

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 01

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

Jason is reunited with his mother and sister after 15 years.

Novels and Novellas

4.8

15.7k words

This is my first submission. The entire story is very long, so I've tried to break it up, but this part is still 30 pages in Word. It's kind of a slow burn as far as getting to the sex with one fade-to-black moment in this one and some flirting/awkward moments. The sex begins in the second part.

This is the story of a son who was torn from his mother and sisters fifteen years prior due to a messy divorce. It (eventually) includes mother/son, mother/daughter, brother/sister sex.

Every character is 18 years of age or older, and this is a work of fiction.

Los Angeles, California

"I, David Allan Hughes, give, devise and bequeath all of the remaining and residual property I have ownership in at the time of my death, whether real property, personal property, or both, of whatever kind and wherever situated to my son, Jason Michael Hughes absolutely and entirely.

"Should Jason Hughes not be living, then I give, devise, and bequeath all of the remaining and residual property I have ownership in at the time of my death, whether real property, personal property or both, of whatever kind and wherever situated to a trust created to sell off all property and using the funds of such to provide two scholarships each year to worthy medical students of Cedars-Sinai Hospital.

"Upon my death, I direct that my remains..."

Jason's eyes narrowed in disgust as the man continued reading the last will and testament of David Hughes, Jason's father.

The rat-bastard didn't even leave anything to Mom or my sisters, Jason thought, his mind elsewhere as his father's attorney, Morgan Dean, who gave off a well-dressed, sleazy used car salesman type of vibe, continued reading.

I'm glad he's dead, Jason's thoughts continued. *I'm finally free. I can try to find Mom again...if I can figure out how.*

His mind wandered around the décor of the attorney's office--he wasn't listening to the reading anyway, nor did he really care. His only knowledge of an attorney's office was based off television and movie representation. For the high-powered offices in those shows like Morgan Dean's, they were always large, expansive offices with a tiny desk in the corner, great city skyline views, and towering glass windows to facilitate those views. Intimidating, cold despite the warm light coming in, and impersonal. Jason had to give it to the set designers on those shows for nailing it and he briefly wondered if Morgan's office had the same exact designer.

"Jason?" Morgan said, bringing the younger man's attention back to the present. He was peering over thin glasses that hung halfway down his nose. "Any questions?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dean. I kind of zoned out for a moment," Jason replied, feigning a sheepish look. "This is all a bit crazy."

The attorney sighed and put on his best sympathy face. "Unfortunately, death comes for us all. But at least your father was prepared. He filled out the appropriate Transfer On Death documents for his property, so you'll just need to take the death certificate and your ID to the county building, and they'll transfer it to your name. That'll keep you from having to deal with probate. And all his bank accounts had you listed as his direct beneficiary, so do the same with them--death certificate and ID and you'll have access to everything." Morgan sifted through a few documents and lifted one up to read it. "It appears that with his checking, savings, stocks and bonds, and with his investments, you'll have around \$4.5 million. I don't know how much his property is worth, or if you're even interested in keeping any of it, but you have the option to sell it off as you see fit."

Jason nodded. He wasn't impressed. Sure, it was a shitload of money, and he knew there was more coming. But it wasn't about the money. David had been a shit father and the only thing on Jason's mind was burning the house down and destroying everything the man owned.

Fifteen years ago, David and Elin Hughes had gone through a very messy divorce. David was a cheating, lying bastard who cared nothing for his wife or the three children he'd spawned with her, but somehow in the divorce proceedings, David was granted custody of Jason, promptly moving across the country to Los Angeles where he took a job as an anesthesiologist at Cedars-Sinai Hospital. Jason was torn from his mother and sisters, Elaina and Paige, and in the years that passed, David cut off all communication with them.

David made excellent money and Jason didn't want for anything since his father threw toys and clothes at him rather than spend time with him. Jason rarely saw his father and was foisted onto sitters, or literally anyone else, so long as the young boy didn't cramp David's carousing or work. It took Jason several hopeful years to come to terms with his life, but by age 10 he realized his situation. He had a father who made plenty of money but was never around for him. He also had a mother who loved him, but he never got to see or speak to her. Jason never believed the lies David told him about how Elin wanted nothing to do with him since he'd come to L.A. with his father, but it was hard to fight against that feeling since he never heard from her again and his father reminded him over and over again.

So, Jason did his best with what he had. He grew interested in computers, took his education seriously, and even participated in sports, not that his father would have ever known since he'd never come to see him. After a few years, and promotions at work, David was making enough money to buy an extravagant house in L.A., but it was never a home for Jason. It was beautiful, very modern in its design, and tucked discretely behind a large gate to keep unwanted people from getting in. This only made it feel like a luxurious prison to young Jason. It was also a house with a revolving door of women who David used as his playthings until her tired of them. It was shocking at first, but Jason soon got used to new faces every few months and was able to cope with it after a while.

Three weeks ago, however, it all ended abruptly. David and his newest conquest were on the Sierra Highway in north L.A. That road was notorious for being in a constant state of disrepair because traffic was so heavy both day and night. There was never really a good time to shut it down because of this. Due to the desperate need for repair, and the inability to get to the repairs without

creating a massive traffic snarl, the highway department missed one of the large road signs that had worked its way loose from its bolts from old age. A strong gust of wind was the last straw for the bolts holding it in place and it fell straight down onto David's car, cutting both he and his date in half as they sped beneath it.

After news spread that Jason had been approached by several attorneys to sue the California Highway Department, the state decided to be proactive, trying to keep as much of it out of the news as possible, offering Jason a settlement offer. He wasn't at all heartbroken that his father had died, and the offer of \$20 million, along with his signed assurance that he'd not speak about the deal, was good enough for him. But again, it wasn't about the money. He'd lost his entire family when his parents divorced, and the blame for that was the fault of his now-dead father. To say that Jason was relieved to be free of David was an understatement.

"And with all of this read and understood by you," Morgan continued, "I am now no longer your father's attorney. Which means that I can tell you that you were foolish to take the settlement with the state." When Jason just looked at him, Morgan continued. "Your father was important to this community. He wasn't a diplomat or anything like that, but as a doctor, he had a hand in saving countless lives, and because of the shoddy work by the Highway Department, his ability to save future lives has been cut short. Had you taken this to court, or even threatened to do so, you could have easily gotten double the amount, maybe more."

Jason bit his cheek to keep himself from an angry tirade about how absolutely delighted he was that his father had died a gruesome death. Or how the man had ruined not only Jason's life, but that of his mother and sisters by being a selfish, useless, walking penis who couldn't control himself around women. After a few moments, and a few subtle, cleansing breaths, he could only manage to say, "It's fine. I'm just glad this business is done."

Morgan nodded, still believing Jason to be grieving and in shock. "Regardless, you have my condolences." He stood, signaling the end of their meeting. "If there's nothing else, I only want to remind you to go to the courthouse as soon as possible, and to visit the bank. I believe the settlement money should have already been deposited into your account, so you should probably do some consolidation. Also, seriously consider seeking out a financial advisor or accountant, and an attorney." Rounding the desk, Morgan stood in front of Jason who did the same. Clapping a hand on the young man's shoulder, Morgan stuck his other hand out for a shake. "Take care of yourself, Jason."

"Thank you." Jason looked down at the man's hand and shook it. And with that, he walked out and called for a ride.

It took him the better part of the day to finish up with both the county courthouse and the bank before he got home. As soon as he did, he stripped completely and dove into the pool, one of the only places in the house where he felt at ease. He could swim laps or float away the day to ease his mind. When his skin began to prune, he towed off and walked inside to the kitchen. His shoulders slumped when he realized he'd forgotten to stop for food on the way home. He could order groceries and have them delivered, but he didn't feel like making anything. Finding his phone on the kitchen counter, he stopped briefly to look at the large, plastic bag that held everything his father had on him when he died. The medical examiner's office had bagged it up and, as his closest relative, signed it over to him.

"Burn in hell, David," he muttered at the bag, then opened the delivery app on his phone and quickly placed an order. But when he finished, his eyes were drawn to the bag again. He closed his

eyes and sighed heavily, knowing he'd have to go through it at some point. Ripping open the bag, he dumped the contents onto the marble countertop.

There were various mundane items in the bag. A few ink pens, which was an odd thing to take on a date, business cards, some coins, and the pocketknife David had always carried with him. He eventually picked up the Louboutin wallet and began pulling everything out. David's driver's license, some business cards, several bank and credit cards, and a very graphic picture of his current conquest, the same one who had been cleaved in two by the massive road sign. Jason's eyes lingered on it a while. She had been a very beautiful woman, and going solely by her body, he understood why David had been attracted to her. But she had been an epic bitch, which made her physical beauty null and void in Jason's eyes. Last, he opened the section that held the bills and rolled his eyes as he pulled ten \$100 bills, and a few smaller notes. "Money isn't everything, you ass," he grumbled, but it wasn't lost on him that he took the bills and put them to the side to add to his own wallet.

