

## His Beta 264

### Chapter 264

Lanie

I didn't mean to a

get tipsy, but it had been ages since r'd had more than a glass or two of wine, and Quinn had been putting fruity drinks into my hands nonstop since I got there. Now I had the giggles, and the two of us sat together in a glider rocker in the shade while she filled me in on all the gossip I'd missed while I was gone.

"You look good, girl. Like, really, so good." Her giggle faded into a bright, sincere smile as she nudged me with her shoulder. "Tell me all about them."

down

I sighed happily. "I wouldn't even know where to start."

"You could start with what it's like in the bedroooooom." Quinn drew out the word, making it go up and like she was singing it.

A hot blush stole over me. "It's beyond amazing."

“But...” She twisted on the glider so she could look me full in the face. “How does it, you know...work?”

“It works the way it works with anyone. What do you mean?” I winked at her, knowing what she was getting at. I was just tipsy enough to tease her about it.

Quinn gestured. “Aren’t there just too many...you know. Sausages for the amount of biscuits?”

My jaw dropped at that little description, and then she burst into laughter. I joined her, laughing until tears streamed from my eyes and I had to clutch my stomach against the pains in it from working my muscles so hard.

“It’s not breakfast, Quinn!” I wiped my eyes as my guffaws softened into giggles that flared up again at the look on her face.

“Well, it’s some kind of meal, because it sure isn’t a snack,” she said through her laughter.

“Well, to answer your question, no, there are not too many sausages.” Another rush of heat flooded over me at the memory of the last time we’d been together. All those hands and mouths, worshiping my body and bringing me to ecstasy, over and over...

“Ugh. Look at you, you’re giddy! Seriously, girl,” Quinn added more seriously. “I’m happy for you.

Jealous, but I’m also really, really happy for you. So you...ahem, you got your memory back? All of it?”

I couldn't blame her for asking. If the situation was reversed, I'd have been overflowing with questions,

too. But I had to tread carefully with what I shared with her, and the drinks were making it hard for me

to be

Is

sure I kept my stories straight.

I nodded. "Yep."

"And you found out why you ended up in Stillwood, pregnant and with a different name?" She tilted her

head with a curious look in her eyes.

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Constantine to confront their father, I went along. And then I found out that Xander and Zane were my

mates originally, and Xander is Stella's father." I knew I was babbling a little bit, probably repeating

myself, but Quinn looked fascinated. "And Mason is the father of the twins that Xander and Zane were

raising..."

Quinn rocked back in the glider. "What, what?"

Oh, sh it.

I swallowed hard, regretting that I'd let her give me so many drinks. I cleared my throat, trying to keep my voice steady. "Uh, yeah...Yes. Their other mate--"

"Alice," Quinn said, reminding me that I had told her that part already. "The one who was also sleeping with Mason."

"Yes. Well, she had twins. And unfortunately, she died giving birth to them."

All of our laughter faded, chased away with this solemn news. I'd hated Alice once, with everything I'd had inside me. But I couldn't hate a dead woman any longer, not even if she'd done her best while she was living to ruin my life.

"What happened to the babies?" Quinn asked quietly

I lifted my chin. "While I was in Stillwood, believing I was Katie, Xander and Zane were in Constantine, not

remembering me, either, I can't get into all the reasons why, because it's-

"Complicated, yeah. Sounds very complicated, Quinn interjected softly.

“They were raising the babies they thought were theirs. They didn’t know Alice hadn’t been faithful to them.”

“And they didn’t know you were here, pregnant.”

I shook my head.” When I went back to Constantine with Mason, he found out for the first time, too.”

“So three pups. Two mothers. They all must be close to their doubling by now, if not through the first.”

Quinn c ocked her head at me. “You’re raising another woman’s children?”

I wanted to tell her the whole story about the rescue and how it had bonded me to Isaac and Alaina, but

I

only nodded. “They all belong to all of us, now.”

“You’re a better woman than I would be,” Quinn said. She looked over my shoulder, toward the house.

She

looked back at me. “Not to alarm you, but it looks like my brother finally got here.”