

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 147

3rd Person

“Can I see her photo again?” Linda asked Ethan, feeling more anxious the closer they drew to King Aimon’s palace.

He offered her his phone, where Anita’s photo was plastered across the screen. “Text it to yourself. We have no idea how she’s going to try and smuggle them in, so keep your eyes sharp. They might not be visible at all.”

“Just look for a b***h in leather” Jane suggested fiercely. She’d memorized every inch of Anita’s photo on their journey, but she had a feeling the woman’s clothing would call more attention than anything else.

“Okay.” Linda nodded, sending off a message so that her own phone binged in notification. “And if I see her?”

“Call us, and don’t let her out of your sight.” Ethan instructed.

“What if she goes past the palace gates, we can’t exactly walk inside” Linda murmured.

“We have to play it by ear:” Ethan frowned. “If we can catch her before she gets that close, we will”

“And if not?” Jane asked, wringing her hands.

Then we’ll find a way to sneak into the palace and get the pups back- and Eric if he’s there.” Ethan added for Linda’s benefit. “Aimon won’t hurt them. The most important thing is to make sure he doesn’t know we’re here.”

“Do you really think we can get to them first?” Jane asked, leaning into his side. They were back in their disguises, but she couldn’t help herself, she felt sick to her stomach and riddled with fear – she needed her mate.

“We have a chance.” Ethan nodded. Just don’t give up hope.” They came to a stop at the end of the main road, peering around the corner at the King’s opulent palace. It seemed all roads in the Southern Isles led here, to the seat of Aimon’s power.”There are three vehicle entrances, and I seriously doubt Anita will bring them on foot. We can split up, each cover one gate.”

Jane shook her head. “We’ll never stop her if she drives in.”

“That’s why we have these” Ethan pulled a bag of fireworks out of his rucksack. “If you see her on foot, do like I said and just follow. If she drives up to the gate however, set these off to distract the guards. They’re incredibly loud, so they should come running. Make sure you aren’t close when they’re deployed, you can even run so it looks like you’re fleeing some violence. If you have the opportunity, grab the pups and get out of there, if not, try to get a tracker onto them or Anita.” He pulled out a second bag, showing them a few microdots still in their packages.

“It sounds like a long shot” Linda murmured apologetically.

“It is. But long shots work sometimes.” Ethan confirmed. “And we don’t have a choice. We have to try.

“What if one of us is caught?” Jane fretted, thinking again of the horrible promise Ethan forced out of her.

“If one of you are caught, I’ll get you out” Ethan vowed.“But if I’m caught, the pups are the priority.

“We should go now? Linda interjected, before Jane could reply. “If the costume mistress was right, Linda will get here within the hour. Don’t forget, she was last seen driving a utility van.”

“Okay” Jane nodded, wishing she could k!ss Ethan one last time. She knew it wasn’t possible however, same s*x couples were forbidden in King Aimon’s kingdom, and right now they looked like two men.

Seeing her expression, Ethan leaned over to whisper in her ear. “I love you, it’ll be okay.”

Jane nodded, took her share of the supplies, and set off towards the farthest gate. It’ll be okay. We’ll find them. She said the same words over and over in her head, chanting it like a prayer as she set up on the corner. Ethan had been incredibly industrious with the brief time they had, gathering books and various activities to make themselves look busy while they waited for Anita to arrive.

Jane would sit on a park bench and read, Linda would try her hand as a street performer – singing ballads with an upturned top hat in front of her to collect donations, and Ethan would join some other elderly men playing chess. They could all position themselves within sight of the gates, without ever calling attention to their presence. The fireworks and tracking chips were hidden in shopping bags and rucksacks, and Jane was pleased to move through the city invisibly.

Is this what it’s like to be a man? She wondered, Able to walk about freely without constantly feeling watches and observed? No one cat-called her or stared too long, no one even seemed to notice she was there.

It was a steep price to fly under the radar, but she couldn’t deny she was enjoying it for the moment.

Ethan had been smart to disguise them this way – she doubted she would ever have been able to walk around these isles without drawing attention to herself otherwise. Had she ever been able to peacefully mind her business in public without a man sniffing around at some point or another?

She kept one eye on the pages of her book, pretending to read while she actually watched the gate like a hawk. Would Anita come to this entrance? Was it a mistake to focus on her arriving by car? Would she go to one of the other entrances on foot, assuming we’d be expecting her to drive up?

Jane couldn’t imagine how the cruel woman would get all four pups into the palace on foot, though part of her hoped she’d try – just to give the kids a chance to escape. She didn’t want them alone in this capital, but she wanted them with the King less.

The waiting was torture. Jane didn’t think she could stand it. The minutes were ticking by so slowly, she wasn’t sure how she’d ever find the patience to simply do nothing when her pups could be right around the corner. Her ears were c****d towards her phone, anxiously awaiting any sort of notification that the others had sighted Anita.

Any minute now. Any minute now. She repeated to herself.

The minutes dragged into hours, until at last Jane heard her phone chirp. She whipped it out of her pocket, but it was only a text message from Linda. No luck?I haven’t seen anything yet .

Negative. Jane responded, feeling as though she could cry. Haven’t seen hide nor hair of them.

The device indicated Ethan was typing, and Jane wished she could hear his voice. Her stomach was growling and nauseous all at once, she was exhausted even though she hadn’t exerted herself in the least. The stress was grinding her down into dust, and she was only too aware of it.

Nothing yet. Came Ethan’s reply.

Hang in there.

Jane was about to return her phone to her pocket when another message came in, this time in a private chain. How are you holding up?

Jane was about to reply, when she noticed a white utility van circling the block in her periphery. Her heart stopped in her ch3st. There was a blonde woman driving... dressed in leather.

Even at this distance, Jane would have recognized Anita anywhere. The van was circling the block, and Jane quickly gathered her things, ducking around the corner. She pulled the fireworks from her shopping bag, laying them out in the mouth of an alley and setting the charges. She ripped the tracking chip out of it’s package, and peeked back around the corner, watching as the van rolled up to the gate.

The driver’s door opened, and Anita stepped out, batting her eyelashes at the guards. As she watched, the guards opened the cargo hatch of the vehicle, and she heard a tiny yelp. It was the pups!

The guard nodded and fastened the back doors closed once more, but the driver’s door was still open, and she could hear another small voice floating across the distance towards her.

“Is gonna be okay. That was Parker! Jane was sure of it.

“I’s scared .”Another little voice replied.

Paisley! They’re in the back of the van!

She could hear them. She could smell them. They were so close! She hadn’t been this close to them since the mountains, and she would be damned if she was going to let them slip through her fingers again.

Without a second thought, Jane lit the fuse on the fireworks behind her, then strode back around the corner. She walked towards the gate, then did her best to act shocked when explosions burst to life behind her.

The guards immediately leapt into action, and Jane catapulted herself forward, pretending to run from the loud noise. The guards raced past her, and Jane finally reached the van, tackling Anita while her back was turned. She didn’t know how she managed not to shift – after all her wolf was snarling to be released – instead she simply smashed the other woman’s head into the concrete, knocking her out cold.

Glancing over her shoulder to make sure the guards were still occupied trying to prevent the fireworks from setting the city ablaze, she moved to the back of the van, her blood rushing in her ears. She reached for the double doors separating her from the pups, and r!pped them open.

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