

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 148

Ethan

I think I'm going crazy.

This waiting is interminable. I'm worried about my pups, worried about my mate – furious at the Goddess for doing this to us. I might understand if I was the only one who was suffering- I've certainly been no saint in the past. But Jane and the children don't deserve this.

I've been staring at my phone, waiting for Jane to respond to my last message, when I hear the first explosions.

The fireworks! I thought, knowing this could only mean one thing. They were coming from Jane's gate, which means she must have sight of the pups. I jump up from the table where I've been losing at chess for the last few hours, forgetting my pretense of being an old man as I take off in her direction.

The elderly man scattered throughout the little park look up at me in shock, but I don't have time for excuses or explanations. If Jane has eyes on the pup, she needs me. I'm painfully aware of how desperate she's become, not that I blame her. I was praying that Anita would come to my gate or even Linda's. I don't trust Jane not to sacrifice herself for our children, to take needless risks one they're within reach. If we'd had any choice we never would have split up, but with three gates we didn't have that luxury.

I run as fast as I can towards the crack and bang of the explosives, but the palace is huge and the gates are very far apart from one another. By the time I round the corner on Jane's street, I see her tackling Anita to the ground. I feel a rush of pride as I watch her easily best the other woman, wanting to cheer her on but not feeling able to spare the breath. As soon as Anita stops moving Jane leaps off her, rushing towards the back of the van.

Unfortunately I see what she cannot, which is Anita rising up behind her, apparently having played possum. "Jane!" I roar the warning just as Anita lunges for Jane, just as she'd been opening the cargo bay. The doors had been swinging open a moment ago, but now No! I Jane crashes into them beneath Anita's weight.

I think desperately, still too far away to help. Jane whirls around with a snarl, sinking her fangs into Anita's hand as the other woman tries to attack.

Anita cries out in surprise and pain, and Jane takes the opportunity to kick her legs out from under her. The she-wolves topple to the ground, immediately shifting into their wolves. Fear slices through me, Jane is just an omega, so small and fragile compared to Anita's alpha strength. She fights ferociously, with all the righteous outrage of a mother protecting her pups -I can only pray to the goddess that her adrenaline is enough to make up for their difference in size and strength.

The guards had been busy around the corner a moment ago, but I see a few helmeted heads peek back around the gates at the sound of the commotion. One of the men cries out when he sees the she-wolves tussling, waving to his comrades. I know then I can't afford to go to Jane's side. I'm closer to the guards, I have to intercept them first.

The guards don't even see me coming. They're so distracted by the scene at the gates that I'm able to knock two of them out before they even realize there's a threat. The other men whirl around in surprise, eyes wide and growls already burgeoning in their chests.

They shift, but I stay on two feet. These are mere sentries, and no match for my power. I charge towards them, lashing out with teeth and claws, vicious snarls ripping through my lungs. The fireworks cleared the area, so no one is around to witness the carnage, but I'm ruthless as I fight. Everything I care about is on the line, and these are the only obstacles standing between us.

I can see flashes of the women's fight as I dispatch the men one by one, my heart leaping into my throat as I see Jane begin to fade, then rally. Anita claws and bites at her, but Jane gives it back every bit as ferociously. Right now you'd never know she wasn't an alpha herself.

My pride is distracted for a moment when the final guard, a wolf the size of a mountain, bears down on me, but even this is an easy battle. He might have bulk, but I have power beyond anything he could ever imagine. I rip into his flesh with my fangs, making him cry out and lose consciousness. I straighten up with a surge of triumph, my wolf crowing with the knowledge that at least one threat has been dispatched.

Unfortunately, that's the last of the good news.

When I look back, I see Anita clumsily loading Jane's unconscious form into the back of the van, and my wolf howls in outrage to see her rough treatment. I take off again, determined to reach my mate and pups before Anita can get them into the palace.

It's impossible! My wolf groans in my head. They're too far away!

Still I don't give up. I run even as Anita slides into the drivers side of the van, even as she drives through the gates and the huge metal bars close behind her. I'm roaring with pure, undiluted rage, but it doesn't do any good. More sentries have poured out of the palace in the midst of the chaos, and Anita is safely ensconced behind their protective force.

Before I can even process the shift, I find myself no longer hunting Anita, but running from the stampede of guards bearing down on me. There are too many to fight, and my only hope now is to get away. If they catch me it will be the end for me and the boys, and Goddess only knows what Aimon will do to Jane and the girls. I have to live to fight another day if I want to rescue them, even though it breaks my heart to leave Jane behind. My only comfort is that the pups are no longer alone – they have their mother, or they will when she wakes up.

But what if she doesn't? My wolf frets, feeling horribly guilty for landing Jane in this situation in the first place.

I can't deny the validity of his fears. I didn't see how the fight ended, what if Jane hit her head, or Anita was simply packing her body into the van to hide the evidence. Are my pups staring at their mother's corpse right now? The idea is too horrific to bare, yet I can't stop seeing it.

You see! I roar at my wolf. This is why I didn't want her with us. I knew it was a bad idea to let her come.

What if she never wakes up?

All at once I'm catapulted into the past, remembering the last time I thought I'd lost Jane forever.

The doctor's phone call.

Too many words that didn't make sense. Your ex-wife... pregnancy, severe hemorrhage in the delivery room... premature pup, in desperate need of emergency surgery."I'd barely been able to process any of it. I thought they'd gotten the wrong wolf on the line.

It wasn't until he said those horrible unforgettable words that I realized it was real. Jane is gone, but your daughter still needs you.

My daughter, precious Paisley.. who became the light of my life in a world without Jane.

I'd never known grief like that – and it wasn't even real. True grief would have been to lose them both, to lose Jane for real.

I know now that I only survived because of Paisley, and because Jane wasn't really gone and deep down my wolf sensed she was still alive. Could I survive it if she truly died? Can I survive losing her if she doesn't live on with our pups? I know the answer to that without even thinking about it: No. There's not a chance in hell.

And now it's not only Paisley and Jane out there in danger, it's all of our babies. I have to save them, I have to do whatever I can to bring them home -even if I don't go with them.

Please let Jane wake up. I think desperately. Please let her be alright. Let her be comforting them right now.

If nothing else, please spare them and take me. They don't deserve this. They've never done anything wrong.

But I have. I think grimly. I've made so many mistakes in my life, committed too many wrongs I can't take back. Maybe I deserve to be punished. But please not like this. Don't punish Jane and the Pups too, If I must suffer, I'll gladly do it – just as long as they're all right. Punish me, not them.

Little did I know then, but my prayers would soon be answered.

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