

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 130

## 3rd Person

The pups huddled closely together as they followed the strange girl they met in the alley, not feeling at all comfortable – especially given their past experiences meeting people in alleyways. Still, the girl was also a pup, and she seemed to understand their position better than any of the adults they'd met. She and the little boy led them into what could only be described as an underground maze catacomb of tunnels running beneath the town.

What is this place?" Riley whispered anxiously.

It's the old sewers. The girl replied, as if this was perfectly normal. The city put in a new system a few years ago, and this was left behind."

The sewers?" Paisley repeated. "Eewwww!"

"It's not so bad." The girl answered with a shrug, they haven't been used in ages. It doesn't smell great, but no one ever comes down here either."

What's your name?" Parker asked, looking around at the dark, dank walls surrounding them.

I'm Sophie." The girl tossed a smile over her shoulder, then gestured to the boy at her side. "And this is Bailey. We've been on our own for a long time now."

You don't have parents?" Parker questioned.

No one down here has parents." Sophie scoffed.

There are other peoples down here? Ryder asked in wonderment.

Sure!" Sophie exclaimed, "there's lots of orphans here, and eventually everyone needs a safe place to go when the orphanage or foster homes get too bad."

This, is safe?" Riley muttered under her breath.

"Safer than with grown ups." Sophie quipped, "We have a warm place to sleep, and there's almost always some kinda food around."

"But aren't there like, rats and things?" Ryder inquires, gazing around with wide eyes as if he expects to see some coming around the corner ahead of them.

"Sometimes." Sophie confirmed, sounding entirely unbothered by the face.

"But what about school and 'tivities?" Riley asked, "don't you miss having a bed to sleeps in? An' someone to take care of you?"

I never had any of those things." Sophie frowns, most of us didn't. Besides, Fabian takes care of us."

Who's Fabian?" Parker wondered aloud.

He's the oldest one here." Sophie explained.

Fabian's been living on the streets longer than any of us. He knows all the ins and outs of the city, and all the tricks of the trade. So we kinda made him our leader.

What trade?" Ryder questioned.

"Grifting, pick pocketing, cons of all kinds." Sophie answered simply.

"Are you talking bout stealing?" Paisley asked, recognizing some of these words from films and TVs.

'Say what you like, but it's a living!" Sophie chirped.

"But stealing's wrong." Paisley objected.

Sophie snorted, "right and wrong are for rich people. If we don't steal, we don't eat." She explained. "You'll see soon enough, nothing here is as simple as you might think."

What happened to your parents?" Riley asked.

Mine abandoned me when things got too hard."

Sophie announced, speaking as unemotionally as if she was talking about someone else's life. "Bailey's died.. but we all have a story."

How many is all" exactly?" Ryder prompted, amazed that even one person could live this way, let alone multiple.

Oh there are dozens of us working for Fabian."

Sophie explained. "It's not easy out there for a pup, so he protects us, cares for us and shows us how to make money."

The pups exchanged glances. A moment ago Sophie had made the mysterious Fabian sound like just another orphan, but now it seemed like he was their boss. That idea didn't sit well with the clever pups, who had never thought about friendship or protection being something one bought or exchanged.

We just wanna get home." Parker told the older girl.

"I get that." Sophie stated. "But you've gotta find a way to make ends meet in the meantime, right?"

"Make ends meet?" Paisley questioned.

"Eat, drink, find a safe place to sleep." Sophie elaborated. If you want to survive you have to learn to prioritize, take care of the most important things first, then figure out the rest."

"Our parents are the most 'portant things." Paisley argued.

Sophie paused, looking into their young faces with more understanding than the pups could appreciate.

I know, but if you wanna see them again, you have to learn to survive first."

They had to admit her words made sense, but all four of the children had an uneasy feeling churning in their bellies. They didn't like the sound of this arrangement, though none of them could really place their finger on the reason they felt this way.

Okay, so what's first?" Riley asked.

"First you meet Fabian." Sophie explained. Then, you get to work.

