

# The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups

## Chapter 2. Jane becomes pregnant

Jane

Looking at my husband now, whose eyes glow and claws extend as he fights to keep his own wolf in check... I think he just might.

Ethan is gulping in livid breaths of air, his chest rapidly rising and falling as he glares at me with abject fury. His rage is so palpable that undiluted fear rushes through my veins and I find myself paralyzed, frozen in place like a startled rabbit. If I move will he attack? My inner wolf is cowering with her tail tucked between her legs, our every submissive instinct triggered by my husband's threatening demeanor.

However, instead of lunging towards me or shifting, Ethan simply slams the document onto the dresser and slashes a pen across it, savagely signing the papers without another word. He throws them towards me, then turns on his heel without another word, storming from the room.

A wave of relief floods over me, and for the first time since I said those horrible, thoughtless words, I'm able to breathe. My heart is still pounding in my chest, but it feels stronger than it has in years. Even as it slams against my ribs so forcefully I fear they might break, I can't help but feel a profound sense of elation.

Am I really free? Is it really over?

Bending to retrieve the papers at my feet, I run my fingers over Ethan's hastily scrawled signature with a featherlight touch. In less than five minutes, I've gone from being an omega slave to a liberated woman. My life is finally my own again, and I have my entire future ahead of me.

I still can't believe it the next morning as I pack my bags. I've been smiling from the moment I woke up. I'm so happy that not even Eve's sour face and nasal voice can ruin my mood.

She's standing in my doorway, cradling a cup of hot coffee in her palms and watching me transfer clothing from my dresser into my bags, "So he finally did it." She sneers, smugly sipping the aromatic liquid. "I should have known. When Ethan came to my room last night he was so excited we didn't even make it to the bed. I must have had three orgasms in a row – right there against the door." Eve brags, swinging her hips as she sashays into the room.

Setting her mug on the side table, the curvy she-wolf perches on the edge of the bed next to my suitcase, looking me up and down with obvious disgust. "He should have kicked you to the curb a long time ago. I suppose he felt sorry for you." Eve theorizes. "Poor, ugly omega' No one's ever going to want you now, used up by the alpha like an old condom."

Yesterday her words would have cut me to the core. Today they make me want to laugh. I never have to see this horrible b\*\*\*h again. I'm not only free of enslavement, I'm free of her bullying, free of her games.

Arching my brow, I stroll to the bedside table and retrieve her steaming coffee. Somehow the woman is so delusional she seems to think I'm about to hand it to her. Eve extends her hand expectantly, but rather than placing the cup in her palm, I dump it right over her head.

The hot brew cascades over the horrible woman and her pristine white blouse, then Eve is surging off the bed with an ear curdling shriek. The next thing I know Ethan is running into the room, looking between us with surprise and concern. He immediately rushes to Eve's side, "What happened? Are you alright?"

Sobbing theatrically, Eve points at me and wails. "Sh-she scalded m-me, just for c-coming to wish her f-farewell!" Throwing her arms around my ex-husbands neck, the she-wolf buries her face in his neck and weeps hopelessly.

Holding her so tenderly my stomach churns, Ethan glowers at me. "What the hell is wrong with you Jane?"

I roll my eyes skyward, and the Alpha reaches deep into his pockets. "Get out." He growls, extracting a huge wad of cash and throwing it onto my neatly folded clothes, "There – your payment for laying on your back all these years. Now go!"

A flush blooms over my cheeks as his insult lands. I'd like to throw the money back in his face, after all the divorce settlement included financial terms set by law. This has nothing to do with satisfying our agreement, and everything to do with shaming me for enduring his own mistreatment. However I'm not in any position to turn the money away.

My mother has been sick for a long time now. She needs surgery, and even with the settlement, I'm barely going to be able to afford it. To an omega, pride is not an option. There is only survival, and that requires money.

"As you wish." I tell Ethan. Bending down and zipping up the suitcase, I pull it from the bed and walk out of the room with my head held high.

I don't look back.

One month later.

A strange bright light is floating above me, moving from left to right through my blurry vision. Slowly I realize it's a penlight, brandished in the hands of the doctor standing over my hospital bed.

"What happened?" I ask hoarsely. The last thing I remember, I was waiting for my mother to come out of surgery. If anyone should be in this bed, it's her.

"Jane, you've had a shock." The doctor said gently. "You fainted."

A sense of foreboding slices straight through me. "Where's my mother?"

"I'm very sorry," The doctor says in that same, pitying tone. "She didn't make it."

"What?" I reply in a small voice, the words not truly sinking in. "Is... is that why I fainted?"

"No actually." I can't imagine why, but the physician is smiling now. "You fainted because you're pregnant."

Six Months Later

Quadruplets.

When you first find out you're pregnant, the very last thing you ever assume is that

you're going to have four babies instead of one. But that's exactly what happened to me. No sooner had I gotten used to the idea of becoming a parent and recovered from my own mother's death, that I learned I was going to be giving birth to a veritable litter of pups.

I barely had enough money left over after all the hospital bills to welcome one baby, but by the time I discovered the truth I was already so in love with the tiny beings growing inside me that I couldn't dream of giving them up. I sheltered them through the last few months with all the love and care I possess, but now I'm learning that my best efforts hadn't been enough.

After a traumatic c-section and more stitches than I can count, the nurses finally introduced me to my babies: two boys and two girls – for now at least.

The smallest girl, only two-thirds the size of the other babies, is not long for this world.

They told me as gently as they could, but there's no softening this kind of blow. My youngest was born with a life-threatening heart condition, and even if she somehow survives, she has no werewolf features at all. That doesn't matter to me of course, I would love her even if she was born with two heads. Unfortunately I probably won't have the chance to love her for very long.

Unless a miracle happens, my daughter will die before the night is out.