

His Beta 89

Chapter 89

Katie

There was a knock at the door.

Quinn had told me she'd come by, and I was as excited as ever to see her.

She'd been visiting every day around this time to give me a much-needed break.

It was probably the only reason I hadn't gone totally insane from lack of sleep.

I shifted Stella from my lap onto my shoulder.

I'd just named her today, finally settling on something that felt worthy.

When I opened the door, I was surprised to see Mason standing there.

"I hope you don't mind a surprise visit."

A flirty grin spread across his face.

My eyes drifted from his full lips, down to his broad chest.

He was wearing another tight t-shirt that showed off his sculpted torso and arms, and his long hair was

perfectly tousled,

I touched my own hair absently, tossed up in a thick-as-s mom bun.

Cool cool cool.

Very sexy, Katie.

“No, not at all.”

Stella stirred slightly in my arms, and I worried she might cry.

Babies. The ultimate cockblockers.

But when she opened her eyes and saw Mason, her face lit up with a gummy smile.

“Looks like she doesn’t mind, either,” I said.

“She’s so cute.” Mason ran a gentle finger down her little arm. “Looks like she’s gonna have your hair color.”

I beamed

Stella already had a thick dusting of hair the same cinnamon red-brown as my own.

We settled onto the couch and I noticed Mason was holding a neatly wrapped package,

“For baby,” he said, handing it over to me.

“Here, I can take her.” Mason reached out his arms.

For some reason, I didn’t even hesitate.

Even though I didn’t have a f ucking clue if this man had ever

held a bare

y in his life, I liked the idea of it.

And when he took her, so unbelievably tiny in his giant arms, my heart melted into a puddle,

Stella made pleased little grunting sounds as she settled into Mason’s arms.

“D amn, she really likes you.”

I could’ve watched them like that all day.

Mason rocking her lightly back and forth, looking at her like she was the cutest thing in the world.

Let’s be real, she was the cutest thing in the world, but I was her f ucking mother. Of course I thought

that.

But seeing her through Mason’s eyes, the way she fit so snugly in his arms, it all felt so...right.

I tore my eyes away from them long enough to open Mason’s gift.

A baby blanket covered in quilted stars.

Holy s hit.

“How d

“How did you know?”

“Know what?” he asked.

“That her name is Stella? I just named her that today because she feels like the starlight of my life,” I

said

softly.

He shook his head.

“I honestly had no idea.”

Damn. Why was everything he did so perfect?

The blanket was gorgeous and even matched my daughter’s f u cking name.

My stomach flip-flopped, and I had the urge to lean closer, to get him to wrap one of those giant arms

around me, too.

But g ods, Quinn was supposed to come over.

And Asher still liked me as far as I knew.

What would she say if she saw me and her brother's best friend together?

I glanced toward the door uneasily.

It wasn't like I'd promised Asher we'd ever be more than friends.

But it would probably sting if Quinn told him she'd seen us together again.

A chirping sound rang through the air, and Stella wiggled in Mason's arms. 2/3

"S hit. My phone."

He handed her off to me gently and stepped out of the room to take the call.

weird.

Tassumed it was urgent if he had to answer so quickly, but the fact that he didn't explain at all...that

was

Or was I overthinking it?

A scratching sensation rose up from deep inside me a stirring that meant Lily was clawing to the

surface.

I was still getting used to it after she'd been quiet for so long.

"It can't be," I heard Mason say in a low, choked voice.

With Lily at the helm, it was easy to hear him through the cottage's thin walls.

"F uck," he said, louder this time. "Gather the guys from the regional packs immediately...you know

what

we have to do."