

## The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 115

Jane

My cheek is pressed to the cool wood floor as a pair of large, heavy boots approach from the doorway. They stop a few feet from face, and while I want to cower from Ethan's anger, I'm also beyond relieved that he's here. I don't get sick often, and when I do I usually have to just power through – no matter how terrible I feel.

One of the joys of single parenting is that there's no backup in times like these, no one to step in and take care of your responsibilities when you aren't up to the, task.

Linda has been taking care of me of course, and though I love her, she's simply not the one I want. My wolf has been aching for Ethan, craving her mate in a time of need.

My hazy brain reels with the realization that I've started thinking of Ethan as my mate again, but in some ways it's not a surprise. I always yearn for Ethan when I feel poorly, but this is the first time since the divorce I might actually get my wish.

I don't even realize I've closed my eyes until I feel Ethan's soothing touch, his tender hands stroking down my back as he kneels down next to me. Blinking up at him, my vision blurs slightly and I emit a piteous moan.

"I'm dying"

A sympathetic purr rumbles in Ethan's chest, "Poor baby." He croons, sliding his arms beneath me, "come on, let's get you off the floor"

"I don't think I can" I tell him, not processing the fact that I've already left the ground.

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart." He advises, gathering me to his chest, "I've got you."

The next thing I know we're in the hallway, and Ethan is sweeping past Linda and Eric, carrying me up a flight of stairs, "Where are we going?" I murmur, trying to remember if we walked this way when we snuck on board.

"I'm taking you to my cabin" Ethan informs me, and then I'm calling the ship's medic."

I don't want a medic." I complain deliriously, "I just want you."

Ethan pauses briefly, looking down at me with concern. I don't think he objects to my desire to be near him, but I'm sure he's suspicious that I'm admitting it.

In fact... why did I admit that? I wonder, feeling the blood rushing in my ears. I promised myself I wouldn't make any decisions about our relationship until we had time to see if things could work between us, if I start spilling my secret feelings to Ethan, he might get the wrong idea.

The man in question frowns deeply, and increases his pace. "Linda should have come to me sooner." He scolds, shaking his head. "You're really out of it, aren't you?"

"I'm not out of it." I insist, nuzzling his chest and breathing in his scent. "You're out of it." I slur, reaching for the buttons of his shirt so I can undo the top and expose his bare skin. When I succeed, I sigh happily and press my cheek to his muscular pec. His arms tighten around me protectively, and he starts to purr again, though I don't think he realizes he's doing it.

Somehow Ethan manages to get me to his cabin before another bout of nausea can send me over the edge, but when he tries to deposit me on his bed, I cling to him stubbornly, "No, stay!"

"It's just for a moment, Jane." He promises, prying my grasping fingers from his body.

I feel suddenly very cold without him, and I whimper as I glance around this new space. Calling his room a cabin was a bit of an understatement. It looks as though Ethan booked the ship's owner's suite, which is fitted with every luxury possible. There's a balcony running the length of the room, one whose doors are already open and sending cool ocean breezes over my clammy skin. The mattress beneath me is as big as my bed at home, and I'm surrounded on all sides by plush covers. There's a state of the art kitchen, a sitting area, office and a bathroom with a built-in jacuzzi bathtub.

Compared to the narrow, windowless berths the staff occupy, it's a palace.

Ethan returns almost as quickly as he left, a woman in a paramedic uniform trailing behind him. I reach for Ethan as he nears and he settles on the edge of the bed, encouraging me to rest my head in his lap.

It's not enough, I want to feel his comforting touch enveloping me on all sides, but when I attempt to clamber into his lap completely, he bends his lips to my ear. "Just let her check you out first." He orders gently.

I offer him a disgruntled growl in reply, and he arches his brow, daring me to push my luck. One look at his disapproving expression has me settling back down with my head on his powerful thighs, and then the medic steps forward with a sympathetic smile. "Hello, Jane." She says warmly, "feeling a bit seasick?"

I nod pathetically, sure my green complexion and glazed eyes are already telling her everything she needs to know. "Have you been able to keep anything down since we left port, any food or water?"

"No" I admit hoarsely. It was not for lack of trying.

Linda had been trying to get water into me since I started vomiting, to no avail.

"Okay, we need to get some fluids into you." The medic assesses. "I'm going to put an IV in your arm, and that way we can get some electrolytes into your system, plus some medications to help your stomach.

They'll probably make you sleep a lot, but that's a right sight better than being awake and sick."

I nod in agreement, and Ethan strokes my hair. "Is there anything I can do to help her when she's awake?"

"Cold compresses and fresh air." She suggests, some people like hot baths. You can also go to the galley and get some ginger ale, saltines, broth – things like that. She probably won't want to eat but once the medication starts Working she really needs to try. And anything else she needs is fine. Everyone has their own comforts."

I already know what I need to comfort me, and Ethan already refused to give it. I think sullenly.

To my surprise the medic purses her lips with amusement, and Ethan's penetrating eyes catch me in their crosshairs, "Do you realize you just said that out loud?" He questions, his lip quirked despite his ominous expression.

I feel my eyes widen reflexively, "I did?"

"You did" He confirms indulgently, flashing an affectionate grin.

I think about it for a moment, then shrug, closing my eyes as the medic begins pulling saline bags and packaged tubes from her bag. "That's okay, I meant it."

Ethan chuckles, and then his large hand is sliding down my arm, positioning it for the IV while he continues to distract me, running his fingers through the long locks of my hair. "That feels nice." I murmur softly.

As soon as I say it, a needle pierces my arm, sliding into my vein with a sharp pinch. I wince but hold my arm still so she can finish securing it, and Ethan pets and praises me, "Good girl, that's it. The worst is over"

I peek at the medic, watching her inject a few different syringes into the IV ports, before hanging a saline bag on a hook by the bed. "Just don't forget to take this with you if you get up, Jane." She cautions, "I'll come back later to check on you, but I think you're in good hands."

After she leaves, I roll onto my back and look up at Ethan, reading all the conflicting emotions on his rugged features. I can see he's worried and tense, stressed and angry, but also unabashedly adoring. I can only focus on the feelings he's telegraphing for a moment, because after a few seconds of staring into the bottomless pools of his eyes, I forget what I was even thinking about. He's so handsome it's distracting, and I find it impossible not to get lost admiring his strong jaw, chiseled cheekbones and bronze skin.

Ethan is smiling again, and I slowly realize my mistake. "I said that out loud too, huh?"

"Yes you did" He concedes, "but it was nice to hear.

"Am I really in trouble?" I ask in a small voice, still craving more of his touch, but feeling slightly hypnotized by his continued eye contact. "Isn't this punishment enough?"

"Oh you're in a world of trouble, little wolf" He informs me with a knowing look, "you did yourself"

"I'm sorry." I say, though I don't truly mean it. My words are becoming more and more uneven as the medicines kick in. My stomach already feels better, but it's becoming hard to keep my eyes open. "I couldn't let you leave me behind, the pups need me." Ever since I got sick, I've been wondering how on earth my boys made this journey. I hate the idea that they had to go through this without anyone to care for them. In truth, I think that's part of why I wouldn't let Linda go for help, I didn't think I deserved to be taken care of when my pups didn't have that luxury.

"Hush now sweetheart." Ethan encourages, "We don't have to talk about this now, just try to get some rest"

But I can't – not yet, I have to know one thing first.

Gazing up at the huge Alpha warily, I ask. "Are you going to make me go back?"