

# IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 06

**NoMoreMisterNiceSpy**

*Jason, Elin, Paige, and Elaina return to L.A. as a family.*

Novels and Novellas

4.84

14.1k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels pt. 5.

Recap - After reuniting with Jason, he, along with his mother, Elin, and sister, Paige, return to Vermont. Waiting for them is his older sister, Elaina. Having promised Paige that she would no longer shift the blame from her deceased father to Jason for leaving them for 15 years, no one can predict with certainty if Elaina will live up to her word. But, after a tearful reunion at the airport, things are looking up. Jason, Elin, and Paige are then worried about breaking the news to Elaina that they are now lovers, but after an impromptu quickie in the back of a rental vehicle, the tables were turned as Elaina was then worried about letting her mother and sister know she'd just had unprotected sex with her brother. Luckily, the nigh-clairvoyant Paige saves the day, and the entire family embraces their new lifestyle.

\*Disclaimer - I don't speak any foreign languages. The Japanese was from an online translator, and I cannot guarantee its accuracy.

All characters in this story are 18 years old or older. This is a work of fiction.

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Vermont

Their first night as a fully reunited family was memorable for all involved. Elaina was, as Paige stated, a squirter. Her bed was absolutely soaked just two hours in, but that didn't stop the quartet. They moved back out to the living room with Elin pulling a large camping tent out of the garage while Paige, Elaina, and Jason pushed all the furniture back, so the flattened tent could cover the old carpet. She then covered it with multiple blankets and towels, even though she commented several times about how she wished she could have replaced the carpet before Jason came home.

Elin took to Jason's cock in her incredibly tight ass like a champ, all prior worries evaporating like mist as he plunged deep into her bowels. The sensation had been so incredible for her that, for the first time ever, she squirted hard, causing her daughters to clap from the spectacular sight. Paige, not to be outdone, offered Jason her tiny asshole once again, much to the shock of Elaina who had a difficult time believing he would fit in her without tearing her apart. Her face was mere inches from her sister's asshole as Jason's girth gaped her backside wide, taking every chance she got to run her tongue around Paige's open hole whenever Jason pulled out. And finally, wanting every part of her body to be used by Jason, Elaina shyly asked him to fill her backside. She had, unlike her sister, used a cucumber in her backside and had reveled in the various bumps of the vegetable, and the curve of the creeping vine plant, but taking Jason's much larger girth into her lower intestine was a bit of a step up.

Jason was shattered by the time they all fell asleep on fresh blankets on the living room floor. He'd climaxed several times, once in each asshole, once in Elin's now sloppy vagina, and then had to

share a load in the mouths of Paige and Elaina after they both sucked him off. The women were wolfish with each other, as well, not a bit ashamed about seeing each other naked, sucking or licking each other's bodies, or even swallowing each other's bodily fluids. It truly was a glorious night.

As they lay on the floor, Jason in the middle with Elin and Elaina snuggled on each side, and Paige lying on his chest curled up like a cat, Elin sighed and frowned. In the soft light of the moon coming through the large windows, Jason could see the emotion on her face.

"What's wrong? Was I too vigorous with your bottom?" he asked, kissing her forehead.

"Oh, no, not at all," she said, a smile returning. "If anything, you could have been a bit more vigorous."

"Noted for next time."

"I'm just not happy with this place," she said. "I never have been. The girls were always my priority, but that didn't leave much to address how old the house looks."

"Are you asking for money to fix it up, because I'll give all of it to you, if you want it."

"You're too good to me," she whispered. "It's just that it's embarrassing to have you here after seeing your beautiful home, honey." When he didn't respond, she buried her face in his side. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything."

"Don't be sorry, Elin. I was just thinking about the—I mean, my home. I guess I should just call it what it is," he said. "You know you don't need to work, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"Elin, we have enough money—"

"*You* have enough money, master," she corrected.

"No. It's our money. Me, you, Paige, and Elaina," he corrected right back. "If I'm to call you my wives, then what I own, you own."

"Fine," she said. "Thank you, my love."

"Nope," Paige said softly from his chest. "Just a little bit for Paige kitty."

He gently massaged her bottom. "Whatever you like, Paige kitty. What I was saying, though, is that you don't have to work anymore, Elin," he continued. "If we're smart with just what we have now, we could all just relax for the rest of our lives and only do what we wanted. But if my plans for the money continue bringing in dividends as they are, we'll be financially secure forever, as will our children."

Thinking about it several beats, Elin nodded. "You did plan very well," she said.

"The question is, would the three of you be willing to move elsewhere? We could go back to my house, we could sell it and find something somewhere else, or renovate this house to your satisfaction and stay here."

"You own me," Paige muttered, beginning to fall asleep. "Take property with you. Always."

He sighed, ignoring her comment. "Elin?"

"I will go wherever you go, husband," she replied.

"No. That's not how this works. I need you to share your thoughts, not just blindly do what I want."

"Those are my thoughts, Jason. I know our financial situation, and I have regretted having to go to work for many years now," she said, honestly answering him. "Now that my girls are with me, with you, I will go wherever you go." She then curled her lip. "Just...not New York, or anything. The city, I mean. Upstate New York is probably fine."

He chuckled, and Elaina did the same, finally coming into the conversation. "I just want to keep taking pictures," she said, sighing happily as she snuggled his chest. "Doing it for fun, or as a job, makes no difference to me."

"And I'm sure Paige kitty just wants to be able to swim," he grinned, expecting a response. But she had fallen asleep.

"H-husband?" Elaina said, her first-time use of the name bringing a smile to his lips. "Are we really going to Belgium?"

He nodded. "We are. I promised, and fully intend to follow through soon." Elin squeezed him happily at his response. "Is that okay?"

"Yeah. I'm excited, really, but Mom," she said, leaning her head up, "Paige and I don't have passports."

"Shit," Elin said, drawing out the S in the word. "And mine is probably very expired."

"Not a problem. We'll just get passports. We can even have them expedited," Jason said, but added, "What do you want to do in the meantime?"

"Elaina," Elin whispered, not wanting to wake her youngest, "would you be upset if we sold this place and moved to Jason's house, either permanently or temporarily? We can look for something else, Jason, if that house still bothers you."

