

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups

## Chapter 1. Divorce of Jane and Ethan

“Focus.” Ethan’s harsh voice pierces the haze of my thoughts, drawing my attention back to his face.

“If I wanted to rut a wooden board, I would.” Ethan snaps, gripping my hair so tightly I’m afraid he’ll rip it out of my head. “What’s wrong, Jane, can you not feel me inside you?” He demands, slamming his hips into mine so forcefully I feel sure he’ll leave a bruise. “Am I not fg you hard enough?”

Still I don’t respond. All I can do is imagine him with Eve, kissing and making love to her, giving her all the affection he used to give me. I can see their writhing bodies in my minds eye, naked and moaning, tangling the sheets of the Alpha’s bed. It makes me feel sick to my stomach to know my husband was inside the other woman mere hours ago; is his libido really so profound that one she-wolf is not enough for him? How does he even have the energy to use me this way when Eve was pleasuring him all night long?

The only blessing is that he must have showered in between trysts, because I cannot smell her on him. Still, I’m sure I’ll hear all about it before long, Eve never lets me forget just how much my husband enjoys her body.

Ethan doesn’t think I know. In fact he hides their relationship incredibly well. I’d never know if it wasn’t for Eve. She loves torturing me with every sordid detail of their sx life: how much pleasure he gives her, how they laugh about me when my back is turned. Ethan’s muscular body glistens with sweat above me, so rugged and handsome it makes me ache with desire. My body responds to him out of instinct, brought to life by his powerful pheromones and skillful hands even though I want to cry knowing how little I matter to him now.

Ethan used to say I was his entire world; now I’m nothing but a s\*x toy to him. I’m not sure how much longer I can bear it. One way or another, I have to find a way out of this, or I’ll spend the rest of my days being tortured by these images in my head.

I feel like I’m about to explode – inside and out. All my horrible imaginings bringing Ethan and Eve’s affair to life in my head, and the relentless pounding of his hardness into my most intimate flesh.

“Ahh!” I can’t contain my moan as Ethan rams into that special spot deep inside me.

“Oh you like that, do you?” He smirks, making the same movement again and chuckling at my helpless whimpers, “That’s right Janey, tell me how much you love it.”

I bite down on my lip, forcing myself to stay quiet. Growling, his pace increases again, and I know he’s close. I stare sightlessly up at the ceiling while he spills himself into my womb with a low growl.

Afterwards his lips seek mine, but before he can kiss me, I turn my head away. “No!”

His oversized hand, still fisted in my hair, pulls my face forward. “No?” He repeats in an ominous rumble.

“Do you kiss Eve when you’re done with her too?” I ask bitterly.

I can’t believe my own daring, I’ve wanted to ask him about his affair – to confront him for almost a year now. Yet Ethan barely registers my remark, he simply shakes his head and pushes away from me, muttering, “crazy woman,” under his breath.

Sitting up and curling my legs into my chest, I take a few deep, fortifying breaths. “That wasn’t worth a kiss.” I hiss. “That wasn’t worth anything. Honestly, you’re so bad in bed we should just get a divorce.”

When he turns back, I feel a rush of pure triumph. He looks furious, but I relish his anger. The truth is that he’s so skilled in bed that he has to work very hard not to give me pleasure, if it wasn’t for his betrayal with Eve I could probably find release just looking at his handsome features. He wants to punish me, but he can’t have it both ways, he can’t treat me like dirt and also have the willing s\*x slave he desires.

Ethan turns back with a lethal expression, “Excuse me?” He barks, fighting to remain in control.

Now that I’ve found my courage, I can’t lose my momentum. I’ve been trying to work up the courage to leave him for a long time now, I’ve known for a while that the person Ethan truly loves is Eve. Eve, the she-wolf who saved his mother while I stood by and watched. Eve, the woman who loved him for his personality, when I only married him for his money.

Sure he might have thought he loved me when we were young, but now that everyone around him has convinced him that I’m just a worthless, gold-digging omega Ethan must have decided I’m not worthy of being his luna after all. Maybe that’s why he always turns to Eve – he may still be attracted to me enough to keep me around, but she’s the one who will bear his pups.

With a splitting headache, I staggered over to the dresser, pulled open the second drawer, and rummaged through what’s inside until I found a large envelope. I pulled it out and handed it to Ethan.

He scanned it down and then glared at me in shock and anger, “You’re actually leaving me?!”

“Does that truly surprise you?” I ask, gesturing to the bed. “You can’t have thought I was happy in this marriage.”

Dark clouds roll into his eyes, and he flips through the packet, stopping at the financial terms, “Everyone always said you were only with me for money.” Ethan hisses. “Was this your plan from the beginning? Did you marry me just so you could rob me blind in the divorce? Is that why you’ve been so cruel to Mom and Eve?” He accuses. “Because they were getting in the way of your plan?”

I’m cruel! I think in outrage, He’s calling me cruel.

I’m sure the “everyone” he’s talking about are the same women he’s accusing me of abusing, the ones who have been whispering poison in his ear from the day we wed. He never believed it until Eve’s scheme “proved” I was a selfish, hateful little gold digger – as she so diplomatically puts it.

Three years ago the accusation would have infuriated me, now it feels like nothing compared to the suffering he’s already inflicted. I don’t care what he thinks of me anymore. I just want out, and if this will convince him to sign the papers, so be it.

“That’s right.” I bite back, “you should have listened to their warnings.”  
When my words land, Ethan’s already livid expression turns absolutely terrifying.  
Suddenly I realize provoking him might have been a very bad idea. After all, signing the papers or refusing aren’t his only options here. .  
He prowled toward me with a thunderous expression, looking furious beyond belief. The hair on the back of my neck stands on end, and my inner wolf cowers in fear. Does he hate me so much that he’d attack me? Could he kill me?