

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 223

Jane

When I open my eyes, Ethan and I are still in the thermal pool. I can feel the water lapping and bubbling around me, but he's no longer inside me, and when I look up it's to find his dark gaze watching me intently. Gradually I realize he's moved to the shallow end of the spring so he can sit on the submerged ledge and hold me in his lap.

He rests one hand on my round belly, and our baby glutters inside me as if the tiny bean knows its father is near.

"How long was I out?" I inquire softly, stretching and reveling in the delicious ache of my muscles.

I'm filled with the lazy contentment of a well-loved mate, utterly drugged with pleasure that is only deepened by the sting of my claiming mark. I can feel the evidence of Ethan's dominance in the swollen flesh between my legs, the bite marks on my breasts and faint bruises on my back and thighs. And right now I can't imagine anything better than this... except perhaps if I had some chocolate to nibble while my mate cares for me.

"Just a few minutes." Ethan answers, his deep voice still husky and heated. "How are you feeling?"

"Incredible" I sigh, nuzzling his chest and nipping his salty skin. "Loved.. safe... claimed."

Ethan purrs, the sound of an Alpha who knows he's done well for his mate: proud, satisfied and only slightly smug. "Delirious with pleasure?" He suggests, a teasing note in his voice.

"That too." I grin, recalling the ruthless way he'd brought me to climax over and over. "I think you wanted to punish me a little." I remark, even though I can't think of a better way to pay for my times.

"I was just giving you what you asked for." He answers darkly, his lips moving against my ear.

Did you learn your lesson ?"

"And what lesson would that be?" I inquire innocently, too elated to be flirting with him to consider the fact that my body can't handle any more excitement right now.

"You're playing with fire, Janey" He chuckles, tugging my head back to claim my lips. I open for him immediately, too overwhelmed with joy to do anything else. How long have I been dreaming of being with him this way again? His tongue slides into my mouth, coaxing my own out of hiding and taking up a familiar dance.

As I sink into the kiss, his hand travels between my legs, and I jerk in surprise, clenching my thighs together. "No! I'm too sensitive." I object, dragging my mouth away from his.

"But if you didn't learn your lesson, we're going to have to repeat it." He informs me, watching me squirm with ravenous desire.

"But we only just finished, there's no way you're ready to go again." I don't know why I said it, perhaps because my brain is absolute mush after so much stimulation, perhaps because I simply believed it was impossible. Yet to my amazement, I can already feel Ethan's harness pressing against my bottom.

As my words land, a rumble of warning sounds in Ethan's chest, and I feel myself being lifted. "Such a naughty little wolf." He growls, rearranging me so that my back rests against his muscular chest.

First you demand pleasure from your mate even though he's trying to keep his distance, then you question his endurance?" He tuts ominously, sliding my legs to either side of his thighs and spreading his knees so I'm splayed open.

"I just meant.. oh!" I can't finish my thought, because the next thing I know he's cupping my sensitive breasts and rubbing my tight nipples with his thumbs.

"You forget that I haven't been able to do this in months." Ethan croons, pausing to leave the soft spot behind my ear. "Between missing you and being trapped in that damn chair... I reckon I could keep this up for hours and hours." I whimper as one of his hands returns to my dripping sex. My own hand clamps around his wrist to try and protect my overworked clit, but it doesn't do any good.

"None of that, now." He continues skillfully stroking me, until my overwhelmed whines transform into moans. "We're going to do this until the message sinks in, Mate. I'm going to make you come so many times you'll sleep for a week."

My head falls back and I cry out as his fingers sink inside me, and I know my only choice is to hang on and enjoy the ride... assuming I can survive it.

An hour or so later I'm a babbling mess, begging Ethan for mercy as he brings me off for what feels like the dozenth time. He knows my body too well, and I suspect he's been fantasizing about this since we parted, because he chooses a different tactic every time. Make no mistake, this has been one of the most amazing sexual experiences of my life, but a woman can only handle so much pleasure before she collapses.

Thankfully he finally relents, gathering my limp limbs in his arms and holding me close. He purrs and rocks me as I come down from my high, murmuring sweet nothings in my ear. I'm floating in and out of awareness, flitting back and forth between a stratospheric plane of physical ecstasy and reality, sending a wave of emotions I don't even understand flooding out of me. "Poor darling,"

Ethan's deep voice cuts through the haze, and somewhere in the back of my mind I'm disgruntled by the fact that he's speaking as though he isn't the one responsible for my current state. "You bit off more than you could chew, didn't you?"

I shake my head, "Your wolf started it." I hiccup, surprised that I'm actually able to summon words. "He's the one who dragged me out of the house."

"He did." Ethan confirms, "but for a run, not so you could try to force me to change my mind"

"I won't apologize for loving you." I argue, trying to snuggle closer even though there's no space left between us. "You needed to be pushed."

"I did." Ethan professes tenderly, kissing my temple. "I see that now, but you know what happens when you provoke an Alpha, Janey."

I know he's still talking about the sexual overload from which I'm recovering, but all I can hear are the words: I did. I try to sit up, only to discover that I can't. "Does that mean.. are you – can we...?"

He laughs, nibbling his mark. "If today proved anything to me it's that when you're determined to get your Way, you'll stop at nothing to get it. It's no wonder that our children are such forces of nature" I know he's thinking about Paisley and the way she vowed to run away as many times as it took to make him accept her choice. I know because she was my inspiration. "I figure if I'm going to lose the battle anyway, I might as well have some fun along the way."

"Going to lose?" I parrot uncertainly. I'm thrilled to hear him talking as though we have a romantic future together, but I don't trust the way he's phrasing things. "You mean you're still going to fight me?"

Ethan offers me a wolfish grin, "Are you so ready to be done with the chase, little hunter?"

I love his teasing, but I still find myself frowning. "I want our family to be whole again." I answer seriously, thinking of my unborn pup.

"The baby will be here in a few months, and our lives need to be as calm as possible when it does. You know how it is with newborns."

Ethan's eyes glitter, "I have news for you, angel.

With our pups, our lives are never going to be calm." I open my mouth to reply, but Ethan surprises me with another kiss. We lose another minute or two in the embrace, but then he pulls away, leaning his forehead against mine. "Settled maybe." He decides. "Our lives can be settled, but it's not going to be easy. I made promises to Nina, to the pack – I guaranteed no more Luna chaos.

Those things aren't going to go away overnight."

"I know." I sigh, "but can't we get on the same page in the meantime?"

"I love you so much." Ethan proclaims, stroking my cheek. "And I want to give you everything your heart desires, but we've been through a lot. I'm still recovering, and though I know you're willing to forgive me, I have a lot to atone for. We can't just pick up where we left off and ignore everything that's happened since."

I know he's right, even though it's annoying. "Just promise me we'll get there. Promise me you'll try.

Don't give up on us."

Ethan takes a moment to reply, his dark eyes boring into me with so much longing and passion I almost can't stand it. "I promise." He finally agrees.

"I won't give up."