On the other side of the kingdom, far from the northern port or mountain villages, Eric was struggling to keep his face free of emotion when Anita walked into his father's throne room. It hadn't been easy to get close to the King again, especially not when he was considered a traitor.

After jumping over dozens of obstacles on his journey, Eric finally arrived in the capital and fought his way past the guards and gatekeepers who surrounded his father at all times. It was only this show of strength which convinced King Aimon to hear his son out, and even then he hadn't made the task easy. Eric had been forced to kneel before the King and denounce Ethan and Jane, stating that everything that had happened over the last four years had been a terrible lapse in judgment, and that he'd finally seen the error of his ways.

King Aimon wasn't convinced, believing his weak offspring had only returned because Jane threw him over for Ethan. Still, in the years they'd been apart, Aimon's oldest son had been killed in battle, leaving him without an heir. Other than Eric, he had only daughters, and they'd all been married off years ago.

He agreed to give Eric a trial period to prove his loyalty once more, but decided to reserve judgment until a later time,

Now, Eric could practically see the slowly budding trust he'd been working to cultivate between them slip away before his very eyes. He knew he was in trouble the moment Anita opened her mouth. When she entered, she immediately protracted herself on the marble flooring, speaking in a fawning tone he knew his father would eat right up.

King Aimon, it is an honor to be in your esteemed presence." She declared, "thank you so much for taking the time to see me.

The king nodded with a gracious air that made Eric want to gag. His father was many things, but gracious was not one of them. "And what can I do for you today, my dear? Aimon asked Anita, gesturing for her to continue.

"I have information for you sir, and an opportunity." Anita replied, clearly struggling to speak in such a submissive tone. There was a hardness in her eyes which Eric could see fighting to get out, and he doubted the king was fooled either.

His mind raced as he tried to come up with something to delay this conversation. As soon as Anita told the king about the pups, Aimon would have reason to suspect Eric wasn't being honest about his return. At the same time, if he tried to stop her from speaking and the information still ended up being shared, it would appear even more suspicious.

Well by all means then," Aimon answered sharply, share your news.

Sire, you're so well connected that I'm sure you already know Ethan Blackwell's children are missing," Anita began slyly, waiting for Aimon to confirm this before continuing. He did, but not before shooting a surprised glance at Eric before waving her on. "And though I can't tell you how I came by this news," Anita demurred, "I have it on extremely good authority that those same pups are in the Southern Isles, and were last seen around the village of Alta Monaña."

Is that so?" Aimon rumbled, turning his full attention to Eric. He didn't take his eyes off his son, even as he spoke to Anita. And why should this concern me?"

Well, I would never presume to know your mind my King," Anita proclaimed, "but I thought you would want to know that another Alpha's children were lost in your territory. After all, if we find them, you can use their rescue as a bridge to build goodwill with the NightFang pack... or their ransom to break it." She added, her voice dripping with cunning.

"We?" Aimon repeated curiously.

I'd like nothing more than to help you, sire."

Anita lied, "I live to serve."

And how is it that you came by this information, when even my best spies did not learn of these particular developments?" Aimon asked.

"Let's just say I work in the shipping and transport industry." Anita replied simply, "I have certain connections who prove very useful in matters such as these .

And if I were to ask you to retrieve the children at all costs, and bring them to me instead of their parents, what would you say? The king prompted.

Anita's cheeks split in a horrible grin. I'd say your wish is my command."

And you, Eric?" The king demanded, glaring at his son, "what would you say?"

"I would do anything to help the Southern Isles, father." Eric insisted.

"Now why do I find that hard to believe?" King Aimon hissed. "Perhaps it's because you showed up here mere days before this little bounty landed in my lap. And you expect me to believe these things aren't related?

I swear I didn't know." Eric claimed, staring the king straight in the eye.

King Aimon laughed, a low humorless thing. "We'll see about that." He declared. You, my boy, have just earned yourself some time with my interrogators." Eric paled, in his father's book interrogation translated to torture. However before he c

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