

His Beta 255

Chapter 255

Lanie

“I think you should just go see for yourself,” Zane said after a moment in which he hesitated and all three of my mates shared a look.

I put my hands on my hips. “You’re all keeping something from me.”

Xander moved quickly to put his arms around me. “Love, we’re not deliberately keeping secrets. I promise you. It’s just that it’s hard to explain. You need to go see for yourself, like Zane said.”

The sense of dread that I’d felt when talking to Quinn started seeping back. I put my hands over my stomach and pressed lightly to stop the churning. My heart pounded.

There couldn’t be something wrong with my Stella. There just couldn’t. Frantically, I looked from Xander to Zane and then to Mason. All three of them looked concerned, but I could feel their worry was more for me. That helped me calm down a little bit.

“We’re not sure it’s necessarily a bad thing.” Xander assured me quietly. “Unusual, sure, but some pups do mature faster.”

“Not this fast,” I muttered. “And there’s more to it than just her talking. What does ‘aware’ mean?”

“Go talk to her,” Mason urged gently. “Maybe you’ll have more of an insight than we do.”

I nodded grimly. “Fine.””

Before I went in there, though, I made sure to smooth my expression. I also took a minute or two to cl

my mind of worries as best I could, and to focus on slowing my thumping heart. I couldn’t do a whole lot

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al my upset stomach, but I tried hard to make myself as unflustered as I could.

I didn’t want my baby to sense anything strange about her mommy.

I went into the living room and put on a bright, cheerful voice. “Hi, my little love. What are you doing?”

Stella held up the book. “I reading wiff Grandma.”

I shot Gabriela a quick look. Xander’s mother raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips. She gave a tiny

nod.

“That’s great, sweetie. Maybe you can tell me all about it later, okay?” I held out my arms for Stella to

jump into. I fit her onto my hip. “My goodness, you’re so big now. Soon I’ll hardly be able to pick you up.

You’ll

have to carry me around.”

Stella burst into a flutter of childish giggles that lifted my heart. I held her close, breathing in her scent.

It was no longer that of a baby, but it was still familiar. I held her so tightly that she squirmed.

“Too tight, Mommy,” she complained. She put her hands on my cheeks to turn my face to hers.

“Did you have a good nap while Mommy was gone? Were you good for Grandma?”

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“Yes, Mommy. You have fun wiff your friend?”

I paused and met Gabriela’s gaze again, She shrugged. I hadn’t told anyone about meeting Quinn. I

looked back at Stella, who was patting my cheeks.

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I did. Do you know my friend?”

Stella shrugged and snuggled with her face into the curve of my neck. I ran my hand down her back. I

rocked her a little the way I’d done ever since she was born. Only now she was able to stand on her

own. Walk.

Talk.

“I ran into Quinn at the coffee shop,” I said over Stella’s shoulder, I made sure to keep my voice light and unconcerned. I definitely didn’t want her to hear anything weird in my voice.

“How did she know I’d met Quinn?” I thought to my mates.

“This is what we were talking about. She seems to know things,” Mason sent out.

“Is it a mind link? Is she overhearing us? Or somehow pulling out our thoughts?” I made sure to shield us from anyone other than the quartet.

Zane’s voice was husky. “I don’t think so. Anyway, you didn’t even tell us that out loud or through the link, so how would she have overheard it?”

“She just knew,” Xander said.

“Mommy, I hungry.” Stella squirmed in my arms until I set her down. She tipped her little face up to mine and wrapped her arms around my legs. “Snack?”

“Were you a good girl and ate all your lunch?” I asked Stella the question but looked to Gabriela for the answer.

“She did. She’s been a very, very good girl,” Gabriela answered with a small hitch in her voice.

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“Snack, Mommy, pweeeese?” Stella asked.

“How about some apples and peanut butter?” I stroked my hand over her soft, cinnamon-red curls.

She stared up at me with the piercing green eyes she’d inherited from her grandfather, Malachi. The vampire.

Stella pulled back her little lips into an exaggerated grimace and a hiss. She burst into giggles again.

when I startled. Her tiny face twisted into pure delight. She’d just been teasing me.

“Mommy funny,” she said.

I met Gabriela’s gaze. Her eyes were wide. She looked scared.

I was a little scared, too.