

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 140

Ethan

Before my eyes, my strong, feisty Jane is suddenly transformed into a needy Omega. Her inner wolf instantly responds to the dominance of my own, and her instincts to give chase take over. She slips out of my arms, backing away with a flush of anticipation, excitement, and just a little fear. "Why? Am I in trouble?"

"She asks, her little tongue darting out to wet her lips.

The sound of her pounding heart and tremulous voice sends my prey drive into high gear, and the sight of her pink tongue makes me hard as a rock. "I think it's safe to say you've bitten off more than you can chew, I state, prowling towards her, "but that's an interesting choice of words. I never did give you any consequences for stowing away on the ship."

"Consequences?" Jane squeaks, her eyes going wide.

"That's right." I flash my fangs, and the scent of her arousal slams into me. I breathe in the sweet aroma with relish- it makes me want to take her now, hard and fast. But I want to make this last, I want to drag out the pleasure until she's positively begging me for relief.

"Get on the bed."

The order sparks a glimmer of defiance in her beautiful green eyes, and she tilts her chin up. "Or what?"

A smirk splits my cheeks in two. I love every part of Jane, every one of her moods both good and bad, but this is undoubtedly one of my favorites. There's nothing cuter than when she's clearly turned on but her wolf is driving her to challenge me. Sometimes she doesn't even realize why she's testing me, making me prove my strength and power before giving herself to me. She knows how much pleasure I can give her, yet every time it's the same story.

"Or this." I growl, pouncing. I catch her easily and toss her onto the bed, covering her body with my own before she can try to scramble away.

"Hey!" She objects, sulking when I trap her hands above her head in one of my large fists.

"Hmm," I muse aloud, dragging my free hand down her soft curves. "What to do? There are so many options."

Jane narrows her eyes, clearly not liking the sound of that. "What options?"

"Well" I drawl, smirking when she tries to arch her breasts into my touch. I shift my hand in the other direction and she hisses in protest. "I could tie you up and have my wicked way with you, take all the pleasure for myself and leave you wanting." Jane whines and tries to rock her hips into mine, but continue describing my various ideas. "I could put you over my knee and spank your luscious little behind." This makes her eyes go almost comically wide, she looks both horrified and impossibly curious, and I decide to keep that thought in mind for a later date. "I could give you more pleasure than you can handle, show you how getting the thing you want isn't always a good thing."

"You don't have to discipline me, you know." She grumbles mutinously. "I think it's safe to say I learned my lesson." It's true that she'd been so horribly sick on the journey that she probably regretted stowing away – but that wasn't the lesson I care about most. I care about her endangering herself, being reckless, defying me. Still, I wouldn't choose this particular method of punishment if it didn't excite her so much. I could just as easily lecture and scold her, but this is much more fun.

I chuckle, sliding my hand between her legs. "If you don't like the idea, then why are you so wet? Your panties are soaked through already."

"They are not." She scoffs, even though she can feel exactly how slippery she is as I slide my fingers through her pink folds.

I think we'd better get them off" I decide, Then you can see for yourself."

I release Jane's wrists only long enough to strip her clothes off, then use her panties like a rope, tying them in a neat bow around her wrists. "Wha- are you tying me up with my own panties?" Jane exclaims, sounding thoroughly affronted.

"That's right." I confirm, swatting her behind. "Now be a good girl and get on your knees."

"Why?" She asks suspiciously.

Laughing deeply, I begin undoing my belt. "Why do you think? I want you to show me how sorry you are for disobeying me and being so reckless. For lying and plotting behind my back."

Jane is still pouting, and I see her hands twitch as if she's fighting the impulse to reach down between her own legs and soothe the ache. When she still doesn't move, I tangle my fingers into the long locks of her hair, applying just enough pressure to show her I mean business. "Now, little wolf. And if you do a good job, I'll think about letting you come."

A month ago I would have been nervous to take her so firmly in hand, especially after everything we went through when we were married. I never want her to feel neglected or like a pleasure slave, but I can sense how profoundly things have shifted in our relationship.

It almost feels like the old days, before pups, before Eve – when we were just a young couple in love, an Alpha and Omega unashamed to be together the way their core natures demanded.

Jane follows my guiding hand as naturally as breathing, and soon she's on her knees before me, her bound hands in her lap as I pull my cock from my trousers, not bothering to get fully undressed. "Can I touch myself?" She asks hopefully, her hands again twitching in that direction.

"What do you think?" I say, arching my brow.

Jane peeks up at me from beneath her lashes. "But lache." She tells me.

"You're pushing your luck, Janey." I proclaim sternly, nudging her lips towards the swollen head of my cock. They part reflexively, and soon that perfect little tongue is tracing my length, exploring me so eagerly it takes my breath away. She gazes up at me the whole time, never breaking eye contact. When she finally takes the head into her hot mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she applies suction, I realize this might have been a mistake. If she keeps this up I'm going to come way too soon.

My wolf growls in my head, and I find myself growling too. Her tongue massages the underside of my rod as she slides me in and out of her mouth, taking me so deep I can feel her throat muscles working around me. I only let Jane control the movement for a few minutes, before I use my handhold in her hair to still her and use her mouth at my own pace. I can feel myself getting close, but I don't want to come in her mouth, my wolf demands I empty myself in her womb, and that's exactly what I'm going to do.

I pull her off of me just in time, and guide her onto her back. I use the excuse of undressing to try to get hold of my desire, but the entire time I remove my clothes, I'm tormented by the sight of Jane gloriously naked and laid out in front of me. She's squirming with barely contained lust, trying to wriggle her hands free without being obvious. I growl again, and she stills, her legs clenching together as she quivers with delight.

As soon as I'm naked I part her silky thighs and bury myself into her tight heat, and she's so wet I slide in to the hilt without any resistance. She still whines as I stretch her, but I don't give her any time to adjust. I thrust into her slowly at first, then accelerating to a relentless pace, relishing the sounds of her moans and whimpers as my cock rubs against her g-spot.

My jaw clenches tight as I try to hold out, and after a while I realize Jane is whispering "please, please, please," under her breath.

"Please what, Janey?" I ask, knowing full well what she needs.

"Please can I come?" She begs, her lower lip trembling.

"Well since you asked so sweetly." I rumble, reaching down to thrum her swollen clit. That was all it took, 've barely touched her when she detonates around me, clenching and spasming so tightly that I lose all control. I bury myself inside her one last time, roaring out my pleasure as I spill my seed in the delirious aftermath, I roll so that Jane is sprawled on top of me, loving the precious weight of her body on mine. She's so precious to me, I don't know how I ever lived without her. How did I possibly survive those years when I believed she was dead? Was it because it wasn't real? Could my wolf sense that I would see her again one day? When she's in my arms this way, I can't imagine going a single day knowing she was no longer in the world.

I love you so much, Jane" The words slip out before I can stop them. And right now I don't even care if she can't say them back. I feel it so strongly it would be a crime to keep it a secret. When I look down at Jane, I expect her to look panicked or awkward, but her wide eyes are far more vulnerable than uncomfortable.

She opens her mouth and my heart races in my chest.

Is she going to say it back?

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