## The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 149

Jane

I dream of Ethan.

I dream of our last night together, before he made me promise him anything – when we were just two people in love, sharing our passion in the most natural way. The vision is surreal and wonderful at once, and my hazy thoughts are reluctant to return to reality. I keep myself trapped in the dream, only for it to change, transforming into a nightmare where I'm all alone, and running towards a finish line I won't ever reach.

No, I think, fighting the visions assailing my slumbering mind. Go back, don't take Ethan from me now, I only just got him back.

I'm still tossing and turning, fighting the twists and turns of my mind, when a new sound reaches my ears.

Why hasn' she woked up yets?" A little voice asks.

"I dunno, maybe she just really needs a nap."

Another replies.

"But what if 'Nita really hurted her?" The third voice is barely more than a whisper, and the next thing I know, I'm hurtling back into consciousness.

My pups! I surge up into a sitting position, scanning the room and immediately locking my attention on my babies. We're in some sort of bedroom suite, the furnishings more opulent than anything I've ever seen outside of Ethan's penthouse. But none of that matters.

My pups are here, all four of them.

Paisley, Parker, Ryder and Riley are all gathered around my prone form, looking down at me with love and worry. They'd snuggled close even as I dozed completely oblivious, and all of a sudden I'm reminded of those stories about pets staying alongside their owners even after they've died. The possibility that I might never have opened my eyes again, even as my babies gathered around me, sends me into a riot of tears.

"Oh my Goddess!" I exclaim, gathering their beloved little bodies to mine. "You're here, you're really here." I'm sobbing now, and so are they, but none of us can stop. It doesn't matter that I'm battered and bruised, that they're filthy or even that I'm n\*ked after shifting. All that matters is that my pups are finally back in my arms at long last. "Are you okay? I'm so sorry, I've missed you so much!"

They're all talking at once, trying to fill me in on everything that's happened, fighting for spots in my la\*p and leaning their tearstained faces against my skin."

And then there was a boat and we's were so sicks!"

Ryder is m0aning.

"And a big snake tried to eats us!" Parker adds woefully.

"And I almost drowneds but fluffy saved me."

Paisley contributes.

"Then we had to go underground like rats!" Riley exclaims.

"Oh my angels." I croon, trying to soothe, rock, and k!ss them all at once. "I'm so sorry. It's alright. I'm here now. I won't let anything else happen to you."

It's chaotic and wonderful. An uproar of emotion as we all reunite, sharing our sadness, fear and relief in all its different forms. "I'll never leave you again" I promise. "I'm so sorry I ran out that night. I don't know what I was thinking."

"We just wanted to help." Parker explains, sniffling.

"To make you feels better."

"I know, my love." I shush him gently, "but that's my job, not yours. I'm supposed to care for you, you shouldn't ever feel like it's your responsibility to make me feel better."

"But Mommy what happened?" Paisley chirps, "

Where's Daddy?"

"He's here in the capital." I whisper. "He's probably planning a rescue for us right now." I can't get enough of their sweet faces. Have lever known such joy?"Oh, let me look at you – are you hurt?"

"We're fines, Mommy. Riley promises. "But you're bleeding"

"Nevermind that." I insist, clutching them tightly to my ch3st. "You four are the only things that matter."

It speaks volumes that they're letting me overload them with affection this way. Paisley and Ryder have always been my cuddle bugs, but Riley and Parker can usually only handle so much snuggle time before their energy overflows and they need to play. However right now all of my babies seem perfectly content to let me smother them with hugs and kisses. I know their journey must not have been easy, and I feel a rush of anger towards the woman who started all this.

"Do you know where Anita went?" I ask after a moment.

"She dropped us offs here with you." Riley answers.

"Then she said something about the King."

"Have you seen the king?" I ask them anxiously, taking the opportunity to study them more closely.

Their sweet faces are smudged with mud and dirt, and their clothes have seen better days, but II can't find any obvious signs of injury. I see only terrible neglect, and my heart cracks open in my ch3st. Should I be relieved they aren't hurt, or gutted that they've been so deprived?

"No" Ryder assures me." Nita said we wouldn' meet him till you woke."

"She also said you were going to double our value."

Paisley whispers, clearly not understanding what her kidnapper had meant.

But I understand. With me in his position, he'll have even more power to leverage against Ethan, and I'm terribly afraid he'll succeed. I wonder what Ethan is doing right now? What he's thinking? How badly is he suffering? I can only imagine.

Guilt floods through my body. This isn't what I wanted to happen. I wanted my pups back of course, but not at the cost of my freedom and Ethan's happiness. Are we even safe? Is Aimon simply going to ransom us, or will he try to harm us too?

My emotions are all over the map, and I know it's just the stress and chaos of the situation. My heart can't seem to land on any one feeling, and even as loverflow with pain and fear, I also feel cold hard fury simmering in my veins. If anyone is to blame in all this, it's Eric's father.

"Mommy?" Riley asks anxiously. "Are we ever going to go home again?"

"Yes, sweetheart." II promise, "Daddy and I are going to take you home as soon as we can"

"You shouldn't lie to them that way" A drawling voice sounds from the doorway, and I whip my head around, realizing we aren't alone for the first time. Anita is standing in the doorway, her arms crossed over her ch3st and a cruel sneer on her face. "You won't be going home for a very long time – ifever"

"You!" I hiss, rising to my feet and gathering the pups behind me." I ought to tear you limb from limb."

"Oh give it up." Anita scoffs, "You've already lost, remember?" She flicks her gaze to my body. "If I were you I'd get dressed, unless you want to go in front of the king like that."

I glance down at my exposed body, half tempted to tell her to go to hell. I need to buy us time somehow, to find a way to escape before the King sees us. I scan our surroundings, seeing only elegant furnishings and no tools. "I don't have any clothes." I tell Anita, trying to dampen my fury. I need to find a way to get her to leave, so that I can search the room and try to make a plan.

"Look in the wardrobe. There's things for the children too. I'll have a maid sent to help you get cleaned up." Anita informs me coolly.

"I hardly need help bathing my own pups." I growl.

"Nor do I want anyone in this place laying a finger on them."

"They're for you too." Anita snorts, "it won't look good if you go to a royal audience bleeding like a stuck pig. Besides, someone has to keep an eye on you. If you're have as clever as your brats you certainly can't be trusted.

I feel a rush of pride for my pups, even as I dream of lashing at at her. True to her word, a pair of servant women in uniform enter a moment later, and my opportunity to try and figure out an escape vanishes before my eyes. I let the maids patch up the scratches and bite marks Anita left on my arms and legs, but I insist on caring for my pups myself.

It's so strange to think that bath time used to be a hassle, but now I relish it more than anything. I never thought I'd get to wrestle my babies into a tub again, and they're so relieved to be with me they don't even complain. Within half an hour, we' re all clean and sweet-smelling, dressed in clothes equally as fine as any of the designer pieces I would wear at home.

I can't stop looking at my pups – hugging them and klssing them, asking them questions just to hear their perfect little voices. Our reunion is too short lived though, because before long Anita is back, and we're on our way to meet the King.

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