"I love our home, Mom, but no, I wouldn't be upset." She reached across Jason's chest to take Elin's hand. "We'll never lose our memories, and you took a shitload of pictures—as did I. As long as we have both of those, we'll never forget our time here. Besides, we're a new family now, and it seems we're going to need more room soon, anyway."

"I'll check with Paige in the morning, but I don't think she cares where we go as long as we're all together," Elin whispered. "We'll have to sell everything, or throw it all away, before selling this place. That will take time."

Jason gave it a moment of thought and said, "How about this: grab clothes and keepsakes that we box up in the garage. I'll get one of those big-ass trash dumpster-things, we toss everything you don't want in there, have a cleaning company spruce up the empty house, and we jet back to L.A." He looked at both women. "Would that be too impersonal, or—"

"Fine by me," Elaina said.

"I don't need anything other than my pictures, important paperwork, and a few small things," Elin added. "We can even sell the cars—oh. Uh..."

"We'll pick out something for you when we get to L.A. Don't worry," Jason said with a grin at how hard she tried not to make declarations. "You, too, El. If you want something, that is."

"Can it be electric?"

Jason scoffed. "Of course."

She let out a contented sigh. "I love you."

"And I adore you, Elaina." He smiled when she giggled softly next to him. "And you, Mrs. Hughes, I also adore."

She kissed his cheek, and he could feel her smile when she did.

"I adore you, too, Paige kitty," he whispered, not expecting a response.

The next few weeks were a bit of a whirlwind for the family. Paige, as expected, didn't care where they lived as long as she had at least occasional access to a pool. And once they began packing things up, she had one small box that only contained swimsuits, swim goggles, one bottle of perfume, and a small, plastic crown. Seeing it, Jason broke down in tears as the memory of him placing it on her head when she first learned to walk resurfaced. Somehow, she had kept it all these years and considered it one of her most prized possessions.

Jason paid for the rented Suburban for the entire time they were there, knowing they'd need it to pack their luggage back to the airport for the trip back to L.A. He had also hired help to move everything out of the house into the large, metal dumpster—and it actually took two of them before the house was emptied. The cleaning staff came through and, as Elaina had stated, 'polished the turd up pretty nice'. In the meantime, Elin put in her notice at the golf course, giving them two weeks' notice, but working from home most of that time. Elaina didn't bother with a notice and just quit on the spot.

Between the cleaning, the planning for their return trip, and boxing up their keepsakes to be shipped across the country, Jason took Elaina to the branch of his bank in Burlington to add her to his accounts. For some reason, she, like Paige, didn't feel comfortable having her name on the primary account and asked for one like her sister's. Like Paige, she was given \$100 thousand and left with her own card and the app on her phone ready to access it anywhere.

Lastly, Elin found a realtor to list the home and provided her with her contact information, and Jason's, allowing her to sell the house for whatever she could get for it. Elin was clear that she just wanted it sold, but to try and get as much as she could out of it.

Having moved into a hotel in town for their last week, since all the furniture was gone, Jason checked them out and the four loaded up early into the Suburban for their trip to Bristol and then L.A. It wasn't the same flight crew, unfortunately, but Jason had booked the same type of jet for their return trip. The bed had come in handy, and as early as they were departing, he assumed most, if not all of them, would want to use it for a while.

On the jet, Elin pulled out a backpack for the third time that day and reviewed paperwork she had inside. She patted it, making Jason smile as it was obviously something important, before returning the items and putting the backpack away.

Seeing his smirk, she chuckled. "Sorry. I'm just nervous about making sure I got all the important paperwork for me and the girls. Social security cards, birth certificates, college transcripts, things like that since we'll need it."

"Oh?"

"I assume we'll need to get California licenses, and we'll need all of this for the passports, and—"

"And to put your names on the deed to the house, the cars, and the—"

"That's not necessary, honey," Elin replied, shaking her head.

"It is. All the bills are digital, and they only show one name on them, even if I added all of you to them. The DMV requires proof of residency, and there's no better way to do that than to produce a deed with your names on it." He smiled, having already given this some thought. "Oh, I also sent a few things through snail mail, one addressed to each of you alone, so you'd have mail to that address. It would have been better if it was a bill, but we'll see how it goes."

Elin was impressed. "I see you've been planning already."

"I also need to get an attorney, anyway, so they can help if there are any issues."

She moved across the aisle to the seat next to him, laying her head on his shoulder. "Thank you, Jason. I know you don't like where we're going, but you're doing it for us."

"I want you happy, Elin. I'd do anything to make that happen."

"I appreciate that, but you must be happy as well. If you truly want to move, we can start thinking about places to move to, if you wish," she said as she got comfortable against him. "I don't care if it's L.A., a different state, or a different country. We can afford it, as long as we don't go nuts. But I truly do think your home is wonderful."

He nodded. "Start a list," he said, "something we can all add ideas to. Something like that?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I like it, but we're not in a hurry. This house is paid for, it's relatively new, and it has enough bedrooms, so we'd be stable there for as long as we need to be."

"But you want to move out of there, so we'll begin looking, just in case." She closed her eyes, enjoying being so close to him.

"What about Belgium?" Elaina asked. "Are there restrictions for moving to another country?"

"There are usually visas involved, and some countries require you to explain why you want to move there and can be quite picky." Jason frowned. "Some countries require you to know the language and have knowledge of their history before allowing it."

"I actually have a solution to that problem," Elin replied, a wide smile on her face. "If you recall, your lovely wife was born and raised there. I have dual citizenship."

Jason's mouth fell open before his mouth broke into a big grin. "And marrying a citizen is enough of a reason to—"

"Jason, honey," Elin said, frowning and looking like she'd just been punched in the gut, "we...we can't actually get married."

His face fell. "Oh. Yeah. Right."

"Um, but, you're all my children," she added. "You're young adults, but with my citizenship, the fact that we live together, and it also helps that we'd be coming with plenty of money, it shouldn't be as much of a problem as not having someone with citizenship."

He nodded silently. "Let's, uh...let's get our passports sorted, go over for a visit to take a look around first. We can take a month and drive around the country to different cities, if you want." He fell silent, the weight of her words like a barbed-wire knot in his stomach. "I think I'll go lay down for a bit, if that's okay?"

