

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 120

Ethan

When Jane wakes the next morning, bleary eyed and still much too pale for my liking, she looks up at me in confusion.

“What happened last night?”

Part of me is disappointed that she doesn’t remember the progress we made yesterday, but I’m more grateful that she doesn’t seem to remember her nightmares. I didn’t leave Jane’s side again after finding her so devastated, and thankfully she slept through the night without further incident. Now she lies safely in the circle of my arms, her stunning green eyes wide and vulnerable.

“How much do you remember?” I ask, tracing my fingers over her cheek. She leans into my touch and stretches like a sleepy kitten, going from uncertain and worried, to petted and pampered.

“I remember you finding me,” she explains, her cheeks turning pink, “and the bath.”

“Mhmm, I encourage, unable to hide my smile. Jane is starting to squirm as she recalls those intimate moments, ” what else?”

“I remember you teasing me.” She sulks, “As if being sick wasn’t bad enough.”

“How are you feeling? I ask, running my hands over her body and marveling at how perfectly she fits in my arms. Sometimes she feels so fragile compared to my size and strength, but then I remember the wild passion burning inside her, and I know I need not fear harming her. She needs to feel my power and dominance in her very bones, and I’m only too happy to give it.

“Better.” She sighs contentedly. “I don’t know what that medic gave me, but it worked.” The woman in question had returned to give Jane more medicine after I found her in the throes of her nightmares, and had updated the cocktail of drugs after I shared our situation with her. Now in addition to sleeping aids and anti-nausea medications, anti-anxiety drugs and painkillers are also being pumped into Jane’s IV.

We’re not due to make port for a few days and I’d rather have Jane pain-free and a little loopy while we wait, than miserable and spiraling deeper into despair.

Chuckling, I drop a k!ss on her nose. “I think you’re still a little high, beautiful.”

“Um not high” Jane insists, peeking up at me from beneath her lashes, then pressing her nose to my ch3st. “You smell good.”

If I needed more proof that she’s not completely lucid – that was it. Once upon a time my Jane didn’t have any inhibitions when we were together. This would have been completely normal in the early years of our marriage. But Jane is a guarded creature now, with high walls around her heart. The fact that she’s openly sharing her feelings this way – well, it speaks volumes.

“You smell good too.” I share honestly, nuzzling her neck.

“Ethan,” Jane murmurs, rubbing her tight little body over mine and covering me with her scent, “[think...I think- I’m going into heat again.”

“No, it’s just the drugs baby.” ! assure her. It has been a few weeks since her first heat, and when we were married she’d enter heat at least once a month, but if it was happening I’d be able to smell the change come over her.

Jane shakes her head. “I want you.” She insists, “I need to feel you inside me.”

“Fvck” I mutter, my c0ck growing hard despite my reticence. “You can’t say things like that, Janey. You’re not in the right mind to make this kind of decision. I don’t want you to hate me in the morning.” I sigh, trying to talk my wolf out of giving into her sweet pleas.

“It’s already morning” Jane reminds me, k!ssing my ch3st and nibbling her mark.

You know what I mean” I correct gently. “I don’t want to do something we’ll regret.”

“I don’t know about regret” Jane admitted. “But I could never hate you... I’ve tried, don’t you know how hard I’ve tried?” Goddess do lever, I think in exasperation. However, the idea that Jane was trying to convince herself that she didn’t want me all those times she tried to push me away, is one I hadn’t considered before. It makes a lot of sense, in hindsight. I thought she was lying to me, when really she was lying to herself. No wonder she was so hardheaded about it.

“It doesn’t work” Jane continues, straddling my walst.

“You’re the only one I want.”

I drop my head back against the pillow in utter defeat.

Now I know she’s high. She’d never like something like that slip sober. “We can’t, Janey! I declare, sitting up and making her look me in the eye. “If you still want me when we get off this boat and the drugs are out of your system, I’ll gladly rut you to your little heart’s content. But not before then.”

“I’m telling you, it’s not the drugs. I’m going into heat.”

Jane argues, twining her arms around my neck and rocking her h!ps against mine. Her sweet !!ps are trailing over my shoulders and up my neck, thoroughly testing my willpower.

“Your scent hasn’t changed.” I inform her gently, “and thank the heavens. I’m not the only Alpha on this ship, this is the last place we want you going into heat.”

Jane slumps over with a huff, stretching out with her back resting on the mattress between my legs. “Fine, I suppose I’ll just have to take care of things myself” Her legs are still splayed on either side of my h!ps, and she’s as n*ked as the day she was born. It’s temptation enough to have her spread out like a feast in front of me, but the moment she slides her fingers down her bare belly to the swollen bundle of nerves at the apex of her thighs, I know I’m fighting a losing battle.

I catch her wrists before she can make contact with her.

S*x and torment me with a live show, pinning her hands above her head, “Oh no you don’t” I scold, rising onto my knees to loom above her. “Am I going to have to tie you up, little wolf?”

To my utter frustration, she flashes me a devious grin,

That depends, what are you going to do with me after?”

Taking a deep breath, I try to count to ten in my head, begging the Goddess for strength. Every bone in my body wants to give in to Jane’s flirting, to fulfill her every desire and release all of the tension pent up inside me. It’s the cruelest kind of punishment: to have been chasing her all this time, and now to have her doing everything she can to sedvce me – not because she’s helpless to resist her heat or we’re trying to comfort each other amidst a tragedy, but because she wants to be with me, and only me.

“I’ll stay with you and keep you company.” I finally answer, “but that’s all.”

Jane furrows her brow. “Ethan, you’ve been pursuing me for months, I know you want this too.”

“I do.’ I admit, shaking my head apologetically, “[want it more than can say, but I have a greater responsibility to look out for you when you can’t look out for yourself.”

“If you were looking out for me, you’d do this.” Jane snaps, tears welling in her eyes. “Everything else is going so wrong, Ethan. I need something to be right. I need to feel like I haven’t lost everything I care about. I need you.” She professes, gazing up at me.

“I know you’re angry that I defied you and snuck around behind your back, but please don’t punish me this way. Please don’t reject me now.”

“I’m not doing this to punish you!” I exclaim, “and I’m not rejecting you, just the circumstances.”

“Why are you making such a big deal out of this?” Jane argues, yanking at my hold. “it’s not like we haven’t been together in the last few weeks – the last few days, even.

You’ve already claimed me, held me, loved me. Why is this any different?”

“Because everything is different now!” I finally burst.

Last night I made you a promise – that you could trust me to take care of you.” I share, “I vowed to prove you’d always be safe with me, and I meant it! You might not remember it, but yesterday was the start of a new chapter for us and there’s not a single thing I’d do to risk f****g it up! I’m playing for keeps this time.” I proclaim. “So you can be angry with me all you like, but I’m not going to lay a hand on you until you’re better.”

Her tower !!p trembles, “Can’t we just start our new chapter tomorrow? Can’t we have just one more night of indulging our bad habits?”

Rearranging her wrists so that they’re both safely confined by one of my large hands, I bring the other to her face, dragging my thumb over her plump lower !!p until the trembling ceases. Holding her gaze, I make my decision. “We can’t go backwards, Janey. Only forward – and not just with our relationship, with the pups too. If our family is going to get through this, we can’t play games or place blame anymore. We have to be a united front, okay?”

“Okay.” To my utter relief, Jane nods. However, just as I start to relax, she can’t help but make one final attempt to change my mind. “But only if you give me a k!ss.”

Throwing my head back, I can only laugh. “Jane Blackwell, you’re going to be the death of me.”

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