

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 04

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

Paige sets the record straight with Elaina about Jason.

Novels and Novellas

4.86

11k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt 3.

Recap - After being reunited with Jason, his mother, Elin, and sister, Paige, smooth over the misconceptions Jason thought had been true—all lies told to him by his recently deceased father. As it turns out, Jason, while only 19, is thoughtful, kind, smart, and cares deeply for those he loves. Despite being family, the three are strangers to each other, and it doesn't help that Jason's mother and sister are strikingly beautiful, and they find him to be very handsome. Sexual innuendo, accidental double entendres, and the feisty 18-year-old sister with very little inhibition about her body leads them to realize that their love is much more than that of mother/son, or sister/brother.

****Disclaimer - I don't speak Dutch and I apologize to any Dutch-speaking readers who may roll their eyes at what the online translation website gave me.**

The characters in this story are all 18 years of age or older. This is a work of fiction.

Los Angeles, California

Everyone changed into something more comfortable once inside the house, but the mood was a bit subdued. Jason wore shorts that fit after purchasing a few pairs at the mall a few days prior, and a tight tank top. Elin, after some urging from Paige, whose reasoning was that they could wear whatever they wanted in their lover's house, wore a matching royal blue set of a mid-thigh length, sheer nightgown, thong, and a short robe cover up. Paige, on the other hand, was sent back to her room twice after coming out naked the first time, then bottomless the second time. She finally settled on lacy black boyshort panties and a Rolling Stones T-shirt that she had cut to expose a little more underboob than Elin would have liked. She had to admit, however, that her daughter was sexy as hell in that outfit.

Elin found a Panini press in one of the large pantries and put her skills to work making sandwiches for everyone. As she worked, she would glance over at one of the overstuffed armchairs as Paige snuggled up to Jason. He was such a good man, comforting his sister after the heated exchange she'd had with Elaina. She had no doubt Paige was doing the same for him, just in her own way.

"I'm okay. We love each other and will always win. Elaina is silly, but she will come around. You'll see." Paige was speaking softly to her brother as she caressed his chest. "I love you."

"I love you, too," he whispered, running his hand through her short hair. "I also loved your long hair, but I really like this new look."

"It's not your fault, you know?"

"I know."

She lifted her head up to look at him, her eyes skeptical. "Are you sure, lover? You seem to forget often. When was your last MRI? Have you hit your lead lately?"

He chuckled and kissed her petite nose. "I have not hit my head, and I've never needed an MRI."

"Then why are you so forgetful?" she pressed. "Momma told you. I told you. Then you forgot."

Letting out a weary sigh, he placed his forehead against hers. "It's complicated."

"No, it's not. Daddy took you—"

"You call him Daddy?" Jason asked, furrowing his brows.

"Was he not my daddy?" she asked, sitting up with an alarmed look. "Wait, who was—"

"It's—yes, Paige. David was your father. I'm sorry," he said, touching her face. "Please, continue."

"Oh. Okay. Well, Daddy stole you, we missed you, we couldn't find you, and we all wanted you. The central figure in that is you. But," she said, drawing out the word, "*you* didn't make any of that happen. Just like I told Elaina, you, my amazing brother-lover, are a victim. Victims aren't to blame." She gave him a brilliant smile. "See? Not your fault. Are you putting it in my butt now? Your dick is hard."

"Every conversation with you is like a roller coaster ride," he replied, chuckling. "As for your first point, I understand, and I will do my best to remember and not do it again." She nodded at him triumphantly. "As for your second point, anal sex isn't like vaginal sex. You have to provide proper lubricant, or it pinches and is very painful."

"Momma! Can you go to town and get some butt lube?" Paige called out, not taking her eyes off her brother.

They heard plates clattering on the counter at Paige's unexpected request. "Sorry," Elin said. "Um, nothing's broken." She then turned to her daughter. "Did you say...butt lube?"

"Yep. Back to the store by the salon. They sell chokers. And lube. And other stuff." She turned to her mother. "It's next to the salon," she said, repeating that part again.

"I remember where it is, honey," Elin replied. "Come to the table. Your sandwiches are ready."

"Momma needs to go," Paige said. "It's okay."

"Er, if she wants to, I guess."

"I'll go," Elin blurted out, then just looked at her son. "It's no trouble. Once she sets her mind to something... I'd rather you two—"

"Us three," Paige interjected.

"—do it right. Wait, us three?"

Elin seemed to blanch at the thought of having her anal virginity taken as she watched her daughter take a giant bite of the turkey, Swiss, and tomato sandwich. "O-okay."

Jason placed his hand atop his mother's as he shook his head. "Nothing happens unless you're okay with it."

"I belong to you," she said.

"Fine. And as someone who belongs to me, I say that nothing happens unless you're okay with it." He paused before adding, "I will never hurt you. Or you, Paige."

His sister flexed her arm and jutted her chin upward. "I'm tough. Ain't no hurtin' this super booty."

Ten minutes later, Elin was properly dressed again, and Jason walked her out to the Explorer. Elin didn't have a new enough vehicle to have GPS in it, so he entered the address to the salon for her to follow to get there and showed her how to find the HOME icon so she would be able to get back. During the discussion, he offered multiple times to go get it himself, but Elin was adamant that she should go.

"I thought I could use some time to think," she said, adding, "about Elaina and what happened with Paige."

Biting back his normal response of telling her that he was sorry, trying to take the blame, he reminded himself that he had just promised Paige that he would do better. "Be careful, Mom," he said. "I'm sure you're a great driver, but this isn't Vermont. Everyone out here is a jerk."

Jason could tell something else was eating at her, not just the argument earlier. "Tell me what's on your mind," he said, pulling her into an embrace.

"Please come back with us," she whispered with a hitch of desperation in her voice. "I don't want to be apart from you again. Not now. Not with what we have now."

"Mom," he said, reassuring her, "I'm going wherever you go. There, here, Mars, I don't care."

"But, Elaina..."

"I will do whatever I have to do to win her over. Even if she's not interested in the same relationship you, me, and Paige have, I just want my sister back. I would be happy with that."

She pressed her lips against his in a gentle, lingering kiss. "Thank you, Jason."

He closed the door for her and leaned in for another kiss when she put the window down. "You're stuck with me forever. Don't ever forget that." Those words put a smile on her face, and she drove away.

Back in the house, he called the front gate to make sure they would let the vehicle back in later. Thankfully, Teddy was on duty, and he said he'd take care of it. He didn't want Elin to get stopped and denied entry, even though she was in Jason's vehicle.

"Momma will be fine," Paige said from behind him. "She's been driving all my life."

"You're not wrong," he replied as he turned to her. "You know, we never got to swim. Are you still —?"

