

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 144

Ethan

I feel like a terrible parent. I shouldn't be able to find any happiness when my pups are in trouble, but hearing Jane say she loves me fills me with euphoria. I truly never believed I'd hear those words from her again – even if she felt them, I doubted she'd ever trust me enough to voice them. The guilt is almost as powerful as the pleasure, but then again, when everything else is too painful to bear, I suppose we have to find happiness anywhere we can.

This settles it. I'd hoped to slowly win Jane over once we got the pups back, but now the only thing between us and our future together is bringing our babies home. As soon as we find the pups we can start fresh, they way things always should have been. I can give her everything I failed to in the past, and we can be a happy family at long last.

I'm still klssing her, drinking her in and thinking that I'll never get enough. She's still crying too, but her tears don't worry me so much now. I know they're cathartic tears, her love and trust in liquid form, finally letting go of the past – of all those hurts inflicted by Eve and our years apart.

Jane makes me feel like a teenager again. We made love only two hours ago, but I feel like I could take her again and again, all night long. What's more, I want to. I want to overwhelm her with so much affection that she'll never doubt my love for her again.

What a fool I was, I can't even blame youth for my past failings. Jane was always my chosen mate, why did I ever let a scheming social climber convince me she was guilty of crimes she didn't commit? Why didn't I push harder to find out Jane's side of the story?

I lift Jane into my arms, carrying her backwards toward the bed, internally debating how I want to pleasure her first. So many options ,I think. Her beautiful breasts, her sweet p***y – or do I just want to keep klssing her for a while and draw out the fun? Either way, I certainly don't want all these clothes on her.

Within moments, Jane is naked as the day she was born, and laid out in front of me like a stunning feast.

Perfect. I lower-myself over her, klssing my way down her body. I take a detour around her aching n*s, already hard and begging to be touched, before settling between her thlghs. I start to thrum her lovely little cl!t with my thumb, breathing in the scent of her arOusal and thinking how cute the tiny nerve center is – peeking out at me from beneath its hood as if shy to ask formore attention.

Of course, as soon as I make contact, Jane squirms and whines. “Ethan, I'm still sensitive from earlier.”

Jane protests, propping herself up on her elbows.

“Well in that case, I'll have to klss it better.” I reason, flashing my fangs and nibbling her inner th!gh.

“Oh Goddess,” She moans, slumping back down and surrendering to my whims.

Leave my tongue along her center, relishing her honeyed flavor and wondering if I will ever get enough of her – even though I know the answer is no. I could happily gorge myself on Jane's sweetness every hour of the day and still want more.

“I love you.” I tell her again, just in case she forgot.

As my words land I slide my fingers into her soaked channel, making her cry out as I pet her most sensitive sp0ts.

She tries to respond to me, but my skilled touches I stop her short. “I love y- oh, Ethan, that feels so good.”

I make quick work of bringing her to cl!max, using my tongue to flick and svck her cl!t while my fingers curl inside her. She explodes on my tongue, but I show her no mercy, I keep working her overloaded senses until she's practically screaming with ecstasy and riding high on another wave.

Only after she's come a third time and is lying completely boneless beneath me, lost in a daze of lvst, do I remove my own clothes and move to claim her again.

I'm just about to thrust inside her when my phone rings, and we both freeze. I swiftly move off the bed, retrieving my discarded trousers, and bring the device to my ear. The number flashing across the screen is only too familiar – it's the one I've been dialing over and over again for the last few hours. “Hello?” I answer hurriedly, my heart leaping into my throat as I reach for Jane. She's out of her hazy state immediately, suddenly alert at the prospect of retrieving the pups.

I put the device on speaker as Jane's warm little body presses anxiously into my side, wrapping my arm around her and squeezing her like a particularly sweet smelling security blanket. Is this Ethan ?” A woman's voice sounds on the other end.

“Yes, my mate is here too.” I explain. “Do you have our pups?” There's no use being polite now. If they know my name they've heard all the messages we left, which means they know why we've been calling.

“They're al right.” The woman explains, and Jane whimpers with relief. Still, I don't let myself feel any joy beyond the fact that they didn't suffocate in those trunks – she didn't answer my question, and the fact that she's prefacing whatever else she has to say with this disclaimer makes me think whatever is coming next won't be good. “But I'm afraid we don't have them anymore.”

Jane's weight tugs on my arm as her knees give out, but I catch her easily, tucking her against my ch3st as she begins to cry. Unlike before, I hate these tears. These tears are of a mother who can't take any more pain and disappointments, whose hope is continuously being smashed to pieces with every new twist on this journey. She sounds so heartbroken, and my own wolf is roaring in my head, almost drowning out the caller's explanation.

“I'm so sorry, we found them when we were still in a remote area, and as soon as we realized what had happened we brought them straight back to Alta Montaña. We didn't have any cell service until we got here, so by the time we got your messages it was too late” She shared, sounding truly apologetic.

“What do you mean, too late?” I question. “What happened?”

“We were looking for you with the pups when the clouds rolled in, we got separated from them, and the next thing we knew, they were just gone. We didn't see it happen, but a waitress in one of the restaurants said she saw them getting into the car with a woman. At first we thought it might be your mate, but she said the she-wolf was completely alone and that her name was Anita – she'd waited on her earlier that night. When we got your messages and realized your mate's name was Jane we knew something was wrong My heart stops completely now. Not Anita! She'll take them straight to the King, and we won't have any time to rescue them in between.

“Did the waitress describe the car?”I choke, my voice coming out a snarl.

“Only that it was an SUV – but in these parts everything is an all-terrain vehicle like that, they have to be.” The woman laments.

“How long ago did she take them?” I demand, trying to calculate how far we've driven, if there's any way we can intercept them.

“It's been about twenty minutes.” The woman answers. “I'm so so sorry. We'll be back on the road fairly quickly ourselves, and we'll be sure to keep an eye out for them on our way, but as you know it's not an easy thing to track someone here.”

“H-how w-were they?” Jane sobs, barely getting the words out. The pain in her voice is so visceral that my wolf howls with shared agony. “W-were they h-hurt?

Scared?”

“Oh you poor darling.” The woman sympathizes.

They were missing you as much as I'm sure you're missing them. But they knew you were trying to find them, they knew you were on your way.”

Jane keens as I impart our thanks to the woman and hang up, and then it's all I can do to stay upright.

We'll check out right now and drive through the night.” I decide, rocking her back and forth in my arms. “We'll beat them to the capital and be waiting when she arrives. We know exactly where she's headed, and we know she won't hurt them. She has to deliver them safely.”

Jane nods, but she can't seem to calm down. She's choking on her tears, gasping for air but unable to catch her breath. I can't stand it – she doesn't deserve this.

Tears are burning in my own eyes, but I'm trying to hold it together for Jane and the pups, I have to keep my head if we're going to get them back. Especially now, when we're headed straight into the belly of the beast.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)