

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 138

3rd Person

If only Jane and Ethan had continue driving that fateful night, they might have discovered that the theater troupe and their pups were only a mile ahead, pulled over on the side of the road to investigate the strange sounds coming from the pair of costume trunks in the main caravan.

The troupe leaders had first noticed the sounds of whimpering just as the sunset, and upon closer investigation, heard a tiny voice whisper, "I can' hold it!

I'm gonna burst!"

"I think we might have picked up some stowaways.

" The director murmured to his costume mistress.

"Oh dear!" She exclaimed, "Surely not" Even as she spoke, she fumbled for the key to the trunk in question. She slid it into the lock and quickly unlatched the trunk. The lid swung open, and revealed a pair of little boys, both unbearably cute but covered in dirt and grime. They had huge, fear-filled eyes, and were trembling as they stared up at the unfamiliar grown ups.

"Oh my word!" The costume mistress cried. "You poor darlings! How did you get in there?"

The boys exchanged worried glances, then one of them waved his small hands in front of him and chirped. "We aren' here -this trunk is empty... is just an lusion."

The adults had to smother the desire to laugh at the cheeky claim."An illusion huh?" The director repeated. "I don't know, you seem awfully solid to me."

When the pair continued staring at the boys, clearly not convinced, the second boy whimpered. "

Please don' hurt us." This pup was squirming with the antsy energy of a child desperate for a potty, but before the costume mistress could extract him, he leapt out of the trunk and to her shock-ran to the other one.

Open it! Our sisters!"

"Oh my Goddess!" The overwhelmed woman immediately raced to open the second trunk. When the lid popped up it revealed a pair of identical little girls, easily as similar as the boys except that one was a bit smaller than the other. The costume mistress pressed her hands to her cheeks. "Well I never!"

The larger girl eyed the she-wolf warily as she climbed out of the trunk. "We won' be any troubles.

Just lets us go an' you'll never see us agains."

The pups started inching away and the costume mistress held up her palm."Now hold on a minute little one. We need to talk about this. I can't just let you run off into the wilderness."

The little boy had apparently reached a breaking point. He was dancing around on the spot, holding his hands between his legs. I has to pee!"

"Alright pup, come right this way." The director instructed, leading him towards the restroom.

"Ryder!" The smaller girl squeaked with alarm.

"It's alright, no one is going to hurt him, and he'll be right back:" The costume mistress promised. "Won't you tell me what happened? Are you lost?

Orphaned?"

"No" The first boy shook his head, his voice thick with emotion. After so many weeks of surviving all on their own, not trusting anyone and hiding from everyone they met, the exhausted pup finally broke."

Our parents were coming to get us. We only wanted to hide for a minute" He explained, bursting into tears.

"Oh you poor thing!" The costume mistress crooned, hugging him close. "'m so sorry, we'll turn around right now!"

"Really?" The first girl sniffled, also on the verge of tears and not believing her young ears.

"Of course!" She agreed, trying to gauge their age, and placing them somewhere around four or five. "I suppose you don't know their phone number?"

They pitifully shook their heads. "Well maybe can look it up. What are their names?"

"We can' tell you that" The second girl announced, rubbing her eyes.

"Why not?" The costume mistress pressed.

"Cuz is not safe." The boy explained.

The costume mistress was baffled, "What isn't safe, sweetheart?"

"Telling you their names." The first girl shared.

The she-wolf frowned. On one hand she figured it didn't make much difference, finding phone service in the middle of the jungle was an impossibility, and by the time they got back to Alta Montaña it probably wouldn't be hard to locate their parents. They could go to the police or simply look for a panicked couple shouting their names. On the other hand, she ached for what these poor angels must have been through. Their first reactions to being found hadn't been relief but pleading not to be hurt and worries about safety. "How long have you bee lost?" She asked. From the looks of it they'd been on their own for some time.

"I dunno" The second little girl frowned. "Ages an ages."

"We haven't seen Mommy and Daddy in weeks."

The boy asserted.

"You must have been very afraid." The costume mistress guessed, her voice overflowing with sympathy.

They nodded again, and she opened her free arm to the girls, who promptly cuddled in next to their brother.

They cried and cried into her blouse, soon joined by their second brother once he returned from the bathroom.

She looked up at the director with wide eyes. "We have to turn around"

Within minutes the bright red caravan had made a u-turn and was speeding back in the direction from whence it came, whizzing right past the hotel where Ethan, Jane and Linda had stopped for the night.

Hours away, deep in the dungeons of King Aimon's palace, Eric sat in misery, locked behind iron bars too strong to ever break. His father stood across from him, making his first visit since ordering his captivity. He wasn't sure how much time had passed, only that the king was determined on making it as unpleasant as possible. When he wasn't being interrogated he was shivering in the cold or listening to his stomach grumble in desperation. He spent almost all his time thinking about his friends and Linda. He hated to think he might not see his mate again – he'd only just claimed her, and he loved her so much.

"Have you come to your senses yet, boy?" The king demanded with a sneer, Eric could almost feel his hatred slicing into him with every word. He'd never regretted being exiled from his home, but now he was reminded of just how cruel and unfeeling his father could be.

Goddess how Eric hated it when his father called him that, as if he was a child. "I've already told you, I don't know anything" He grumbled, exhausted from the relentless questioning.

"You must think 'm a damn fool!" Kind Aimon muttered sharply. "Blackwell's pups get kidnapped and brought to the Southern Isles, then you just magically appear claiming a change of heart after four years of silence? I don't think so."

"Coincidences." Eric insisted through clenched teeth. "You'll also know Jane went back to him after everything he did to her. She told me point blank that she'd never want me, and Ethan tried to have me killed just for sniffing around her." He lied.

"What I know is that the Alpha and his mate are no longer in Cité de la Nuit. Tell me, are they here? Have they come to find their children? Are they somewhere on our shores right now, as we speak?"

"I don't know." Eric claimed fiercely. "They were still in the capital when I left, and I didn't exactly stop to have a heart to heart before I left. I'm done with them."

"You're lying" King Aimon accused. "You never were a good liar, I don't know why I ever dreamed of making you a spy."

I did my duty for more than a year, I kept up –  
"Oh, one year! What dedication!" Aimon taunted,  
What sacrifice!"

"It wasn't right!" Eric insisted. "She was no longer with him, she could only tell me about what he'd done in the past, not anything that was happening at the time, and she was his victim."

"And so you chose to leave once she went back and finally had access to information that would be useful to me. How was that supposed to prove your loyalty?"

The king demanded.

"Well as you say I left, so I don't have useful information and ifyou're hoping otherwise you might as well leave me down here to rot. Use Anita if you want a spy." He suggested, eager to know what had happened with the trafficker, and hoping his father would be goaded into telling him.

His gamble paid of. "Oh I'm already using Anita.

She's gone to Alta Montaña to find the pups and bring them to me."

"And then what?" Eric demanded, praying that she would be too late. Ethan was the best tracker he'd ever seen, and even though this environment made tracking them nearly impossible, he knew the couple was clever.

They must have found some leads. Maybe they were already back with the pups already.

"And then" King Aimon announced, pulling Eric's attention back to him. "I'll have Ethan Blackwell exactly where I want him."

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