"Swim!" she loudly announced and quickly removed her clothes, dropping them on the floor of the living room. "Let's go!"

Now used to her antics, he pulled off his shirt and shorts, dropping them right next to hers, and followed her outside.

* * * *

Considering Paige's newfound sex drive, nothing more than some groping and kissing occurred. She wanted to wait until he, as she explained it, painted the insides of her guts with his seed which required the lube her mother was retrieving. Her argument was compelling, and Jason, being the gentleman he was, obliged her. Instead, they enjoyed being in the water in the warm California sun, splashing, swimming, and every so often, kissing so seductively that not engaging in sex became incredibly difficult.

Nearly two hours later, the two were relaxing in the deck chairs, still naked, to let the sun dry them naturally. Jason sat up and began looking around. Standing, he picked up the towel on the table, then shook his head. "Paige, have you seen my phone?"

"Kitchen."

It took only moments to find his phone. He called Elin, but it went to voicemail. "Damn," he said, then opened another app on his phone. The Explorer was fine, no indication of a wreck. "Where is she?" he muttered.

"It's okay," Paige said as she playfully slapped his ass, walked past him, and pulled a bottled water out of the fridge.

He considered her words as he watched her drink. She hadn't been wrong yet, but she also wasn't very clear about everything. Except, apparently, when she's yelling at her sister. "Are you sure she's okay? I'm worried." He shook his head and sighed. "I should have gone, myself."

"It's okay. Never fear. Paige is here."

Wanting to believe her, he nodded and watched as she placed the bottle on the counter and, without warning, ran and jumped into his arms. Wrapping her legs around his waist, and her arms around his neck, she smiled and looked into his eyes. Just as she leaned in to kiss him, Jason's phone rang. It was Elin.

"Ugh. Cockblocker," Paige grumbled as she lay her head on his shoulder.

"Mom?"

"Sorry! Sorry, I got a bit held up. I'm almost there. I just saw you called and figured you were worried."

"Yeah. I was, but I should have listened to Paige the all-knowing," he said, turning his head to kiss his sister's neck.

"An apt title," Elin said with a laugh. "I'll be home soon, dear."

"Did you get it?" Paige asked, her head popping up.

"Yes, Paige. I got what you asked for. It was a bit embarrassing, but the lady there was very nice."

"Carmen is the best. She likes butt sex."

Elin gasped through the phone. "Paige! Did you ask her about that?"

"Nope. I asked her if the anal lube was for butt sex. She said yes. I wondered how well it worked. She said she loved using it."

Jason stifled a laugh as Elin groaned. "I don't know what I'm going to do with you, little girl," Elin said.

"Love me forever."

"Well, that's certainly true. Okay, loves, I'll be there in a bit. Bye."

Once Jason placed the phone back on the counter, Paige tilted her head and asked, "What will you name the baby?"

"What!? What baby? I thought you were on birth control!"

She nodded. "The guards are at the gate repelling all comers," she said, smirking at the wordplay.

"Nice," he said, giving her credit for that one. "But what baby, Paige?"

With a shrug, she reached between her legs and began stroking his cock. "No clue. I don't control it. It just happens."

It was his turn to tilt his head. "The things you say, you mean?"

"Whoosh!" she said, her hand mimicking an explosion, "and it's there."

He smiled at her actions. "I think it's amazing. It doesn't, like, hurt, does it?"

"Aww. You love me."

"Damn right, I do," he said with a grin. "I couldn't be any prouder to call my sister my lover."

She booped his nose. "Your *property*, silly."

He frowned. "I don't like that, Paige."

"I belong to you. I'm yours. Momma belongs to you. She is yours. Ipso facto, we are your property to do with as you please." She then giggled almost maniacally as she bounced up and down against him. "And we love it!" she shouted gleefully into the air. Suddenly, her laughing stopped and she looked at him seriously. "Don't say no."

"I don't know why, but I can't seem to say no to you anyway."

Her bright smile returned. "I know."

"I'm home!" Elin called. "Oh, I see how it is. Wait 'til the older woman is gone, and the younger version gets all the loving?" she said, the smile on her face making it obvious she was joking.

"Holy shit," Jason said, almost losing Paige from his grip.

"Eh. It's okay," Paige said with a playful grin.

"What? It's the same thing you got, you little brat!" Elin laughed as her daughter slid from Jason's grip and hugged her mother.

Standing beside each other now, Jason couldn't believe his eyes. It seemed that Elin hadn't been driving around thinking as she'd said. Instead, she had gone to the same salon and got the exact same side-parted pixie cut Paige had gotten. And, apparently, while purchasing what appeared to be a two-pint container of anal lube with a hand pump, she purchased a choker just like her daughter's.

"I have died and found the two most beautiful angels ever created," Jason said as his eyes flicked back and forth between both women.

Elin blushed as her hand went to her hair, then quickly back to her side. "Do you really like it, Jason? I—I should have asked first, but I thought my little girl just looked so incredibly beautiful with her hair..."

"You don't have to justify anything to me. It's your hair. Shave it all off, for all I care," he said as he crossed the room and wrapped his arms around her. "You are absolutely breathtaking."

"Okay. I like it," Paige relented, somehow now having her own choker on out of nowhere. "We're twins again. Get naked."

"How--?" Jason tried to ask, but Paige cut him off.

"Different collars are better. Silver for me. Gold for Momma. Slave bitches for life!" she said, trying to sound like a thug and failing miserably.

"Um..." Elin grimaced as she noticed the uncomfortable look on Jason's face.

"Oh! Momma *is* getting violated tonight," Paige continued, checking out the large container of lube.

Elin's flush continued to get brighter. "Well, uh..."

"Me first!" Paige announced. "Called it. Watch and learn, tall twin."

"Wait. Paige," Elin said, turning her daughter. "Have you had anal before?"

"What?" She scoffed. "No! Don't be silly, Momma." Paige rolled her eyes as she pumped some of the lube into her hand and sniffed it. "Jason's thick, veiny cock is the only thick, veiny cock I have ever had in my body."

"O-okay."

"Cucumber..."

Jason burst out laughing. "Seriously?"

"Huh?" Paige asked.

"Honey," Elin said, turning her daughter around with hands on each shoulder, "have you been placing vegetables in your bottom?"

"What!? Ew! No! Momma, what has gotten into you?"

Elin gritted her teeth. "I'm trying to find out what has gotten into you!"

"I. Want. Some. Cucumber," Paige said, overenunciating each word. "You are not old enough to need hearing aids, Momma."

