

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 212

Jane

When I wake, my first thought is of my baby.

I jerk up in bed, clutching my belly. What happened? I think frantically. I try to take stock of my body. I certainly don't feel like I've just given birth. As if my baby can sense my anxiety, a little kick taps the wall of my uterus. "Oh, thank the Goddess." I breathe, patting the spot. "Hello angel."

"Jane, you're awake!" I hadn't even realized Devon was in the room with me until he spoke.

"Devon!" I exclaim, "What happened?"

"The doctor said it was pre-term labor, but they were able to stop it." Devon explains, and when he doesn't say anymore, I suspect that's all he knows.

It's not surprising, given what I've learned about how strict doctors can be with patient confidentiality.

The words 'pre-term labor' send a stab of fear through my body. I'm only five months along, that's too soon for this baby to be born. "Stop it for how long?" I inquire, even realizing my friend probably doesn't know.

Thankfully a doctor swoops in at precisely that moment, a chart in hand. "Hello Jane, how are you feeling?"

"Okay," I answer uncertainly. "Is my baby going to be okay?"

"Yes," He smiles, "we think your cervix was injured when you delivered your quads, this happens sometimes with babies following multiples. But don't worry, we're going to put a stitch in your cervix to make sure it's nice and strong, and we'll give you a gel to apply daily, plus some progesterone shots. We're going to do everything possible to keep this pup inside you until at least 37 weeks."

"Will I have to be on bedrest until then?" I inquire nervously, immediately thinking of my plans to go after Ethan.

"No, once you're released you can go back to your usual routine, but we are going to keep you here under observation for a while, just to be safe." The physician explains.

"What, for how long?" I counter, trying to remember if Nina told me precisely how soon Ethan would be having his surgery.

The doctor laughs, "Don't worry, Jane. It will only be a couple of days, and then you'll be free to go."

"That's too long," I insist. "Can't you release me sooner?"

The physician sighs, coming to sit on the edge of my bed with a patient expression. "Jane, whatever else is going on in your life, it can wait. This baby isn't ready to be born yet. If you were to deliver now, it would have less than a forty percent chance of survival, and even then it would probably have life-long problems. We need to get you to at least 24 weeks to be viable, but as long as you follow our instructions, there's no reason to think you can't carry to full term."

I hug my round belly, knowing he's right. I've been through this with the quads, who were born at 28 weeks, but even that had been a challenge, especially with Paisley's heart condition. Three preemies was difficult, a fourth almost dying was heartbreaking. "Okay," I nod, looking to Devon.

What day is Ethan's surgery?"

He winces, sighing. "Three days Janey. First thing on Wednesday morning."

"So if I'm released in two." I muse aloud, quickly estimating that likelihood of it happening early enough in the day for us to make the drive and reach Ethan before he goes into the hospital.

Devon studies me closely. "If you want to go after him, I'll take you as soon as you're out." He promises after a moment.

My lip quirks as I recall his conversation with Nina. "You knew I would."

"I did." He grins, clearly thinking the same thing. "I wasn't sure how much you were aware of, after you collapsed."

"I heard everything. I confirm. "And I'm not going to let that bitch get away with this."

"Good." He smiles, the expression bittersweet. He looks both proud and pained at the same time.

But Jane, we might not be able to get there in time – to see him before he goes under."

"Then I'll call him." I decide, determined to do whatever it takes in order to reach him in time. I can't let him face possible death without knowing that I love him, that I know the truth and I'm coming after him.

I see my phone sitting on my bedside table, and I eagerly reach for it, feeling a stab of guilt when I see the familiar photo of my pups on the lock screen. "Oh the pups." I clamp my eyes shut, hating that it took me so long to think of them.

Are they okay, where are they?"

Devon smiles. "They're in the children's playroom, do you want to see them?"

"Yes!" I exclaim eagerly.

The pups rush in a little while later, big smiles on their faces. Before the doctor can stop them, they climb up onto the bed and clamber around me. "

Hello my angels, how are you?" I cry, wrapping them in a fiveway hug.

"Jane they really shouldn't-" The doctor tries to object, but I bare my teeth at him. No one keeps me from my pups.

Meanwhile the pups aren't paying any attention to the man in the white coat. They're smothering me in kisses and feeling my belly, all curiosity and relief. "Mommy this is getting ridiculous." Parker tells me sternly, his small hands framing either side of my stomach. "If this new baby is gonna keep making you sick all the time, we're gonna have some disagreements."

"Do you want to tell the baby?" I inquire, stroking his dark locks. "You know it can hear in my tummy? It already has ears and everything."

Parker's eyes widen slightly. "Baby." He says firmly. "You have to be nice to Mommy. She's working very hard to grows you and is not very grateful to repay her like this"

"He's right." Riley chimes in, lowering her lips so close to my belly that they're almost touching. "

You have to be gentles with Mommy. Daddy said So.

"When did your Daddy say that?" I ask curiously, petting her soft cheek.

"Right afore he left." Ryder shares sagely, also patting my tummy. "I guess the baby didn' hear cuz you were already here."

My gaze immediately goes to Paisley, who is being very subdued. She's curled under my arm, snuggled up to my side and simply watching the other pups lecture their unborn sibling. "It must have been really hard to say goodbye to your Daddy." I observe, hating the serious expression she's wearing.

Paisley glances up at me and nods. Her green eyes are shining, and I know she's close to crying. "

Have you told your brothers and sister what's really going on with him?"

She nods, sniffing, and the other pups raise wide eyes to me. "We wanted to tell you, Mommy." Ryder confides, looking guilt-stricken.

I shake my head. "None of that is important now.

What is important is that we're going after him.

Okay?"

"Really?" Paisley asks, no longer looking so upset.

"Yes my love, we're going to face this as a family.

And before he goes into surgery, we're all going to tell him just how loved he is, and how proud we are to be his family." I insist. "The mean doctors are gonna keep me here for a while, but I want you to go home with Devon and pack your bags. As soon as I'm out of here, we're going to see him."

I spend the next hour calling Ethan's phone over and over again. It goes to voicemail every time, and eventually I get a message from Nina informing me that she's changed my number in his phone to a photo-less contact titled, "spam likely". I'm spitting with rage by the time that happens, and I try to call the pack headquarters, reaching out to Matthew and calling every number I can possibly think of.

It doesn't do any good. Matthew tells me that Ethan made up his mind about this, and he wasn't going to go against his wishes in his last days. The pack headquarters insist that Ethan is out of the office and also out of reach, but I know Nina must be behind this. I swear I could kill her, she doesn't even know if Ethan is going to live, and she's stealing my only opportunity to say goodbye to him.

In the end I have to wait until I've been released from the hospital. They don't let me out until the end of the day on Tuesday, even though I begged and pleaded to be discharged. As soon as they do, Devon and I pile the pups into the car, and speed through the night, determined to reach Cite de la Nuit in time to see Ethan before his surgery. I wish I could say it had been enough. I knew almost soon as we set out that we didn't have time to get there, but I was praying for the miracle.

But there was no miracle – we arrive at the hospital just after 8am, but surgery started at 6.

We're too late.

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