

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 214

Ethan

I blink my eyes open to bright white lights and the sterile scent of a hospital.

It takes a few moments for my senses to focus on the details around me. At first I see only my surgeon's face hovering above me. Has the surgery not begun yet? I wonder dazedly. I could have sworn I'd already started counting backwards for the anesthesiologist.

But when my doctor speaks, there's a smile in his voice. "Welcome back Ethan. Everything went perfectly. You've been asleep for a while, but your family is eager to see you.

My family, I muse, the wheels in my mind turning much too slowly. Does he mean Nina and Matthew? But even as I think these words, my wolf pipes up.

I smell Jane. I smell the pups! They're here! He exclaims.

No, they can't be. It's not possible. I reply, groaning internally at the pain this simple fact causes me.

Jane's scent washes over me, much too potent to be my wolf's imagination. Gentle fingers stroke my cheek, and the next thing I know, her sweet voice is floating through my consciousness. "Open your eyes, Ethan."

I hadn't even realized that I closed them again. I'm hovering on the edge of sleep, barely able to tell dreams from reality. I shake my head stubbornly, determined to stay in the dream. "No." The word is little more than a whisper, my lips slurring the hard consonant. "Wanna stay.. in dream."

I feel soft, familiar lips graze my temple, and I want to cry for wanting Jane. "Okay, my love.

There's no rush."

She feels so real- sounds so real. My wolf is whining in my head, and I gradually lift my heavy eyelids, caving to his pressure. At once I see Jane's stunning features hovering above me. Her face is blurred around the edges, like an out of focus photo, but I don't care. She's beaming down at me, her emerald eyes swimming with tears. "Hello mate

I don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful, and suddenly I'm afraid I imagined the doctor's words. "Am I in heaven?" I murmur, trying to reach for her but realizing I can't lift my hand. That fact alone tells me this isn't entirely my imagination – if I had it my way she would already be in my arms.

"No, of course not." Jane answers, caressing my jaw. "You're just a little hazy from the drugs."

"How... how is this possible?" I mutter, sounding completely drunk.

"It's all okay now, Ethan." She soothes, using the same loving tone I've often heard her use when the pups are upset. "The surgery was a success. You're going to be able to walk again – your wolf won't be trapped anymore."

My mind is moving at a sluggish pace, but the mention of my surgery jolts me into the present quicker than anything else. "You mean you know?"

"Yes, you impossible man." Jane replies, hiccupping a laugh. "I know."

No, no, no! Now that my mind is working, waves of violent emotion are slamming into me one after the other. This isn't right. She can't know. "No," I manage to shake my head, my voice sounding strangled. "You shouldn't be here."

"Hush now." Jane croons. She strokes my hair back from my crown, and something deep inside of me starts to crack. "We have a whole lifetime to fight about this, Ethan."

I can't even begin to decipher all the feelings warring inside of me, I only know I'm suddenly drowning beneath the onslaught. It's a giant tangle of fury, anguish, guilt, fear, grief and the Goddess only knows what else. I jerk against the dead weight of my arms and legs, hating that I can't move. I growl my frustration into the too-bright room, and the machine beside me starts beeping faster and faster. Suddenly the doctor reappears, replacing Jane. "Easy Alpha, this happens sometimes with anesthesia. Just give it some time and the mood swings will pass."

"I don't think it's the drugs." Jane's voice intimates, sounding pained. "It's me."

"I think maybe you should step out, maybe send his mate in." The doctor suggests, sounding farther away now.

A ferocious snarl rips out of my chest at the suggestion. My mate is already here! My wolf thunderS. I want to shout at the man for suggesting Jane leave, but I can't make the words come, as if some part of me is still enough in control to realize admitting this would be a disaster.

Despite my lack of speech, they seem to get the message. "Nevermind." The doctor sighs, stepping back.

Jane returns to my side, and though she looks a bit subdued, there's still a stubborn tilt to her mouth that tells me she hasn't given up. "You shouldn't be here." I tell her again, knowing precisely how contrary I sound.

"Are you sure about that?" Her lip quirks and I want to throttle her and kiss her at once. "You didn't seem to like the idea of me leaving.

"That was my wolf." I mumble drunkenly, "He's not being reasonable."

"I see." Jane observes smoothly, a sharp edge entering her voice. "So you think it was reasonable to push me away for the sake of your own stubborn pride? To break my heart and the pups'?"

"I never wanted to hurt you." I fight back a sob, wishing for the thousandth time that I could move.

"I didn't have a choice."

"Shhh," Jane breathes, glancing at the racing heart monitor again. She lowers her cheek to my chest, as if she's trying to hug me without actually jostling my body. Instead she lets me feel her warm curves pressing against my side, her slender limbs cradling whatever they can reach. It's a terribly awkward position, but I'll be damned if it isn't effective. I can feel my wolf calming by the second, and I manage to lift my arm for the first time, circling it around her back to hold her close.

Something tiny bumps my hip, and I realize it's the pup in her belly, kicking out to say hello. A few stray tears escape the corners of my eyes, "Why are you doing this to me?" I inquire desperately.

Jane doesn't move an inch, in fact if anything she simply cuddles closer. "Because mates give each other what they need, even when they don't want..."

"Don't you see that's what I'm trying to do!" I rumble in agony. "I'm no good for you. You deserve better."

"I disagree, and so do the pups." Jane informs me simply. "You're always taking care of everyone else, Ethan – even when it kills you. Now it's time you let us return the favor."

"No." I growl, trying to sound authoritative even though I'm still slurring like a man who's ten drinks in. "I'm the Alpha, I make the rules."

The brazen she-wolf only laughs, and the sound wraps around me like a warm blanket. "Trust you to issue orders when you're high as a kite and weak as a kitten."

"This isn't a joke, Janey." I reply fiercely, knowing my body is betraying me even as I scold her. As my body slowly wakes it only pulls her closer and closer, and I'm sure she's going to be in the bed with me before too long. There's a sharp intake of breath, and Jane turns her face into my muscular pec as if to hide herself from view.

"What is it?" I demand, looking around the recovery room. We're alone in a closed off bay, surrounded by curtains.

"Nothing, you just... you haven't called me that in so long." She answers, her voice thick with emotion.

I wince, realizing I've slipped up again. "It was just a force of habit. It doesn't mean anything." I answer, only half lying. If my wits were sharper I wouldn't have slipped up, but it sure as hell means something.

"You're lying." Jane replies with a snuffle, sounding emotional but certain. "You can growl and snarl all you want, Ethan. Try to push us away until you're blue in the face. We're not going anywhere."

"You're supposed to be with Devon." I remind her, "

And I'm marrying Nina as soon as I'm well enough."

Now it's Jane's turn to growl. I'm glad she can't see my face, because the sweet omega's jealous snarl has me smiling like an idiot. "Over my dead body."

I sigh, deciding there's no use arguing about this now. "How did you find out about this anyway?"

"It was Paisley. She's been so worried about you." A note of disapproval enters her voice, and I know mama wolf is rearing her head. "What were you thinking – asking such a little one to lie for you?"

"I didn't want to." I confess. "She figured it out all on her own. I tried to explain that this was for the best. I told her that she needed to stay with you over and over again, but she vowed to keep running away until I let her stay."

Before Jane can answer, I realize that my neck and arms aren't the only limbs waking up. My legs feel weighed down and leaden- but I feel them.

There's a muscle ticking in one of my thighs, and a strange tingling in my toes.

"Oh my Goddess." I utter in amazement. "It really worked. Jane, I can feel my legs!"

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