Letting out a sigh of relief and frustration, Elin closed her eyes a moment before responding. "You know what? At this point, I don't even care anymore," she kicked her shoes off, yanked down her pants, and pulled the shirt over her head. "Paige, on your knees by the couch. I suddenly find myself in need of stress relief and, as you say, this pussy ain't gonna' lick itself."

"Yes, Momma!" Paige said with a sloppy salute.

"If, um...if that's okay?" Elin said, realizing she may have overstepped. Giving herself to Jason as she had was something new to her. Of course, ordering her daughter to lick her pussy was too, but for some reason, that was easier to adapt to than having her strong, handsome son as her master.

"Of course it is," he said, warmly. "And I think we need to talk about this later. Set some guidelines, or something. But for now, enjoy."

"Come on, Momma!" Paige said, clapping her hands urgently. "Knees to chest! Knees to chest!"

Jason noticed that Paige was incredibly excited. So much so that she was shivering in anticipation and licking her lips. He wondered exactly why that was. Had Paige always had feelings for her mother? Had she grown up a lesbian? His eyes flared in worry, suddenly. If she were a lesbian, why was she suddenly having sex with him?

As Elin got comfortable on the couch, Paige held up a finger. "Please hold," she said in a perfect telephone operator voice, and stood to walk to her brother. "I don't know why, but...Yes, yes, and because I love you, silly." She looked thoughtful for a moment, as if she were waiting for something, but then shrugged and bounced back to the couch giving her mother a look of pure lust.

Jason stood confused until he recalled the questions he'd asked himself. Had Paige always had feelings for her mother? Yes. Had she grown up lesbian? Yes. Why was she suddenly having sex with him? "Because I love you, silly," she had said.

He felt a bit guilty at the revelation. The last thing he wanted, especially for a member of his family, was for them to change who they were because of him. But...was it truly wrong that Paige, a confessed lesbian, loved him and wanted to bed him? It was her choice, after all. He just wanted her to be happy.

And what of Elin? To his knowledge, she hadn't had feelings for her daughter before this, and had only been interested in men. But now, right before his eyes, she was in ecstasy as evidenced by the slight shudder of her body as Paige masterfully licked her mother's slit and seemed to have zero problems with it. "That's it, baby. Lick mommy's pussy," she said, confirming to Jason that any reservations Elin had were nonexistent.

With her face still planted firmly in Elin's crotch, Paige lifted a hand and snapped her fingers at Jason, then waggled one finger at him. "Less thinking, more probing," she said, then pointed around at her bottom with exaggeration.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, smiling.

Moments later, Jason knelt on a pillow behind Paige as his sister lifted her ass up for him. She never let her mouth leave her mother's body as both moaned in delight at the sensation. As if choreographed, both women lifted a hand to caress their left breasts and their bodies shuddered together.

This family is both weird and amazing, he thought as he began gently sliding his hand between Paige's legs, gently rubbing his thumb around her small pucker.

Paige's hips were gyrating now as he rubbed both her slit and her asshole. She was eager to have him inside of her, and he knew it. Without putting it off longer, he pumped lube into his hand and spread it on her body just before he very slowly pushed his pointer finger into her tightest of holes.

"Ooh!" she said, her torso popping straight up in surprise. "That's different," she said, then dove back in to pleasing her mother.

Slowly and deliberately, Jason continued fingering Paige's ass, pushing more of his finger into her a bit at a time to prepare her. "Two fingers now," he said softly as his free hand glided around her flawless skin. Paige said nothing, other than soft whimpers, as Jason lubed her up again and pushed two fingers into her. Less than a minute later, Paige's body bucked as she orgasmed. Her cheek was smooshed haphazardly against her mother's mons and her eyes had rolled back. She breathed hard and she seemed to have lost the ability to control her hands.

"Paige, baby," Elin said as she caressed her daughter's face, "are you okay?"

"Y-yes, Momma...it's..." Her dainty hand came up to her head. "It's fuzzy."

"Fuzzy?" Jason asked, remembering how she had told him that information just sort of came to her. "Does it hurt?" he asked, genuinely concerned.

She shook her head, then turned to smile at him. "I love your fingers in there," she said softly, a deep yearning in her eyes. "Please, my love, give your all to me now."

Elin and Jason both exchanged a look. Even after the conversation with Elaina that had been quite eloquent, her request to Jason was the most lucid statement either had ever heard her make.

He nodded. "As you wish." Two pumps of lube later, slathered on his stiff cock and around her entrance, he scooted closer and pointed his tip at her pucker. "I'll go slow, Paige. Like before, but you must tell me if I need to stop."

"Mmm," she acknowledged through long licks of her mother's body.

Inching forward, Jason was apprehensive as he looked down. Paige was tiny, her backdoor even more so. She was only 5'2" and could barely have been over one-hundred pounds, despite her body being ninety percent muscle from her swimming routine. His cock, however, looked like a thick, wooden fence post compared to her small body. And once the tip had slipped past the tight ring of muscle, he stopped to give her a chance to stretch a bit around him.

"Paige, are you okay?" he asked.

"More, lover," was all she said before placing butterfly kisses over Elin's thighs.

With another nod, he slowly pushed deeper into her until his entire eight inches had disappeared into his sister's anus. As the last two inches pushed into her, Paige's torso had lifted upward, a

vacant look in her eyes as her mouth hung open.

Seeing Jason looking at her concerned, Elin shook her head at him. "Don't worry. She's in pure bliss."

Tears suddenly fell from Paige's eyes. "Momma," she whispered, her face still staring off into the distance, "it is divine."

Leaning forward, Elin gently placed kisses on her daughter's face, allowing her youngest to enjoy her newfound joy.

"I truly belong to you, Jason," Paige continued speaking, as if some sort of godly decree was being relayed through her. "Now, and forever, I pledge my life, my body, and my soul to you. I am yours. Fill me, brother. I yearn for your seed. I am your vessel, your repository. Use me. Fill me. Love me."

Slightly uncomfortable, Jason pulled out of her and slid a hand up her spine. "Um, Paige?"

She blinked a few times, her eyes seeming to clear as she looked at her mother, surprised, before smiling at her. She tenderly kissed Elin before turning to look at Jason. "I tell you 'More, lover' and you pull it out?" she asked, confused.

"But I...I did what you asked," he said.

She looked down at his well-lubed cock, pointing straight out toward her backside, then back up at him. "Hmm. I'm drawing a blank. Do it again, please?"

"You don't remember?" Elin asked.

Paige blushed slightly, something Elin hadn't seen from her daughter in years. Gesturing toward her head again, she said, "It was really fuzzy." Looking back at Jason, she gave him a look of yearning that melted his heart. "Please, Jason? Will you do it again? I—I want to remember it."

