

Chapter Eight – Lucy

Three Months Later

Levi maneuvered the four-baby stroller out of the elevator. He grinned as Lucy came out after him, pulling the small wagon they'd taken to buy groceries with. Lucy's arms were sore, but she smiled back at him. It felt great to have the elevator back up and running. Actually, it was great to see how much the community had improved in the past few months.

Apparently, Levi was thinking along the same lines as she was. "Who knew that all we needed to get this place put into shape was to livestream a cop threatening to shoot us?" he said.

"You think that's what did it?"

"It brought public attention to us. The crowdfunding has been great to fix up the community, but it's the public shaming of the city's treatment of the pack that's really made a difference. Did I tell you Steven's actually meeting with the mayor to start up a program to fund Coyote businesses? And it's looking like the city will overturn the law that allows people to turn us away instead of serving us just because we're Coyotes."

Lucy nodded, grinning at his enthusiasm. He must have told her this same thing at least a dozen times since he got the news. "And you are setting up a scholarship program to help the next generation get to college, so they can improve their situations the way the current generation couldn't. Who knew that all it would take to get you to be responsible would be knocking me up?"

"I wish you wouldn't say it like that. It sounds so... crass. We had a blessed event – there was no knocking."

"There was a little knocking."

The babies started to fuss, and Levi hurriedly pushed them down the corridor to the apartment. Once inside, he got them all out of their seats and organized them in a line. Lucy paused a moment, watching him rattle various toys in front of them to distract them. She loved watching him with their babies.

"I don't think they're going to stay happy for long," Levi warned, his voice overly cheerful as he smiled and tickled them. "Do you need help with the groceries?"

Lucy grabbed the milk and shoved it into the fridge. "No. I'll just take care of the stuff that needs refrigerated or frozen, and then I'll come help get them to sleep. Where are their soothers?"

"Diaper bag."

Lucy quickly put what needed to be kept cold away before she rushed to the diaper bag. Despite their early fears, all four babies were strong, healthy, and active. Their past three months had been spent in the hospital as they continued their development, and Lucy was as nervous about them being home as she was excited. Heather and Steven both promised to help out, but the weight of responsibility was on her and Levi.

She had wanted their first night here to be private and special. But mostly private. As she pawed through the diaper bag, she glanced over at Levi, admiring his fine form. Tingles ran all through her body, filling her with warmth from head to toe. They hadn't been *together* since the conception of the quadruplets, and she was anxious. Their first time had been amazing. How much more wonderful would it be now, after they had learned so much about one another?

"Soothers," she reminded herself and brought them to Levi.

Together they swaddled the babies and put them in their swings, watching each one carefully to see if they would calm down. Out of the four, only Iris, their little girl, resisted her human form as her primary form. She still preferred to be a little puppy, which could be frustrating. Especially when Lucy tried to nurse them.

Soon all four were sleeping, and Lucy leaned against Levi, smiling at their little ones. "They're beautiful, don't you think?"

"They are. They're just as beautiful as you. But they've all got my nose, don't you think? Especially Iris. You know, I never liked looking human when I was little. I just wanted to run around as a Coyote, getting into trouble."

Lucy repressed a giggle. Of course he had. He was so loose and free, and she never wanted him to lose his childlike love of fun. He wrapped his arms around her waist and she sighed. "Remember when you told me you loved me?"

"Yes."

"Remember how I didn't respond?"

Levi paused. "Yeah. I remember."

Lucy turned around, putting her arms around his neck. "I love you. Three months too late, I know, but I love you."

"Too late?" Levi lifted her from the floor and twirled her in a circle. "It's never too late to hear those words! You love me! I knew it. I knew you loved me."

Lucy laughed, letting her head fall backward. "I love you. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Simple." Levi pulled her higher on his hip, his arms snug around her. He pressed her against the wall and kissed her hard, making everything inside of her quiver with delight.

