

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 179

Well Doctor, what are my chances?" I ask, bracing myself for more bad news.

It's Christmas Eve, and I barely managed to slip away from the penthouse for this appointment. Still, after Paisley discovered the truth of my condition, I knew it couldn't wait. I'm determined to fight for my family, but I have to stay grounded. I have to prepare for the most likely outcome, and that means remaining cautious with my plans. I can't be confident I'll survive, but I can certainly put my plans into motion whether I succeed or not.

I've already created a trust for our children, complete with college funds and living expenses to ensure that the burden of caring for the pups financially won't be on Jane's shoulders. I've also created a considerable allowance for Jane herself. I know she's passionate about her work, but I want to make sure she has the freedom to enjoy her career, rather than feeling obligated to retain her business for the sake of economic security.

My other efforts are less straightforward, and will take more than a little deception. I'm relying on Linda and Eric to help, as well as Matthew and Paisley. Of course Paisley is one of the main reasons I'm doing all this and I fully intend her to benefit as much as her siblings, but now that she knows she can also help me. It's amazing the difference a day can make.

My daughter learning my secret had an impact on me I could not have foreseen. She reminded me of why I can't give up, and she made me feel as though I'm not alone in this for the first time since I first got the news. I'm ashamed of the way I've behaved until now, and I can only pray that it's not too late to turn things around for my family – if not for myself.

Well, your condition isn't as hopeless as it seemed a month ago." The surgeon frowns, pulling my attention back to the present. "But I have to tell you, Alpha, I'm still not seeing the kind of results which would warrant reevaluating your prognosis. In all likelihood you still only have a year left."

"But it's better?" I press. "If only a little?"

Yes." He confirms, sighing gravely. "But I have to caution you not to get your hopes up. We see these small improvements sometimes, but the extent of the larger damage is so great that minor changes don't really hold any weight."

"Is there anything I can do to try and improve my condition?" I ask, committing myself to try any home remedy, exercise, experimental procedure or medications he can offer.

"Actually the braces are probably helping more than anything else." The physician concedes, "they're keeping your limbs moving and muscles engaged."

"Would it help if I did even more physical activity?"

I suggest.

Perhaps, I can also refer you to a specialist in the Shadow Pack. I know of a practice working on cutting edge robotics procedures for spinal cord injuries." He shares.

Why didn't you tell me this before?" I demand, feeling suddenly indignant.

Because I don't believe in selling my patients miracles." He replies stiffly. "And that's what we're talking about here. It would take a miracle to cure you."

I've seen miracles happen." I announce coolly, thinking of Paisley's repeated surgeries, and Jane's return from the dead. Maybe if more people believed in them we wouldn't be so quick to give up on things."

The doctor grimaces. "You're not the first patient I've seen through this process, Alpha. And you're not the first who's found a second wind when their decline happens over a long period of time. It's easy to feel like you might cheat fate when you can't feel the changes immediately. It's not that I don't feel for you, I just want to be up front about setting expectations."

Trust me, I've felt the changes. I've been struggling with my decline every day. How many of your past patients have been Alphas?" I inquire.

None of your caliber." He admits.

Then believe me when I say my wolf's strength is a burden, not a gift not when it comes to being trapped." I relate. "And I'd also ask you to consider how my powers might help me succeed where others have not. I might not deserve a miracle, but if anyone can conjure one out of thin air, it's me. I don't have another choice."

When I get home, I'm elated to find the pups waiting for me at the door, bearing identical and thoroughly mischievous grins. Hello my little monsters." I greet them happily, scooping them up into a five- way hug. What have you been up to today, hmm?

Daddy are you even using your eyes?" Riley quips in reply, gesturing behind us to the apartment.

Following the direction of her hand, I gaze around the familiar space, realizing that they were very busy indeed. The entire Penthouse has been decorated for Christmas, including a tall evergreen tree, stockings over the fireplace, garlands and string lights covering every available surface, and handmade strings of popcorn and cranberries. The air even smells like the holidays, full of cinnamon and nutmeg, freshly baked ginger cookies and mulled wine.

"Oh my Goddess!" I exclaim, feigning shock. "Elves must have broken into the apartment and decorated everything!"

"Daddy it wasn't elves, it was us!" Parker replies indignantly.

"No!" I gasp, "but it's so beautiful!" I move further into the apartment, looking for Jane. "Did the elves at least help you? Give you the supplies?"

There were no elves!" Ryder giggles, "Mommy bought the supplies and helped us."

"Do you like it?" Paisley adds, looking up at me hopefully.

I love it." I answer, kissing their sweet faces in turn. This place was pretty bland before you got here. You all saved me, I wasn't ready to welcome Santa at all." Of course, this isn't the only way they saved me, though they don't know it.

Well now you're ready." Riley nods, clearly pleased with herself – and rightly so. "It was Paisley's idea."

I believe it." I smile, "She's always loved Christmas more than anything.

I can't believe we almost didn't spend it with you, Daddy." Paisley murmurs softly, her little face scrunched up in displeasure. I don't like seeing the stress on her precious features, she's already wise beyond her years after going through her own medical struggles, I feel terribly guilty sharing this burden with her too.

I know, what was Mommy thinking." Parker adds glumly.

Hey, give your Mommy a break." I instruct gently.

None of this has been easy for her, and she only wants what's best for you.

But Daddy she didn't listen to us," Ryder complains.

We tried and tried to tells her."

She listened little one. There's a difference in not listening, and not agreeing." I advise. I know you've been upset this last month, but I promise you it wasn't Mommy's fault."

When I look up, I'm surprised to find Jane leaning in the kitchen doorway, a strange expression on her face. She looks very pale, and her beautiful features are twisted in discomfort and something keenly akin to grief. "Are you alright, Jane?" I ask, before I can stop myself. My instincts are to care for her, even when my brain knows I need to push her away.

I'm fine." She murmurs hoarsely, and I realize she's recently been sick. Putting the pups down, I cross the floor until I'm standing in front of her.

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"Now you have to kiss!" Riley announces gleefully. And sure enough, hanging smack dab in the middle of us, is a gleaming sprig of mistletoe.

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