Jason leaned forward, cupping her face briefly before placing a gentle kiss on her lips. "I would do anything for you."

Elin began to stand, causing Paige to panic. "Momma? Was I not doing a good job?"

"Oh, sweetie, you have the most talented lips and tongue, but I think you and Jason need to experience this without you having to worry about me." Elin walked to the bags she'd brought in after her return from town. "Focus on your love, little girl. Besides," she said, pulling a package out of one of the bags, "I bought something to keep me occupied." Her eyes flicked to Jason as she said, "If you'll allow it?"

The package she held contained a purple, dick-shaped vibrator. It was around six inches in length and not nearly as thick as he was, but there was no way he would keep her from enjoying herself while he had his way with her daughter. "Of course, I'll allow it. But you have to be on the couch so we can watch."

"Deal," Elin said, smiling wide.

Moments later, Elin was on the couch, her feet gathered under her bottom as she sat in a lotus position to give her children a good view of her snatch. She powered up the vibrator, gasping as it touched her clit and giggled--a melodious sound.

Taking it as a cue, Jason pushed his tip back into Paige, eliciting a small gasp from her. Waiting half a moment to let her reacclimatize, he began pushing further in.

"Oh, Jason," Paige panted. "Oh, my amazing brother! This is glorious!"

His actions were slow as he backed out, but not completely, and pushed back into her. Once her body had relaxed, he began to move faster. Paige orgasmed twice, the second being so powerful that he had to grasp her hips to hold her up as her legs trembled and weakened. The sight of her son taking Paige's anal virginity, and Paige's orgasmic bliss, sent Elin over the edge and she had her own orgasm, after which she took a moment to suck her fluids from the toy before putting it back into play.

"Fuck me," Paige breathed. "Fuck me, Jason! Oh my god, I love this!"

"Holy shit, that is so hot," Elin purred.

"I...I can't keep this up," Jason said through gritted teeth. He had been trying desperately to stave off the coming surge, but it was a losing battle.

"Give it to me baby. Uh huh! Uh huh!" Paige said, quoting song lyrics to distract him. Her tactic seemed to work as laughter escaped from Jason, distracting him for several more moments.

"I'm...I'm coming," he grunted as he stabbed as hard into his sister's now-gaping asshole as he could. The resulting eruption was thunderous. His head swam as he gripped her small hips, his cock pulsating with each expulsion of the thick, pearly substance that his sister relished so much.

Paige's body went rigid, her jaw clenched tightly as her skin flushed red and a bead of sweat trickled down her forehead. This had to have been the most powerful orgasm she'd had since losing her virginity to her brother the day before, and her torso fell to the floor. Jason's cock, still spewing its seed, fell out of her and two more long ropes of cum splashed on her thighs as she curled up into a fetal position, her body now trembling.

Jason looked down at her, concerned, but Elin slid off the couch to rub Paige's body. "She's okay, Jason. What you did to her must have been incredible."

He nodded, but still looked concerned. The women he'd been with, to now include his mother and sister, had been given powerful orgasms before, but none had affected them in this manner.

As her little body still trembled, Paige lifted a shaky hand and gave him a thumbs up just before letting out a long exhale.

"Oh, can't let this go to waste," Elin said, her eyes going wide as she saw an inch long string of her son's cum dangling from the tip of his cock. The fact that he had just been deep in her daughter's intestines didn't bother her in the slightest as she licked him and quickly swallowed his seed. Satisfied that her baby boy was empty, she smiled up at him. "You should rest for a bit, my love. If you're still interested later..."

"I am definitely interested," he said through a smile.

Paige began to sit up and Jason found her bottle of water from earlier which she greedily drank down. "I have to call Elaina," she said, standing on wobbly legs. As she did, a slurpy fart exited, pushing her brother's cum out to land on the back of her calf muscle.

"Wait—Paige," Elin said, grasping her daughter's hand. "Honey, she can't know yet."

Paige touched her mother's face like they had exchanged roles, Paige smiling down at her. "I know, Momma." She pointed at her head once more. "Not fuzzy." She then pulled Jason's mouth to hers, her tongue assaulting him with a liberal helping of saliva before pulling back. Smiling as he licked his mouth, swallowing her spit, she said, "Thank you for ejaculating in my butt, brother."

He closed his eyes, shaking his head as he smirked. "It was my pleasure, Paige."

"Privacy," she said as she turned to walk away. "Bringing the family together," she added with a finger pointed in the air as she disappeared down the hall.

* * * *

"Paige!" El said as the video feed appeared on her phone. "I'm sorr—"

"I swam," Paige said bluntly. It wasn't a lie, since she and Jason had done exactly that, albeit much earlier, but if she hadn't said it, Elaina would have wondered why she was naked and now wet. Having taken a brief shower to rinse the lube from her ass, and her brother's jizz from her leg, those two words would satisfy her sister's curiosity. It would also allay any suspicions by Elaina that her master had fucked her into utter submission, so much so that she had curled onto the floor as the glory of his seed coated her intestines.

That was what he was now. Her master. Elin and Elaina would probably never call him that, but Paige knew. Elin thought of him that way. Elaina would, too. But they were too proud to actually say the word yet. She also knew it would anger him if she called him that, so she kept it secret. But she knew, Elin knew, Jason knew, and Elaina, once their master had penetrated her and filled her opening with his seed, would also know.

"Uh...okay," Elaina said as images of the steamy bathroom showed in the background video. "Paige, listen, I'm sorry. You're right. I'm an idiot."

"Yes. You are. My hair is magnificent now."

Elaina sighed. "Yes, honey. I was just surprised, okay? I didn't expect you to go out there and cut all your hair off." She smiled at her younger sister. "It's damn sexy, actually. You've always had a long, graceful neck, and guys are always interested in that for some reason."

"I know."

With a frown, her attempts at light conversation failing, Elaina started to tear up. "How do I make this right, Paige?" she asked softly.

Paige pulled the phone closer to her face, the camera focused directly on her mouth. "You will forgive him. You will love him. You want to. Stop fighting."

Elaina's shoulders fell and she looked ashamedly at the image of her sister. "I know it's not his fault," she admitted, pursing her lips. "I don't know how this happened, though. I guess I felt betrayed?" She scoffed at her own comment. "Of course, now I know that he couldn't just get in a car and drive back here, and he was too young to remember our phone number or even our address." Her chin quivered as her confession continued. "I loved my little brother, Paige. He was my best friend until you grew up enough to also be my best friend."

"There can be only one."