Both women nodded and watched him go. Leaning forward on the chair, Elin held her head in her hands, her eyes closed. "He loves us so much, El," she said softly. "I think it truly hurts him that he can't marry us—all of us."

"It's just a piece of paper, Mom," Elaina replied, moving to sit beside her. "Marriage certificates didn't exist in the world for, like, for a long time."

"I know, honey." She wrapped her arms around her daughter, hugging her gently. "I just want him to have what he wants, and I know you and Paige want it, too."

"Yeah," Elaine whispered. "I do."

In the back of the plane, Jason found Paige lying in the bed watching videos on her phone. He noticed the phone was old and quite outdated and made a note to take them all shopping for new ones and to put everyone on the same plan.

"Hello, husband," she said, not taking her eyes off the video. "Cats are funny."

He smiled and slid into the bed with her, his head on her shoulder.

"Don't worry. Be happy," she said, briefly singing the words.

"I'm happy, Paige," he said, a small smile forming. "I'm with the women I love."

"You're my husband, Jason," she said.

He sighed. "Not legally."

"So? You're my husband."

He smiled. Sometimes, this adorable little gift from the gods could just brute force her way through any problem by stating the obvious. "Yeah. I am, aren't I?"

"No purchase necessary. Only one entry per person, except when entering your wives over and over. Taxes and additional fees paid by the contestant."

He chuckled and squeezed her lithe body briefly, then kissed her exposed shoulder.

"Marriage certificates in the US started in the 1800s. Could just say you were married, and boom," she said, her hand mimicking an explosion, "you were married. Paper is paper. Our word is our

bond." She turned onto her side to face him. "You, Jason, my master, are my husband. You will always be my husband. I will always be your wife, your Paige kitty, your tight pussy kitty," she added with a giggle, "and your property. Forever and a day, you can't take it back and neither will I, don't argue with me about it or I'll bite your dick, and I want to get pregnant, too."

For some reason, it never really bothered him when Paige called him master. It wasn't because she didn't know what it meant, or because she didn't think it bothered him—it very much did. Paige Hughes was smarter than everyone on the jet combined, flight staff included. Everything she did, though, was to make you feel better, or at least it felt that way. Only when he had seen her argue with Elaina had he seen her teeth bared, and that had been to bring the family together, not because of some perceived slight or for selfish reasons.

"Paige," he said, skipping over everything she'd said and going right to the end, "are you sure you want to get pregnant so young? I want kids. With you, Elin, and Elaina, but I also don't want you to miss out on anything. Having a child...it means you have to slow down. Your priorities change. Your life is no longer your own, but ruled by a tiny human who can't even walk yet. To be clear, I'm not saying no, but I want you to go into this with your eyes wide open."

"Jason," she replied, her silliness seemingly turned off, "I want this. Because of how I am, I'll never have a real job, or be like other women. But I can give you a child. A beautiful, smart, and aquatic child." She smiled briefly before turning melancholy. "I can't be like Momma or El. I'm not the same. This conversation, it hurts," she said, gesturing at her head. "Concentrating to do this, is not good. Easier as Paige kitty. Short, deliberate." She closed her eyes, wincing slightly.

"Stop, Paige," he implored her. "Don't do this. You don't need to justify anything to me, and I can't bear to see you in pain."

She shook her head. "I do love you, Jason. You *are* my husband, here," she pointed to her heart. "I will serve you. I will love you. I will care for you." She paused again, wincing once more.

"Almost...done." Swallowing hard, she pressed on. "Please believe that I will be of use, even...the other me. All I want is you."

"That's enough," he urged, fear in his eyes. "Relax, baby girl. Please, just...just be Paige kitty again, and know that just being with me, holding me, you are of use. And Paige kitty, or not, our child will be outstanding, just like his—"

"—her."

"—okay, her mother."

She closed her eyes, expecting a kiss. But when none came, she arched an eyebrow. "Kiss. The. Kitty," she said.

"As you wish," he grinned, then pushed her knees apart and kissed between her legs. Her giggles delighted him, and he felt relief that Paige, his Paige, was back. "Don't do that again, please? Not unless you absolutely have to. But...thank you for enduring that pain for me."

"Anything for you, husband." She winced once more and saw the alarmed look on his face. "It's okay. You'll see. Sleepy kitty."

Curling up against his body, and with her in his arms, they fell asleep.

Margaret, once again, met them at the airport, a big smile on her face.

"Holy crap! Is that a Rolls Royce?" Elaina asked, excitedly.

"It certainly is," Margaret replied, beaming. "I don't believe we have met. I'm Margaret, and it seems as if I am turning into the Hughes family's personal chauffeur. I have to say, you're my favorite customers," she said as she gave Jason, Elin, and Paige a hug in turn.

"This is Elaina," Elin told her. "My oldest daughter. She couldn't make the trip last time, but we decided to spend more time here for a while and couldn't bear to be without her any longer."

Without asking, Margaret pulled Elaina into a hug as she had the others. "If you're this woman's daughter, then you must be pretty special. I hope you don't mind an old woman getting a little close, but your family are the most wonderful people I have ever met."

Elaina hugged her back, a bit surprised at the liberties Margaret was taking, but she had already decided she liked the spunky old woman and let it slide.

"How much driving did you have to do to get where you could afford a Rolls?" Elaina asked as she watched the old woman gently put their bags in the trunk. She had made a move to help Margaret, but as she had done with Jason on the prior trip, the old driver waved her off.

"Elaina," Elin softly scolded. "That's none of our business."

"Oh, it's no bother at all," Margaret smiled, happy that someone had taken an interest. "So, the first thing you do, young lady," she continued for Elaina while she finished packing the trunk, "is find a good man. Then, you make sure that good man has a good business sense, makes you his priority, and," she said, drawing out the word, "has a relative who'll die after twenty years of marriage leaving you all of his junk to sell off."

Margaret kept them entertained on the drive, appreciative that they weren't her normal fare. Most riders kept to themselves or were busy making or taking calls, expecting to be deposited to their destination without any interaction beyond their initial greeting. Having the option to drive the Hughes family around, even for the short 45-minute ride—or 1 1/2 hours with L.A. traffic—was like a breath of fresh air. She especially enjoyed Paige who asked the most curious questions but seemed to be smart beyond her years. And the young girl's enthusiasm for everything seemed to take years off Margaret's life just by being in proximity.