His eyes fell onto David's phone. One of the employees of the M.E.'s office had done their best to wipe the blood from it, but some remained in the cracks of the slim case around it. He also noticed what looked like a small clutch, obviously belonging to the naked woman in the picture. David must have been holding it for her when they died, and he remembered hearing that the woman didn't have any family that they could find. Still, it was odd that her belongings were mixed in with David's. Out of curiosity, he opened it. A pack of cigarettes, a bottle of Xanax, \$54 dollars, and her license were inside. With a shrug, he took the money out and added it to the stack.

After checking for the estimated delivery time, he saw that he could take a quick shower before his food arrived. Out of habit, he walked to his own bathroom, but stopped. This was his house now. He could shower wherever the hell he wanted, including what used to be David's bathroom. His father had given him strict instructions never to enter his bedroom, or bathroom, without invitation, which always made Jason wonder what was in there David didn't want him to see. Or was it just that he didn't want his own son to come in and hang out with him? The man had always kept Jason beyond arm's reach, never really wanting to connect at all.

Entering the large, spa-like bathroom, Jason ignored everything in the bedroom and bathroom as he turned on the water. The first thing he did was piss all over the walls as another fuck you to his father. Once he was satisfied, he realized he'd only managed to get urine all over the place where he was supposed to wash himself clean. "Dumbass," he muttered as he began cleaning himself. When he stepped out of the shower and pulled on some fresh clothes, the doorbell rang.

The redhead smiled happily as she handed the food to him. She was beautiful, and her blue eyes, slight freckling, dimples, and pretty smile had a definite effect on him.

"Uh, one sec," he said, holding up a finger. Leaving the door open, he walked quickly to the pile of money on the kitchen counter, took the \$50, and walked back to the door. "I can't remember if I had tipped you or not," he said as he took the bag and handed her the money, "but I hope this will do."

"Oh, wow," she said as she looked at the bill and then back up at him, her beautiful smile even wider. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," he said, giving her a smile of his own. He let his eyes drift over her body as she bit her bottom lip shyly. He gave her a wink and began to close the door.

"Would you like my number?" she blurted out awkwardly.

With a satisfied grin, he pulled out his phone, opened the contacts and handed it to her. She smiled happily, glancing up and down between Jason and the phone as she entered her contact information. Once she handed it back, he immediately sent her a text that said, "Text me when you get off. Jason."

He'd been burned before by a woman giving him a number that wasn't hers and he'd decided this was the best way to make certain. They'd either get his text, or nothing would happen, and he'd know what kind of person she was. When she pulled out her own phone, she smiled at him. "I'll do that, Jason," she said, then turned slowly, letting him get a good look at her fit backside as she walked back to her waiting car.

Clicking his tongue happily, he waited until she got in her car before he closed the door. "Damn. That woman would definitely make me feel better."

He walked around the large, empty house as he ate, wondering what to do with everything. His anger kept telling him to just burn it all to the ground, but his sensible mind told him to be patient. Despite it having been almost three weeks since his father's death, the shower he'd just taken was the first time he'd gone into David's room. And just as Morgan had told him earlier, everything belonged to him now, so there was no reason he couldn't start snooping.

The large walk-in closet was filled with all sorts of clothes ranging from jeans, khakis, and polo shirts to very nice suits and two tuxedos. His father had expensive tastes, and despite being a useless sack of shit in Jason's eyes, David was a handsome man and looked good in just about anything he wore. It was too bad David had been shorter as some of these suits would have looked good on Jason. He didn't need second-hand clothes now, though. He could afford whatever he wanted.

There was nothing else of interest in the closet, so he began rummaging through the large armoire and the drawers of David's desk. He found a very organized drawer containing tax returns, car titles, insurance information, and Jason's birth certificate. He sat back in the desk chair staring at it, reading every single line. Full name of child, Jason Michael Hughes. Full name of father, David Allan Hughes. Full maiden name of mother, Elin Katrien Van der Elst. Place of birth, Lafayette, Indiana.

His eyes went back to his mother's name. Elin Katrien Van der Elst. He had been too young to ask her questions about her family, and barely remembered his grandparents. It made him realize just how little he knew of his own mother. He could only remember a beautiful, blonde woman whose hugs made him feel so safe.

With a heavy sigh, he put the document back into the drawer making a mental note to go back through it again tomorrow. It was getting a bit late, and he could feel his eyes getting heavy. As he picked up the container of food, he was suddenly no longer hungry and dropped the container into the wastebasket by the desk. Something caught his eye, however. An envelope. Pulling it out and ignoring the sauce spilled on it, he saw *E. Hughes* and an address in Vermont in the return address corner.

"Could it...?" he asked aloud, wondering if it could be possible that it was from his mother. The last he knew, she was still in Indiana, but he couldn't remember any of David's relatives having a first name beginning with the letter E.

Suddenly, he was frantically opening the envelope, pulling the handwritten letter out, straightening it to read it properly. It was dated a few days before David had died, and as he read it, a cold, hard

knot formed in his stomach. It was from his mother. Why the hell hadn't David said anything about this? And why had he just tossed it in the trash without even opening it?

The questions could wait. He read through the letter, and for some reason his attention was focused on the wonderful penmanship she had. It was handwritten and not typed like most people did nowadays.

"David,

You won't answer my calls, texts, or emails. You have kept my son from me for far too long. He is an adult now and I will see him. I love him. I gave birth to him. He is as much a part of me as the blood in my veins. Your tricks at keeping your address from me won't work forever. I have hired a private investigator to locate Jason. It was only pure luck that you won those lawsuits, but once the investigator locates him, Jason can decide for himself if he wants to see me again. I don't know what you've told him all these years, but I will do everything I can to make him understand that I still want him in my life.

Jason, if you're reading this, I want you to know that I have done everything in my power to reunite with you. I have loved you since you first drew breath, and I love you just as much now. I want nothing more than to meet you again, to hold you, and get to know you again.

Elin Hughes"

Jason flipped the envelope over and saw that it had been sent to a P.O. box, which explained her comment about keeping their address hidden. Knowing David, he had used that for his legal paperwork just so she wouldn't be able to waltz up to their house.

His emotions were in overdrive now, and he felt vindicated. David had, as Jason had suspected, lied to him all these years. He'd looked right in his son's eyes and told him that Elin, Elaina, and Paige weren't interested in contact, something he'd started telling him almost immediately after the two had arrived in California. Jason didn't want to believe him, and fought against his father's words, but after so long, the repetitive story and lack of contact began to form a nugget of doubt in Jason's mind. Eventually, he did begin to wonder whether some of it had been true. But this letter proved how horrible David was and it proved Jason right.

"Wait--" he said, reading the first line again. "Won't answer my calls," he muttered. She had his phone number!

He bolted out of the bedroom and back into the kitchen, picking up David's phone, turning it on. He saw it had plenty of battery once it had activated, but he closed his eyes and sighed heavily realizing it was locked.

"Fuck!" he hissed, slamming his fist down on the counter. When he held the phone back up, however, it unlocked. "Huh?"

He looked at the phone absently, wondering how it had just unlocked on its own. He then realized it was using the face scan option for access and remembered all the times that everyone had told him that he looked just like his father. "Fucking face ID analytics," he said, shaking his head. It reminded him why he never used it and relied on a very long passcode to access his own phone.

Navigating to the contacts section, he began scrolling, looking for Elin Hughes, or just Elin, or... He stopped and gritted his teeth, squeezing the phone like he wanted to crush it. He saw an entry for

"The Cunt" and his anger flared. If his father hadn't already been dead, Jason would have killed him simply for that now. He barely kept himself from throwing the phone to shatter it against the wall, but he managed to remain calm. This was what he had been kept from doing for fifteen fucking years and he couldn't let it slip from his hands out of anger.

Without thinking, he touched the contact and listened as the phone connected. He suddenly felt unsure, nervous, and a chill covered his body. What would he say? He began to panic, and just as his finger began to hit the red disconnect button, he heard a voice.

"David?"

Just that one spoken word caused him to freeze. It was his long, lost mother, the woman he had wanted to see again for so long. And now he had no idea what to do.

"Dammit, David, it's after midnight here. What the hell do--" She suddenly stopped. "Oh my God. What's wrong? Is Jason okay?" He still didn't know what to say. "David!"

Jason stood silent, his head swimming. His mother sounded so concerned about him. He knew his father was a lying bastard, and her immediate concern for his safety proved it further. He swallowed hard before speaking, not knowing how to address her.