"Stupid movie," Elaina grumbled as she wiped tears from her eyes. "I had two best friends growing up, Paige, and they happened to be my siblings. And then, yes, there was only one—you. But I never forgot our brother." Repositioning herself on the bed she lay back on, Elaina continued. "You probably don't remember much, but he was such a sweet little boy. I don't remember ever fighting with him. Of course, me being me, I took advantage of him all the time. If I liked his toy and wanted to play with it, I took it. He just smiled and was happy about it. If I was hungry, he would go get me some food. Little things, here and there, that I didn't realize back then, but know now that showed he was the absolute best brother ever.

"I fought the urge to hate him once they were gone," she continued, "but I was still young and a bit..."

"Unable to process the complexities of social behavior in the world of adults and how those behaviors may affect their offspring?" Paige interjected.

"Thank you, Sheldon, but yes." She sighed, turning onto her stomach upon the bed. "I've been stupid, sis. I know that. And after all this time with Mom telling me otherwise, I never heard her, for some reason. But when...when you said—"

"I know what I said, Elaina."

A cold chill raced through Elaina at her sister's words. "Yeah. When you said that, it terrified me. I had already lost one sibling. I can't lose another." She inhaled and exhaled deeply. "I will do whatever it takes to keep you in my life, Paige. Without you..."

"You don't respect Momma enough, Elaina," Paige interrupted, not bothering to look at her sister while she slowly brushed her hair. She didn't care at all that Elaina could see her breasts as she sat at the bathroom counter looking in the mirror. "Her life was much harder than yours once Daddy left us. And you treated her poorly for the hand she was dealt." She glanced at the phone so Elaina could see her look of disapproval. "Shame on you." Turning back to the mirror, she pulled out her very small bag of makeup—she barely wore any but wanted to look even better for her master later. "Our sainted mother gave her all for us. She exhausted herself working while getting her master's degree, Elaina, just so she could feed, clothe, and provide a modicum of fun for me and her other, much less appreciative daughter. *That* is why Momma told you that you could leave. You have never valued what she gave up for us, and now that she has gotten our brother back, you threw that one life goal of hers back in her face. For what reason?!" she demanded, slamming the glass bottle of foundation on the marble counter.

Taking a calming breath as Elaina sobbed thousands of miles across the country, Paige continued. "I will only forgive you, Elaina, if you do what I said. You must forgive him, completely and without reservation. You must love him, fully and deeply, down to your soul. And you *will not* argue with him."

As she listened to her sister speak, Elaina could see in the feed that her sister's normally bright and happy eyes were hard now. Cold. Dangerous. Even so far away, it felt as if the pressure of a god was pushing its will down upon her, the weight of each of Paige's words filled with so much conviction. This was a side of her little sister that Elaina had never seen before, and never, ever wanted to see again.

"He grew up with money," Paige continued, "but the psychological effect of losing us, and the lies Daddy told him, hurt him more than you can imagine. You and I had Momma's love. It was hard for us, but we had love—even if you always pushed back. He had none of that. He couldn't feel Momma's love, or my love, from so far away." Her eyes closed and a tear fell. "Finding that out when we arrived hurt me. It hurt Momma. It was horrible, Elaina."

Wiping her eyes, she turned to the camera. "He is scared of you. True fear, Elaina, that you will continue to hate his very existence." She leaned closer to the propped-up phone, her eyes hard again. "Momma is afraid that you will be the reason he will leave when he comes home with us. If you hurt Momma or Jason, Elaina..."

The tears were streaming down Paige's hard face as Elaina watched in silence. Goosebumps covered her skin and a cold knot formed in her stomach when she realized that they weren't tears of sadness. It was rage on her sister's face.

"I swear to you, Paige. I will be on my best behavior. I understand now. Please...please stop being angry with me," she said, her own tears falling. "I can't lose you, or Momma. I—I want Jason to come home. I want my brother in my arms again. I haven't hugged him in so long, Paige. I need you all in my life," she said, the words just tumbling out. "I am nothing with you, without Momma." She hesitated before adding, "Without Jason."

Paige's eyes never left the camera as her sister spoke. After several moments of just staring, her face expressionless, she said, "Your hair is out of control, El. You should do something about it."

It took several seconds for Elaina to respond. When she did, she laughed once, covered her mouth, and smiled through her tear-stained face. "Yeah. I should. And Paige?"

The youngest sister said nothing but arched an eyebrow at the camera.

"Thank you for setting me straight."

Paige just shrugged. "You'll feel better with a full belly. Gotta' go." Poking the phone, Paige shut off the video app and continued to focus on her makeup. She rubbed her temples, though, the conversation taking its toll. She'd said more than she intended, and her head was pounding.

Across the country, Elaina rolled onto her back, sobbing again. The realization of just how close she had come to losing her entire family crashed into her like a tsunami, and she had to admit to herself that it hadn't felt good. After several long moments, breathing deeply to gain control of herself, she opened a text.

"I love you, Momma. I'm sorry for how I've acted. I promise—a real promise, that I will be better. Please bring my brother home to me. I miss him. See you soon."

Sitting up, her stomach growled, and she rolled her eyes. "How the hell does she do that?"

* * * *

"Did you put on makeup?"

Paige strutted into the living room like a predator in search of prey. "Only the best for my—" *Don't call him master*—"brother."

Elin shrugged. "Maybe I should go powder up a bit."

"Not necessary, unless you just want to," Jason replied as he stroked his mother's hair. They were sitting on the couch, her head in his lap, just enjoying the closeness. They had been discussing the possibility of Elin's foray into anal play, her concerns, and her curiosity. After seeing how amazing it had made Paige feel, she wanted it—it was just a bit more taboo, and terrifying of an idea, than she was used to.

That was when it hit her: she was fucking her son *and* her daughter. She had essentially pledged her life and body to Jason like Paige had done earlier, just without coming out and saying it as eloquently as her daughter had. She'd swallowed what seemed like two quarts of his semen, let him cum inside of her several times, and she'd licked and fingered her 18-year-old's pussy like her life depended on it—and loved every bit of it! In that regard, how could letting him take her in the ass be any more taboo than all that?

"That's the spirit," Paige said, wagging her eyebrows down at her mother as she approached the couch. "El is okay. She was sad, reminiscent, troubled, scared, deeply sad, apologetic, imploring, fearful, then okay." She lay atop her mother and snuggled against her exposed chest. "She's okay. We're all okay now."

Elin let out a long, relieved breath. Just hearing Paige call her sister El was all she needed to hear. The rest, as usual, was just Paige rambling on, but she still listened intently. "Thank you, baby," she said as she nuzzled her face against her daughter's. "You've always been able to keep us together."

"Nope. You did that. El forgot."

Snuggling together as they were felt incredible. It was like a convection oven of love and happiness, just circulating all around them as they enjoyed the closeness. "This makes me happy," Paige murmured.

