

Chapter 115

A week after they'd returned from their honeymoon, the pups came over.

Christian had been adamant about keeping his family away from Greg in the beginning, but it was difficult to keep his son away from Sush, so trust was built over time. In the first twenty times Sush and Greg brought Lewis to the park when they took Enora, Christian and Annie went along, staying on the benches solely to observe, learning from there that their son had a knack for something other than his camera.

Unlike Ken, Lewis wasn't good with puzzles - wasn't patient enough, but he picked up catapulting quite quickly, shooting fake nests off high branches, even accidentally catapulting Greg in his ass in his first try when Greg was placing the nests into trees. Lewis gasped and quickly hid the weapon behind his back the moment Greg turned around with a scowl, and Sush shielded the boy, blocking Greg's view of him and explaining to her mate that Lewis was practicing the pull and the shot to his butt had been an honest accident.

Only after those observations did Christian and Annie feel better in letting Lewis go along without them, but only for an hour. And when things went well, their son coming back livelier after spending time outdoors, they allowed him more time with the Claws on the condition that Sush would always be there.

Greg took no umbrage in the condition. In fact, he respected Blackfur because of his continuous distrust in him. He himself would have never forgiven someone who poisoned his mate, even if it wasn't fatal, though it was amusing that the curse of his destined mate getting along with Little Blackfur was making them both suffer in moments of

awkwardness.

Greg took Enora's luggage and Sush took Lewis's as the pups embraced their parents and bid them goodbye for the week. After leaving their things in the designated rooms, they brought them to the new outdoor playsite in their backyard.

Enora squealed in excitement and Lewis's eyes widened in intrigue when their uncle and aunt told them that they had a surprise. Greg opened the door to the back, checked that the invisible bulletproof walls were up three times before leading his sweetheart down the patio stairs and the little girl could not believe her eyes.

She scanned the archery range built and designed for a toddler, and her lilac orbs shone as her mouth gaped like she'd just discovered the secret at the end of the rainbow - and it was better than a pot of gold! In the field of green sat a huge train track with a blue toy train that held targets of different shapes and colors on each carriage, and when Greg turned the system on with his phone, the train began moving.

As Enora observed the moving train, an orange square target was shot and her shocked eyes flickered to the source, which was from her side. She turned to see Lewis already holding a new catapult as Sush guided him on estimating where to aim and how to wait before releasing.

"Sweetheart," Greg's voice brought her attention back to him and she squealed and leaped when he handed her a brand new bow and a quiver of arrows, even though she'd already had at least five sets at home. This one was different, though. The brown bow and quiver had gold engravings of her name and she took her time feeling the letters with her fingertips before throwing her arms around her uncle, exclaiming, "Thank you, Uncle Gweg!"

He chuckled, squeezing her in return and leaving a kiss in her hair. "You're very welcome, sweetheart. How about we give these a try?"

Upon releasing him, she brought the strap of the quiver over her head and Greg adjusted it so that it was secure on her back. Drawing an arrow out like a pro, she loaded the bow, aimed, waited for the train to get to where she wanted it to and let the arrow fly. The rubber bullet landed on the far left of the target with a yellow bird.

After a few more shots, at which time it was getting too easy for both pups, Greg upped the speed without warning, and Lewis's perfect shot became a clear miss. The boy was enthralled by the zigzag route the train was now taking, and the way it went up the hill that it didn't before! But Sush was clearly vexed by the missed shot, prompting her to yell, "Greg!"

Turning to her, he challenged with a smirk, "What? It's not a competition, is it?"

The glint in his eye did it for her, and she swore she was going to guide Lewis to beat Enora that very day, a quest that her mate saw clearly from her eyes and felt through their bond.

The day ended in a tie - much to Greg's and Sush's frustration and amusement - and the pups high-fived before being ushered in for a bath and dinner.

They did the balloon targets the next day with Sush guiding Enora with her arrows and Greg doing the same for Little Blackfur with the catapult. And although Greg and Sush had underwater targets planned for their third day, the pups insisted they wanted to do the train again, so that was what they did, moving the underwater one to the next day.

Both pups had to exert more force and ended up exhausting themselves earlier with the underwater targets in the mini pond. The seaweed blocking the targets were a nuisance at first, and the actual depth was difficult to estimate, but the pups got better with each try.

Between the banter, laughter, and watching their prodigies progress,

Greg's and Sush's eyes always found their way back to each other. There was a deep sense of knowing that days like these were only the beginning, and the memories they'd make were only going to get better now that they had each other.

Chapter Comments



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