In the back seat, Elin leaned close to Jason. "My love, would it bother you if we invited Margaret and her husband over for dinner one night, or maybe invited them out to eat?" When he turned to her, she continued, "Sure, she's quite a bit older, but it wouldn't hurt for your oldest wife to have a new friend."

"Sure," he nodded. "I like her. Want to say something to her once we get to the house?"

"Thank you," she smiled. "I will."

Between Elaina, Paige, and Margaret, the conversations never stopped. Upon arriving at the house, the trio continued talking for twenty minutes, even after Jason had lugged their bags into the house and come back out. As they finally said their goodbyes, followed by more hugs all around, Elin approached their driver with the offer. Jason didn't stick around to involve himself in the conversation, allowing Elin to work her magic. She found him five minutes later in the kitchen.



"I can't tell from your face if it's good news, or not," he said, holding an arm out to encircle her.

"She was excited at the prospect," Elin said, leaning into his embrace, "but it seems her husband doesn't get around well. He got sick last year and has been mostly bedridden ever since. Margaret's daughter lives with them and has to help him when she's out driving."

"That's not good," he frowned. "Are they hurting for money? Is that why she's driving so much?"

Elin shook her head. "No. I asked, and I felt embarrassed to do so, but I like her, Jason. I was worried."

"As you should when it comes to good people," he agreed.

"Her husband's retirement is pretty good, but without her taking the jobs she does, it would be difficult. Of course, it's the payment on the car that hits them so hard," Elin continued, "but they were both so proud to get it that neither wants to let it go. So, she drives."

"Pool time!" Paige yelled as she streaked, naked of course, through the house, pausing only to open the patio doors before jumping into the pool.

Jason snorted, shaking his head as Elaina came down the hall moments later holding her sister's swimsuit. "Paige! What are you doing, doofus?" She stopped, sighed, and shook her head in exasperation before seeing Jason and Elin smirking at her. "Is that just okay, or something?"

"Absolutely okay," Jason said, then began removing his own clothes. "The fence around the back yard is ten feet tall and has those vines crawling up to the top. I've been naked in that pool since I was twelve."

A slow smile spread across her face as more of his body became exposed to her. He saw the tight material of her two-piece, one shoulder bikini set strain against her quickly hardening nipples and grinned. Once Elin also began to undress, Elaina pulled her top off, flinging it onto the couch, quickly followed by her bikini. "It's official. I really like this house," she said with a big grin as she walked, somewhat seductively, out to join her sister in the pool.

"We probably should have checked the pH, or whatever you do for pools," Elin said, now standing naked next to Jason. She pressed her magnificent breasts against his back, wrapping her arms around him. "I'm sure there'll be some bodily fluids in the water very soon."

"Here's hoping," he grinned, spinning to face her. He looked her up and down and she took his breath away. "You are so incredibly beautiful, Elin," he whispered as his lips closed in on hers.

"I know, my love," she whispered with her own grin, then pointed down. "Something poking my pelvis told me."

Their lips met, soft and sensual, as his hands gripped her round ass. "I need to figure out some health insurance for us," he whispered. Realizing his words didn't exactly match the mood, he added, "So we can get you to a doctor to remove that implant."

She giggled. "I can't wait to be a mother again. And to have your child within me..." She sighed contentedly. "I just wish I had gotten Paige and I in for an appointment before I quit my job. That was foolish."

"It wasn't foolish," he said as he began kissing her neck. "We were busy and had a lot to do. Hell, I'll just schedule an appointment and pay cash. I want that thing out of there."

His words excited her to no end, and she could feel her juices beginning to flow. She let out a soft sigh of pleasure. "Shouldn't we wait until we have insurance? It won't take long to do so."

He chuckled as he kissed down her chest and lightly licked a nipple. "Always trying to save money," he said, then slid his hand down to tease her labia lightly with his fingers. "I love that about you."

Her body trembled slightly, and she moaned. "Ohhh Jason..." she gasped.

Behind them, they heard small, wet footfalls followed by someone clearing their throat. "Hello, Paige," Jason said, grinning around Elin's breast.

"In the pool. Want to watch. I'm next. Chop chop." With that, she turned and bolted back out to the pool, landing with a perfect cannonball to soak her sister.

"You turd!" Elaina shrieked, which was followed by Paige laughing.

Jason stood to see Elin's eyes closed in rapture. He smiled. "Come on, sexy wife of mine. We have the rest of our lives to hump like bunnies, but our wives want to watch the fun."

"Our wives," she grinned, her eyes opening. "I don't know if they would accept being called that by me, but I do rather like the sound of it."

"Would you be able to wrap your head around it?"

Letting out a slow breath to regain some composure, she took his hand in hers and walked toward the pool pulling him behind. "I don't know. But they're not just my daughters anymore, just like you are only my husband now, no longer my son." With a playful shrug, she said, "We can work on it."

"As you wish."

It was just after five p.m. in California, sunny with dotted clouds in the sky, and in the mid-80's. The day was, in a word, beautiful. They slowly entered the pool as Jason followed Elin down the steps. They were met by Paige who somewhat aggressively kissed Elin, the latter picking up her small daughter to get a better angle on her mouth as their tongues sparred back and forth. Elaina, smiling wide as she used a hand to pour water down her perky breasts, put her hands on Jason's face, pulling his mouth to hers.

"Hello, husband," she cooed.

"Hello, my gorgeous wife," he replied as he pulled back and looked into her piercing blue eyes. The reflection of the sun on the water made her eyes sparkle like bright sapphires. "I love you," he said with a grin.

"I know," she replied with a waggle of her eyebrows. "Now, I hear that I'm third in line for the cock train," she added, then pouted and continued in a babydoll voice, "but I'm very, very horny and I don't know if I can't wait forever."

"Hey, hey," Elin said, blowing a raspberry at her oldest daughter, "get in line."

Elaina harrumphed. "Can't blame a girl for trying."

"No, I cannot," Elin said, handing Paige off to Elaina, whose lips immediately went to her sister's, seemingly not noticing she'd moved to a different sexy woman. "Now, where were we?" she asked as her hand dipped under the water to slide ever-so-slightly over Jason's cock.