"Me, too," Jason said.

Elin smiled at the joy she felt. "Agreed."

"Mom," Jason said hesitantly, "I've been thinking about something, but I want your input."

"Input on what?"

"It involves money," he started, stopping when his mother's eyes quickly focused on his, "but I want you to hear me out before shutting me down or saying that I own you and can do what I want, okay?"

"Okay," she said, drawing the word out.

"It's okay," Paige said as she turned her head to the other side of her mother's chest.

"I haven't been able to find a flight that would arrive in Vermont anywhere near the same time as yours," he began, explaining the situation. "As in, about fifteen hours later. I...just don't like that. I want to be with you two."

"Oh. We can cancel our flight and reschedule them all together for the next day, if we need to," Elin replied, a bit of relief leaking out in her tone. "That's not a problem."

"I had hoped you'd say that, but I can schedule one for the same day." He looked down at her with an eyebrow raised. "It's a private jet, only slightly more expensive for the three of us, but it can also

land at that smaller airport in Bristol, so we don't have to drive as far from Burlington."

"It's not that far, honey," Elin said, pursing her lips. "But I guess it wouldn't hurt...just once," she said with a guilty smile. "Imagine El's face when she picks us up in Bristol getting off a private plane instead of at Burlington airport."

"Cream in her panties," Paige said.

"I'd probably cream my panties, too," Elin replied, stoking Paige's head.

"So, it's okay?" Jason confirmed. "And since you're both going back with more than you came with, we wouldn't have to pay more bag fees. Although," he said, pursing his lips, "I guess the extra in price would almost even it out."

Elin looked at him, knowing he was still trying to justify it to her. He had been right, earlier. They were going to have to talk about the technicalities of how she felt about him. Give him the rules; as in, there were no rules if he didn't want there to be.

"I would love to go in a private jet, honey," she said. "It's pretty exciting, actually."

"No middle waiting," Paige offered.

"True. It's a straight flight, around 6-ish hours," Jason nodded, "from LAX to Vermont, no layover. They serve better food, champagne, wine, or beer is included," he continued, looking at Elin with his eyebrows raised. "It's pretty luxurious."

Elin sighed and stuck her tongue out at her son. "You've already convinced me, brat. Although," she added, squinting her eyes in thought, "a private jet to Europe one of these days would—"

"Germany! Germany! Germany!" Paige chanted as she shot up, pumping her arms in the air with each word.

"Why stop at Germany? We could hit up France, England, Ireland, Austria, or anywhere else we wanted."

"Up, up," Elin told Paige, helping her daughter maneuver off her and onto the couch. She then got on her knees in front of her son, her eyes pleading despite not having said anything yet. And when she spoke, her tone was soft and hopeful. "Jason? Would you allow us to return to Belgium?"

His brows furrowed, confused. "Return to—" Then he remembered seeing his birth certificate. His mother's maiden name did sound very Belgian when he read it. "Van der Elst," he said, nodding, then frowned. "I didn't even know that until I found my birth certificate."

Paige placed her head on her brother's now vacant lap, looking up at her mother. "Mijn geliefde is verdrietig, mama. Ik weet niet wanneer hij verdrietig is."

His eyes went wide as he looked down at his incredible sister. "That's Dutch?" he asked. "So, we're from Belgium?"

Elin nodded, a melancholy smile on her face. "Ja mijn schat. Onze familie komt uit Brugge. Ik ben al zo lang niet meer terug." She took his hand. "Yes, my dear. Our family comes from Bruges. I haven't been back in so long. Paige picked up the language easily, which is actually not surprising at all now that I think about it. Um, she said she didn't like it when you were sad."

Paige pouted up toward her brother, shaking her head slowly.

"Do we have any family over there?" he asked his mother. "Any that we could visit?"

Elin swallowed, frowning. Shaking her head, she gave him his answer. "But I miss my home. We moved here when I was eleven and I haven't been back since."

The sadness on her face gutted him. Nodding, he gave her a warm smile. "We can fly from here to there. I can get a jet ready, find some lodging, and—"

"No, no, Jason," she laughed. "Thank you," she whispered, "but we can't go straight there. I need my family with me when I go. All my family."

Nodding, he realized what she meant. "Then, let's get to Vermont. I'll throw myself at the mercies of my big sister and hope she forgives me."

Paige giggled. "No choice. It's okay. Home first. Hurdles second. Then Momma's home."

"The all-knowing Paige has spoken," Jason said, grinning, assuming that all meant something good. "But I swear that I'll get you back to Belgium, Mom. The best of everything the entire time. Only the best for you."

She felt so stupid, teary eyed as she was now. She couldn't help it. She'd been gone from Belgium for so long, her family barely able to afford the cost of moving to America much less the expensive trip back across the ocean for another visit. Having met David, a successful doctor, she had begged him for just one brief trip, but he always refused. After the divorce, there was no chance in hell she'd ever get back there. Not until her one true love came into her life. It wasn't the money he had that convinced her. He could obviously afford everything he'd promised. But it was the look in his eyes, and the conviction in his tone that told her she would return.

Her life had changed after reuniting with her son, as had her mind. Gone were the barriers of a mother/son relationship, replaced by an inferno of absolute devotion to the man he had become. And the man he had become would burn the world down for her if she wished it. That was why she loved him without reservation; why she welcomed his seed into her womb; why she felt no shame as she greedily sucked him off; and why she approved of, and desired, for him to breed her daughters, his sisters. Jason Hughes was, and always would be, her master.

Placing her palms together, as if beginning a prayer, she closed her eyes and inclined her head to him. "Danku meester."

"Oh!" Paige said, excitedly getting up to her knees on the couch and repeating Elin's motions. "Danku meester," she repeated, then added, "Kunnen we nu de liefde bedrijven?"

"Um..."

"English, please, Paige," Elin said. "Our lover doesn't speak Dutch—"

"Belgisch Nederlands," Paige corrected.

Elin sighed with a roll of her eyes. "Belgian Dutch. Maybe we can help him with that?" she asked, before turning to her son. "That is, if you're interested?"

"It will bring me closer to you, to my family," he replied solemnly. "I would love to learn," he paused, looking at Paige before butchering, "Belish Netherland."

Paige groaned, rolling her eyes as she fell backward on the couch. "Ugh. That hurt my head, Momma," she said in a pained voice.

"Oh, be nice, young lady."

"I'll do better, Paige. I promise." He took her foot in hand and began lightly tickling her, causing her to cackle madly.

Once everyone had settled down, Elin looked sheepishly at her son as they met in the kitchen. "Jason, would you allow me to pass on the, uh..." Her voice trailed off as she blushed.

