

Chapter 24 (Elowyn): All The Time

Lachlan swooped in and gave me a huge kiss when I'd told him we'd moved to entirely possible and then he eased back.

"There's no hurry, Wyn. We got plenty of time so we're not going to rush things. And when you're ready to move us from entirely possible to it's definitely happening you tell me."

"I still have a lot of work to do on myself," I warned him.

"We both do," he corrected me. "I think it's something we'll always need to work on to keep ahead of ourselves. But I think now the big difference is we can talk about shit like we never did before. Maybe we have a better understanding of who we are and why certain shit triggers us, but there's still a lot of work we both can do."

That night, we started not rushing things as we sat by the river, Gypsy stretched out beside us, and just watched the lights from the sunset sink into and saturate the water rushing by. Lach was sitting with me between his legs, my back resting against his front, his arms around me. He pressed the occasional kiss to my head, and I just enjoyed the feeling of being surrounded by him.

We continued not rushing things as the weeks went by. Lachlan went back for a couple of days to the mother chapter, as he called it now, for Butcher's wedding. He'd asked me to go, but I couldn't get away with such short notice.

"Prez called me today, Wyn -- today-- says he wants me home for his wedding tomorrow So I'm taking off this afternoon and I'll ride straight through, get there late. You want me to stay in a hotel rather than the club house, I will."

"No. You could fall into old habits at some hotel, Lachlan, as easily as you could at the club house. You can either resist or you can't. But for the record...I don't think you'd cheat on me again."

"No, I wouldn't."

The whole discussion brought up a subject I'd been thinking about.

"Lachlan...I don't know that I'll ever want to get married."

"Then we won't get married."

"That easy?"

"Didn't say it was easy, Elowyn. I'm saying I now understand why I thought getting you to say yes was important back then and why it was such a sore point with me when you kept turning me down. That said, I can fucking deal with the emotions head on if any of those old feelings surface. And fuck me, you're not going to believe this, but Butcher actually helped me with that."

He gave a half smile and shook his head.

"Butcher gave you relationship advice?" I tried to picture it, but I couldn't.

An image popped into my head of Lachlan lying on a couch, Butcher sitting behind a desk with a notepad and then saying, fuck it. I'm not listening to this pulling a gun and telling Lach to get over his shit or else. Butcher-style therapy.

"He didn't knowingly give me advice, and he'd probably shoot me in the face if I ever implied that he did, but when he called today to tell me the news, I said I was surprised he was getting married. He said it surprised him, too, because he'd spent his whole life thinking he'd never get married."

"I can't imagine him getting married, either," I said because that man was scary as hell and stone cold. "I'm sure that's a pretty unanimous feeling with all the brothers."

"No shit. So I asked him what changed since he strung two sentences together and we weren't even about to torture anyone. And he said Raine was the type who needed to be married, and you give your woman what she needs. That's all he said, but when he said that, it just kind of hit me as a really simple, but really obvious, truth. Give your woman what she needs. So if you need not to be married Wyn, I can give you that."

"Is that all he said?"

"That was a long conversation for him. So since you can't go with, can I leave you with Gypsy or you want to stay at my house for a couple of days with her?"

No contest there. Given Gypsy's size, I couldn't even attempt to sneak her in and out of my place.

"I'll stay at your house," I told him. "But only because I find it hard to resist the ruled orange curtains and the harvest gold appliances in the kitchen that coordinate so well with the avocado-green linoleum."

Lachlan had bought a bit of a fixer-upper and when he'd shown me the place, we'd both laughed at the hideous kitchen -- although, the pink-and-purple tiled bathroom was running a close second. It had wonderful bones, though, and the big ticket items had been recently updated.

So I settled into his place for a couple of days with Gypsy and wandered the property with her when we got home from the store at night. There was a beautiful pine grove at the back of his property that smelled so rich and earthy it became my favorite walking spot.

Gypsy had proven to be the perfect store dog. I'd bought her a huge bed and put it in my office. The first few days, every time the bells on the door chimed, she'd come to investigate, but by the fourth day, she was over it since no one coming into the store had brought her treats, so she just spent her days with me snoozing.

When Lachlan walked into the store after being gone two days, however, Gypsy came at a run like a little horse to her favorite man in the world.

"Hi, girl," Lachlan said, giving her ears a rub. "You been a good girl for mommy?"

Mommy That made me realize I had another item on my agenda to talk with him about, but Lachlan came up to me then and pressed a kiss to my lips, tucking my hair behind my ear.

"Hey, Wyn. You been a good girl for Gypsy?" he teased.

"We were very good girls," I assured him. "Which you know because you've been checking in every two hours, I swear."

He looked down at Gypsy who was nudging his leg and did a double take.

"Elowyn," he said sternly, "why are her nails pink and sparkly?"

"Um, she got into my nail polish when I wasn't looking?"

That lie earned me a kiss and a light smack on my ass.

"Why don't you come over for dinner tonight after work and bring her with since I've got my bike? I'll grill some steaks and vegetables."

"We'll be there," I promised.

He gave me one last kiss and headed for the door before he turned to me. "Missed you."

That night, we ate at his plastic outdoor set which he would eventually replace with a permanent set once he either built a deck or put in a brick patio. When we were done, we wandered to the pine tree grove and laughed at Gypsy trying to catch a squirrel that was taunting her with his chatter and leaping from tree to tree to keep up with us.

"He's laughing at her damn nails," Lach grumbled.

OK, that definitely required a change of subject distraction.

"I have a question for you," I said. "When you referred to me as mommy today, I realized that there was one more big thing we needed to talk about. A very important one, even more important than the marriage question really."

He just looked down at me and waited.

"Lachlan, I'm not sure I ever want to be a mother. And I don't think it's any unresolved shit I haven't worked through; I think I just don't want to have a baby and raise a child. And I was wondering how you feel about that?"

"Wyn, you think I want kids?"

"I honestly don't know, Lach. Seems like something we would have talked about before when we were together, but we didn't, so I have no idea where you stand on the subject."

"Got no desire to have babies, children. I don't really want to pass my genes on to another generation to be fucked up. That said, I'd get over it if you came to me and told me you changed your mind and wanted children. But I'm good with never having children, Elowyn. Long as I have you --"

"And Gypsy," I added.

He laughed and squeezed my hand.

"I stand corrected. Long as I have my two girls, I'm good."

"Well, then, I'd say that the needle is heading toward it's definitely happening I just want some more time."

"You can have all the time you want, Wyn. I love you and I'm not going anywhere."