"Side of the pool," he said with a stern tone, leaning close to her. "I need to taste you."

Elin shivered with excitement, smiled, and moved quickly to climb out, sitting on the edge of the pool wall with her legs widened enough for him to get a very good look.

"I love seeing Momma," Paige muttered between sensual kisses with her sister, even though her back was to the show.

"Do you still love seeing me?" Elaina asked.

Paige's head snapped back with a sly grin on her face. "Side of the pool," she said in a poor copy of Jason's voice. "I need to taste you."

Elaina giggled, carrying her baby sister with her to the shallow end so Paige could stand, before dropping her into the water and climbing out, sitting next to her mother. "I love California," she sighed happily as she reclined, her hands propping her up, as Jason's tongue slid from the bottom of Elin's slit to the top, flattened out to taste the maximum amount of her as possible.

"Mmm! Chow time!" Paige said, following Jason's lead as her little tongue dove into Elaina's wet snatch. This was followed by a satisfied moan as one hand stroked her sister's thigh and the other fondled her breasts.

"God, Paige, you little minx." Elaina moaned. "You have such a talented tongue."

"I'm already close, Master," Elin panted. "I was a little more excited than I thought."

"Mmm hmm," he acknowledged, his delicate onslaught not stopping as he focused solely on her clit now. Feeling her hands grasping his head, he knew she had skipped to imminent orgasm since he focused on the dense bundle of nerves on her excited clitoris as it poked out from under its protective hood.

"Fuck! Oh, fuck! Fuck!" she moaned. Her grip pushed him harder against her tunnel, feeling his tongue move down to focus on her slick opening, giving her a slight reprieve so as not to overstimulate her. "Fuck me, Jason. In the water, on the deck, I don't care, just fuck me!"

He grinned, his face meeting hers, and he began to crawl out of the pool. She scooted back to give him room, snatching a cushion from one of the deck chairs for her head. "My love, I need it hard. Pound into me so hard that you bruise my thighs."

"Maybe not that hard, Mrs. Hughes," he said as he lifted her feet to push her knees to her chest, "but I think you'll be happy."

"Any time with you makes me happy," she sighed, then inhaled sharply as he shoved the thick, eight inches fully into her in one stroke. "YES!" she wailed. "Oh, yes! More, Jason. Just like that."

His hips began pumping, the skin slapping hard against each other with each powerful stroke. She grunted repeatedly as he bottomed out within her warm cunt over and over. "I am yours, Master," she panted. "Fuck!"

Several minutes later, she wailed in ecstasy as she orgasmed so hard that she managed to push him out. He slapped his length against her slit as her body went rigid, then shoved himself back into her forcefully.

"Hand," she whispered, grabbing at one of the arms holding him up. Once he shifted, still pounding into her like a jackhammer, she slid his free hand to her neck and nodded. Seeing a moment's hesitation, she said, "Please, my love."

Jason had seen the videos of women who enjoyed being choked, but he'd never done it himself. He couldn't deny her every wish, though, and began to squeeze lightly as his hips powered into her like a piston. He knew he had to let her breathe regularly, but he squeezed a bit hard, and her eyes rolled back as she moaned, her neck and face turning red. When he let go, grasping one of her breasts, she smiled and laughed. "More, please," she said, her eyes begging him to continue.

He squeezed her neck again, surprised at his stamina since he'd not missed a step as he plunged into her, and when he felt her vaginal muscles beginning to grip him, he released his hold on her, and a third orgasm took hold. This time, she squirted straight up into the air and Jason took the time to rub her clit to make the orgasm even more powerful. Looking down, her muscles were pushing so hard that the tip of her cervix was peeking out of her soaked opening. He couldn't stand it and immediately pushed his face against her pussy, licking greedily, which caused her orgasm to continue and her body to quiver high uncontrollably.

He gave her several moments to recover, but not fully, before plunging back into her again. "Mercy?" he asked, grinning.

She nodded quickly, an exhausted smile on her face. "I hate to say it, but, yes," she said, gasping as she spoke. "Flood me with your seed, Master. You've broken me. Mercy."

Instead of continuing the unrelenting assault upon her body, he lay stop her to give her a slow and easy finish. "Did I hurt you?" he asked, his hips sliding him into her at a more sedate pace, which she thoroughly enjoyed.

"No. I enjoyed it, Jason." She bit her lip briefly before asking, "Would you allow a little rougher play in the future?"

"Such as?"

"I like where this is going," Elaina said before gasping at her own orgasm.

"I don't know," Elin said, the sudden shy look on her face an adorable one. "Those ball things, maybe some light slapping?" Her mouth fell open briefly as a more subtle orgasm made her see stars. "I—I've seen some bondage and submission movies, and they excited me."

He nodded. "I'm close," he whispered before adding, "We can certainly give it a try." Three more pumps into her slick, velvety tunnel and he was done. The grunt turned into a growl and Elin's chest, neck, and face turned crimson as the heat of his load began to fill her.

"Shit," she hissed in rapture. "I've never felt so good."

"I'm glad, sexy," he replied, leaning down to gently lick on her mouth, which she opened to give him unfettered access.

"Um...Jason," she said, suddenly shy again, "would you...I mean, would you go down on me? Just—just for a little bit. I--, it's just..."

He grinned. "I know what we just did," he said, then trailed kisses down her chest, poked his tongue gently into her belly button, which made her giggle, before his mouth kissed a different set of sensual lips.

"That is the sexiest fucking thing I have ever seen in my entire life," Elaina said, her mouth hanging open. "Paige!" she whined. "Why didn't you tell me he would go down on us after filling us up?"

"Busy," she said, smiling happily as she licked her sister. "Come back later."

Elaina scoffed and couldn't take her eyes off Jason. He didn't hesitate, not even once, as the largest load of cum she'd ever seen gushed out of Elin's engorged pussy. He just kissed and licked—not even a halfhearted attempt or making moves to avoid his deposit. He dutifully cleaned her up until she slid her hands down to his head, pulling his mouth to hers. Seeing her brother—no, her husband and potential father of her child—snowballing her own mother pushed her over the edge.

Paige was surprised when a hot stream squirted out of her sister, splashing her in the face. She giggled and opened her mouth, snapping at the stream like a dog chasing water from a hose.

"I need a break, sis," Elaina said, breathing heavily.