"You never have to do anything you don't want to, Mom. Not even for me," he said, nodding to convince her of his sincerity.

"I mean, I *want* to, but I still need to," she wobbled her head back and forth as she searched for the right words, "work myself up to it, I guess. I do want to please you, though, Jason. I want to give all of me to you. You deserve it, and so much more."

"Mom," he began, but he stopped as her lips pressed against his.

"You'll be upset when I say this, honey, and it's odd for me to say it out loud, even though I think it all the time. So, please, just let me get it out, okay?" After a beat, he nodded, and she continued. "You have upended my life, but for the better, Jason. I am not the same woman I was a few days ago, and I welcome it with open arms. But what I realized after you gave me your love, was that I didn't have enough to return to you. I could only give you all of me, totally and completely." She shook her head, frustrated at her fear of telling him.

"Just tell him, Momma," Paige urged impatiently. She was on her knees, leaning over the back of the couch, nodding with a serious, but supportive look on her face. "It's okay. It really is."

Elin continued. "I'm not your mother, Jason. Not anymore. I am your lover. If you want it, I am your wife or the future mother of your child. Or I am your use-as-you-please fucktoy who will *never* say no to your every desire. I cannot explain to you in words how devoted I am to you, to pleasing you in any way you wish." She paused before adding, "Because you, my love, are my master. I will obey. I will do your bidding. My life is yours to command. Use my body, fill my holes with your seed, make me your personal whore. I will not object if you want to fuck me in the middle of the grocery store. I would happily, and with great pride, go to work with your cum on my face if you desired it."

"As I said, you will be upset that I've said this," she quickly continued, seeing the look on his face, "but it is *my* choice and my own longing for this from you that causes me to tell you." She felt a little hand in hers and looked down to see her daughter standing proudly beside her, smiling warmly. "I know that Paige feels the same," she added, getting an enthusiastic nod from her daughter, "and it makes me the proudest mother in the world to know that. Don't worry, we won't you 'master' you to death—"

"Not to his face," Paige muttered, getting her a flat look from her mother.

"—but in our hearts, minds, and souls, you most definitely are that and more. Just know, Jason, that we are yours now, forever, and we will never leave you, never defy you, and will always recognize you as the owner of our hearts."

The silence was deafening in the room. Jason didn't know what to say. What could he say? Two incredibly beautiful, smart, and amazing angels had, for all intents and purposes, declared that they were his love slaves. As in, legitimate slaves, not in the metaphorical sense. A brief thought flashed through his mind to have both women walk naked to the guard shack to deliver food to Teddy, but he squashed that thought really damn quick. These were his women, no one else's, and he was possessive. He didn't want anyone else, especially another man, to see their angelic bodies. He wondered how much time he'd get in prison for gouging out Teddy's eyes after he'd ogled them.

Paige suddenly gave him a flat look as she crossed her arms. "Now that would just be mean."

Jason knew that he was just 19 years old. Elin had more experience with adulting than he did, so why was it that he was suddenly in charge of her life? She was amazing, having pulled herself up by her bootstraps after David left her nearly penniless. She was strong, smart, and could finish any goal she set her mind to...but she had freely given all that control to him. Her son—no, her former son, now her lover, her master. And after everything she had gone through after he'd been torn from her, how hard she had searched with the limited resources she had, he knew, without a doubt, that he would never treat her wrong. She deserved everything this world could offer, but she only wanted him. She wanted him to be her master. He wouldn't let her down, ever.

Wrapping his arms around both stunning beauties, he held them close, kissing each of their faces gently. "I do not deserve you. Either of you. But you never gave up on me," he said, closing his eyes as he spoke from the heart, "and I will never give up on you." With another kiss each, he stepped back, keeping a hand on each of their shoulders. "I admit, it's a bit weird, this whole 'master' thing...but, okay."

Paige hopped slightly, clapping a few times, but quickly stopped. "My bad," she whispered, having the presence of mind to look embarrassed.

He smiled. "But you're not mindless zombies. I don't have all the answers. I need you both to help me, so, don't hold back on helpful suggestions that my limited 19 years of life may not have considered. Deal?" he asked, looking both women in the eyes.

"Deal, my love," Elin replied as she gave him a smile that let him know she was infinitely more than elated.

"Deal, mast—mah, uh, my guy?" Paige said, nearly slipping, then bit her lips as her cheeks went bright red and she shot awkward finger guns at him. *Nope. Can't say it yet.* "Yes, Jason," she finally said, followed by, "I'm hungry."

"I can fix that," Elin said as she began to get to work, but paused, turning back to Jason as if asking for permission.

"Okay, that's going to have to stop," he said, rolling his eyes. "If you wait on me to approve everything you do, you'll die of starvation. And I think you both know I would be more upset if you didn't eat when you were hungry."

Elin nodded, quite embarrassed. "Right. I'm sort of new to this total submission thing."

Paige scoffed and muttered. "Noob."

"Besides," he continued, "I'm cooking tonight. You'll have to forgive me since I have limited culinary skills, but I'll do my best."

Elin shook her head. "You don't have to do that, honey."

"I know, but I want to. I just hope you'll like it," he said, crinkling his nose.

"It's okay. It'll be..." Paige began to say, but then a confused look crossed her face. "Huh. I guess we'll find out."

* * * *

Jason's meal, one that both Paige and Elin had surprisingly approved of, was beef stroganoff. It wasn't so much that he made that particular meal for them, but how well he had done. Elin had incorrectly assumed he'd take the easy way out by using whatever noodles he could find and beef gravy from a packet since he had been a 19-year-old bachelor. However, when he seared boneless sirloin, and made honest-to-God stroganoff gravy with beef broth, onions, and mushrooms, thickened with flour, sour cream, and a touch of Dijon mustard, she was quite impressed. And his choice of Pappardelle egg noodles made her smile. Sure, it wasn't a Michelin star meal, but her lover wasn't a bad cook.

The evening progressed lazily as the trio swam, talked, told more stories of their lives, and made slow, sensual love to each other, with Elin still wanting to wait a day or so for the backdoor play Paige was now so fond of. It was exhilarating just being together, the subtle looks of love and adoration seen often by and from each of them numerous times. It was obvious that this was how it was supposed to be, and they had each become intimately comfortable with their newfound situation.

Plans for the next day were subdued, with an early jaunt out to a local diner Jason often enjoyed for breakfast, followed by a visit to the bank. Initially, Jason had planned to transfer all the funds David had, including his liquidated investments to the tune of around \$4 million, to Elin's bank account. But things had changed for their family unit. It was no longer Elin, Paige, and Elaina with Jason as an outlier. Since becoming lovers, Jason decided the most prudent thing to do was to simply add Elin to his accounts. Her knowledge of finance would benefit them since they had quite a bit of money to attend to and, unsurprisingly, she was used to having access to a few million dollars by handling the golf club's accounts.

