

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 126

3rd Person

“How are we going to get away?” Paisley asked her siblings, watching Thomas and Mary out of the corner of her eye. The shepherd and his wife were loading their truck for a trip into the nearest town, a visit they planned on using to try and track down the pups’ parents.

Of course, the pups were more than a little afraid that the well-intentioned couple would end up landing them in even more trouble than before. They didn’t understand everything they overheard during their time with Anita and her goons, or even everything Thomas and Mary discussed about their plight, but they knew enough to realize that calling attention to themselves was a bad idea. Yet at the same time, they wanted to go home more than anything.

‘Are you sure we should?’ Ryder asked, having second thoughts about their plan. “It’s really scary being on our own, and they might be able to finds Mommy and Daddy.”

Riley was already shaking her head, understanding her brother’s hesitance, but knowing they couldn’t give in to their fear. The first place they’re gonna go is to the p’lice.” She reminded him.

“But why’s that so bad?” Ryder wondered, they might not be likes the NightFang police.. they might be nice.”

“But the police answer to the king.” Parker declared. “And if we tells them who Mommy and Daddy are, they’l tell him.”

They’re right.” Paisley sighed, ‘Anita was gonna sell us to the King, that has to mean he’s bad.”

I just don’t see how running away again helps us.”

Ryder grumbled. “We don’t know where we are or how to gets home.”

Listen, every tiny bits of progress we make, is one step closer to home.” Riley encouraged. “We don’t haves to know the whole plan, just the next piece.”

“It’s like Daddy says,” Paisley nodded, when a problem seems too big, just takes it one step at a time. .”

“I think this problem is too biggs even for baby steps.” Ryder frowned, watching Thomas and Mary finish loading the cart. “And it feels bad, they’ve been so nice to us.

They have.” Parker agreed. “But you know grown ups – they thinks they know everything. They’ll never let us search our way.

“I guess tha’s true.” Ryder conceded, he’d seen the way adults always seemed to trust other grown ups over children. His Mommy and Daddy were rare exceptions, but friends, teachers and strangers never seemed to trust that such little pups might know things they didn’t. “So how are we gonna do it?

I say we wait until their backs are turned and make a run fors it.” Paisley declared, as if that decided matters.

“Ooh, or how about a looky-loo.” Riley suggested.

“Wha’s a looky-loo?” Paisley asked, not yet familiar with all her siblings’ schemes. She was learning them as fast as she could, but it was very different being part of a team than doing everything solo. She loved having other pups to share the fun with, but it was still an adjustment. Paisley wasn’t used to consulting and sharing ideas, usually she just made up her own mind and ran with whatever plan she liked.

A looky-loo is when you create a ‘straction to make someone look in one direction, while you set up a prank or run away.” Riley explained.

“And if is a really good ‘straction, they won’t notice what you’ve done until way later.” Parker added.

That seems safer,” Ryder agreed, “we need as much time as possible to rurn ‘afore they start looking for us.”

“Okay, so how do we ‘stract them?” Paisley questioned.

All four pups studied the truck, searching for inspiration. The vehicle’s cargo bed was piled high with raw goods, while the towing hitch was linked up to a llama-filled trailer. “We could dump out all the stuffs from the back. Parker mused.

“No, that’s mean.” Ryder frowned, we shouldn’ make a mess.”

What if we lease the liamas.” Riley countered with a devious grin. “They would have to chase them, but it wouldn’t make a mess and we could make it seem like an accident.”

I dunno.” Paisley fretted, what if they can’t gets them all back?”

“They will.” Parker promised. They’re too big to lose, sides the llamas know the shepherd feeds them, they won’t go far.”

“I like it.”” Ryder praised, sporting an identical grin to his sister.

“So it’s a plan?” Riley checked, “when we get to town, we lease the llamas and while they’re wrangling them, we makes a break for it.”

“Agreed.” Ryder and Parker nodded, looking to their youngest sibling for confirmation, “Paisley?”

Her little face scrunched up in thought, and she sent one last remorseful glance towards their rescuers before nodding as well. “Let’s do it.”