"Okay! Master needs a break before he breaks this little pussy. Swim time!" she replied, pushing off the edge of the pool and diving underwater, twisting, and coming up to do backstrokes.

"It really is the sexiest thing ever, Jason," Elin cooed, her tongue flicking out to lick a small dab of cum from the corner of his mouth. "Thank you for loving me enough to do that."

"You don't ever have to thank me, Elin. Just love me." He smirked. "And, you know, let me take you to pound town on occasion."

Paige was mostly magnanimous in allowing Jason thirty minutes to recover, and chug some water, before she pounced on him. Pool water has been known to hinder sex, but she was adamant that he take her in the pool, her arms around his neck as her body hung in front of him, providing him with easy access to her. As was normal for her, she orgasmed time and time again to the shock of Elaina, who hadn't known she was so sensitive during their younger endeavors, before she, too, begged Jason to flood her insides with his "thick, steamy baby batter," as she called it.

Paige's mouth devoured his as he spilled into her, and she began nibbling, and then biting his lip as her vaginal muscles squeezed him so hard he thought he'd pull out a flat dick. In a moment of clarity, her chest heaving with her small, pert breasts grabbing his attention, she said, "Your cock feels so snug and good in my pussy. I'm your cum dumpster. Fuck me in public or in private, as long as you fuck me, husband." She followed this by plunging her tongue into his mouth as she wiggled her pelvis against his soon-to-be-flaccid cock. "I adore you," she said, sliding her hand into the water between them to tug his remaining length out of her. "Dirty pool, master," she tsked, seemingly returning to her normal speech pattern. "Sexy dirty, but dirty."

"As much as I'd like by-the-pool sex," Elaina said as she slowly exited the pool, the water cascading down her fit body, "it'll be a while before our husband can even begin to recover, and I'm getting a bit hot."

"I'll follow you wherever you go," Jason replied, letting out a tired breath, as he walked with Paige up the pool steps.

Elaina stopped, turning to him with a hand on his chest. "Jason, you need to rest. I'm amazed you could attend to Paige after how hard you fucked Momma." She looked up at him with adoration. "I adore you, and because of that, I want you healthy and well-rested, too." She kissed him gently. "Come on. Go inside, relax, and I'll make you a snack, or bring you something to drink, or...whatever you wish." She turned to go, but stopped to face him again, adding, "Master."

Hours later, the four lay in the California king bed in Jason's room, snuggled together watching a movie that, thankfully, Paige hadn't chosen this time. Jason and Elaina were close, and Paige lay with her head on her mother's chest, her eyes beginning to flutter closed.

"My love," Elin said softly, "I'm going to sleep, unless you need something?"

"No, honey. Sleep. I love you, dearly."

"That makes me happy," she said, then yawned, pulled a sheet over herself and Paige, and closed her eyes.

After several moments of Elaina and Jason continuing the movie, which had been turned down to not disturb anyone else, he leaned down and kissed the top of her head. "I haven't forgotten about you, you know?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"It's still your turn, that is, if you're still in the mood."

"You're not too tired?" she asked. "I didn't want to press. Mom and Paige really did a number on you."

"I always have time for my wives, El. Don't ever doubt that."

She smiled, sat up, and pushed the sheet over them down to the end of the bed. Not wanting to waste time, she worked up a mouthful of spit, letting it fall into her hand before rubbing herself to get ready for him. With that, she straddled him and found him already erect. "Wow. That didn't take much."

He shrugged. "Rubbing your pussy really did it for me," he said. "Well, I liked seeing you spitting into your hand, too, but the rubbing—"

His words caught in his throat as she pointed his tip into her now-slick hole and sank down onto him. "Good god, Jason, you absolutely fill me up. How are you so big?"

"Does it matter?" he grinned.

"Fuck, no," she said as her hips began gyrating. She leaned forward, allowing him to suck on her breasts, which caused her to suck in through her teeth in excitement. "I got Momma's tits," she said. "Big, sexy, and sensitive."

"Am I being too rough?"

"No. Keep doing what you're doing." Her hips kept moving back and forth atop him, the saliva between her legs being quickly replaced by her own slick lubricant, enough so that it began leaking

down his shaft. "You liked the spit, huh?" she asked, her eyes closed as she focused on the incredible sensations she felt.

"I did."

"Would you like a little taste?"

He grinned, not taking his mouth from her hard nipple. "Absolutely." Before he could finish the word, he felt wet on his lip and realized she had let a long, clear string of saliva slide down her chest to him. He chuckled and licked up the trail just in time for more to slide down her chin. He pulled her down, licked her chin, and kissed her deeply, pushing his tongue past her lips.

"I love you, Jason," she moaned softly, doing her best to keep the noise to a minimum.

"I know, El," he replied, "but not as much as I love you. Ow, shit!" he hissed as she bit his lip.

"That's not funny," she pouted, but didn't stop moving her hips.

"I was only teasing, El. I'm sorry."

"Slow," she panted. "Slow, Jason. Too fast and I'll squirt all over this bed and we'll have to move to another room."

"Yes, my love," he said, letting her control the pace as he reached behind and squeezed her well-formed ass. "You're running the show."

"Are you...nervous?" she asked, whispering in his ear as he sucked and licked on her neck. "About the baby?"

"Not at all," he said without missing a beat. "And while Paige hasn't been wrong yet, we still haven't confirmed it. But, no, I'm hopeful, excited."

She leaned up slightly, taking his face in her hands as she kissed him passionately. She had been worried that he would regret having a child with her. But knowing he was hopeful *and* excited, warmed her very soul. "Thank you, Jason, you for giving me a child. Oh...fuck, baby," she whimpered, biting her lip. "God..." she squeaked, her face pushing against his shoulder to silence the light wail that tried to escape her.

His hands slid up her back and down to her ass, then came back up. The sensation was electrifying for her, intensifying the orgasm that she fought back. "Don't make me squirt," she hissed, pleading.

"Do it. I don't fucking care. Don't hold back, El. Squirt on your husband's dick."

She whimpered louder, "Mmmmmmmmm!" Her breathing was quick as she tried her best to hold back. "Shit," she whimpered.

Jason felt the warmth running down his balls, past his thighs, and pooling on the bed. He only smiled. "That's my girl," he cooed, wrapping his arms around her torso, pinning her to his chest, as he began thrusting upward into her.

