

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 158

Jane

“Tell us what?” Paisley asked, “Mommy where are we?”

“This is my home, in the Dark Moon territory” I explain. “Come on, let’s get upstairs to the apartment, then we can talk.” I encourage.

“Our we here to gets our stuff so we can moves?”

Riley chirps excitedly as we enter the building lobby.

“I’ll explain everything when we’re upstairs.” I promise, praying I can put this off until we’re in the privacy of our own home. After everything we’ve been through over the last few months, the last thing I need is for my children to have a full-on public meltdown in the middle of the street.

The pups continue to excitedly question me as the elevator carries us higher and higher, and I’m frankly amazed they haven’t picked up on my somber energy.

Either I’m doing a better job of hiding it than I thought, or their senses are so frayed from all their recent adventures that they don’t realize how upset I am.

We don’t have any luggage. The pups were taken with nothing but the clothes on their back, and I left almost everything at Ethan’s penthouse. In the coming days I’ll have to find a way to have it sent here, but for the time being our homecoming is as underwhelming as a homecoming can be.

When I unlock the front door of the apartment, Ryder, Parkey and Riley go racing towards their room.

We’re home!!!!” They cry happily, “Come on Paisley, we’ll show you our room!” Parker adds.

“We have so much to pack!” Riley declares, “I have to bring all my stuffles, and the toys!” She exclaims, “We can’t forget the toys.”

“Slow down, little ones” I caution. “You don’t have to pack anything.”

All four pups stop in their tracks. “Why not?” Ryder asks, “Aren’ we moving to live with Daddy?”

“No,” I state gently. “We aren’t.”

“Then Daddy’s moving here?” Paisley guesses, what abouts all my stuff at home... and the pack- Daddy’s Alpha.”

“Daddy isn’t moving here either.” I confess, wishing I could somehow fast forward through all this, but knowing it’s impossible.

“I don’ understand.” Riley remarks blithely, placing her hands on her hips. “If we aren’ going there and Daddy’s not coming here, then..”

“You all are going to live with me here” I explain gently. “And your Daddy is going to stay in the NightFang territory where he belongs. We’ll have all of our things from the penthouse shipped here, but I’m afraid we won’t all be living together.”

Four adorable, confused and disbelieving faces stare up at me. The boys look so much like their father that it’s all I can do not to cry, remember our horrible last conversation. “But... we’re s’posed to be together”

Parker objects. “We’re s’posed to be a family.”

“I know that’s what you wanted; I begin carefully, “but what we want and what’s possible don’t always match up. You know that Daddy and I had troubles in the past, and I know you’re sick of hearing that things will make more sense when you’re older, but one day I hope you will understand why I made this choice!”

Paisley’s lower lip is quivering. “You mean we’re not gonna live with Daddy?”

“That’s right.” I confirm, barely holding it together,

“you’re all going to live with me.”

“Does he know?” Ryder suddenly inquires.

“Of course, darling” I share, “He wasn’t happy about it- you know he wanted to be with you more than anything in the world, but I just couldn’t get past our history. I’m so sorry.”

“So, when are we gonna see him again?” Riley questions.

I don’t know.” I reply honestly. Ethan hadn’t given any indication of ever wanting to see the pups again – the bastard.

“But we didn’ even get to say bye!” Paisley bursts.

Tha’s not right, Daddy would never do that! He’d never go way without telling me.”

“Sweetheart this was my decision.” I lie, “I thought it would be best if we left without a lot of drama” The pups are looking up at me in utter disbelief, and I can see the gears working in their minds as they try to wrap their minds around this. “This was always the plan.”I remind them. “We always said I was going to bring you home with me so we could all be together.”

“But we’re not together without Daddy!” Ryder argues, his eyes welling with tears.

“Daddy and I don’t do well together:” I say again.

This is for the best, I know it hurts now, but I hope you can’under-“

“We don’t!” Parker explodes, his face turning tomato red. “This isn’t right! You said you and Daddy were gonna take us home!”

“I know.” I murmur, scrambling for any excuse for this deception. “But that was just an expression, I meant Daddy would rescue us and I would take you home.”

“But Daddy needs us!” Paisley adds. “He needs me -’m his cuddle bug.”

“I know sweetheart, this is just the way things worked out.” I hate how feeble my excuses are. “Daddy will be okay.”

“This is your fault!” Riley is looking at me in a way she never has before, as if I’ve committed a crime against her. “You didn’ want Daddy, but we do!”

“I know,” I gulp, feeling the knives skewering me dig even deeper. “I’m so sorry.”

“You’re not!” Parker accuses, “If you were you wouldn’ have done this!”

The pups are quickly devolving into a full-on, four-way tantrum. They’re all crying, their red little faces scrunched up with expressions of anger and betrayal. I know we’re a heartbeat away from them throwing themselves on the floor, screaming and beating their fists against the ground. I also know there’s no way of stopping it at this point.

“I hate you!” They scream. Not one or two of them, but’all four.

Suddenly I realize how silly I was for thinking I didn’t have a heart left to be broken, because those terrible words rip the remaining shreds of the battered organ to pieces. It’s not the first time I’ve heard them from my children – what parent with little ones hasn’t at some point or another? But it is the first time I’ve ever heard them from Paisley, and certainly the first time I’ve ever heard them from all four of my pups at once.

Backing away, I leave them to their tantrum, knowing that if I don’t extract myself from the situation this very moment I’ll collapse. They need time to cool down, and I need time to fall to pieces in the privacy of my room. It’s so silly, I know they don’t mean it, but it never ceases to amaze me how much hearing those words from my children hurts me. They don’t even understand the full context of what they’re saying, but to be it feels as if I’ve been punched in the stomach four times over.

I have to lean my weight against the wall to support myself as I stumble away towards my bedroom, feeling so weak and broken that I don’t think I’ll ever be able to put myself back together again. My hand strays to my belly, where there’s still one pup that needs me for every last function and want, one pup that can’t decide it hates me, or deny my affection in my lowest moment. And as I wrap my arms protectively around my middle, I realize I really am reliving history.

I’m doing to this new baby the exact same thing I did to the quadruplets – bringing it into a world without a father, one who doesn’t even know it exists.

How did we get here? I wonder inconsolably. How did I let this happen again? My wolf whimpers in my head. I don’t have any answers. My life is crumbling around me, and there’s nothing I can do to fix it. This decision was out of my hands and now my babies hate me for something their father did. Part of me recognizes that in time they’ll come to recognize that the parent who is present is the one who cares – but that’s years away, and even then I don’t want them to feel abandoned or unwanted for a single moment – and that’s the only way they’ll be able to understand the truth of our situation.

Right now I wish I hadn’t walked away from Ethan so meekly. I was too concerned with my dignity and pride, and for what? My dignity didn’t do a damn thing to protect my pups. I wish I’d attacked him, I wish I’d fought. I wish I could make him feel a fraction of the pain that we are. However deep down I know that’s impossible, to suffer this way you have to have a heart to begin with – even a fractured and collapsing one.

Instead I simply close myself in my bedroom and lock the door. I move into the bathroom and begin running a bath, hoping the water will cover the sounds of my sobs. As soon as the faucet begins running, I let myself break, finally giving in to the tidal wave of emotions that’s been threatening to drown me since Ethan first rejected me. I sink to the ground as tears pour down my cheeks, praying for some way, any way out of this darkness – but knowing those prayers will never be answered. My only way out of the darkness is through Ethan... and he doesn’t want me.

From here on out I’m on my own, I just hope can survive it.

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