

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 125

Jane

I'm relieved to finally be back on the ship, speeding towards the Southern Isles as fast as the powerful Ocean currents can take us. My stomach – on the other hand- is less than amused. Our time on land was no reprieve, and the moment we returned to the relentless swaying of the sea, I became as sick as before.

Despite my continued protests, Ethan put his foot down and insisted the medic administer her drugs. I was in tears before it was over, but Ethan held me as I cried myself to sleep, murmuring sweet nothings in my ear and promising it was better this way.

As soon as the soothing embrace of slumber took hold, I disappeared into the fog of my dreams, my tormented subconscious dragging me many years into the past- to a time when things were so much simpler.

After almost a year of marriage, Ethan and I had become finely attuned to the warning signs of an oncoming heat – from my heightened lib!do and variable moods, to the strange compulsion to nest – cleaning and organizing our home with near obsessive detail. Still, there was always a margin of error within a few hours of the haze taking hold of my body.

Sometimes, when we were lucky, it came later than expected and Ethan was already by my side, all his responsibilities delegated for the duration of the cycle.

Other times, like today, my heat arrived early, which meant I was doomed to suffer until Ethan could tie up all the loose ends of his job.

He texted me about ten minutes ago, informing me he had finally escaped the office and was on his way home, and by the time he arrived I was almost mad with need. Beta guards were posted outside our apartment door, but Ethan banished them as soon as he stalked in, already unbuttoning his shirt as I faced forward and threw myself into his arms.

“There’s my insatiable little mate.”Ethan greeted me, kissing me deeply and breathing in my out of control pheromones. I clung to his front, my arms and legs wrapped around his powerful body as I tried to power through the excruciating pain in my belly.

“What took you so long?”I whined, rocking my h!ps against his hardness.

“Am sorry, baby.” He professed, “I got away as quickly as I could.” His strong hands are all but ripping the clothes from my body while he nuzzles and nibbles the curve of my neck, his tongue laving my skin as his wolf rises to the surface. “The real question is, why are you still dressed?”

“You weren’t here!”I sulked, fumbling with his belt.

“Oh my poor, neglected Luna.” Ethan crooned, laying me out on the dining room table and raking his searing gaze over my exposed flesh as he removed therest of his clothes.

“So neglected.” I complained, reaching for my mate as a fresh wave of pain overtook me.

“I know, sweetheart, I’m almost there,” He promised, lining up the swollen head of his c0Ck with my aching channel.

My whimper became a blissful moan as he finally buried himself inside me, the pain easing as my tight internal muscles con tracted around his thick length.

Most of the time it was still an effort to take him inside my petite body, but I was so wet that he slid home easily, stretching me deliciously.

“Oh Goddess.”Ethan growled, his rut quickly taking hold of his senses. wish we could stay like this forever.”

“We should.”I agree, lifting my h!ps to meet his powerful thrusts, “Why do we do anything else?”

“I don’t know.” He chuckled, lowering his mouth to mine. “Hold on now, Janey. It’s going to be a rough ride.

A little while later, after we’d both exhausted ourselves with each other’s bodies, I lay sprawled across Ethan’s chest, trying to rest in between the relentless waves of lust. “You know, the council wants me to knock you up so that ‘ll stop needing a vacation every month just to satisfy you.” Ethan tells me, stroking my spine in soothing patterns.

“Satisfy me?”I scoff “Your rut is every bit as demanding as my heat, if not more so. Last time I couldn’t walk for a week afterwards.”After a moment the rest of his words sunk in, and I wrinkled my nose in distaste. “Wait, you talk about that with the council?”

Ethan laughed, and I was reminded how much his time as Alpha had changed him already. I almost never got to hear him sounding so care-free anymore. “Not willingly, but they’re an opinionated bunch.”

“Mhmm, and you Alpha?” I prompt, n!bbling on his pec. “What do you want?”

“Oh, I don’t have any problem rutting you senseless every month.” He teased, ignoring my question.

