

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 163

Jane

"Then he rejected me." I explain, sharing our story with the child psychologist I hired to speak with the pups. They're out in the play area of her office's waiting room while I brief the doctor on our situation. "He told me to take the pups and go, but I didn't want them to think he didn't want them.."

My voice is shaking now, thick with emotion as tears well on my lashes. "So I said it was me. And now they hate me." I sob, trying to pull myself together enough to finish. "They hate me, they won't talk to me, and I know they're traumatized. They have nightmares every night and they jump at every loud noise. They're not the same pups they were before they were taken."

I'm very sorry, Jane." The doctor consoles me, offering me a box of tissues. "I have little ones too, and I completely understand the desire to protect them from the truth."

Do you think I was wrong? Would it have been better to tell them the truth? I squeak, blowing my nose.

"Look, I'm a big believer of being honest with your kids, even when they're quite small, but abandonment by a parent is one of the most traumatic things a child can experience. After everything they've been through, I don't think you were wrong to try and shield them from this – but you need to be prepared for the fact that they might figure it out on their own much sooner than you're prepared for." The doctor warns. "If he's cut off contact completely, it won't be long before they start to ask why he isn't trying to see them, why he doesn't call... and you can take the blame for that too, but it will only work for so long. Pups are very intuitive that way.

I know, and mine are smarter than most." I sigh. I just wish I could protect them without making them despise me.

"Of course you do." She soothes, "Listen Jane, are you in therapy yourself?"

I'm sure I should be." I confess, but I don't know where I'd find the time."

I have a colleague down the hall who works with adults, we could schedule your sessions at the same time as the pups so you don't have to carve out more time, and we're in the same practice, so we could consult on your cases and ensure we're all on the same page with the family. Of course there are times that I'll likely request you to join the pups for a family session, but I think it's a good idea for you to seek counseling as well. This wasn't just traumatic for the pups."

Okay." I agree, "that sounds like a good idea."

"Great, shall we bring in the pups now?" She inquires.

Sure." I stand wiping my eyes and moving for the door, 'should I step out?"

For now." The doctor nods, I want to take a moment to meet them and assess where we are, then I'll bring you back at the end so we can talk about the plan moving forward."

I stride out into the waiting area, herding the pups into the doctor's office before taking a seat on the plush couches. There's a television playing some sort of soap opera, and I retrieve the remote, switching through the channels to see if I can find a movie or something more entertaining.

I wasn't expecting to find a NightFang news station completely by among the offerings, and it takes me surprise to see the local channel Ethan and I used to watch on the big screen. However if I was taken aback to see the familiar news anchors and cityscapes, it's nothing compared to when Ethan appears on the monitor a moment later.

He's giving some sort of press conference, and the reel at the bottom of the screen reads: Alpha returns without his mate and pups, announces split. If I thought I felt so empty that I'd lost the ability to care or be hurt by Ethan, I'm quickly proved wrong seeing this announcement. I turn up the volume, my heart hammering in my chest as I stare at his handsome features. He looks very dour, and his pallor seems almost gray. For one ridiculous moment I worry that he's not fully recovered from surgery, but then I remember how cruel he was, and mentally kick myself for being so weak.

Jane and I successfully rescued the pups in the Southern Isles, and I'm pleased to report that the tyrant King Aimon has been defeated. His son Eric will be taking over the throne with his new mate, and we fully expect the empire to thrive and grow prosperous under their leadership. As for Jane and I, we decided it would be best for her to raise the pups in the safety of the Dark Moon pack. Now that Paisley is well enough to join her mother and siblings, they will continue to be raised as they were before these terrible events occurred. Though it is not ideal, it is what we decided was best for our family, especially considering the threats that have become apparent here in Cité De La Nuit."

Alpha! A reporter waves his hand in the air, and Ethan nod to the man, giving his permission to speak. "Do you believe the threats here in the NightFang territory are a reflection of your leadership? Do you believe the Dark Moon pack is more secure than our city?"

"I believe the threats here in the NightFang territory are a reflection of jealous and power hungry factions seeking to steal the power I have accumulated leading this pack. The fact that I am a target shows just how valuable our pack's resources and influence have become, but I have protected our people for many years, and I neutralized these most recent threats as well. Our city is perfectly safe to most NightFang wolves, my family is a special case and Jane was already raising three of our pups abroad for that reason.'

"Alpha!" Another reporter called, "have you and Jane split up? There was no mention of her returning to the Dark Moon territory before you went to the Southern Isles!?"

That is between my mate and I.' Ethan rumbles forcefully. "We came to an arrangement which suited our family best, and ask for members of the media to respect our privacy at this time. Obviously we and our pups have been through a great deal, we need peace, quiet and time to recover. I may be a public figure, but my pups are not -I urge all of you to keep this in mind."

Alpha, are we to assume that Jane and the pups might return to the NightFang territory one day when things are calmer, then?" Another reporter asks.

"I will share any updates relevant to the pack if and when they arise. For now, once again, I urge you all to respect our privacy." Ethan grits out. I won't be taking any more questions, but I appreciate your time today. I'm eager to get back to work after so much time away. I've got a lot of business to catch up on, and want to assure all pack members that you are in good hands. Thank you."

He steps away from the podium, and the broadcast returns to a pair of reporters sitting behind a tall desk. I shut off the television, sinking back into the cushions and resting my hands on my belly. I can't believe him. I can't believe he stood up there and told such blatant lies. "We decided" he said, "Jane and I agreed." When in reality we decided nothing, we agreed on nothing. He made an authoritarian ruling and kicked me to the curb.

Not to mention his nerve, pretending like he did this to protect our children, when everyone knows they'd be safest with him. He didn't want to protect them, he wrote them off because he was so disgusted with me that he didn't even want to make an effort to see them anymore. Yet he stands there pretending to be the perfect Alpha and father. It's enough to make me want to write a letter to the editor of the paper or give my own interview exposing the truth. Of course I won't -I couldn't without harming the pups, but I'll be damned if it isn't tempting.

With everything else going on, I've barely even processed the fact that there will be a new baby joining our family in a few months. And what then?

If Ethan finds out, will he want nothing to do with it as well? will it be just another child tainted by my failure? Are none of my children ever to have a father?

Suddenly I feel so angry for my pups' sake that I want to scream. I never had any hope when I was pregnant with the quadruplets that we would be a complete family – I knew from the beginning I'd be doing it all alone. But this baby... for a heartbeat there I thought we were going to do it right this time, that I'd be able to give my baby all the love and care it deserved from day one. So much for that. I should have known better. Dreams and wishes are simply recipes for disappointment. I have to stop thinking about Ethan – I have to simply focus on being the best mother I can be for my pups. It's almost Christmas, and we're all together for the first time. I won't let my traitorous ex ruin the thing I've been dreaming about for years.

I'm going to do it right this time.

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