"It's--It's me. It's Jason."

He heard a soft gasp, but it was quickly followed by sobs. "Jason...oh, my sweet boy."

"David's dead."

Another soft gasp. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?" More worried sobbing came through the phone. "Jason, please tell me that you're okay."

The words didn't come easily. She was his mother, but he was speaking to a stranger. "I wasn't with him. I'm fine." Instead of making her drag it out of him, he volunteered more information. "It was almost three weeks ago." After a beat, he added, "I didn't know how to contact you before now."

"Oh, honey," she whispered. He could hear her breathing, almost as if her concern for him was eating her alive. "Do you need me? I-I can come to you, if you wish." He suddenly heard what sounded like movement, shuffling papers, and the click of a laptop lid opening. "I can--"

His eyes began to tear up. "I want to come home," he said as years of sadness from separation hit him like a freight train.

Elin sobbed again. "I want that, too," she whispered. It took her a moment to gather herself, and after clearing her throat she said, "I'll take leave from work and take the first flight out." She paused a moment, whispering something. "One moment, honey, it's your sister."

Jason tried to listen, but it seemed Elin had put the phone down to muffle the sound. He heard an angry voice, then Elin's soft tone. There were some angry, sharp words followed by a loud, frustrated groan and what could have been a door slamming.

"Elaina!" Elin said sharply. She must have picked up the phone because he heard a clear sigh from Elin. "The girls won't be comin--"

He cut her off. "This was a bad idea," he said, realizing that at least someone in their household didn't want him there. "I'll be fine. I can--"

"No!" Elin shouted, then added, "No, please, Jason. Don't-don't push me away. I haven't seen you in so long." Her sentence was punctuated by the words turning into sobs again. "Please," she begged. "Please, at least let me come see you."

He had to sit before his knees gave out. This whole situation was surreal. His heart was hammering in his chest...and was he beginning to sweat?

"Okay. I'll text you my number and address. I'll get a hotel room for you, too."

"Jason, no, don't do that," she said, trying to make things easier for him. "You don't need to spend money--"

"I don't want to stay here either," he said. "I hate this place. I'll find something close, though, so we're not driving through L.A. traffic all the time."

She let out a small sigh. "Okay," she said. "But I'll pay for--"

"No," he said. "He took enough from you. I already have access to the money, and he'll be the one to pay for it. Send me your flight information and I'll have a car waiting at the airport."

"Just...nothing too expensive," she said. "That's your money now. You need to save as much as possible."

"It's not a problem," he said numbly. He didn't know what else to say to her, but he wasn't going to tell her about the lawsuit settlement yet. She was his mother, and he missed her so much after all this time. But she was a stranger to him. Could he just open up to her?

"I hope you won't be disappointed. I'm not a scrawny 4-year-old anymore."

"You're my son," she said warmly. "That alone lets me know I won't be disappointed in you." He could hear her clacking on a keyboard, and he assumed she was looking for a flight.

"I should go. I'll send you my number. Don't use this one anymore. And don't forget to send me your flight info so I can have a car meet you." He pulled out his own phone and messaged her with a text that simply said, "It's Jason."

He felt a sudden need to do what he could to impress her. He wanted to treat her to a lavish room, a nice car ride, fancy meals, spas, gifts, and anything else he could think of to make up for the time he'd lost from her. The time that David had stolen from them.

"I won't forget," she said, and he could hear a smile in her voice. "Oh. Um, the first flight I can find is for two days out." She let out a frustrated sigh.

"That's fine. The realtor is supposed to come by soon anyway, so I can just deal with that."

"Realtor?" she asked.

"I told you. I hate this place. I'm selling it for whatever I can get for it."

"But...why sell it? You have a home there."

He felt anger at his father rising in him again. "There are no memories here I want to recall."

After a few moments of silence, she spoke softly to him. "Please don't do anything yet. I know that I have no authority in this matter, but could we talk about it first? I'm worried your head's not in the right place."

"I--" he paused, not sure what to say.

"Jason, honey," she continued, her tone light, "skip the hotel. I will just come there. If you wish to sell it, I will help you. If you wish to move elsewhere, I will help you." She then paused briefly before adding, "If you wish to come home with me..."

Tears suddenly stung his eyes. His emotions were wild and completely out of control. "Okay," he finally said, and he suddenly found his chest heaving while he took gulping breaths. "I'll have the place cleaned up and instruct the car to bring you here."

Feeling his phone vibrating in his pocket, he saw a reply with her flight information. A wave of calm came over him as the realization struck that he would soon be reunited with his mother. It was quickly followed by panic. What would she think of him? What would he think of her? Would they even get along? Was he too much like his father that she wouldn't like him?

"I'll see you soon," she finally said, adding, "and I am so incredibly happy."

"Me too," he said, now overwhelmingly nervous. "See you soon," he said, then closed the call.

Over 3,000 miles away, Elin sat on her bed looking down at the phone in her hand. Excitement sent a shiver across her body at the thought of finally being reunited with her little boy, but he seemed very aloof. He didn't speak much, but she realized she was a stranger to him and chalked it up to that.

And then there was the matter of her daughters. After Elaina's outburst earlier when Elin excitedly told her she had finally gotten in touch with Jason, she knew the old feelings of anger that her eldest held for David and Jason were being stirred back up. Surely, they would find some sort of common ground. Wouldn't she be able to understand that none of this was Jason's fault? Paige, on the other hand, had little memory of either her father or her brother. Their absence hadn't hit her quite as hard, at least not after the first few weeks of her crying, wondering where her big brother had gone. Paige and Jason had been inseparable at that age, and she loved her brother dearly. Maybe she would be okay having him back, and that could influence Elaina.

She let out a deep breath, and a small smile crossed her lips. "My baby boy," she said, tears beginning to fall again. "I'll see you soon."

* * * *

"I'll be gone at least a week. I don't know what shape he's in, mentally, or if he's capable of handling the things he wants to do."

Paige, Elin's youngest daughter of 18 years old, tilted her head to the side. The girl looked like a miniature version of her mother with the same light blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes, but at only 5'2" she was a full 5-inches shorter than her mother. "What does he want to do?"

Elin exhaled sharply through her nose. "He wants to sell the house, and I don't know many 19-year-olds who know how to handle that. And from what I can tell, he just wants to get rid of everything

that belonged to his father." She paused, worry creeping through her as a forlorn look came to her face. "I don't know what David did or said to him, but Jason seems to hate him."

"Nothing less than the bastard deserved," Elaina spat as she sat next to Paige on the couch. "I'm glad he's dead, and I hope it hurt."

"Elaina!" Elin hissed. "He may not have been worth much to us, but he was still a human being! That was highly inappropriate, and I know that I raised you better than that."

"I said what I said," the eldest child muttered.

"And you had better not say it again!" Elin stood now, her words sharp and piercing. "If you're going to be that way, you can sit here silently while I tell you what's happening." Elin's bright, blue eyes that were normally kind and warm now took on a laser focus that bore straight through her daughter, daring her to say another unkind word. Elaina seemed to shrink back into the couch under her mother's pressing gaze.

Paige, who was normally bubbly and happy, was taken aback by her sister's outburst and the death glare her mother was giving Elaina. "Uh-um, Momma?" Paige said softly, hoping to bring things back to some sort of normalcy. "Can I go?"

Elin took an extra moment to glare at Elaina, making sure she understood that she was serious, before the anger disappeared as she turned to Paige. "I don't know, honey," she said softly, looking down in worry. "I'm afraid that he's already overwhelmed as it is, and who knows how he'll take to even seeing me again."

Paige quickly shot to her feet and sat on the arm of the recliner next to her mother, taking her hand in hers. "It will be okay, Momma. I loved him. He loved me. Ask him." She was wiggling and bouncing excitedly as she normally did when she had sunk her teeth into something she wasn't going to let go of.

"Fine," Elin said, drawing out the word as she caved to her tiny clone's request. "I can ask, but listen, Paige, he may say no. If he does, that's the end of it. Okay?"

Paige suddenly looked worried, but she nodded. She then turned to her sister. "El? You can come."

Elaina scoffed, rolled her eyes, and turned away from the eyes of her mother and sister.

Paige pouted as she turned back to her mother, not saying a word but her pleading eyes told Elin exactly what her youngest wanted.

"Elaina, I can ask if you can come as well," Elin said. "I would like to have all of my children together at the same time, you know?"

"No," Elaina said flatly, then quickly added, "Thank you," in an effort to not face her mother's ire again. "I wouldn't be able to get off work that soon anyway."

"Honey, Jason isn't to blame for this," Elin said softly. "Surely you know that?"

