

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 142

Jane

I don't know how it happened, but suddenly I'm crying.

I'm sprawled out on Ethan's chest, hot tears sliding down my cheeks. His brow furrows with concern, and he takes my face in his hands, searching my eyes for answers. "Sweetheart, what is it? Was I too rough with you?"

I shake my head, not feeling up to speaking at this particular moment. Ethan relaxes slightly, using the pads of his thumbs to wipe away my tears. "Then what's wrong?"

Doesn't he know what he's doing to me? Doesn't he realize how powerful those words are? What they mean to me? Does he even remember that first time?

How difficult it was for me to tell him even before I'd had my heart smashed to pieces?.

Before I can reply the door swings open, and I hear Linda's shocked voice break the tension-laden air, "Oh my Goddess! Why didn't you two lock the door."

I whip my head in her direction, hearing Ethan hiss with annoyance when I take my eyes from him. "We assumed anyone entering a bedroom would knock." I tease my friend.

Linda rolls her eyes. "It's a hotel room and we're in a shared suite."

Ethan pulls a sheet up to cover my exposed backside, and I look up at him in amusement. "I think she's seen it all before."

He's watching me too closely, and I can tell he doesn't want to release me. Ethan has always hated seeing me cry, and all of his instincts must be demanding he make it better -I'm sure that's why he's trying to cover me up right now. It's in his bones to protect, and there's nothing else he can do right now. I can also tell he doesn't approve of me avoiding telling him why I'm upset by focusing on my friend, but I need a moment.

"No luck?" I question, referring to her shift calling the theater company.

"No.' She sighs, "I'm sorry. At this rate I don't think we're going to get in touch tonight."

"I want to keep trying. At least for one more shift."I decide. "It kills me to think the pups might be five minutes down the road at this very moment."

"But if they are, they won't have cell service either" Ethan murmurs. "And you need to eat and rest"

"I'm not hungry." I lie, only for my stomach to start growling at that very moment.

"Uh-huh." Ethan remarks, disapproval clear in his voice. "I say we keep calling, but only until room service can bring up some food."

"But -I try to argue, and Ethan swats my behind, seeming to forget that we have an audience.

I yelp, and he chuckles darkly. Surely I'm not already feeling hot and bothered again – we only just finished making love. I'm sure if Ethan touched me now I would be too sensitive, still that achy, antsy energy is rising up inside me again. "You've been sick" Ethan reminds me, "you need to keep up your strength."

"Maybe, but another half an hour isn't going to make a difference" I counter.

Ethan drops his l!ps to my ear, lowering his voice to a husky whisper. "You've only just finished dealing with the consequences of the last time you disobeyed me, do you really want to dig yourself in deeper?"

I shoot him a glare. Can I really love someone who scolds me this way, who sees it as his right and duty to boss me around? And why does it turn me on so much?

Why does the idea of his discipline excite me this way? It certainly doesn't feel very feminist of me, but then again, how many omegas have the freedom to be political? I suppose I like feeling like he cares enough to make the effort. After all, setting limits is part of taking care of someone, and he clearly wants to take care of me.

I consider Ethan's question with a sly grin. I sort of do want to dig myself deeper, just to see what he'll do, how far I can push him. Of course, Ethan reads my feelings without any problem, and soon he's laughing, his ch3st shaking beneath me. "You're incorrigible, Jane."

I giggle, nibbling his pec, then squirming and bursting into gleeful laughter as he tickles me. missed this. I've missed just... playing. When was the last time I got to be silly like this?

"You two remember I'm still here, right?" Linda quips sarcastically.

"Yes, sorry Linda." I apologize, carefully climbing out of bed and wrapping myself in a robe. "Let's look at a menu, and then we can order up some dinner."

Hours later, when dinner is long past and Ethan and I are getting ready for bed, he finally brings up my earlier upset.

"Do you want to tell me why you were crying earlier?" He asks, coming up behind me and sliding his arms around my waist.

I peek up at him from beneath my lashes. "You told me you love me" I confess, feeling braver now that I've had a moment to process everything.

"And that made you sad?" He questions, clearly baffled.

"It scares me." I whisper, staring at my hands as I nervously fidget.

"Scares you how?" Ethan asks, sounding as if the concept is truly foreign. What must it like to be such a powerful alpha? Afraid of nothing, except perhaps losing his loved ones. Does he even know what it is to feel vulnerable? Helpless? I know he feels helpless when the pups or I are hurting and he can't fix it, but that's not quite the same. It's not like the life of an omega, where there is so little freedom and choice.

"I suppose it's not hearing you say it that scares me" I reveal, shrugging. "More so, the way it makes me feel... the way I want to say it back."

Ethan blinks, looking so surprised that I wonder if I'm very wrong indeed. Maybe Ethan knows more fear than I realize, if I had to guess based on the emotions flashing across his face right now, I'd suspect he never imagined he'd hear those words from me again. "You want to say it back?"

I nod, gnawing on my lower l!p. "If I do.." I begin, my voice sounding so small I'm actually ashamed of being so timid. Still, I can't help it, I haven't taken a leap like this in a very long time – not sober and out of heat, not with all my senses intact. "If I do, are you going to break my heart again?"

Pain consumes Ethan's face, and he's across the room in an instant. One moment I'm shivering in cold and fear, the next my strong mate is wrapped around me like a blanket, klssing my cheeks, hair, eyes and l!ps.

"No baby. Of course not. I'm so sorry."

I can feel fresh tears welling, and a wave of guilt for making him feel badly. "I don't want you to feel sorry.

I'm not trying to make you some sort of villain, I just... I can't help it."

"I know, angel" He purrs, squeezing me tightly.

And it's alright. You can't change the way you feel, and if you are afraid... it's because you have good reason. I failed you, and as much as I hate seeing the proof of it, it just makes me more determined not to fail you again.

"Thank you? I press my tear-stained face into the curve of his neck, breathing in his scent. "Because I do love you. So much, Ethan."

"Come here." At first I don't understand his meaning. Iam here. I think, but soon I realize he meant he wanted my l!ps. He tilts my face up to his, and claims my mouth in a devastating klss. His l!ps are like a brand, scalding me and leaving his permanent mark on my skin.

My heart swells with joy, even though nothing has really changed. We both already felt this way – does saying it, acknowledging it, really make that much of a difference?

Of course it does. My 16 year-old self says in my mind. It changes everything. You can't take it back now.

Strangely enough this idea doesn't bother me. I don't want to take it back. I feel like myself again for the first time in a very long time, and I can't regret that one bit. All these years, I've been a shadow of myself. Even as I found untold bliss in being a mother, I was not whole without my mate and my youngest daughter. I didn't even realize how incomplete I became until I finally regained all I lost – now the only thing I need is my pups. As soon as they're home, I'll have everything I need, and everything I could ever want.

The idea of being pregnant doesn't even frighten me anymore, not as long as we can find the children and bring them safely home. I'm going to be with Ethan now, this conversation has sealed it. Nothing can ruin our happiness now, right?

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