

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 131

Jane

The security guard at the rental shop is bearing down on me, and the woman behind the counter is reaching for the phone, preparing to call the police.

“No!” I exclaim, “please, I’ll leave. I’m sorry if I caused you trouble.”

“I think we should let the police handle this.” The woman argues, looking to the guard for support, “he’s clearly following this woman.”

“I’m not.” I tell the guard, praying he’ll take my side. “At least, not the way you think. She’s my girlfriend and I’m afraid she’s having an affair. She told me she was going away for the weekend, and I’m sure it’s to meet her lover. I just need to find out the truth, I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

The guard crosses his arms over his chest, studying me closely. My only hope is that he’s the kind of overbearing man to think such actions are reasonable – if not justified, and that he’ll side with another man over a woman assuming the worst of one of his brethren.

To my immense relief, his broad shoulder’s untense after a moment, and he nods. “I’ve been there” He admits with a sigh, turning to his colleague. “It’s okay, let him go – love makes you do crazy things, and he’s just a kid.”

“But-” the woman gaped, clearly more concerned for Anita’s welfare, which I can’t help but find ironic given the situation.

“It’s okay Kathy.” The security guard insists, “I can tell he’s a good kid.”

Kathy, to her credit, looks less than pleased. Still, she sets down the phone and closes her mouth. “Just go then, but you should know your behavior is beyond creepy.”

“Sorry!” I mutter, rushing out before she can change her mind. My heart is racing as I make my way back towards the bed and breakfast, worried about how much time has passed. I can’t imagine Ethan is back already – unless he found something like I did. As I make the journey back, I’m surprised at how much distance I actually covered. It’s a testament to just how weak I’ve grown on this trip that I’m exhausted by the time I finally arrive, feeling lightheaded and dizzy as I climb the stairs.

I’m so preoccupied by the idea of having a nice hot shower and taking a nap, that I don’t even notice Ethan at first. I unlock our door and push inside, walking towards the bathroom with single-minded determination. It’s not until I see movement in my periphery that I pause.

Turning towards the large bay windows, I realize that Ethan is sitting in one of the oversized armchairs in the living area, and he looks absolutely furious. “Hello Jane.” He greets me coolly, his deep voice rough like gravel.

“Ethan, it’s not what you think.” I wince as the words come out of my mouth, knowing how d\*mnning it sounds to start out with excuses before he’s even said anything about my absence.

“Really?” He replies, arching one dark brows.

Because it looks like you went out searching for the pups without me and without Linda, despite the fact that we agreed you weren’t well enough.”

Deciding that there’s no use denying it, I cross my arms over my chest and dig in my heels. “We didn’t agree, you decided.” I argue.

A low growl sounds in Ethan’s chest, and I can feel my wolf instinctively tucking her tail between her legs.

He unfolds from the chair, rising up with raw power radiating off of his muscular form. He crosses the room in a few strides, coming to tower over me, resting his massive hands on his hips as he glowers down at me.

Would you like to try that again?” He asks, sending an involuntary shiver down my spine.

“Ethan, you would have done the exact same thing if the tables were turned” I tell him resolutely, swaying slightly as blood rushes in my ears.

He swears and reaches out to steady me. “Look at you! You can barely stand on your own two feet.”

“So what! “I’ll have you know I got a lead on the pups.” I inform him, swatting his hands away. “I might be sick but I’m not useless.”

Ethan gives me a foreboding look when I continue to push him away, and my wolf caves to his dominance even though I want to keep fighting. I let him help me into a chair, feeling slightly guilty when he kneels down to remove my shoes.

“No one ever said you were.” Ethan responds after a moment. “But what if you passed out on the street?

What if something had happened? There are traffickers and scoundrels roaming this port like you wouldn’t believe. Something terrible could have happened”

“Then it’s a good thing I look like a boy” I quip, trying to smile but discovering I simply don’t have the energy.

“Jane, I’m serious.” Ethan scolds.