Elaina pulled her feet up onto the couch, hugging her knees to her chest and staring down at the light gray fabric of the cushion. For a moment, she looked as if she would finally admit that she understood, but just as quickly as she did, her eyes turned hard, and her brows furrowed angrily.

It broke Elin's heart to see her daughter act this way, and when Paige moved to join her sister, Elin put a hand on her leg and shook her head silently to keep her from doing so. Instead, she pulled out her phone and messaged Jason.

"I'll let you know what he says," she said to Paige as she stood. "Thank you, girls. You can go. I'll call you when breakfast is ready."

In California, it was almost noon and Jason was in his room ignoring the cleaning staff he'd called to scour the house clean of his father's filth. If his mother was coming, he was going to do everything he could to sanitize every piece of David out of the house and to make sure to give her a good first impression. He'd even called a landscaping company to make sure the yard looked fantastic, and the trees and bushes were trimmed. Then, there was the pool cleaner scrubbing the pool to sparkling perfection.

As he sat at his desk ordering a few things for himself, his phone vibrated. It was the message from Elin asking if Paige could come with her. He set the phone down and stared at his screen, unsure of what to say. It was bad enough that he was going to meet a mother he hadn't seen in fifteen years, but his mother and one of his sisters at the same time? That was quite a bit to take in all at once and he briefly considered asking for Paige to wait until he went there to visit. But his thoughts were interrupted by another message.

"You can say no, Jason. She will meet you when you're ready. She doesn't remember much of you; other than how much she loved you."

A wistful smile appeared as he read the message, wondering how such a young child could even remember that far back. "That's fine. Will you be able to get a seat for her on the same flight? Is Elaina coming, too?"

It took about ten minutes for Elin to reply. "I was able to get her on my flight." He wondered why she didn't reply about Elaina, but he saw the incoming text bubble indicating that she was typing. "Elaina can't get off work. I'm sorry, Jason."

He didn't bother to reply but stood and walked through the guest bedrooms to make sure they met his expected level of cleanliness for his mother, and now his little sister. He then checked the bathrooms attached to each, making sure they were stocked with enough towels and soap, or anything else they may need, but he had no clue what women needed in the bathroom, or if his mother and sister used something special. To his eyes, everything looked pristine. The best he could equate it to was what he called 'hotel clean,' since every hotel he'd ever been in with his father looked sparkling clean and sanitized to perfection.

His phone buzzed again as he walked toward the back of the house to inspect the pool. Expecting another message from Elin, he was pleasantly surprised to see that it was from the beautiful redhead from the night before. After speaking with his mother, he was in no mood to entertain, and if he was being honest, having a woman come to this house was a little too much like what his father had done. He told her that something important had come up, that he was sorry, but he really wanted to make it up to her.

He looked at the phone, weighing his options. The house was immaculate, and he wasn't sure where the night would lead if he invited her over. The last thing he wanted his long-lost mother and sister to see was evidence of his sexual activity. But damn, that girl was hot.

With a quick message, he asked if she could come over right away. It was still early enough in the afternoon that they'd be able to do whatever they wanted, and then get to bed early enough that he could clean up and send her on her way long before Elin and Paige arrived. He smiled when he saw her response.

"Okay, folks, that's great," he suddenly called out, clapping his hands loudly causing the cleaning staff to turn curiously at him. "I appreciate your help. Everything looks fantastic. You have my card on file, so charge it when ready."

It took a bit longer than he'd expected for everyone to leave, even with him standing there obviously wanting them to move along. The pool cleaner had already finished earlier, and he wasn't going to stop the lawn work, but the cleaners needed to go. He had a sexy little redhead coming over and he wanted to take his time with her without distractions.

Twenty minutes later, the doorbell rang. He was excited. It had been almost two months since he'd been with a woman and after everything he'd been through, he needed the release. It also wouldn't hurt to have someone beautiful to release into as well. He looked down at his clothes. He didn't want to overdress since it was his home, but he also didn't want to come off looking like a beach bum. He wore a tight, white T-shirt that accentuated his muscles, and dark jeans, but he opted to go shoeless. With a nod, he went to the door.

The ginger beauty stood in the door and her eyes seemed to approve of him. "Special delivery," she said with a coy smile, taking his offered hand and entering his home.

Special, indeed, Jason thought as he looked up her and down under appraising eyebrows. She was only slightly shorter than his six feet, and her long, wavy hair fell down her left shoulder stopping just under her incredible chest. With her slim yet curvy-in-the-right-places body, her pert breasts stood straight out, straining against the V-neck T-shirt she wore with no bra to restrain her suddenly hardening nipples.

She waited for him to close and lock the door before she closed the distance, wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his. She giggled into his mouth, realizing she had shocked him, but was relieved when he relaxed and began kissing her back.

It started small, but very soon their kisses became more sensual as their tongues met and her hands began to slide up and down his body. She squealed lightly when he gripped her ass cheeks and squeezed hard before caressing them gently.

After several long moments, their kiss finally broke. Smiling at him, she said, "Did I get the right address?" she asked.

"Damn right you did," he replied with a grin. "I can't wait to rate this delivery."

She laughed and kissed him again, then let out a surprised gasp when he picked her up and carried her toward the pool. Her lips trailed down his face and to his neck as he carried her outside. "I hope you didn't bring a swimsuit," he said as he put her down.

Without saying a word, she pulled off her T-shirt and shorts, standing in front of him in only her lacy, baby blue panties that closely matched her eye color. Her pale, lightly freckled skin was incredible, and she stood with her hands on her hips in confidence. This woman knew she was beautiful.

He was happy she had given her name in one of her texts or this would have been awkward. He'd only been with a woman once when he didn't know her name, but that was a completely different 'smash and dash' situation. But this was one he wanted to make last, and he didn't want to dance around not knowing her name.

"I have news for you, Willa," he said as he pulled off his shirt, and smirked as she saw his toned chest and abs. "I don't own swimwear." With that, he unbuttoned his pants and let them drop. Her eyes flared as they darted down to his crotch, seeing that he was going commando. "I only swim nude."

"Wow," she breathed. "You're a big boy, aren't you?" A wicked smile appeared as she wasted no time kicking off her panties.

Seeing her fully exposed was an amazing sight. Her breasts were amazing, with pink, puffy nipples calling out to him to be suckled. Her snatch was mostly bare, with only a small strip of matching auburn hair above her opening.

Walking to him with a sultry stride, she enjoyed his visual inspection of her body, happy to see his body's approving reaction. She let out another small gasp as his hands found her ass, and he let out an approving moan as her fingers curled around his quickly growing member. When his lips found her neck, then began kissing her chest, she let her hands cradle his head as she closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation.

"Are you on birth control?" he asked before his lips found her left nipple.

"Yes," she replied softly. "I am."

"Good." He stood upright, took her hand, and led her to the steps of the pool. "I don't like to pull out."

She shivered in excitement as they waded into the water.

By 10 p.m., Willa was glad she had skipped out on work to meet Jason. It was a little hard to walk at the moment, however, since her legs were weak, and she was completely exhausted. The man was a beast when it came to lovemaking, having given her a total of fifteen massive orgasms, and several smaller ones so far in their three hours of lovemaking--more than she'd ever had with one man. Hell, almost more than she'd ever had in her sex life total, not counting when she pleased herself. And he knew his way around a woman's body for certain, unlike most of the men she met who just wanted to ram their cocks into her without any foreplay or attention to her body. If she knew more about him, other than his sexual prowess and the fact that he seemed to have a bit of money, she would profess her undying love to him then and there.

After an hour of swimming and sex, they'd moved into the house starting with a shower. She enjoyed the multiple rain shower heads as Jason gently washed the chlorine from her body. She returned the favor before they moved to the very large bed in the master suite. Jason didn't want to fuck her in his room and decided if he was going to make a mess anywhere in the house, it would be David's bed. No, scratch that. It was his bed now, and he could do whatever he wanted in this house.

They had started slowly again on the bed, holding each other to relax and gain some strength back with the bottled water Jason had retrieved from the kitchen. They explored each other's bodies for quite some time before getting back into it with a passion. Willa was astounded at his stamina, and

more than once she'd had to ask him for a break, but even the act of snuggling with him while she recuperated was like heaven. Eventually, they needed to stop for a proper break, and some food. She thought it a bit ironic when Jason had come back to the bedroom empty-handed since there wasn't much in the kitchen, but he had been pounding a delivery driver into the mattress for the last few hours.

