

## **His Beta 257**

### Chapter 257

Lanie

“I haven’t been this worn out and exhausted since I was pregnant.” I held back an enormous yawn and

grabbed my brush from the dresser. I pulled the tie out of my hair and let it fall down around my

shoulders so I could brush it. “I swear, I almost fell asleep in the shower!”

All three pups had been constantly on the go since got back from the coffee shop. Alaina and Isaact

were still a little wobbly, but Stella was able to run. We’d spent the rest of the day trying to wear them

out playing tag outside. Then Ring Around the Rosy. Then Simon Says,

bed.

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“I thought they’d never go down,” Mason said as he pulled back the comforter and blankets on our

giant

“Isaac definitely didn’t want to.” Zane chuckled from his place on the other side of the bed as he helped

fold down the covers. “Stubborn little pup.”

“Like his Abba,” Xander said with a grin and plucked the brush from my hand. “You. Get into bed. Let me do this for you. You’re falling asleep on your feet.”

I held back another yawn but obeyed. When the four of us had settled into the bed, I settled in between Xander’s legs as he sat up against the headboard. He started brushing my hair. Mason took a bottle of lotion from the nightstand and began rubbing it into my hands for me. Zane took some of it and gestured for me to give him one of my feet.

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My mates pampered me, and I loved them for it.

“When Stella asked me to read her to sleep, I noticed she was reading along with me,” Mason said.

“That has to be just memorization...right?”

Xander pulled my hair to the side and kissed the back of my neck before gently beginning to brush again. “I was not an early reader. Lanie?”

“I remember reading books before I went to school,” she said, “but only after I’d passed my second doubling.”

“It’s clear she’s advancing faster than is to be expected,” Zane said. “The question is, what are we

going to do about it?”

All of us were silent at that. I could sense my three mates thinking about the reasons why Stella was different than Isaac and Alaina, despite them sharing the same bloodline as her father

“It’s because of me,” I said aloud, but quietly. “The twins are Alice’s children, but Stella’s a hybrid, like me. That has to be why”

Mason gave both my hands a squeeze and sat back against the headboard. “But you didn’t grow faster, did you? Or start talking sooner?”

“No, but remember, my mother had the spell that was supposed to cloak her vampire side and make sure 1/2

pressure of the brush was mesmerizing. “Something didn’t work right, which is why when I turned eighteen.

I trailed off, not wanting to remind my three virile mates that my hybrid scent was an aphrodisiac draw to any vampire or wolf within miles.

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“I didn’t grow up having full use or control of my vampire side,” I added softly. “And Isolde, the witch who gave me the spell that sent me to Stillwood the first time. she said that in hybrids, vampiric powers sometimes skip generations.”

“Which, obviously, it didn’t in Stella,” Mason said.

“We just don’t know enough about hybrids, Zane said. He kissed the sole of the foot he’d just lotioned and took the other to start on it.

“Someone has to know,” I said fiercely. The testing facility wouldn’t exist to take hybrids if someone didn’t know something about them to begin with.”

“We aren’t taking her there,” Xander said sharply.

I leaned back against him, which prevented him from being able to run the brush through my hair, but it felt good to be in his arms. “Of course not. I’m just saying that she’s not the first hybrid. There has to be someone who knows what’s going on.”

“Yes, but until we find that person, we have to keep this locked totally down.” Xander put the brush aside. and wrapped his arms around me. “We can’t tell anyone. Her size is a little unusual, but nothing

that would stand out, especially around anyone who doesn't know her exact age. But the talking thing...

"She can't talk around anyone else but us," Mason put in with the same firm authority Xander had.

My two Alphas. My body thrilled at their strength, even as my heart twisted at the thought of my little d being in any kind of danger.

"How will we be sure she understands?" Zane asked.

"We'll have to talk to her. If she's able to speak in full sentences, and if she's able to read, hopefully, she'll be able to understand that she has to keep this secret," I said.

But what if she can't?

She's still just a baby.

Did I send that, or did one of my mates? I couldn't be sure, since it was obvious that all of us were thinking it, or variations of it.

None of us said it aloud, though.