"Oohhhh Gooddddddd!" she moaned, no longer trying to hold back as her neurons tried to make sense of the fireworks going off in her brain.

"Do you want me to cum in your sweet little pussy, El?" he growled into her ear. "Do you want me to make sure I fucked a baby into you."

"Yes, Master! Fuck! Oh my God, yes!"

He pushed down on her hips as he thrust upward one last time and the eruption escaped his cock like missile-fired baby makers that collided with the opening of her cervix on their mission to find a fertile egg.

The involuntary shiver her body made shook the entire bed, making Paige's head shoot up. She looked so adorable with her eyes half-open as she looked around. She sniffed, frowned, sighed, and gently shook her mother. "Momma. My room. El wet the bed."

Elin who had just reached that spot just before sleep, opened her eyes. "Wha-?"

"Squirt alert. Evacuate the area. Whoop whoop. Evacuate the area," Paige said, barely even trying to simulate the siren sound in her tired state.

"Oh," Elin said, not causing a fuss. "Okay, baby girl."

"I'm sorry," Elaina said, breathing hard against his chest. "I've just always been a squirter."

"It's okay," he whispered. "I love you, and I love your squirting. Don't ever stop. We'll just go buy some stuff at the store tomorrow to line the mattresses." The blood began to recede from his cock and his length began to slip out of her. "Actually, I'll order new mattresses, mattress covers, sheets, everything. I should have done that long ago."

She leaned over to slide to his side, looking ashamed. "Do you want to change rooms?"

"One sec," he said, hopping from the bed and disappearing into the bathroom. Moments later, he came out with four towels and placed them on the bed, one on top of the other. He then rejoined her in the bed, pulling her close to him. "Perfect," he said with a grin, gently kissing the tip of her nose.

"You're so weird," she said, giggling.

"Yeah, well, you love me, so you're stuck with a weirdo."

She let out a happy sigh, and within moments, she was asleep.

\* \* \* \*

Much to the displeasure of his wives, Jason got everyone up at 6 a.m. so that they could all shower, eat, and get ready to head out. They grumbled, but they did as Jason asked of them and, surprisingly, did so quickly. As they pulled out of the garage, and making sure Elin had her folder of documents along with any mail or other supporting paperwork, Jason laid out their plan for the day.

Their first stop was signing up for health insurance. He had checked online, but even privately owned insurance plans, apparently, had open enrollment times so he couldn't sign up that way. This required a visit to a local office to get them set up. It was quite boring wasting two hours in the drab office, but they left with health, vision, and dental insurance along with accident and cancer coverage—just in case.



Next was his car insurance agent to get the women added on. He had promised them a vehicle—all but Paige who had a license but did not want her own vehicle—and would need insurance coverage before doing so. This one was quick, and they were in and out within an hour.

"Phones next?" Paige asked, hopeful as she held up her own busted phone, frowning.

"Yes, baby girl. I want us all on the same plan," he said as they pulled into the phone store. "I'd prefer you all get the new and shiny, but as long as none of you pick a flip phone or something, we're good."

Paige and Elaina both smirked at Elin, who scoffed and slapped playfully at them.

All of them upgraded to the newest Apple offering on the market, with international calling and several other bells and whistles. He also bought the matching earbuds and watches to complete the ensemble. The girls unanimously refused to transfer their new numbers, citing that they were starting their new lives with a clean slate, and didn't want anyone from their old life to be able to contact them. They did transfer their contacts and apps, just in case, however.

After a light lunch at an outdoor bistro, they went car shopping. The first lot he pulled into, both Elin and Elaina made "Eww" and "Yuck" noises, so he quickly made a U-turn out of the lot and kept moving. Thirty minutes later, he pulled into another lot for the Volvo dealer since Elin had been partial to them in Vermont. Jason urged her to get the absolute best with everything in it she wanted, even if they had to order it from another dealership.

"Jason, what if we move?" she asked as they wandered the lot. "I mean, we haven't been yet, but Belgium is on our list. What would we do then?"

"Ship them? Sell them and buy something else over there?" he shrugged. "We have options, honey." When she hesitated, he took her hand. "You want to get something cheap just in case, right?" She pursed her lips and looked down, which he took as an affirmative. "Well, just in case may never happen, honey. We may decide to stay here. I'm not going to start blowing money all over the place, but I'm also not going to allow it to just sit there and do nothing when I could spend a little to ensure your safety and happiness by buying something nice and, well, safe."

She considered his words and nodded. "You have already gotten a decent head start with the money bringing in more with the interest," she said, giving in. After a little sigh and another nod, she agreed. It seemed to take forever for some reason, just like every other dealership, but they finally left with a brand new XC90 Recharge, which Elin was adamant about getting in blue. She didn't want a full electric vehicle, but as it was a hybrid vehicle, she was satisfied. And Jason was satisfied since it was fully loaded, something he had wanted for her since she'd been driving a poorly maintained vehicle in Vermont.

While Elin had been finishing up her purchase, Elaina had walked the lot and was surprised to find a vehicle she liked. She had never considered a Volvo, and thought she'd be looking for what she considered a cheaper brand of vehicle. But the XC40, a fully electric vehicle, made her blue eyes sparkle. After a quick test drive and an explanation of its abilities by very patient sales staff, especially after they found out Jason would be buying two vehicles on the same day, she chose a light gray version and excitedly waited while it was prepared for her.

They paid for Elin's vehicle outright, but Elaina and Jason didn't have much credit to speak of, so they paid half up front and financed the rest to report it to the credit bureaus. Once they were both

detailed and ready to go, with plans for a wall charger to be installed in their garage the next day, they set out with Elin and Elaina in their vehicles, and Paige riding with Jason back home.

"Are you sure you don't want or need something?" he asked as they held hands on the drive.

"Absolutely certain."

"But you have a license."

She shrugged. "Momma made me. Nope, nope, nope. You, Momma, Elaina, or Margaret."

He chuckled. "Well, Margaret is kind of expensive." They drove in silence a bit longer as dusk set in, and she leaned over, her head on his arm. "May I ask why you don't want, or don't like, to drive?"

"Don't want it. Husband, wife, or wife drives. I get to go. I'm hungry."