While they waited for a sushi delivery, they talked about themselves. Jason was surprised that he could be so open with her, telling her about his father's death only three weeks ago and how he'd received the house as an inheritance. He stopped short in telling her the details of what had killed David, not wanting her to connect the dots to any rumors of a payoff from the state. The last thing he needed was a woman to turn clingy after finding out he was worth millions. Willa, on the other hand, took some coaxing to tell her story, and Jason soon learned why when she began to open up as they shared their meal.

"I just wanted to get out of there," she said. "There is absolutely nothing in Nebraska, and I'd heard so much good and bad about L.A., but not enough of the bad to scare me off."

"So, what? You just packed up and moved out here?" Jason asked. "Did you have a job lined up? Or college, maybe?"

She blushed at how impulsive she had been at the time. "I had some money saved up, but I quickly learned it wouldn't last long out here. Everything is so much more expensive than back home."

"I'm sorry you had a tough time when you came out," he replied in earnest. "I assume it got better?"

She shrugged. "I found a few girls in the same situation. We decided to become roomies and are sharing an apartment together, so at least there's that."

As she ate, Jason couldn't take his eyes off her incredible, nude body. He felt good sitting naked on the bed with her while they ate, and he appreciated the fact that she wasn't bashful when they weren't in the throes of passion. He knew she was older than him, but he didn't know by how much, so that may have been a factor.

"So, you're working as a delivery driver?" He stopped when she looked up at him. "I'm not judging," he added quickly. "I just wondered if that's what you wanted to do when you came out here."

Accepting his explanation, she nodded. "Delivery driver, dog walker, babysitter," she said before popping a bit of ginger into her mouth. "Pretty much anything that will give me a paycheck."

He liked Willa. She seemed like a good person who had made a rash decision and was now paying the price, but she wasn't letting it get her down. She was working hard to make her living. He just wished he could help her somehow. Throwing money at her, however, would probably be perceived as charity, which she likely wouldn't accept and might take it as an insult.

"What is your ideal job, then?" he continued. "Do you have a degree you can use to leverage for something that doesn't have you running ragged every day?"

"Liberal studies degree," she replied, frowning. "Not exactly a hot commodity as far as degrees go."

"Have you thought about applying for jobs at hospitals or universities?" he asked, then added, "They're almost always hiring." When she looked deadpan at him, he chuckled. "I know, they don't normally have the most amazing jobs, but at least it would be steady, you'd have benefits, and most

importantly, you'd have a regular schedule that didn't require you to constantly keep an eye out for available work."

She looked down at the container of food in front of her on the bed and frowned. "Can we change the subject?" she asked softly.

"I've overstepped," he said with his own frown. "Willa, I apologize. I just, well, I just want good things for you."

She snorted a chuckle. "And why is that? Because I made you squeak when I sucked you off?"

He laughed and almost choked on the rice from his salmon nigiri. "That may have something to do with it," he said as he regained his composure. "I don't know," he finally said as their laughing died down. "I just like to help people, but I realize now that it's none of my business. I'm sorry."

She looked at him a moment before moving their food containers out of the way before laying her head in his lap. "Thank you," she said.

"For...?"

"You actually care," she said as her hand began gently rubbing his thigh. "I don't see that often around here." She kissed his leg and sighed. "You're right, though," she said after several moments of thought. "I should be putting myself out there, looking for a big girl job."

"There's nothing wrong with a liberal studies degree, you know," he said, arching an eyebrow down at her. "Some jobs want specific degrees for a specific job, but from what I understand, most places are happy if you have a degree at all. I think you'll be surprised at what you may find."

She groaned and closed her eyes, an arm coming up to cover her face dramatically as she groaned. "But office jobs are boring!" she whined, then laughed.

"Depends on the job, but I see your point," he replied as he began stroking her beautiful, auburn hair. "Ultimately, it's up to you. And who knows? You may like it. Or it may lead to a better, different job that you actually enjoy."

His powerful hands were so delicate and gentle as he caressed her head before moving to her cheeks. "You know, Jason, this isn't how I thought tonight would end," she said as she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Oh," he said, suddenly frowning. "You've had enough of me already?"

She shot up and turned her body to his. "We can do more?" she asked with interest.

With a chuckle, he slid his hand to her cheek and pulled her lips to his, kissing her delicate, rosy lips. "As long as you want to."

"But I have to be out early," she said, remembering that he'd told her about having visitors tomorrow. She continued kissing him, and before it got too heated, she pulled away and looked into his eyes. "Thank you, Jason. For the advice," she said, then let a sly grin cross her lips, "and the mind-blowing orgasms."

"I am happy to oblige," he said as they slowly lay down onto the pillows, their lips meeting again as their hands began roaming once more.

After a few more rounds of incredibly enjoyable sex, Jason and Willa finally fell asleep in each other's arms, but not before she set a few alarms on her phone. He'd been so good to her, and was genuinely enjoyable to talk to, so she didn't want to mess up his plans for the next day.

Her eyes popped open as soon as the first alarm sounded. Looking at the man lying next to her, a satisfied smile crossed her lip. Leaning down, she began kissing his face with light, gentle kisses. "Jason," she said in a soft, sing-song voice, "I should get going."

He smiled at the sound of her voice and her kisses. Turning his head to her, he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her on top of him, kissing her with a purpose now. "You don't want to stay?" he asked.

She could feel his growing erection pressing against her thigh and she gave him a sultry chuckle. "It feels like you want me to," she said as she slid a hand between her legs and lightly grazed her fingertips over his shaft. "But I promised, and it sounded like your visitors were important." She sat upright as she straddled his legs. "I don't want to ruin that."

His hands gently ran down her chest, breasts, and stomach before he lifted her hands to his mouth and kissed them. "You wouldn't, but I appreciate it. Did you at least have a good time?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes as she leaned down to kiss him again. "I can't tell if you're dumb, or considerate," she said with a smirk.

He chuckled. "Can you blame a guy for checking?"

After moving onto the bed, she paused a moment to look longingly at his still-growing cock as she pursed her lips. But she suddenly turned her head, closing her eyes tightly. "No. No, you can't lure me back to bed with your throbbing cock, you brute."

He laughed and stood, circling the bed to take her in his arms. "I had fun, Willa. Thank you for coming over. You made me feel much better."

"I made *you* feel better?" she chuckled as she placed her head against his chest. "I think I got the better deal on this one." With a kiss to his chest, she began getting dressed. "I'll think about what you said, jobwise," she said and made a little pout as he pulled his jeans on, covering himself up. She clapped happily when he pulled his pants back down for a moment, giving her one more look while acting put out for the act, before finally buttoning his jeans with a big grin.

After gathering everything, he walked her to the door where he was blessed with another soft kiss and a gentle hand on his cheek. "Whatever you do," she whispered, "*do not* lose my number."

He laughed and opened the door. "I wouldn't dream of it, Willa."

Once again, he watched her incredible backside until it disappeared into her car, and she drove away. Closing the door, he stood looking at the floor smiling, and shaking his head. "What a woman," he whispered.

As he entered the kitchen, he groaned at not having any real food in the house, but he did find a few eggs to scramble. His phone buzzed as he ate. It was a message from Elin letting him know that she and Paige were at their short layover in Chicago.

"Ah, yes," he said as he began shoveling the food into his mouth. "Better make sure I didn't leave any globs of jizz lying about." He responded with 'See you soon', and then the crushing reality of his mother and sister arriving soon bore down on him. Suddenly, every bit of the peace he'd found in Willa's arms disappeared, and he let out a nervous breath. "Yeah. Clean up," he said, forcing himself to move.

Five hours later, his phone buzzed again. "Landed and on our way out. Which rental company do we go to?"

"Look for your name. The driver is already there," he sent back.

He didn't hear anything else, so he assumed they had found the driver and were on their way. As for Jason, he'd been slightly neurotic since she'd let him know they were in Chicago. He'd gone over the house with a fine-toothed comb actually going so far as to change the sheets in the master suite, which had turned out to be a good idea since he found several pools of cum stagnating after his fun with Willa. He then checked the walk around the pool area, the deck chairs, and even got into the pool itself to make sure nothing was amiss since he'd also taken Willa in those areas. He couldn't leave anything to chance to make a good first--second?--impression on his mother. Finally satisfied, he shaved his neck and trimmed his beard to make sure he would look presentable.

"Jesus," he chuckled. "I didn't even do this for Willa."

After a long, very thorough shower, he went back and forth deciding what to wear. He considered something like what he'd worn for Willa, but he didn't want to appear too relaxed.

"First impressions," he kept muttering, until he eventually settled on dark jeans, a white button-up shirt that he left open at the top with the sleeves rolled up to his forearm, and white tennis shoes. Looking at himself in the mirror, he thought he looked presentable for his mother. Now, he just had to wait for them to arrive.

* * *

At LAX, Elin looked at her phone. "Look for my name?" she asked aloud. "I don't understand."

