

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 167

Jane

I can't believe this! I can't believe this is happening!

I take off into the snow, following my pups' scent and leaving my negligent babysitter behind. What was I thinking? I knew better than to take my eyes off of them, to trust anyone else with their precious lives! Did I not learn my lesson in the Southern Isles! What is wrong with me!

Their scent is leading me towards the horse stables, and suddenly I realize what they must be planning, they must be thinking they can drive one of the sleighs all the way to Santa Claus. I don't have the faintest idea why they've chosen to go to the North Pole when there's a Santa Claus here in the grotto – unless of course they figured this one isn't the real Santa Claus. As soon as I think it, I know this must be the case. Oh Goddess, why is this happening?

I'm cursing Ethan as I run. This is his fault. They want him, that's why they're so determined to get to Santa. I have half a mind to go back to the NightFang territory and give him a good strong kick in the p*nts. If anything happens to the pups I'll never forgive him – or myself. As I near the stables I see the barn doors open, and a sleigh hooked up to two huge Clydesdales emerges. The horses set off into the snow, but so far they're still walking.

"Stop!" I cry, causing the four tiny beings in the driver's seat to turn around in surprise. They try to lash the reins so that the horses will take off, but they don't seem to be strong enough. The horses are still moving faster than I am, but I'm still on two legs. I begin ripping at my scarf and coat, my inner wolf already at the surface amidst the threat to my pups. I chuck my outer layer into the snow, then let my wolf out, shifting mid-run.

On all fours I dart after the sleigh, listening to the anxious cries of my pups as they urge the horses to speed up. "Yah, yah!" Riley cries, while Paisley bounces in the seat next to her. "Come on horsies! Come on horsies!"

I'm growling with anger now, no longer afraid for their lives, but furious with the little angels for running from me like this. The horses hear my growls and realize a predator is behind them, but it's too late. I speed up, leaping into the back of the sleigh before it can get away.

Shifter back, I climb over the back seat and yank the reins from Riley's hands, pulling the vehicle to an abrupt stop.

I clamp my eyes shut, gasping in deep breaths of air.

It's over. I think frantically. It's over, they're safe. Well, for now out least. I'm not sure if I've ever been angrier with my pups, and this is certainly the first time I've ever been cross with Paisley.

"Uh-oh." Paisley murmurs, looking up at me with wide eyes.

"Uh-oh, is right." I hiss, trying to stay calm while we're still in public. I turn the sleigh around, guiding it back to the stables as naked as the day I was born. I pull it to a stop by my abandoned coat and scarf, wrapping them around myself and turning back to the pups.

"Out of the sleigh, right now." I command.

"Mommy, you don' understand!" Riley protests, her lower lip quivering.

"I understand perfectly." I growl. "Now get out of this sleigh."

One by one the pups clamber down, and by now a few stable boys have emerged from the barn, confusion clear on their faces, I apologize profusely and wait for them to lead the horses away before turning on my pups.

"We're leaving right now, and if you know what's good for you, you'll come away without complaint."

Thankfully they do as they're told, and I'm able to keep a tight lid on my fury. The car ride home is silent.

The pups are sulking, and I'm taking the opportunity to get my temper under control. I don't want to be so angry with them, I know that they were just trying to go see Santa, that don't understand the danger they were in, but my maternal instincts are only too aware of what might have happened, and it's getting harder and harder to push down my feelings.

When we're finally back home I line them up on the couch, not bothering to change clothes. I stand in front of them with my arms crossed over my chest, "Well, what do you have to say for yourselves?"

"We just wanted to see Santa." Riley tells me sullenly. "And you ruined it!"

"You better believe I did!" I bite back. "Do you have any idea what might have happened to you? Do you have any idea how far away the North Pole is? It would have taken you months to get anywhere close and that's assuming you had the food and supplies to survive.

What actually would have happened is that you would have gotten lost in the mountains with nothing to protect you or keep you warm. You're lucky I stopped you when I did! You would have frozen to death by morning!"

I wouldn't normally be so blunt with them, but they have to understand how dangerous their actions were. Looking at their surprised faces, I'm pleased to see the information sinking in. They exchange awed looks,

Really?"

"Really." I confirm fiercely. "I can't believe you would try something like that, after everything you just went through! What's more, I can't believe you were so deceitful. You clearly were planning this from the moment you asked me to go to the farm! You planned on sneaking away from me, on stealing that sleigh, I'm completely ashamed of you. I did not raise you to be thieves!"

"We were gonna give it back." Ryder whispers, squirming nervously.

"You still lied to me, you tricked me and ran away from me when I explicitly told you to stop! I know you wanted to see Santa and I understand why."

"No you don't!" Parker interrupts, glaring at me, "You don' know anything!"

"You wanted Santa to bring Daddy to you for Christmas, to get us back together." I answer firmly. "And I know you miss him but there isn't a magical solution to this. These grown up issues are serious, and I know you're unhappy, I know you miss him, but there isn't any way to just snap your fingers and fix this. Not even Santa has that power."

"We were trying to help you too! We know you miss Daddy!" Paisley interjects.

"Why can't you just tell him you made a mistake?"

Riley adds, her little cheeks bright red. "You tell us not to be stubborn, but you're just as stubborn as we are."

"Because I didn't make a mistake." I grit out. "When you grow up you'll see that just because something feels bad, it doesn't mean it's the wrong thing to do. In fact sometimes doing the right thing can be the most painful.

I don't expect you to understand that right now and you know what, I don't expect you to like me or the decisions I'm making for this family. I do expect you to respect me.

"I lecture, hating how stern I sound. "I'm your mother, I make the rules, and you will follow them or you will all end up grounded until the new year."

"Grounded?" They repeat aghast.

"That's right." I confirm. I've never gone as far as grounding my pups, mostly because they've been too young previously. Not to mention that their mischief hasn't ever escalated to this level. They're no stranger to time outs and having toys taken away, but long term punishment is a new concept.

"But it's Christmas!" They object.

"Which is all the more reason for you to behave." I growl. "Santa is watching after all, and he doesn't reward pups that disobey their Mommies. You don't want coal in your stockings, do you?"

The pups looked back and forth between each other, wearing identical sullen pouts. "That isn't fair." Riley insisted.

"It's perfectly fair, and it's what's going to happen if you don't shape up." I announce. "Now go get ready for bed."

"But it's still early!" Parker gaped.

"Yes, and you're going to go to bed early tonight – you've had more than enough excitement to warrant it!"

The pups slink away with their tails between their legs, and I sink down onto the edge of the coffee table, fighting back tears. All the progress I thought we'd made together just went out the window. I'm back to being the villain, and they're back to hating me. I don't regret punishing them – they scared the life out of me tonight, and this is part of the job. I just wish we could find a way out of this misery. I just want my family to be happy again – the question is whether we can ever be truly happy without Ethan.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)