

## The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 137

Jane

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When was the last time I held them? Kissed them?

What were the last words I said to them? Do they know how close I am? Do they know how hard I'm trying to rescue them? I would give anything to have them safely home. I would gladly trade my own life for theirs, though I hope it won't come to that. The pain comes and goes in waves, which is something of a blessing.

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Tears are burning in my eyes now. They could be overheating or suffocating as we speak, we can't waste a single second!"

"I hear you, sweetheart. I truly do." I believe him. I can feel the tension radiating off him in waves and I can tell he wants to reach for me, hold me, but we both know he can't. I think not being able to make me feel better is as upsetting for him as not being able to comfort the pups is for me. I suddenly feel very guilty for making things harder on him. How am I supposed to cope with such a thing? If I feel badly I hurt my mate, but I can't help feeling badly. Ethan changes tactics before I can come up with an answer, "You have to keep your head, Janey. If you fall to pieces you won't be able to do what's necessary."

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