"Momma," Paige said, pointing at the exit doors. "No rental car for us."

Elin waved her phone at Paige. "I guess not, according to Jason." They walked up to the woman holding the sign. She looked to be in her 50's and was dressed smartly in a loose black suit and tie.

"Hi," Paige said with an infectious smile and a quick wave. "I'm Paige. This is my momma."

Elin smiled and stuck out a hand to shake. "Elin Hughes."

"Ah!" the woman said. "Ms. Hughes, Ms. Paige, welcome to Los Angeles."

"Just Elin and Paige will do," Elin replied. "Can I ask...what's going on? Jason said he'd get us a car. I thought..." her voice trailed off as she vaguely gestured toward the rental car counters.

"He got you a car alright," the woman said as she offered to take their larger bags. "If you'll follow me?" she said and began walking. "My name is Margaret, by the way. Did you have a nice flight?"

"It was long," Paige volunteered. "And boring. First ride, though. So, good." She punctuated her statement with a smile.

"Where did you come from?" Margaret asked as they exited the doors.

"Vermont to Chicago, then here," Elin replied as she started looking around, still not sure what was happening. "He got us a car? Like, a personal driver that you see in the movies?" she asked.

Margaret chuckled. "That he did," she replied and nodded her head to a dark gray car in the ride share parking area. "If you don't mind, I'll put the luggage in the back. It's kind of a pricey car."

"Ooh," Paige cooed, her hands clapping together as she bounced up and down. "Rolls Royce!"

Elin paled. "A--a what?!"

"A Rolls Royce Ghost," Margaret said, happy to see Paige's excitement. Once all the bags were on the ground behind the car, she moved to open one of the rear doors so that the two women could enter, and once they were situated, she deftly stowed their bags in the trunk and made her way to the driver's seat. "Everyone buckled?" she asked.

Paige nodded once. "Windows down, please," she called out as her eyes darted all over the interior.

"My goodness," Elin said as she situated herself beside her daughter. "Is this yours?"

The older woman chuckled again. "Well, it still technically belongs to the bank, but my husband and I are working on making it ours." A few moments later, they were on the road.

"I don't understand," Elin whispered to Paige. "This had to be ridiculously expensive. Why--how--?"

"It's okay," Paige said as she leaned against her mother's shoulder. "A day of firsts," She giggled and squeezed her mother's hand. "We found my brother," she said with a happy sigh.

Elin didn't want to be a spoilsport for her daughter's fun, so she didn't reply further. Instead, she looked out the window at the City of Angels as Margaret expertly navigated through the traffic. Despite everything she'd heard about L.A., there wasn't as much traffic on the highway as she'd always seen in movies or on the news. But it still bothered her that Jason had spent so much on them. She knew David had to have been making good money, and Jason told her that he had access to it now. Did he always spend money like this? Was she going to have to teach her son how to be frugal with his money? It may have been her accounting past that was rearing its head, but she knew that even with what David may have left him, the money wouldn't last forever.

The car pulled off the highway and began making its way through a suburban part of the city, and Elin shook her head, silently scolding herself. She was his mother, but she hadn't had that opportunity for fifteen years. The last thing he needed was a quick hug and then a stern talk about fiscal responsibility. She had to give him the benefit of the doubt and believe he knew what he was doing. With a glance at Paige, her eyes and head still turning frantically as she took in the sights around her, she decided to just enjoy the trip, and enjoy the fact that she was about to be reunited with her little boy.

She suddenly felt butterflies in her stomach at the thought of the reunion. Up until this point, it had only been excitement and relief that her son was okay, and that she would see him soon. But now, she worried about how the meeting would go. She wondered what lies David had told Jason all these years, and if those lies would become a wedge between them.

"It'll be okay," Paige said, taking Elin's hand again. "You'll see."

Elin just nodded silently as Margaret pulled up to a large metal gate and was met by a security guard. She told him where she was going, the guard checked the sheet of approved guests, and opened the gate for her.

"Wow," Paige whispered. "Big gate." She turned quickly to her mother. "Jason's rich?"

"I...have no idea," Elin said honestly.

"It's a very nice neighborhood," Margaret said from the driver's seat. "These houses are all around \$5 million or more. Your friend must be doing alright."

Elin knew Margaret was just trying to be helpful, but her words just created more questions. She had prided herself on no longer having to rely solely on the money she should have received from David, but a quick flare of anger rippled through her. He could have been doing much more for his daughters, but somehow, he managed to keep his finances hidden, probably because of that greasy attorney he'd hired. All thoughts of anger disappeared, though, when Margaret pulled up to a beautiful home and shut off the car.

"Here we are, ladies," the woman said as she exited the car and waited for Elin and Paige to get out. "I'll bring your bags," she said.

"Thank you, Margaret," Elin said with a warm smile as she took in the house before her. It wasn't a mansion, but it was bigger than her own home. The outer walls were white with a roof covered in light gray shingles. All but one portion of the house was one-story, but on the far end the house appeared to have a second story for some reason. The small lawn was immaculately manicured, and she was happy to see large, flowering hydrangea shrubs hugging the walkway to the front door, and the tall trees around the property gave it a somewhat secluded feel, despite being at the end of a cul-de-sac.

She felt Paige's hand slide into hers as they walked to the front door. Just as they reached the halfway point, the front door opened, and both women gasped. Standing in the doorway was a tall, muscular man with black hair, blue eyes, and a nicely trimmed beard. Elin swallowed hard when she looked at him but felt Paige's hand fly from hers. She watched as her daughter, now in tears, ran to her brother wrapping her arms around him as she sobbed.

"Jason!" the youngest said through her tears as she buried her face in his shirt.

Jason stood shocked, unable to move for several moments. But the walls he'd tried to build up in anticipation of this moment crumbled when he looked down to take in the sight of his little sister's tears. Tears began to fall from his own eyes as he wrapped his arms around her, sitting on the stoop to hold her close.

"I missed you so, so much," Paige whispered, her chest heaving as she spoke. "Please don't leave me again."

He tried desperately to hold back sobs as he buried his face into the back of her blonde hair. His eyes were closed as he held his small sister, and he let her love wash over him. When he felt another pair of arms circling his shoulders, he looked up to see Elin, also crying as she held him. Without hesitation, he let go of Paige and circled his arms around his mother as more tears burst forth.

"Jason," she whispered as she began kissing his face. "Oh, my sweet, handsome boy."

"Oh, my sweet lord," the three heard someone say. When they looked up, they saw Margaret, her hands clutched against her mouth, and tears streaming down her own face. "I'm--I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt. This is just the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

Both Elin and Jason chuckled as they wiped tears from their faces. When they stood, Paige had a hard time letting go of her brother.

"Paige, honey," Elin said softly as she took her daughter into her own arms, "he still needs to walk. And we need to get our bags."

"No," Jason said. "Go on inside. I'll bring them in."

"Are you sure?" his mother asked as she took his hand again.

"I've got it," he said with a nod, and then walked to Margaret. "I guess you don't see that every day."

The woman shook her head and sniffled back more tears. "No, Mr. Hughes, but it sure was a beautiful sight. Er, if I may ask, what happened?"

Jason looked down at the ground for a moment, a sad smile on his face. "It's a long story, but I haven't seen my mother or sisters since I was four years old." He turned to the open door of his house to find Elin leaning against the door frame, watching with a small smile on her face. "This was better than I imagined it would be."

"Well, bless you and your family, Mr. Hughes," Margaret said with a warm smile. "I do hope that you can all reconnect and find happiness in this reunion."

"Thank you," he replied, returning her smile. "Oh!" he said, reaching into his back pocket to pull out an envelope. "This is for you, for transporting precious cargo without issue."

"You already gave a tip through the app, Mr. Hughes," Margaret said, not moving a hand toward the envelope. "That's not necessary."

"Margaret, you have no idea how much this day means to me." He took her hand and placed the envelope in it. "And you played a part in it. I cannot thank you enough for bringing them to me, even if it was just from the airport to here. You have my thanks."

Margaret looked past Jason to see his mother waiting and unsuccessfully tried to stifle another batch of tears before she opened her arms. "I can't let this go without a hug," she said, a proud smile on her face.

Jason chuckled and hugged her, rubbing her back a few times. "I think I like you, Margaret," he said as he stepped back from her.

"Have a good rest of your life with your family, Mr. Hughes," she said in reply.

He watched her walk a few steps before he took the two large, rolling suitcases and carry-on bags into the house. Elin was still waiting for him, so he put the bags down after closing the door. Standing before her, he could tell that she was looking him over to see how much he'd grown. Fifteen years was an unbearably long time, and they had both changed so much. After several moments, however, she couldn't hold back any longer. Leaning into his chest, she began crying again.

