

## **His Beta 259**

### Chapter 259

Lanie

Stella's nightmare hadn't been anything specific. A monster under the bed. Xander had thought quickly and took a spritz bottle of my body spray from the dresser and quickly dispersed it as "anti-monster spray" That had been enough to settle her back to sleep...but not me.

I wanted desperately to get back to my dream and the conversation with the Moon Goddess, but no matter how hard I tried, all I did was toss and turn. Finally, when the first hint of light showed through the blinds, I got out of bed and went to the kitchen for some hot tea.

The quiet house was a good solution to at least some of my tension. Unlike the mansion, this cottage in Stillwood that had been the perfect size for me and Stella-even me, Stella and Mason-was way too small for three enormous men, three growing pups, a mother-in-law, and me.

I wanted to tell myself that was part of my problem. Too much noise, too many of us cramped in too small a space. I knew that wasn't it, though. Like the Moon Goddess had said, something was coming, and I wanted to be ready for it.

I just couldn't figure out what "it" was.

The thought occurred to me that the only reason I'd dreamed about her was because Mason had put

the

in my head. It wasn't like I'd ever had the Moon Goddess show up in my dreams before then. She'd

never

communicated with me directly like that. Everything had always been a feeling, an intuition.

Had what she'd told me even been real?

Grimly, I poured myself some more hot water and soaked my tea bag. "I guess I'll find out one way or

another soon enough."

"Mommy?" Stella rubbed her sleepy eyes and ran across the kitchen and into my arms.

"Good morning, baby. You're up very early."

"I'm not a baby," she said with a grouchy pout.

I laughed and snuggled her. "No. I guess you're not. You're my big girl. Aren't you still sleepy? I can

tuck.

you back in."

“No. Izzy and Allie are sleeping.” Stella said, “because they’re still babies. But I’m awake”

“I see. Well, maybe you’d like a piece of carrot cake for breakfast? A secret treat for me and you, since we’re the early birds.”

Stella giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. She nodded, and I kissed her again. I put her in her chair at the table and served us both pieces of Gabriela’s carrot cake.

“Stella, my little love. I hesitated, not sure how to start this conversation or where it would go. “Your bad

dream last night...what was it about?”

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a monster under the bed, Mommy. I promise. But Daddy made it go away, and I went sleep. And the lady said I was a...hmm.”

“A what, Stella?”

“She said I was..hmmm.” Stella concentrated on licking more icing.

I was impatient, wanting answers, but I didn’t pressure her. I ate a bite of cake and tried to give her the time to answer. Maybe she didn’t really know how.

“She said for me to hush, hush,” Stella said finally. She held her finger to her lips and blew out a breath.

“Like shhh, shh. Quiet.”

“She told you not to tell anyone what she said?”

Stella tilted her head, thinking about this. “She said me to shhh, shhh.”

To keep a secret?”

Stella nodded. She ate a bite of cake and pushed the plate toward me. “More?”

“One piece of cake is plenty for a little girl,” I said absentmindedly. I was trying to figure out if she’d

seen the Moon Goddess in her dream last night, too, and if so, what did that mean? It was too much. I

looked at her. “Little love, you know how proud Mommy is, and Daddy, and Papa, and Abba, too.

be...”

“And Grandma?”

“Grandma, too. You’re growing up so big and smart and strong. But Stella, listen to Mommy. You have

to

Quiet. Shh, shh, hush, hush, the lady in her dream had said, How could I explain it any better than

that?

“Mommy, your face is squishing.” Stella demonstrated with her own wrinkled forehead and pursed lips.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be hush hush if someone else comes. I’ll only tell you and my daddies and Grandma

thinks from my head. Okay?”

I blinked back tears. “You mean you won’t talk to anyone but any of us? Only to me and your daddies,

and

Grandma.”

“And to Izzy and Allie,” she added and got a worried look. “I can talk to them?”

“Yes. But nobody else.”

“I know that, Mommy.” Stella said with a grin that erased her prior worried look. “I’m special, and we

can’t

tell anyone else. It’s a secret”

“That’s right. The silver lady told you that?”

“Yes. She said I’m sun less tree owl”

“Sunless tree owl?” I had no idea what that meant. Then it hit me. Not sunless tree owl.

Celestial

The Moon Goddess had visited my daughter in her dreams and told her she was celestial

Too bad I didn't know what that meant.