

Chapter 92 Results

Ethan

Jane's heat didn't subside for three days.

It was hard to explain to the pups why we were always locked away in her rooms together, not to mention the various sounds they overheard. After the first night we had Linda come and pick them up, trusting her to take care of them until the worst had passed. However pups are always aware of more than we realize, and I'm sure we didn't fool them completely.

At the height of my rut I reclaimed Jane the way I've been dreaming of doing from the moment she reappeared again. I sank my teeth into the scars of my old mark while her scorching heat enveloped my cock, and made her mine once more. It's true that claiming marks are forever, but the bond always feels stronger the more often they're reasserted, and I now feel more connected to Jane than I have in years.

Of course, as she predicted, she retreated from me the moment we left the plush lovenest she created in her room, doing everything she could to keep me at a distance after the haze of her heat wore off. I can't pretend it was easy to accept. My wolf had been

determined to make her feel our love so deeply that she'd never doubt our feelings for her again, but her trauma runs deep – and I can't be mad when that's my own fault.

The more time that passes, the harder it becomes to pay for the crimes committed by the man I used to be, but the more Jane opens up to me the more I realize she never stopped being the woman I abused. I got to reinvent myself and move on when Paisley was born, to put Jane's supposed attack on my mother behind us. However it haunts Jane to this very day, being a prisoner and running from me still defines her, because she didn't escape it when we parted. It followed her.

By Friday I've returned to my office, leaving Jane to spend time with the pups and promising to watch them tomorrow so she can catch up on her own work. My desk at the pack headquarters is piled high with papers, everything I missed while Jane and I were indulging in each other's bodies.

I'm about halfway through the stack when I come across the preliminary reports from the investigator I hired to look into Eric. Since Jane's heat I'm both feeling less defensive about the man – knowing he's never been with her that way – and more protective of my mate. Jane was so vulnerable when she came to me that night, and I can only imagine how things might have gone if she'd chosen

him instead. I don't trust Eric to take care of her the way she needs, and I don't like the way he's been taking advantage of her trust.

Ripping open the envelope, I scan the contents quickly, my confusion and anger rising in concert. What on the Goddess's green earth?

When I get home Jane is in the kitchen with the pups, and the moment I open the door Paisley comes running. I scoop her up into my arms, giving her a hug and a kiss. "What's the news, angel?" I ask her softly, eyeing her siblings, who hover near Jane and shoot me a few wistful looks. I can tell their dislike and anger at me is waning as time passes, but their loyalty to their mother is strong, and I certainly can't fault them for that.

"Mommy says we only has one more week." Paisley pouts, "but Riley and the others aren' so sure 'nymore." She confides, snuggling into my arms. "I don' wanna leave you, Daddy."

"It's okay, babydoll." I promise her, "we won't ever be apart for long. You have my word."

I can see Jane glancing our way out of the corner of her eye. The sneaky little wolf hasn't told me about her new moving date, but that's alright, because I haven't told her I intend to follow when they go. I won't keep her here

against her will, but I also don't plan on letting her go.

"Hello everyone." I greet the others, bending my head to drop kisses on each of the pups heads. A week ago they would have pulled away from me with grumpy pouts and refused to let me near, but now Ryder, Riley and Parker subconsciously lean into me expectantly.

Jane, of course, is another matter entirely. I attempt to catch her lips for a kiss, but she turns her head away. Instead I lower my mouth to my mark, nuzzling her sweet smelling hair and nibbling the red marks until she squirms. "I need to talk to you." I murmur by way of greeting.

She glances at the pups, silently asking if we can talk in front of them. I shake my head gravely, setting Paisley on the ground next to the others. "I'll tell you what kids, we have half an hour before dinner." Jane announces, "why don't you go watch your favorite show until then."

Four sets of wide eyes look up at her. "TV 'afore dinner?" Riley asks agog.

"That's right." Jane grins. "Now run along before I change my mind."

As soon as the kids are settled in front of the television set, happily glued to the colorful screen, Jane looks up at me. "What's going on?"

Pulling out the reports from my bag, I hand them over to

my reluctant mate. "I think you need to see this."

"What is this?" Jane questions, flipping through the folder. She scans the first few pages, seeming to grasp the general theme. "You had Eric investigated?"

"You didn't think I'd let my pups be raised by someone without looking into them first, did you?" I reply, arching my brow.

"I can't believe you did this behind my back!" She exclaims. "I mean it would be one thing if we'd agreed on it first, but you must have known it was wrong if you felt the need to sneak around and hide it."

"You never would have agreed and you know it." I tell her sternly, "Aren't you at least interested in what they found?"

"Why should I?" Jane demands, lifting her pert little nose into the air, "it's probably a pack of lies."

"I hired the best investigators in the territory." I explain grimly, "And you should really see what they discovered."

Shooting me a sullen glare, Jane returns her attention to the papers in her hands, reading them more carefully now. It's almost amusing to watch her move through the packet, and I imagine if someone had been watching me earlier, my reaction would have been much the same. The first few pages don't hold much information of interest, but about halfway through the dossier, things

get interesting – to say the least.

Jane jerks her head up when she reached that spot, her emerald colored eyes going wide. “Is this real?”

“Of course it’s real.” I sigh, “look it up on the internet if you like. He did a good job hiding his tracks but the internet is forever.”

“But...” She stammers, “why wouldn’t he tell me this?” She murmurs.

“Janey, I’ve tried to tell you, he isn’t what you think.” I share, searching her lovely features. “this is merely one lie we can confirm. Did you ask him about what I told you? Did you ask him about the pups?”

“And when do you think I would have done that?” Jane questions tartly, giving me a knowing look. “This is the first day all week...” She trails off suddenly, seeming to realize she doesn’t want to remind me what we’ve been doing. As if I could forget.

“I don’t know.” I shrug, “I might have thought you’d make time to call your fiance in between fuc-”

“Ethan!” Jane exclaims, cutting me off and shooting a pointed look at the pups. Glancing over my shoulder, I realize they’re watching us instead of the television.

“What?” I joke, adopting my most innocent expression.

“I haven’t spoken to him.” She says dryly, glancing back

at the pages in her hands. The longer she stares at the lines of text, the paler she becomes. Part of me hates seeing her struggle through this, but a much larger part know she needs to come to terms with this sooner rather than later. "But maybe I need to."

"I think you do." I agree, resisting the urge to put my hands on her. Keeping my distance is especially hard after everything we shared this week, but I really am trying to give her some space. "I'll watch the pups if you want to do it tonight."

"Really?" She asks, peeking up at me from beneath her lashes.

"Really." I confirm, wishing I could be a fly on the wall for their conversation. I get the impression that Eric thinks Jane is all sweetness. Having never had cause to get into a fight before, I imagine he'll be quite surprised to discover how hot her temper can flare when given cause.

3rd Person

A little while later Jane stood outside Eric's front door, her arms crossed over her chest, the investigative reports curled in her small fist. When the door finally swung open, Eric looked overjoyed to see her, but before he could get a word in edgewise, she thrust the papers into

his chest, "You're a prince!?"
