaned into

him for comfort

1/2

since they couldn’t all fit in there at the same time anymore. She needed a hand with the diapers and

getting them some lunch, so I told Zane to grab a shower while Mason and I helped her out.” Xander

shook his head with a small chuckle. “I knew pups grew fast, but it’s different when they’re your own. I

never really paid attention to it before, you know? And having three so close in age, it was quite the

sight.”

“Growing fast is normal,” I told him quietly, pitching my voice low to make sure none of the pups could

overhear. As they grew bigger, their wolf senses would start to kick in before their wolves introduced

themselves. “But talking is definitely not. They don’t learn to talk until they’re through the second

doubling. which isn't supposed to happen for another six months or so."

"So, we have a precocious daughter," Xander said.

I could hear the babble of babyish voices from the living room. Isaac and Alaina had been using a few sounds here and there, and they had a sort of twin language we'd heard from them both. But Stella was talking to Gabriela in full sentences.

"When I came out of the shower, they were all at the table eating their lunch," Zane said. "And then out of nowhere, Stella asked me if she could have a glass of juice."

"Papa, can I please have some juice! Clear as a bell," Mason said. "I couldn't believe it. Also, not sure why Zane gets to be Papa, and Xander gets to be Daddy, while I'm Abba,"

"It's from the baby learning video we used to play for her all the time," I reminded him, and his expression lit with recognition.

"I'm Daddy because I'm her father" Xander cut in.

"You are all her fathers," I corrected him firmly. "And none of you are more or less important to her, so sto with the dick swinging. We have more important things to be thinking about than what our daughter has decided to call you. The twins aren't talking, are they?"

“Not like Stella is,” Mason said.

Zane shook his head and kissed my temple before letting me go so he could refill my glass. “She’s also clearly more...aware...than they are.”

A chill that had nothing to do with the cold water ran through me. “What does that mean?”