

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 141

Jane

Don't say it. Don't say it. Don't say it.

A month ago I never would have dreamed of telling Ethan I love him, and we've been stuck in a holding pattern ever since the pups were taken – so why am I so tempted to say it now?

Do I truly feel it? Do I love Ethan? Is it just the impulse to return the sentiment out of politeness? Does he truly mean it, or is simply the afterglow of s'x? Is that why I feel so inclined to say those dangerous words?

I don't know what to do -my feelings aren't even the problem, it's what admitting them would mean. If I tell Ethan I love him now, there will never be any going back. He's already determined not to let me go, and saying"I love you" would be like a green light waving him forward. I try to get hold of myself, to drown out the encouragement of my inner wolf.

It was just the s'x .I insist in my head. I'm still coming down from the stratospheric high of Ethan's lovemaking. I hadn't realized how badly I needed it, needed Ethan to take control: touch me and take my pain away – if only for a moment. I'm finally sated and preening under his lavish attentions, feeling safe and secure even as the world spirals out of control.

It's not so different from the first time we ever shared these words, when we were young and completely oblivious to the challenges we'd face in the future. I'd been reluctant then too – for very different reasons. Now I'm afraid of committing to being with a man who almost destroyed me once, even if he didn't intend it. I know he wouldn't hurt me on purpose, but it happened once already by accident, what if history repeats itself? I don't think I can survive going all in and losing him again.

I'd known that much when I was 16, when my fear of admitting my feelings was because a future together seemed impossible. My inner omega had been head over heels, but I was desperately trying to hang onto reality – to protect myself.

Gazing at Ethan, it's hard not to get carried away.

He's so handsome, and when he looks at me the way he is now – as if I'm the most precious thing in the entire world-I want to dive into love head first. I know I'm falling too fast, I can feel myself getting pulled deeper and deeper every day. I'm constantly digging my heels in, trying not to let him sweep me off my feet, but he's so much bigger and stronger than I am that he always succeeds.

Still, sometimes I wonder why he bothers. I know he'll never be free to marry me. People like Ethan just don't end up with girls like me. This relationship is bound to end in misery, and despite what people say about it being better to love and lose than not love at all – I'm fairly certain that's only true if you actually survive the loss. Could I survive losing Ethan? Will that be the end for me?

The thought of living without Ethan is like the thought of living without oxygen. He breathes life into me with every klss. I need him – not want, not desire, but need. That can't be healthy, can it? Does love always feel this way? This overpowering? This all-consuming? How does anyone manage to keep both feet on the ground with such a powerful force assailing them?

I no longer even recognize myself anymore. I've always been so serious and level headed – I've had to be. Mom and I have to struggle for every crumb of food we put on the table, and moving through the world as an omega is rife with dangers. I guess I've never felt safe enough before to be silly or mischievous, but Ethan makes me feel so secure that I can happily spread my wings and explore those hidden parts of myself.

Still sometimes it's very daunting to be with the future Alpha. He seems to know what I'm thinking even and especially when I try to hide it. Like now, He's watching me with a gnawing smirk, petting me everywhere except where I need him most. This has become his favorite game of late, even though it's taken him absolute ages to work up to this intimacy. Doesn't he realize how strong the effect of his pheromones are on me? An alphas scent is positively like catnip to an omega and I'd always heard it was true vice versa, but Ethan seems entirely unaffected.

"Won't you touch me, Ethan?" I inquire, sliding my hand down towards his belt and rolling my eyes when he intercepts it.

"I am touching you." He reasons, offering me a wolfish grin.

"You know what I mean." I press.

"Such a greedy little wolf" Ethan teases, stealing a klss. "So demanding."

"Don't you want to?" I pout.

"Of course I do." Ethan shakes his head in disbelief.

"How could you think otherwise."

"Because you never do!" I complain sulkily.

"I'm trying to be good." He explains with a heavy sigh, I don't want to pressure you."

"Maybe I want to be pressured."I tell him slyly, rubbing my body against his, covering him with my scent and relieving some of the ache in my swollen bre*asts.

Ethan growls, catching my h!ps before I can start grinding them into his. He buries his face in my neck, breathing in my scent. "Goddess do I love you." He says, his l!ps moving against my skin.

My body goes rigid. "What?" I gape, not believing my ears. He can't mean it, people like him don't love people like me, they might fool around and have a nice little distraction, but they don't get serious.

"I said I love you." He repeats, pulling his head up to stare into my eyes. His usually dark irises are glowing with his inner wolf and his voice is deeper than I've ever heard it. "I love you more that anything."

"No you don't." I object, blurting the words out without thinking. "you can't."

"Excuse me?" Ethan intimates, a foreboding expression coming across his handsome face.

"You can't love me, I'm -"

Seeming to sense the next word out of my mouth isn't going to be complimentary, he interrupts me.

Perfect. So perfect it takes my breath away."

"But I'm not!" I insist. "Im so far from perfect it's laughable."I want to say I'm not good enough for him, to point out what is so glaringly obvious to me and almost everyone else we meet, but I know that will end badly. "I'm nothing."

"Not to me." Ethan states firmly,. "To me you are everything."

"Ethan -"I begin, wanting to put a stop to this before things get out of hand. His words make me deliriously happy, but I hesitate to believe them. We have no future together, if I let myself imagine otherwise I'll just be setting myself up or an even bigger heartbreak than before.

"No Jane. I meant what I said." He interjects, cutting of my protests. "Im in charge here, and if I say you're perfect, you are."

That hadn't been what I was going to say, but his teasing did exactly what he intended, derailing my train of thought and making me instinctively rise to the challenge. "You're in charge are you?"

"Was that ever in doubt?" He jokes.

I don't recall giving you that authority." I remark tritely.

"Of course not. It's not yours to give, it's mine to take." He goads me, knowing that I can 't help but defy him when he gets so high-handed.

"Bossy Alpha." I accuse, narrowing my eyes and beginning to plot some mischief to get back at him. Of course the moment he sees my "plotting face" (as he calls it), he bursts out laughing.

"I do love you, Jane."Ethan says again, making my heart melt. "With all my heart, and I'm going to keep repeating it until you believe me."

Can I say it back? It feels so dangerous to give him more power than he already has. Keeping my expectations low is the only way I know how to protect myself If I share my feelings with him, it will be like I'm holding my heart up like a pinata, just waiting for him to smash it to pieces. But it is the way I feel, is staying silent really helping me that much? As Ethan said, he doesn 't need my permission to get carried away, he's going to do it whether I agree or not.

"I love you too."I whisper softly, not feeling brave enough to actually meet his gaze. Instead I stare at his collar, fiddling with the buttons on his shirt.

"Look at me, baby." Ethan commands, not taking my chin and forcing me, but waiting for me to obey. I slowly raise my eyes to his, feeling more vulnerable than I ever have in my entire life. When I finally make eye contact, Ethan smiles so tenderly that my knees go weak – it's a d*mn good thing we're lying down. "You have no idea how happy you just made me, Jane." He shares. "n fact, the only thing that could possibly make me happier now is if you say it again when I can see your beautiful face."

Flushing bright pink, I tell him again, unable to stop myself from bursting into a wide smile I love you. The next thing I know, Ethan is claiming my l!ps in an unforgettable klss. I know I'm lost now – there's no saving myself from this fall. I just have to hold on and pray I can get up again after I land.

The memories swirl through my head as I watch Ethan. The last time I spoke my truth I lived to regret it. I don't want to make the same mistake again, but I find myself in precisely the same position as before. Can I say it?

Previous Chapter

Next Chapter