“Wait a minute,” I stall him, his words finally clicking in my head. “Traffickers and scoundrels? How do you know that? What did you find?”

“I’ll tell you in a minute.” He declares, clearly trying to be patient. “We need to talk about this.”

“Talk about what?” I interrupt, “what could possibly be more important than getting the pups back?”

“You and I have to work together if we want to get them back!” Ethan admonishes, “we agreed we were in this together from here on out, but you went behind my back again at the first opportunity.”

“If we were really in this together I wouldn’t have been able to go behind your back” I growl, “because I would already have been with you. That’s not working as a team, Ethan – it’s leaving me behind, again!”

“I didn’t leave you behind because I didn’t want you with me, and you know it. Ethan rumbles, “I was trying to keep you safe, I’m still trying to keep you safe and you won’t let me.” He drags a calloused hand through his black hair, looking positively beside himself. “Why won’t you let me?”

For a moment I don’t know how to answer him. It’s not that I don’t want his help, or even that I don’t know how to accept it, it’s simply that I can’t. I can’t stop moving, I can’t rest until my children are safely home.

Because it’s the pups – nothing else matters, even me.” I finally murmur, meeting his foreboding gaze and hoping he can understand.

“You matter to me.” Ethan replies, pausing in his effort to get me out of my disguise. At this point I’m only wearing the oversized tunic, my underthings and my beard. In all honesty, I’m amazed Ethan can have such a serious conversation when I look this way, yet he manages without pause. “And I guarantee you matter to the pups.” He continues, his hands resting on my thighs. “They need their mother, they’re going to need you well and able to care for them when we find them.”

“That’s what I have to tell you!” I say, trying to turn the conversation back to our children. “I found the company where Anita rented a van to take the pups to the capital. They wouldn’t tell me anything more, but I bet you could get the information out of them!”

“I’m afraid that doesn’t matter now” Ethan sighs, his mouth forming a hard line as he looks up at me.

Before he says a word, I know I’m not going to like what he has to say. “Because the pups aren’t with Anita and her goons anymore. I found one of her men today, and he told me they escaped.”

“They did?” I squeak, trying to figure out whether this is comforting or even more frightening. “When, where?”

Ethan frowns, and now I’m even more afraid than before. “Baby, he said... he said they went into the jungle near some town called Alta Montaña.”

“The jungle?” I repeat, feeling my heart slam to a stop in my chest. All of a sudden horrible images I’ve all but forgotten burst into my head. In the fugue state I entered on the journey, I managed to forget my nightmares, but now they come rushing back to me all at once. “Oh my goddess, my dreams!” I moan. “All those nightmares about the pups in the rainforest.. surely they weren’t real. They can’t be, right?”

Ethan shakes his head. “I honestly don’t know sweetheart. I’ve already booked a car so we can go to Alta Montaña and look for them there – but you have to let me help you now.” He presses. “If we have to go into the jungle you’re going to need your strength. You can’t keep fighting me this way.”

“I’m not trying to fight you.” I confess, “I’m just so afraid and angry, I hate feeling so powerless.”

“I know.” He croons, stroking my hair. “I do too.

And I know you can’t just flip a switch and magically trust me again, but you have to try or we’ll never get through this in one piece.”

I nod in agreement, wishing I was in his arms instead of kneeling in front of me. “Are you done being mad at me?

Ethan chuckles. “Not entirely – why?”

“Can I have a cuddle?” I ask meekly, knowing I don’t really deserve one, but needing it so badly I could cry.

Ethan huffs out a laugh, and the next thing I know I’m wrapped up in his chiseled arms. “Always.” He says in my ear. “You know you never need to ask.”

“I’m learning.” I tell him softly, closing my eyes and soaking up his strength and affection. After a few minutes, when I’m fighting the impulse to fall asleep, I add, “so when do we leave?”

“As soon as Linda gets back.” Ethan answers, “I’ve already packed our things. By this time tomorrow, we’ll be there.”

Previous Chapter

Next Chapter