A few hours later, the small trading village of Alta Montaña was awash with rogue llamas who, upon release, proved much more rambunctious – and far less loyal – than the pups predicted.

It hadn’t been difficult to free them. After AMary gave the children stern instructions to stay put while she went to the police station and Thomas unloaded the truck bed, Riley hopped down and snuck around to the back of the trailer, quietly unbolting the doors and pulling them open. She scampered back to the truck just in time for the llamas to break free, pouring out of the back of the cart in a wooly tidal wave.

“Oh my Goddess!” Thomas exclaimed, shooting a worried glance towards the pups. “Stay right there!

I’ll be right back!”

As he scrambled to chase down his flock, the mischievous pups slipped out of the truck and darted away, taking refuge in a nearby alleyway. “I feel bád.” Paisley murmured as they paused to watch the kindly shepherd flit around the town square in a panic.

It had to be done.” Riley reminded her, Look.”

The others followed the direction of her pointed finger, seeing Mary trotting back to the truck with a few police officers in tow. Immediately the detectives set about helping Thomas, not seeming to notice that they were straying from their original task.

Only Mary seemed to realize what was happening, taking in the empty vehicle and chaotic scene, then spinning around and scanning the square for signs of the children. We have to move before she catches our scent.” Parker advised.

We need to find something smelly – to cover it up. Ryder added.

“There’s lots of trash in that bin.” Riley noted, wrinkling her nose with distaste as she inhaled the fetid stench of days-old garbage.

However before any of the other pups could ponder hiding places or indeed – contemplate Riley’s unpleasant suggestion, a voice sounded behind them.

Who are you hiding from?” The voice clearly belonged to a child. It was high and feminine, but while the young pups always muddled a few of their words, this being was clearly a bit older, for her articulation was clear as a bell.

All four pups swung around, taking in the sight of a little girl further down the alley. She was a pretty little thing, if a bit worse for wear. Her clothes were ratted and dirty, and her face was smudged with soot. She looked like she might be seven or eight years old, and stood at least a full head taller than Parker and Ryder.

What?” The pups squeaked in unison, not sure what to make of the strange girl. No one.”

“You’re obviously hiding from someone.” The girl replied skeptically, scanning the huddled quartet.

Nuh-uh.” Riley argued stubbornly, crossing her arms over her ch3st.

It’s okay, you can tell us.” For the first time, the pups realized the girl was not alone. A young boy stood behind her, using her tall form as a shield.

However as soon as the girl acknowledged his presence, his little blond head peeked out by her elbow. We don’t know any grown-ups.”

The pups exchanged curious glances. “Why do you say that?

The older girl rolled her eyes, as if the answer was perfectly obvious. “We’ve all had to run from adults at one point or another.” She sighed. “They only ever want to hurt or trick you.”

Not all grown ups – not our parents.” Paisley argued, though she wasn’t entirely sure why. Hadn’t she and the others just been discussing how bad strangers were, how fruitless it was to trust them?

The girl’s eyes widened, You still have parents?”

“Yes, and we’re trying to get back to them.” Parker announced. “Do you know how fars we are from the port?”

The girl’s brow furrowed. “Which port?”

The pups looked back and forth between one another hopelessly, they hadn’t even considered that there might be more than one – but of course there was, there must be hundreds spread out over the islands. “We dunno.”

The girl was frowning deeply, looking past them to the scene in the main square. Well, if you want to get there, you need to come with us now- the police are coming this way.”

The pups glanced over their shoulders, quickly realizing she spoke the truth. “Why should we trusts you?” Ryder asked, even though they all realized they didn’t have a choice.

Because I’ve been escaping grown-ups since I was your age and I know these streets I like the back of my hand.” She shrugged. “But suit yourself, it’s your funeral.” And just like that she disappeared through a hole in the wall of the building next to the dúmpster.

Riley, Ryder, Paisley and Parker watched as Mary and the police officers drew closer to the mouth of the alley, and without saying a word they set their mouths into hard lines, and followed the mysterious girl into the darkness.

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