"I'm sorry," he said, his own tears coming again. "I didn't try hard enough to find you."

She pulled back from him briefly, a very stern look on her face, which caught him off guard. "None of that," she fussed. "We're here now. And I'm not letting you go again."

"Jason! You have a pool?" Paige called out, suddenly appearing out of nowhere. "I love it! Your house is beautiful. The rooms are big, and the couches are very comfortable. Your fridge is pretty much empty."

Elin put a hand to her face as she pulled away from him, laughing at Paige's lack of a filter. She was relieved to see Jason laughing as well when he pulled Paige back into his arms for another hug. "You know, I kept going to the kitchen to make food and found it empty, but I always forgot to get food." He sighed. "I can order some takeout."

"Ooh! Yay!" Paige said happily.

"How about I take you shopping instead?" Elin replied as she rubbed his arm. "I'm sorry to immediately go into mom-mode, but you really shouldn't eat takeout all the time, honey. You're such a handsome man now," she said, then her attention was caught off guard at how firm his muscles felt, "and strong, it seems. Please let me make you dinner."

"How about a compromise?" he asked. "I'll have a few things delivered to make something tonight, and we can make a proper trip tomorrow once we've had time to talk."

Elin nodded, emotions still bubbling inside of her. She started giggling as more tears came. "I finally get to cook my baby boy dinner."

"Aww, Momma," Paige said as she gave her mother a supportive hug. "This makes me happy."

"Okay," Jason said, trying to compose himself once again, "let's get you two sorted. If you'll follow me, we'll find you a room."

He led them to rooms that were directly across from the master suite and set their bags on each bed so they could begin unpacking. "You both have your own bathroom," he said, "and you each have a tv, if you want to watch something. Feel free to use the dressers or the closets--" He stopped and took each of them by the hand. "You know what? You're family. Make yourself at home, go where you want, and do what you want."

"Good. You'll be close," Paige said, pointing at the master suite. "Party shower. Nice."

Jason's face went slack. "That's...not my room," he said softly. "I'm, uh, I'm down there."

"Huh?" Paige asked in confusion as her little head whipped back and forth between the two doors. "But--"

"Paige," Elin interrupted her with an overly sweet tone, one that her daughter had learned from a young age meant she should stop talking. Her daughter clamped up, pursing her lips. "Thank you, Jason," Elin said. "You do have a wonderful home." She slid her hand down his arm again. "So, how do we order groceries?"

"I'm going swimming!" Paige said as she skipped down to her room and disappeared behind the door.

"She doesn't understand," Elin said nervously once Paige's door was closed. "I'll talk to--"

"It's okay," Jason said, shaking his head and forcing a smile.

After a few moments of him looking at her, Elin could tell he wanted to say something. "What? What's wrong?"

He hung his head in shame. "I don't know what to call you," he said with a sour look on his face. "After a while, I began referring to you as Elin like David did and have done so for a long time now. I thought you were gone to me, and calling you anything else just seemed strange, especially after all the lies he told me."

Her chin quivered and she teared up. She tried to take a bracing breath, having expected her ex-husband to have poisoned her son, but not to the point that her Jason wouldn't refer to her as being his mother.

"I told you this wasn't a good idea," he grumbled as he began to walk away.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him back to her, holding his face in her hands. "No. No, this is exactly what we needed." She raised her head high. "I am your mother. That's all that matters. If you want to call me Elin," she said, pausing, "I understand." This time, she pulled him to her. "It doesn't matter. I just want you in my life. Call me whatever you like, as long as you know that I'm your mother and that I have always loved you, and still love you."

Her heart broke as she felt him sobbing into her shoulder. "I hate him," he said through gritted teeth. "I hate him so much for what he did to us." His shoulders shook as he cried. "He took everything from me, from you, from my sisters," he continued as his chest heaved. "And all this time, he *knew* you wanted me, but he lied. He lied to my face."

She stroked his head and held him, letting him get it all out. "Listen to me," she said once it seemed like he was calming down, "that's all in the past now. I'm here now. We may not get back the time we lost, but we can start now, and that's exactly what I intend to do."

He stood up, not wanting to look her in the eyes, but he didn't resist when she forced his eyes to hers. She was smiling warmly at him, and he was taken by her beauty. His memories of her had faded over time and seeing her now, he couldn't believe just how incredible she looked. "I forgot just how beautiful you were," he said as an awkward smile crept up.

"And I'm so happy that you grew into a very handsome young man," she replied. "Now, come on, let's order some groceries so I can cook for you."

He led her to the couch and opened an app on his phone, letting her add whatever she wanted. From everything she added to the list, he couldn't figure out what she was going to be making. He did notice that she had ordered much more than was needed, so she was obviously planning ahead for a few meals. He submitted the order and expected it to arrive in a few hours.

"Do you want to talk now?" he asked.

"Pool time!" Paige giggled as she ran through the house in her bikini, slid open the glass door, slammed it shut, and then did a cannonball into the pool. "Woo!"

Jason laughed and turned to Elin. "Is she always this happy and carefree?"

"Pretty much. And she seems to know what I need before I need it sometimes," Elin replied. "It's almost as if she's part mind-reader." She looked out the glass doors at her youngest child having a good time in the California sun. "You may have noticed that she's, ah...a bit different. But she was always the one who kept us together. No matter what was happening, she made Elaina and I smile." She continued watching Paige, amazed that the girl's smile never faded. "I think she keeps doing it because she knows it helps. She's been doing it for so long, that it's just who she is now." She smiled sweetly in her daughter's direction. "She's my little ray of sunshine that never sets."

Not knowing where to start, Jason asked about Elin and his sisters, what they were doing now, and anything else he could think of. She started telling him about herself, when they moved from Indiana to Vermont and why, and how she had taken college courses online to get her business degree, and eventually a master's degree. She now worked at a large country club and was one of three managers running the place. He could tell that she was proud of what she had achieved, and he was happy that she had thrived.

Elaina, her oldest, had gone to college after high school and received a degree in photography. She now worked as a photographer for a local studio that did everything from sittings in the studio, to elaborate wedding or event photography. And lastly, there was little Paige. She was probably smarter than all the family members put together, even going so far as to take several college-level classes while still in high school just so she could take a year off in between. She wanted to relax before going straight to a university, but when she did, she would already have enough credits to be a sophomore.

"Damn," Jason said, his eyebrows popping up. "That is smart."

Their conversation was interrupted by the doorbell. Jason met the driver at the door and brought the bags into the kitchen where he was met by Elin. They unloaded and sorted everything with Jason showing her where it all went, and then where she could find all the pots, pans, and other utensils she may need.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not very good in the kitchen," he said, suddenly feeling a bit embarrassed. "I've been meaning to fix that. I, uh, may not be of much help, but I'll do what I can."

"Absolutely not," Elin said, leveling a gaze at him. "This is my treat for you. But I would like it if you stuck around so we could keep talking."

"Hey!" Paige's voice came from behind them. "Oh, there you are."

Elin laughed. "What did you think happened? We decided to leave without you?"

"Well, no," her daughter replied, pointing where they had been, "but you were both sitting there, and then you were gone." She came up behind Jason and wrapped her arms around him, hugging his back. She let out a soft sigh. "I did get a bit worried, though."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said with a chuckle. She truly was a wonderful human. Maybe a bit odd, but it was an incredibly sweet oddness that he enjoyed. When she sat on a stool beside him, he realized just how much she looked like their mother. The same light blonde hair, striking blue eyes, and the same facial structure. She was just several inches smaller. He took her in, getting to know what his sister looked like after not having seen her in so long, but his eyes widened when he noticed the hard nipples of her small, perky breasts pushing through the thin fabric of her bikini top. He let out a sharp breath and whipped his head straight forward, averting his gaze from her incredible body.

Paige broke the silence as she and Jason watched Elin working her magic. "What happened to you? Where did you go? Why didn't you call me?"

Jason knew the questions were bound to be asked, but he had no idea how to begin. Elin was glad that Paige had joined them, though. Her youngest child could ask the hard questions but not come across as being nosy, pushy, or judgmental. So, she just continued to work on dinner in silence as she let them talk.

"I don't know where to start," Jason finally said. "You can probably fill in most of the blanks, which were just David's lies about you three. He was rarely here, putting me with sitters or friends so he could go whoring," he said with a snarl, "and just threw expensive things at me to placate me. Money, toys, computers, whatever. I just wanted him, but that never happened, so I just became me on my own."

Elin was glad her back was turned to them. Her face turned red on hearing about David's horrible parenting style. She wanted to curse and throw things, but she held herself back. She exhaled sharply in an attempt to bring back her calm.

