

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

Chapter 152

Jane

After our meeting with Aimon, I came back to the room with the pups and immediately began trying to figure out a way to escape. I think they were a little disappointed and if I'm honest, I am too. I wish I were able to simply hold them tight and give them all the love and nurturing they've been missing these last few weeks. But that will have to wait until we're safe. Then I can lavish my affection on them, and pry the more difficult details about their ordeal from their lips. I'm afraid of what they might tell me, but I know we have to have that talk in order to heal.

After scouring the room from top to bottom, I'm beginning to feel very nervous. I can't find anything that might help us break free. There are sheets I could tie into ropes once night falls, but we're too high up and it feels terribly risky with such young pups. The best weapon I came across were some particularly spikey stilettos in the wardrobe – there aren't even razors in the bathroom.

I even searched the walls, bookcases and floorboards in case there might be some sort of secret passageways leading out of the room, despite how much of a long shot that idea was. I'm at a loss, and it's becoming harder and harder to keep my fear at bay. I was sick as soon as we got back to the room, and I'm not sure if it was because of Aimon's plans for us... or the baby I might be carrying.

I know Ethan is out there somewhere and probably knows that I've been taken by now, but the idea of him coming here after us frightens me more than trying to escape on our own. If he does he'll be playing right into Aimon's hands, but what other choice does he have? I have to find a way to free us before... my thoughts come to a screeching halt when the door handle jiggles, and the next thing I know, Ethan's scent is wafting towards me through the wood. He's here!

Time seems to slow down as I watch the scene unfold. It takes Ethan less than a minute to pick the locks, but it seems like everything is moving in slow-motion. The door swings inward, and Ethan appears dressed in a guard's uniform. He looks so powerful framed in the doorway, and then the pups are whirling around, following my stunned gaze. Thankfully Ethan puts a finger to his lips before they can cry out, but I'll never forget the joy on their young faces. A moment ago they were drawn and pale, but now they light up like the sun itself. "Daddy!" Ryder, Riley, Parker and Paisley whisper-shout, taking off across the room as Ethan and Linda slip inside.

Ethan pulls all four of the children into his strong arms, hugging them so tightly I can see they're struggling to breathe. Still, no one complains. They're all crying, including Ethan, and though I know the situation is urgent, I can't bear to steal this moment from them.

"I'm so happy to see you, I'm so sorry it took so long!" He's murmuring, smothering them in kisses. "Are you alright? let me look at you." Ethan seems to be having the same problem I did -wanting to make sure they're all unharmed, but unwilling to release them from his arms. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry He says over and over again. "We've been trying so hard to find you.' I realize now how much Ethan was shielding me from his feelings, swallowing his own fear and guilt to take care of me.

I feel a rush of love so powerful that the room begins to spin, and as if he can sense my thoughts, Ethan looks up at me. Eyes shining, he offers me a brilliant smile."What are you doing all the way over there?"

"Mommy has lots a owies" Paisley tells him, "We haves to be gentle with her."

Ethan's brow furrows, and he immediately lifts the pups into his arms, expertly juggling them as he crosses over to me. He sets them on the bed, close enough for either of us to reach at the first opportunity, but turns his attention to me. "How bad is it?" He murmurs, taking my face in his hands.

I grasp his wrists, offering up a watery smile. "I'm okay." I insist, "But Aimon..."

"I know." Ethan sighs, gingerly wrapping his arms around me and kissing my hair, "I've already taken care of Anita, she let slip what he's planning."

"We have to get out of here." I whisper, reaching for the pups so they can join our hug. Four warm little bodies press into our sides, and for one blissful moment, our family is whole again. My heart is soaring.

I wasn't sure we would ever get to be together this way again, and if things weren't so precarious I would probably be sobbing. My body is aching but I don't care, I just want to stay wrapped up around Ethan and my babies forever.

"How are we going to get them out without being seen?" Linda frets, scanning the room. "If we had some sort of laundry cart or something maybe we could hide them underneath some blankets."

"That's a good idea." Ethan praises, not releasing us. "If we go down to the service corridors we can switch out the guard uniforms for some servants clothes and pretend to be cleaning – even a garbage bin or something would work, as long as we can conceal Jane and the pups.

"Do you think we can try to get Eric at the same time?" Linda questions eagerly.

Ethan frowns. "I think we might have to come back for him. We don't even know where the dungeons are, or where he is within them."

"Okay:" Linda nods, sounding disappointed.

"We'l be right back, okay?" Ethan says, pulling away from me.

"Daddy, you're leaving?" Ryder and Parker whisper in unison.

I'm also shaking my head, not wanting to let him out of my sight, "there must be another way!"

"I'll be back so fast you'll never know I left. I promise." He murmurs, kissing me, then all four of the pups in turn. "I love you all".

It worries me that he chose those last words, as if he's preparing for the worst and wants to make sure he tells us while he can. "We love you too. I reply, my voice catching in my throat. A small chorus of, "I love you. and "I love you Daddy" follows my own proclamation. Ethan and Linda slip back out the door, and I can only pray that this isn't the last time I see them.

The waiting is horrible. I spend the entire time pacing back and forth, with the pups huddled on the bed watching me anxiously. "Is gonna be okay, Mommy.

" Paisley chirps after a few minutes. "Daddy will fix its, you'll see"

"I know angel." I try to smile, pausing my pacing only long enough, to give them another squeeze. "I'm sorry, Mommy's just being impatient."

"Patience is a virtue." Riley announces saucily, repeating the same words she often hears from me.

I can't help but chuckle, and appreciate the moment of levity, but after a few moments I'm back to pacing, unable to sit still while Ethan and Linda try to stage our rescue. Despite my nerves, They return within half an hour, wearing the colorful livery of the maids and footmen and carting a laundry trolley.

I feel like crying when they come back through the door, and my wolf keens with pure relief. "Come on."

Ethan encourages. "We have to hurry." The pups and I gather around the cart, and Ethan sweeps me up into his arms before I can attempt to climb inside. He carefully places me in the empty trolley, tsking apologetically when I wince. "Sorry sweetheart, puppies incoming."

One by one the quadruplets are deposited around me. "Cuddle close to Mommy, little ones." Ethan advises. "You're going to have to be very, quiet."

That's right. We can't make a peep, no matter what" I confirm, nodding to Linda as she stands poised to cover us up with a fluffy white duvet.

"I'll see you on the other side." Ethan promises, stroking my cheek one last time before helping Linda arrange the blanket.

The cart is rolling down the hall within minutes, and I can only hold my breath and pray that this works.

We're going to have to run as soon as we're out. It will be a race to get out of the Southern Isles before Aimon can catch up to us, and I don't have the faintest idea what that will mean for Eric. I know Ethan promised to go back for him with Linda, but go back when?

Immediately, or after the pups and I are safely home?

I hear the ding of an elevator, and we pause for a minute before setting off again, the squeaky wheels rolling beneath us, jangling along as we move through the palace. I wish I could see outside, I wish I could ease the feeling of dread deep in my gut.

A whisper reaches my ears after what feels like an hour,"We're going to load you into a service van, just sit tight."

The trolley tips sideways as we're propelled up a ramp, and another whisper floats through the blankets when we still. "We're in the endgame now. Just a little longer."

Just then a new but familiar sound reaches my ears, only it can't be. It almost sounds like someone is clapping? I know something is wrong when I hear Ethan curse, and then Aimon's voice raises behind us.

Very nice, Ethan. Truly an impressive effort. You almost got away with it."

My heart sinks, and that sense of dread blooms as understand what's happening. We're caught.

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