The Coyote moved to her neck, then moaned and moved back from the wall. He headed for the bedroom while Lucy kept a hand against the wall, making sure that they stayed steady. Her eyes were half-closed as her lover continued to kiss her neck, sending tight and warm tingles down her spine.

As soon as they were in the bedroom, Levi laid her down on the bed and pushed both hands under her shirt. He shifted her bra aside and Lucy laughed, gripping his hips with her knees.

"Straight for the breasts. I should have known."

Levi kneaded her breasts for a moment, his eyes darkening with lust. Lucy tugged her shirt and bra all the way off, sighing in delight as the tight garment finally slid off. Levi kissed her collarbone and flicked his tongue over her throat. Desire flared in her core as he did. She gripped his shirt and tore it apart, the buttons popping off and bouncing off her naked chest. The Coyote jumped, startled, and looked down. A grin crossed his face as she ran her hands over his perfectly formed muscles.

"Amazing," she whispered. "Absolutely amazing."

"Can't argue with you there."

Her lover dove into her neck again. This time he pressed his hands between her legs. Shots of pleasure bolted up her legs and Lucy's head fell back. Her body sang for his touch, and at that moment all she wanted was for them to tear off what clothing separated them and to be joined. It had been too long, and there had been so much that happened...

Levi gently unbuttoned her pants, sliding them off her hips. His mouth trailed down her neck and over her chest as his fingers played, setting fires under her skin. Lucy reveled in the sensations. Smith was in jail. Levi and Steven had been cleared of all charges. The babies were healthy. Right now all that mattered was her and Levi, in this moment.

"Wait," Lucy mumbled, pushing herself to her elbows. "Come here."

Levi moved back his mouth, kissing gently. "What is it?"

Lucy caught him with her arms and legs, holding tightly as she rolled. She pinned him down, kissing him fiercely until she was certain he was going to be still, and then she reached for his belt. He sprang free of his jeans. His hands grasped the globes of her buttocks as she fully removed his jeans. With one more searing kiss, she moved back and grinned.

"Is this going where I think it's going?" Levi asked.

"Yup."

She turned around, positioning herself over him while she took him into her mouth. Both of them began moving together. Lucy moaned. She could hardly keep to her own task as Levi's wicked, talented tongue did its work. Her eyes rolled into her head. Her body moved of its own accord, pulling away from the pleasure that was just too good, too much. She couldn't breathe.

When Levi grasped her by the hips and spun her onto her back, she jumped in surprise. The Coyote spun around. He parted her thighs. Eyes twinkling, he pressed against her. She tried to roll her hips up, but Levi held her hips down.

"Let me take my time." Levi moved to her neck, kissing her gently as he released her. He moved to the nightstand and pulled out a condom, making a big show of putting it on.

Lucy grinned. Even though she was on birth control now, they couldn't be too careful. Their current four children deserved to have as much love and attention as they could be given, and while Lucy hadn't ruled out more children in the future, it was good to take precautions right now.

He entered slowly. Lucy dug her hands into his hair as her mind spun out of control, everything far more intense than she remembered. All of Levi's movements were slow, from the rhythm he kept to the kisses he gave her to soft caress of his hands on her body. The build was not nearly as slow. Everything shot straight to her head, taking Lucy to the edge in an instant. Levi held her there, keeping her in intense pleasure for what felt like ages. Lucy was almost ready to beg when everything broke.

Flashes of heat broke over her body, flooding her. Her back bowed. Her legs alternately kicked and clenched around her lover's hips. Her fingers dug into his back. Levi threw back his head and howled.

Levi groaned, sinking down onto her. She ran her fingers down his back until he rolled off her again. Their hands twined together, Lucy turned her face into his shoulder and smiled. "If someone told me four months ago that I'd be in love and have four children, I would have slapped them."

"And if four months ago somebody told me I'd have a beautiful mate and four beautiful children, I would have died laughing."

They both chuckled, then wrapped their arms around each other. Lucy's eyes slid shut as her body relaxed. Life was good. Very, very good.

THE END