"Jason," she said, "I understand what transpired to lead you to calling me by my name, but why do you call your father by his?"

His eyes narrowed as he looked disgusted. "He's not my father. He never was. He doesn't deserve to be called by anything other than his name."

"Wait," Paige interjected with a perplexed look. "Momma isn't...Momma?"

Jason tried to reply, but his mouth just opened and closed without a sound until he finally looked away in shame.

"It's okay, Paige, honey," Elin said as she looked at her son with sympathy. "He can call me by my name."

"Cool. Cool," she said, nodding. After a beat, she added, "So, can I--?"

"No, you may not!" Elin shot back before Paige was able to finish her sentence.

The room was quiet for a moment until Jason began to snicker, followed by Elin, and finally Paige. After that, Jason continued his life story for them. Since his father had tried to buy his son's affection, Jason took advantage of it and became very familiar with computers, learning how to program them as well as building them. One thing that David had insisted upon, after seeing how much time Jason spent in front of computers or gaming consoles, was that his son get out and do something physical instead of just sitting in front of a screen all day. So, in middle school he started out on the track and field team as a sprinter then opted to move to the swim team. In high school, he became fascinated with mixed martial arts and had been practicing it ever since.

"You're a swimmer?" Paige asked, her eyes sparkling. "That's what I do!" She leaned over and hugged his arm. "Went to the state championships this year," she said, but then stuck her bottom lip out in the most adorable pout Jason had ever seen. "We lost."

"I thought you had a swimmer's body," Jason remarked.

"Really?" she asked. "Is it because I have small boobies? I've always wondered if that's what people mean by that."

He couldn't help it. As soon as she said the word, his eyes focused loud and proud on her perky, little tits. This time, it was like a tractor beam locked his eyes and head into position and wouldn't let him go. With herculean effort, he managed to close his eyes, which then allowed him to turn his head as his face immediately went red hot.

"Paige," Elin said, shaking her head, "that kind of thing is better discussed between us girls. Jason is family, but that's girl talk." She looked at her son, not having seen him ogling his sister's breasts. "You've embarrassed him," she added, clicking her tongue in disapproval.

The young girl wasted no time in hopping down from the stool and pressing her chest against her brother's side, hugging him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to make you look at my boobies."

"Paige!" Elin hissed. "That's enough about that." She let out a weary sigh and rolled her eyes, desperate to change the subject. "So, Jason, are you in college?"

"Um, kinda'," he replied, still imagining his little sister's beautiful breasts, and trying desperately not to imagine what they looked like behind her bikini top.

"Kinda'?" Paige asked as she began playfully bumping him with her body. "Are you skipping classes, Jason," she said in a mock scold.

With a nervous chuckle, he kept himself from turning to look at Paige. "I've had my freshman year, but I was supposed to start my second year this month."

"Oh," Paige said, suddenly deflating and now just laying her head against his arm, realizing why he wasn't currently in school.

"What are you majoring in?" Elin asked, trying to keep the conversation light and on track.

"Computer science at UC Irvine," he replied, and was thankful when Paige got back onto her own stool.

"Whoa," Paige said. "UC Irvine? That's almost an Ivy League school." She looked at her mother, impressed, and then at her brother. "Jason, are you smart like me? Because you seem to be smart like Elaina, but if you got into UC Irvine, you must at least be a little smart like me because if you were only smart like Elaina, you wouldn't have been able to get into UC Irvine. But if you were smart like me--"

"I guess I do pretty well?" he said, phrasing it like a question as he tried to slow Paige's rapid-fire way of speaking. "I graduated high school with a 4.7 weighted GPA."

Paige looked at him like he was the most amazing man she'd ever met. "Wow! Almost a perfect 5!" She winked. "Nice job, killer."

"Wait--er, what?" Elin asked, very confused. "I thought the best you could get was a 4.0. How do you get a 4.7, or a 5?"

Paige didn't hesitate. "A weighted GPA is one that takes the difficulty of your classes into account along with your grades. It helps give a better understanding of the grade you receive in AP or honors courses, which means my brother is very smart," Paige said with a proud smile. "And colleges like weighted GPAs so they can really tell how good a student you are. Since he got a 4.7 out of 5, it's no wonder that he got into UC Irvine."

"Oh," was all Elin could say, still not understanding it. "Well, it does sound like you're a smart one, Jason. I know all the work was yours, but it makes me very proud to hear how well you've done."

He looked at the stove and now realized that Elin must have been making spaghetti with meatballs, since there were fist-sized balls of meat in a tomato sauce on the stove, and she was dumping the noodles into a pot of boiling water. She then began working on a nice salad for them.

"Well, I think Jason is the perfect mix of both me and Elaina," Paige said, adding, "being the middle child and all. El fights at the gym, but I don't think it's your MMA, and she has your black hair and beautiful blue eyes, but she just kinda' did well in school." She wiggled her flat hand in a 'so-so' gesture. "She's very street smart, though," she continued, "and I get jealous of how much she knows. But I'm just book smart, and not very street smart, but I'm also a swimmer like you, and you can tell that because of my small boobies. But El and Momma have much bigger boobies than I do. I don't know how that happened. I think the booby fairy was on vacation when--"

"Paige!" Elin snapped with a nervous laugh, her harsh tone immediately dropping to what could be called calm unease. "What are you doing?" Her daughter just looked at her blankly, so she helped her out. "I thought we decided not to discuss breasts?"

"I'm talking about boobies," Paige said, nodding as if it made perfect sense.

"Why are you talking about that so much?" Elin asked.

She shrugged. "I just get the feeling that Jason likes boobies and---"

"Well, I *am* a guy," he muttered.

"--and it seemed like something he'd like to hear about."

Just like before, his eyes were drawn first to Paige's breasts, then they quickly flicked to Elin's, lingering on them much longer than he meant to. When he looked up, he saw that Elin had caught him checking her out.

"Holy shit," he whispered as he put a hand to his head and his whole body must have turned beet red. "I--" he started but decided it better to just close his mouth. He stood silently and walked out onto the back deck, flopping down into one of the deck chairs with his head in his hands.

Elin watched him walk away. Was he just looking at her chest? And she could have sworn he'd looked at Paige as well. She got a little flustered herself, especially since it had been a while since a handsome man had looked at her in that way.

She rounded the large island in the kitchen and put a hand on her daughter's shoulder. "Honey, please stop discussing lady bits altogether while your brother is around. You've embarrassed him, and it is a little inappropriate."

"Oh," Paige said as her brows creased. She hopped down from the stool. "I should go apologize."

"No, uh, actually, honey," Elin said as she took her daughter's hand, "I'll go talk to him. Can you keep an eye on the food? You've helped me make this before, so you know what to do. Just finish up the salad, okay?"

Paige's bright smile returned. "Okay, Momma."

Elin turned to look out the glass doors at her son who was now lying back in the chair with his arm draped over his face. She felt bad for him. She was certain that it was just Paige's words that unconsciously made him look at their breasts and making eye contact with him only embarrassed him further. He probably thought he was in trouble, and she expected him to remind her again that their visit wasn't a good idea.

She slid the door open and stepped out. When she did, he immediately sat up and turned away from her.

"Jason," she said gently.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was inappropriate. She just kept talking about, well, you know, and for some reason I just--"

"It's okay," she said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Paige can get a bit carried away sometimes."

"It's not okay," he replied, still unable to look at her. "I...I mean, I just straight up ogled my mother and my sister like...," he hesitated.

"Like your father," she said, filling in the blank. His shoulder slumped under her hand, so she walked around to his front and squatted in front of him, forcing him to look at her. "You're not him, Jason. Any healthy young man your age would have done the same when a pretty, young lady is doing nothing but talking about breasts."

When she said the word, he immediately turned his head away, afraid that he was going to try to look again.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jason. It really is okay," she said. "I'm happy with my body, and a bit proud that a handsome young man might still care to even glance my way." When he slowly turned his head back to her, a pained look on his face, she added, "Men your age get like that sometimes, so I understand. I was young once myself, you know. I remember what it was like."

"Once?" he snorted, finally cracking a small smile. "I'm ashamed to say that I don't even know how old you are, but you really don't look that much older than Paige."

She leaned in and kissed his cheek. "Flatterer," she said, her warm smile returning. "Come on," She stood and held out her hand, wiggling her fingers for him to take. "Dinner's almost done and I'm sure we'd all like to eat."

Elin didn't let go of his hand as she led him back to the house. "And normally I wouldn't tell a man this, but since we're family, you can know that your old mom is 40. But I trust that if anyone asks, you'll tell them I'm 29."

He chuckled briefly but stopped when he felt his eyes gravitating to her incredible backside.