

Naptime by Dawn M Turner

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This vignette involves Colin and Tanya Campbell, who got together in *Wolf: The Complete Collection* and takes place a few months after the end of *Baby Makes Three: New Life*.

Saturday, August 5, 2017

Having finished dishes, Tanya dried her hands, draped the towel over the oven door handle, and went in search of her husband and son. Colin had said minutes prior that he was going to change Duncan's diaper and put him down for a nap but hadn't yet returned.

Thunder rumbled through the mountains, and rain tapped on the windows, but it was warm and comfortable inside the home Colin had built for them.

On bare feet, she padded through the house and their bedroom to the nursery. Smiling, she leaned a shoulder against the doorframe, her gaze soaking in the scene before her.

Her mate stood over their five-month-old son, who lay on the changing table, his chubby arms and legs waving in the air as he gurgled nonsensically at his father. Colin leaned down and blew a raspberry on Duncan's bare tummy, drawing an infant giggle. Little legs shot straight out, and a soft growl crept across the room. Colin playfully growled back, inciting another growl from their son, which was almost immediately followed by baby laughter.

Stifling a giggle of her own, Tanya covered her mouth with one hand. Her heart melted, not for the first time. Her mate had proven time and again to be a wonderful father, and it made her love him all the more. Sometimes, she wondered if she could possibly hold any more love for her husband and son. Then moments like that came, and her heart simply expanded to contain even more.

Another pair of growls, one infant, one adult, reached her. Duncan squealed and laughed, clearly loving the game.

“You’re supposed to be putting him down for a nap,” she reminded her husband.

His eyes bright with happiness, Colin glanced at her and half-grinned, showing the double canine in the right side of his mouth, a trait he’d inherited from his father, Ian. Would their son have it, too?

“We’re burning off excess energy so he’ll sleep better. That’s all.” His gaze returned to Duncan, and he gently tweaked a small foot. “Isn’t that right, buddy?”

“Uh huh.” She narrowed her eyes playfully. “Looks to me like you’re getting him wound up, instead. How exactly will that help him sleep?” Their pup battled every nap, seeming determined to stay awake and not miss anything.

Duncan growled and kicked again, pulling their attention back to him.

Colin chuckled then growled back, much to the delight of their son. Their game continued for another five minutes or so, then Duncan yawned and stretched. In moments, his eyes closed.

Casting her a smug smile, her husband scooped up the infant, held him against his bare chest, and carried him to the crib on the opposite side of the room. He laid Duncan inside then spread the small quilt over him that Tanya’s mom had made and tucked the stuffed wolf he’d bought under the covers alongside their son. Straightening, he kept his gaze on the baby.

Tanya crossed the room to stand at his side, gripping the belt loop at the back of Colin’s waist. He slipped an arm around her, drawing her to his side. His achingly familiar scent washed

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over her. Earth, soap, and wolf. She smiled and whispered, “It worked.”

“Told you,” he murmured even as he leaned down to nuzzle behind her ear. “He should sleep well for a while now. At least, Dad said it worked for me at Duncan’s age. Apparently, I wasn’t very cooperative about naps either.”

“Like father, like son.” Tanya grinned.

Colin chuckled and turned to face her, wrapping both arms around her and drawing her close. “So... now that we’ve got some peace and quiet....” He bent to nuzzle her throat. “It’s too wet and nasty outside for a run, but I’m sure we can come up with something to do while he sleeps.”

A soft baby growl stilled them both.

Tanya glanced down into the wide-open eyes of their son and giggled. “You were saying...?”

Colin groaned and dropped his head back.