

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 114

Jane

“Jane, are you sure this is a good idea?” Linda asks, nervously wringing her hands.

“Of course it’s not a good idea.” I reply determinedly, packing my suitcase while she guards the door. “But good ideas aren’t an option right now, we have to work with the hand we’ve been dealt. And this hand svcks.”

“Well as long as we’re facing our insanity head on.”

Linda mutters under her breath.

“That’s the spirit!” I praise her, my hands shaking slightly as I close the zippers around my luggage.

“Caw caw!” Linda burst out suddenly, making the bird noise we’d agreed to use as our danger signal if Ethan or Eric appeared while I packed.

Quickly slipping the suitcase under the bed, I whip around and sit on the edge of the mattress, trying to appear nonchalant. It was just in time, because a moment later Ethan came striding into the bedroom, his brow furrowed, “Did I just hear a crow?”

“No” I lie easily, adopting a worried expression. “I think the stress might be getting to you.

He shakes his head, as if thinking that reality is unavoidable, before zeroing in on me. “We’re almost ready to go” He announces gently, studying me closely.

Realizing that I need to keep up my petulant spirit after being forced to stay behind, I drop my faux concern, and turn my head away from Ethan. I refuse to acknowledge his words, knowing this is exactly what he’ll expect from me. “Can we have a moment, Linda?”

He asks, his deep voice painfully somber.

She slips out of the room as quietly as a mouse, and the next thing I know, Ethan is kneeling between my legs, resting his massive hands on my thighs. “

Please look at me, Janey.”

I know it isn’t real, I know I’m not actually going to be left behind, but something about my mate’s grave behavior has my wolf whining in my head. My throat thickens with emotion, and I reluctantly turn my gaze to the rugged Alpha gazing up at me with those dark, piercing eyes.

“I know you’re mad at me” Ethan begins softly, his nimble fingers tracing patterns on my skin, “and I know things aren’t anywhere close to being settled between us.” He adds, making my insides churn with guilt. “I just want you to know that I love you, and I won’t give up until the pups are safely home. I’ll do whatever it takes, and I’ll keep you updated every step of the way.”

“I know you will.” I nod, feeling the strangest desire to tell him I love him too. I have no idea where that sentiment came from, I’ve only just decided to give us a second chance, I’m nowhere near ready to know whether or not I can love this man again… right?

Ethan appears to read my distraction and confusion over this particular concept as more of the same, me giving him the cold shoulder as punishment for leaving me behind. “I really am sorry,” He tells me, sighing heavily. “I wish it didn’t have to be this way.

The petty part of me wants to argue that none of this “has” to be, it was a decision, and one I didn’t get a say in making. Still, I need to get him out of here sooner rather than later.”Just bring them home soon.”I bristle, wrapping my arms around myself protectively. “

And bring yourself home too I add when he drops his head in defeat.

I can feel the huff of his breath on my bare legs, and the next thing I know, his lips are on mine, stealing a goodbye kiss before I can even think of objecting. Of course, I don’t object. The moment I feel the pressure of his mouth claiming mine, as urgent and wild as any kiss we’ve shared before, I melt. I wrap my arms around his neck, pressing myself as close to him as possible as he devours me whole.

It’s a few minutes before he finally drags himself away, extracting long, reluctant kisses from my swollen lips as I cling to him, eager for more. “We’ll finish this when I come home with the pups.” He promises, nuzzling his mark and squeezing me tightly. “I promise”

On one hand I suspect he’s with holding his affection in retaliation for my own sullen behavior, but on the other, the sooner he and Eric depart, the better things will be for Linda and I. Convincing my friend to come along on our journey had been the easy part, convincing her to do so behind the men’s back however? That had taken no small amount of cajoling.

I’m determined to make our plan run as smoothly as possible to make it up to her, so the more time there is for us to sneak onto the ship, the better.

I wave Ethan and Eric off with a bittersweet smile, and the moment they’re out of sight, I turn to Linda.

Are you ready?”

She offers me an exasperated grin. “As I’ll ever be.”

It isn’t easy to get on the boat. Linda and I watch as Ethan and Eric board, but instead of disappearing into the hull of the ship, they stay on the deck, looking out at the bustling port. Unsurprisingly they don’t seem to be talking, merely standing next to each other as begrudging companions. Of course this makes things more difficult, at least if they were chatting they might be mildly distracted.

“How the hell are we going to get past them?”

Linda inquires, reading my mind.

“How do you feel about climbing?” I question, my gaze latching onto the rigging anchoring the boat to the docks.

“Not good.” Linda answers derisively. “Really not good, especially since we have luggage.”

“We can just put our bags on the cargo carts.” I reason, pointing towards the piles of other passenger bags being stacked for transfer onto the ship after the passengers have boarded.

“Believe it or not Jane, that wasn’t the larger problem.” Linda replies wryly. “I’m not a monkey or a circus performer, I don’t just effortlessly scale ropes suspended in mid air.”

“Well there’s a first time for everything!” I insist, “

Come on, where’s your sense of adventure?”

“You are really lucky that I love you.” Linda grumbles as we dart across the open spaces between ourselves and the ship, stopping every few feet to hide behind piled cargo and make sure the coast is clear.

Luckily the rigging securing the stern isn’t visible to the passengers on deck, so after depositing our bags with the other luggage, we scamper around to the heavily woven ropes.

I start climbing first, wrapping my arms and legs around the suspended cables and inching up towards the hull like a rather graceless caterpillar. Glancing down below me, I see Linda following suit, and though I can see her lips moving, the sounds of her annoyed muttering are carried off on the wind.

It’s not an experience I’m eager to repeat, but it gets the job done. Within minutes I’m tumbling over the edge of the deck and hopping to my feet, reaching out to help Linda finish her own journey. Afterwards we slip down into the staff cabins, careful to spray a particularly unpleasant perfume in our wake to prevent the men from picking up on our scents if they come this way.

We bribe one of the sailors to vacate his rooms for the trip, and flit inside, locking the door behind us. “We did it!” I whisper excitedly, happy to see that Linda is offering me a wide smile in return. She might object, but I know she loves intrigue as much as I do, and she always comes alive on adventures like this.

Of course, my joy only lasts as long as the ship stays in port. About half an hour after we depart, the roiling sea has my stomach in a tangle of horrible nausea. The Southern seas are rough waters, and while I purchased some anti-nausea medication for the journey, I quickly discover it isn’t enough. I spend the entire first day at sea curled up on the floor, sick to my stomach. I can only pray that sleep and a new day will give my body the time it needs to adjust. Unfortunately my body doesn’t get the message, and by the end of day two, Linda is worked up into a lather. “I think you need a doctor, Jane.” She worries, “you’re getting dangerously dehydrated.”

“I’ll be fine” I insist, “Can you get me some water?”

Linda disappears down the hallway, presumably to do as I ask, and yet somewhere deep down, I know our game is up. My suspicions are confirmed a few minutes later, when the hallway beyond our cabin is suddenly filled with pounding footsteps and fierce growls.

The door slams open and light pours into the dim cabin, illuminating my prone form as I heave and retch into a dingy bucket. I don’t need to turn around to know the identity of the shifter barging into my deeply embarrassing moment, I already know that it’s Ethan. I can smell his delicious aroma and feel his wolf’s strong pull, and that was before his deep voice floated to my ears, full of stern anger and admonition. “Oh my sweet little wolf” He rumbles ominously, heavy footsteps drawing closer and closer to me. “You are in so much trouble.”