“I’m serious.”I pressed. “We’ve talked about having pups one day, but never when that day might come.”

“We’ve only been married a year,” Ethan mused, “ and you ‘re still in school.” He looked down at me, his handsome face overflowing with love. “If you were to tell me you wanted a babe now, I’d happily oblige, but I wouldn’t mind a few more years of just us.” He continued. “Once we have pups we won’t be able to have these long, indulgent heats. We won’t be able to just up and leave town for a spur of the moment vacation,”

“We can’t do that now, Alpha “I reminded him wryly.

“You know what I mean.” He replied, playfully swatting my behind. The light contact made my blood start to heat up again, and I m0aned needily.

“I do,”I agreed, trying to finish our discussion before we became lost in the fog of desire again. “So we wait a few more years, I keep getting monthly birth control shots, and we can just be young and h0rny together in the meantime.”

Ethan laughed, the deep rumble vibrating in his ch3st and making me squirm against him. “I like the sound of that. ” He agreed, flipping me onto my back and settling between my legs, “In fact, I can’t wait to get started.”

When I blink my eyes open, Ethan is sitting in a chair by my bed, and I flush with the memories still swirling through my head. “Good morning, gorgeous.”

He greets me, putting down the book in his lap to lean over and k!ss me. You sounded like you were having a good dream.”

His knowing tone makes my already flushed skin burn scarlet. “It wasn’t anything special.”

“Mhmm, is that why you were moaning my name?”

Ethan questions with a smirk.

That’s right.” I retort saucily, wanting to give him a taste of his own medicine. “Nothing special.”

“Oh, ouch.” Ethan jokes, pressing his palm to his ch3st as if he’s in pain. “Such a ruthless little mate.”

My heart swells slightly when he calls me his mate, and I have to tell my wolf not to get ahead of herself. It’s only too easy to get carried away with our feelings right now- when everything is going wrong and I’m desperate for any source of light. However, seeing if we can successfully be together when life goes back to normal is another matter entirely. All our emotions are heightened at the moment, and I’m sure I’m on the verge of another heat.

Although... A little voice says in my head, weren't on birth control during your last heat. For all you know you could already be breeding.

The idea is so sobering the smile slips right off my face. No. I think, it's not possible.

Except I know it is. Ethan is a young, virile Alpha, and omegas are hyper-fertile to begin with. Back whenI was getting monthly birth control shots, the doctor always had to give me the highest dose to ensure we didn't end up with an unplanned pregnancy. Of course, even that proved insufficient in the end – Ethan managed to plant four pups in my womb despite the precautions.

Ethan is watching my expression closely, no doubt reading every feeling that's flitting across my face. “Hey, are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” I lie smoothly, looking towards the balcony. It’s dark outside, which either means that it’s very early in the morning, or Ethan’s earlier greeting was just a play on words. “Are we there yet?”

“No baby” He frowns, still studying me anxiously.

I'm afraid it's going to be a few more days."

Nodding, I snuggle further into the blankets. Still, it's not enough. “Will you lie down with me?” I request softly, wanting to feel Ethan’s strong arms around my body – especially now. The idea that I might be carrying another pup... or multiple, has shaken me to the core.

That would really complicate things. I can’t even begin to process how I might feel about the idea, not when everything else in my life is an absolute basket case.

“Hmm, that depends.” Ethan arches a brow, but he’s already rising from his chair. “Are you going to keep your hands to yourself?”

“Do I have to?” I reply, purely for the sake of keeping his suspicions at bay. I can’t let Ethan see how unsettled I am. If he senses something is wrong, he’ll drag the information out of me whether I like it or not.

Shaking his head, he stretches out on the bed beside me, staying safely above the covers while I’m nestled below. “You’re incorrigible.”

Even as I curl into the comforting cradle of his arms, I have to wonder about this illness of mine – about the mood swings and my increased lib!do. Is it all because of the pups? The drugs? The ship? Or is it something more? Could I be pregnant?

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