Elin was given full access to his holdings, a privilege she took quite seriously. He had offered to add Paige as well, but his sister shook her head exactly twice saying, "Hell no," which surprised Elin and Jason both as a response. So, he created another checking/savings account for her, with himself and Elin having access as well, with \$100 thousand in it. When she was given her bank card, Paige held it in front of her in reverence, acting like she had just been given Wonka's golden ticket. Glancing around suspiciously, as if someone were about to rip the card from her hands, she narrowed her eyes and slid it into the back pocket of her jeans. "I need a better wallet," she muttered.

"Is there a branch of this bank near your home?" Jason asked as the trio entered his vehicle to head back home.

"Not in Vergennes," Elin replied, "but there is one in Burlington."

He nodded. "I'll have to take Elaina there to set up an account for her as well."

"Hmph," Paige grumped from the back seat.

Jason gave Elin a questioning look at his sister's response.

"It is a good idea," she nodded. "Paige is still a bit sore at how miserly her sister is."

"Miserly?" he asked with a wry smile.

"She is a bit of a hoarder when it comes to money," Elin explained. "She works her full-time hours at the studio, then works part-time or temp jobs, and isn't home as much as I or Paige would like. She saves everything, barely spends a dime, and mooches off others whenever possible."

"I *will* have my fifty dollars, Momma," Paige declared, her adorable little eyebrows furrowed deeply in anger.

Elin sighed. "I'll speak to her again, honey. I'm sorry. I had forgotten about it."

With that, Paige nodded in agreement, then relaxed and leaned toward the open window, enjoying the California air once again.

"In terms of money, especially as much as we have, I'd prefer she be miserly and not blow it all on unnecessary crap." Jason had been somewhat concerned about his own temptations to spend money like crazy but was equally as concerned about Paige and Elaina's potential temptations. With Elin, he'd had no concern at all since she was hard-wired for money management. And now, with Paige's staunch refusal to be added to the main bank account and hearing that Elaina would rather bum rides than spend money to add fuel to her own vehicle, any concerns in that regard just faded away.

Halfway home, Jason's phone rang through the Explorer's speakers. He didn't recognize the number but answered it anyway. "This is Jason."

"Hello, Mr. Hughes. This is Edwin Grace from Cooper-Price Realty. I'm calling to let you know that I'm running a bit behind, maybe...thirty minutes? It looks like a wreck on the 403 has all lanes blocked."

Jason and Elin exchanged worried glances; both having forgotten about the appointment with the realtor. He had, in anger at his father's shitty parenting skills, immediately contacted a realtor to see about selling the house rather than burning it to the ground. At the time, he had wanted nothing more than to distance himself from everything David had owned. Now, however, he saw merit in Elin's suggestion to wait until he had visited her home in Vermont before making a decision. When she had made that suggestion, however, they were not yet a couple and the entire dynamic had since been spun on its head.

"Edwin," Jason said, "I think I'm going to have to reschedule. I apologize, but I completely forgot about this appointment and, with all that has happened--"

"Oh, yes," Edwin interjected. "My sincerest condolences."

"Thank you," Jason replied, flatly.

"I completely understand, Mr. Hughes. I am available next week, or the week after, if you want to discuss a few dates."

From the passenger seat, Elin could see Jason struggling with this. He wasn't used to these sorts of things since most 19-year-olds don't buy or sell houses often. With a look, she gently placed her

hand on his forearm.

"Edwin, this is Elin Hughes. I'm Jason's...um..."

"Oh, my goodness! I sincerely apologize. I didn't know Jason was married," Edwin said, brightly. "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Hughes."

Elin blushed and seemed to lose her train of thought for a moment as Paige stifled a giggle.

"Thank you. Edwin. Again, we apologize for our forgetfulness, but we will be unavailable for the next few weeks. My...husband," she said, her blush deepening, "has urgent business to attend to in Vermont that we cannot reschedule."

"I completely understand," Edwin said. "And as serendipity would have it, you telling me now allows me the opportunity to get off on this exit and miss the traffic snarl!" He chuckled. "In any case, please reach out when you are available and want to reschedule."

"We'll do that, Edwin. Thank you for your understanding. Have a good day." She touched the screen and disconnected the line.

"Oooooohhhh!" Paige teased, barely having been able to contain herself while her mother was on the phone. "Momma is married to Jason!" she squealed with delight.

"Oh, just...hush," Elin said, pursing her lips and giving her daughter a playful slap. As Paige giggled and fell back into her seat, the thought of being Jason's wife made her heart ache with desire, but she knew it just wasn't possible. But just the idea of it...

"Mom, are you okay?" Jason asked with a curious smile. "You seem to have gone somewhere in your head."

Her eyes snapped to his, her heart melting at how handsome this wonderful man was, and how much he cared about her. With a nod and a loving smile, she said, "Call me Elin."

He gave her a double take at those words. "Mom, you--"

Placing her hand back on his forearm, she said, "Not Mom. That's not me anymore, honey. My wish to hear you call me that name again was granted. But our new relationship transcends the old one and I much prefer where we are now. That is, if it's okay with you?"

She watched him, his eyes turning back to the road. She could tell he was mulling it over, and whatever his decision, she would abide by it.

"You'll always be my mother, Elin," he said quietly, not turning from the road. "I don't want you to ever forget that."

"Never."

He returned the slight grin he saw on her face, then he groaned. "Damn. I forgot to take you back to the mall."

"The mall? What for?"

"To buy you a dress for our date tonight."

She had completely forgotten about their date. With everything that had happened since Paige suggested it, it seemed unnecessary. "Unless you just want to, I don't need a date. I'd rather spend time with you two tonight. Maybe we can snuggle up and watch a movie, or something?"

"Ooh! A movie!" Paige said. "I'll pick it. You'll like it."

"In that case, no cooking tonight," he said. "We'll order something nice to eat, and I believe I saw a box of microwave popcorn to snack on."

"We also need to pack," Elin added. "When does the flight leave?"

"Ten in the morning," he replied. When he saw Elin's curled lip at the early hour, he chuckled. "It's nearly a seven-hour flight. By the time we get there, it'll be mid-afternoon. I figured you wouldn't want to go straight to sleep and would rather spend time with Elaina."

"You're right, honey. I'm just not a morning person when I don't have to get up for work."

"Mile high nap club," Paige offered.

Elin shrugged, turning back to the normal seated position in the chair. "I guess I could try sleeping, as long as the chairs are comfy." She then nodded. "Okay, let's do this."