

**So Many Wolves -- Postscript**  
**So Little Time**  
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**So Little Time**

Galen smiled widely and waved as Wendy took his son, Joseph, to the park with her boy, Andrew. If he and Julia were lucky they'd have an hour before Jo wanted to come home. If they were unlucky they'd have maybe fifteen minutes. He and Julia had dated for 5 months and had a short engagement. Then she'd gotten pregnant very quickly after their wedding. This wasn't unusual as modern birth control wasn't quite strong enough for a werewolf that had found his woman. Though he loved his son more than anything, the pregnancy had severely cut into their newlywed time, which was why Galen was running down the hall and trying to strip simultaneously.

"Julia," he yelled as he ran. She met him at the door of the kitchen with wide eyes but he grabbed her up and kissed her before she could speak. "Wendy's taking Jo to the park," he said in a short pause between kisses.

Julia grinned before kissing him back and unzipping his pants, which he'd already unbuttoned. "This is why I wear skirts baby," she said breathily as he sucked on her neck and set her up on the counter. "Wouldn't want to waste a minute." He still had the ability to turn her on in an instant and there had been so many interrupted trysts since Jo was born that she could easily be ready for him when they had time for a quickie. His smooth skin was so warm under her hands, like he'd just been sunbathing.

He pulled her panties down her legs and tossed them away before putting his hand between her thighs.

When he pushed in with one finger he groaned. "Baby, I love how you do that. You're always wet for me."

"It's your own fault," she gasped as he fondled her. "You're always calling me during lunch and saying dirty things."

He pushed her shirt up and moved a bra cup out of the way so he could get at her breast. "You do it, too," he said around a mouthful of nipple. She whimpered just a little and bit her lip when he pressed the tip of his finger to her clit in a practiced movement. When he pushed two fingers into her and starting pumping she found it much harder to talk.

"Mmm," pause, "but you... mmm... Mmm... you started it." She pushed his hand away and grasped his cock, making him groan and lean his head on her shoulder. While massaging him she scooted forward on the counter and guided him where she wanted him. "Let's just stop talking and fuck," she whispered against his ear.

With a loud growl, he shoved her hand out of the way and drove into her just like she'd wanted. Both of them kept glancing out of the kitchen window as they moved together -- just in case Wendy started coming down the driveway -- but it didn't take away from the heat of the moment. It added to it, actually. It was like they were horny teenagers hoping not to get caught by their parents. When a particularly hard thrust caused Julia's head to bang against the cabinet she laughed and Galen picked her up smoothly and laid her out on the table.

"Ooooh, yes," she murmured as she squirmed. He growled again in response, those silvery eyes focused on her breasts as they bounced from the force of his thrusts. He raised his right hand with one claw extended but she caught him before he brought it down. "No, this is one of my good bras. I'll get it off."

With a disappointed grunt he backed off and took hold of her hip again so he could grind against her pelvis. That won a gasp from her as she sat up to undo her bra, which made him feel even larger. After a few minutes, he undid the back of her bra for

her since she seemed to have forgotten about it. He palmed both of her breasts greedily and kissed her as she moaned. She was on the edge of orgasm when they heard a car coming down their street.

"It's Wendy," Julia whimpered. From her position on the table she could see a fair distance down the road. Wendy's minivan loomed at her doing thirty miles an hour.

Galen grinned slyly at her and started thrusting hard. "You can make it." He placed his hand at her clit again and started teasing it, softly at first then more vigorously. She came with a surprised yelp, and pushed him away with a goofy little smile as soon as she was able.

She didn't have time to rehook her bra so she just crossed her arms and leaned against the counter. When she felt something slide behind her she surreptitiously slipped her silky panties into the silverware drawer. Galen answered the door while still pulling his shirt down.

"Hi," Wendy said brightly, waving to Julia. "Jo forgot his bucket for the sandbox."

"I'll get it. Be right back." Galen cast a hot glance at his wife on the way to their son's room. He brought back the bucket in record time and practically shut the door in Wendy's face. He turned around and locked the door, eyeing Julia. "Where were we?"

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