He smiled. She had called her mother and sister her wives. Maybe Elin was on to something earlier. "Okay. Just checking. I don't want you to miss out on anything you want, honey. And we can order food when we get home if you want?"

"Maybe," she said, then suggested, "Spaghetti and meatballs?"

"Wife spaghetti, or ordered spaghetti?"

"Hmm," she said, tapping her lips. "Order. Momma can relax."

"I shall do as my queen commands," he said, which got a small giggle from her. "And Paige?"

"I will tell you," she said, once again seeming to know what he was thinking.

Throughout the day, he had been worried that she felt left out of what was happening. He absolutely adored her, and he wanted her to have the same freedoms as Elin or Elaina, but it was difficult since she didn't want to drive. She also seemed to just tag along, which may have truly been fine with her, but he just didn't know. He also didn't want her to slip into that more understandable way of speaking to explain it to him since it seemed to hurt her to concentrate on her speech in that way, even if he had no clue what caused it.

"Make sure you do, my love," he said. "You're my wife. I want you to be happy, but you need to make sure I know if I'm not paying enough attention, or if you need something."

"Yes, lover," she said, smiling.

The next day was a bit more subdued, and he let the girls all sleep in. They were only waiting on a delivery of new mattresses, fairly expensive waterproof mattress pads with spares to be put in the closet of each room, and a visit by an attorney Jason had called. The attorney's office specialized in family matters, but also helped with various other requests such as the matter of getting their passports, visas, or anything else they needed for travel. It was going to cost him a pretty penny to keep the office on retainer, but it would be worth it to help push through new licenses and travel papers as well as setting up powers of attorney for each of them, and other legal documents.

"Why do we need a power of attorney?" Elaina asked.

"Well," Elin began, "we are all blood family, but when it comes to decisions that husbands and wives can make for each other, we are at a disadvantage. And since we can't actually marry," she paused,

frowning at the thought, "I asked if we could have more legal backing in case, heaven forbid, anything happened to one of us."

"Also," Jason added, "marriage, by default, makes it so that property and holdings belong to the couple. We can put everyone's names on everything we can think of, but I don't want to miss something and wind up with legal entanglements keeping any of you from doing whatever you need should a situation arise." He looked pointedly at Paige. "I know you dislike having ownership of...things," he said, then turned his attention to Elaina as well, "but we will visit the bank, and have you both put on the primary accounts as well. If something happened to Elin and I if we were out shopping, for example, I can't let either of you be restricted from our money."

"Jason--" Elaina began, but she stopped when he held up his hand.

"You don't have to deal with the numbers, and you don't have to have a card, or anything, if you're worried about screwing something up," he said. "But if anything happens to me, my wives *will* be taken care of."

Elaina wasn't thrilled about it, and she chewed her cheek in response. It wasn't that she couldn't be fiscally responsible, it was just that she'd never had to fully manage her own finances without Elin's help. She had her own bank account back in Vermont, but the most amount of money she had dealt with was a few thousand dollars, not millions. When she received a paycheck, she always gave her mother half of it to pay for her portion of the bills or food, which the two agreed was fair.

Paige seemed nonplussed. She, too, had a bank account in Vermont, but it had little money in it. She hadn't had a job there due to her abnormal proclivities, even though she could have easily performed any task she was assigned. The problem was that she was a free spirit, which meant if she got bored, or found the task useless, she would have simply gotten up and left. The few hundred dollars she had in the account came from birthday gifts, odd jobs she did around the house that her mother offered to pay her for, and the occasional lucky find of bills on the road, stuck in couches, or wherever her Paige-sense directed her to find some.

They both knew that Jason's reasoning had merit, though. They were young, but they were now his wives. With that came more responsibility to their new family unit, especially now that Elaina may be with child. While Paige could probably whip through any money management in the blink of an eye and it be absolutely correct, doing so would be anathema to her. And Elaina could do it, but to her, it just sucked. However, this was what their husband wanted, it was a good reason, and they wouldn't let him down.

"Yes, husband," Elaina nodded.

"Got it, slick," Paige said with a thumbs up. "Love you, too."

He smiled. "I just want to make sure you're all taken care of. That *we* are taken care of." His smile faltered. "I've been without you all for so long--and before you say it's not my fault, I realize that and understand it. But your lives were much harder than they should have been. I will not allow that to happen to you ever again."

Paige felt the rage roiling within Jason at the thought of how David had treated them. Sure, they could have had better things, and Elin could have made some improvements to the house that she had always wanted to make, but her mother had worked very hard to provide for them. And they had love. Jason had been the exact opposite, though. David had been cold and dismissive, but

there was plenty of money to afford fine things. Now, however, he had the best of both worlds. Three women who absolutely adored him, and plenty of money to last through their lives.

She stood in front of him, holding her hand out silently to pull him up with her. Confused, he stood, but closed his eyes when she wrapped her arms around him and hugged his chest. She then began swaying with him, humming lightly. Her eyes were closed, and a small smile was on her lips as they swayed, Elin and Elaina looking on.

"I...I recognize that tune," he said as he lay his cheek against the top of her head. "What is that?"

"Momma used to sing to us when we were upset," Elaina said softly as she stood to join them, wrapping her arms around them both to sway as well.

Elin's eyes were wet with joy as she, too, stood to join them. "It's a song that my mother sang to me when I was little," she said as she embraced her family. "It was my first attempt to teach you Dutch, but it always soothed you when you were young, so I sang it to you any time you got hurt or were sad."

After a few moments, with Paige still humming the song, Elin began to sing softly. Elaina also joined in, both singing in a language Jason didn't understand but thought was so very beautiful. The best he could do was hum the parts he knew with Paige, trying to remember the tune.

As the song finished, Paige looked up at Jason, smiling sweetly. "We will be okay, husband. All for one, one for all."

"We are definitely a unique family," Elaina said, but in a contented tone. "I don't want it any other way."

They stood in the middle of the living room, all hugging each other as time passed. It was a moment of true unification, bringing them even closer together...until it was ruined by the doorbell.

"Ugh. Stupid bed stuff ruining the moment," Paige grumbled.

"Okay, girls," Elin stepped up, "let's get the sheets off the beds so they can come in and get them out of here without any hassle."

Four queen and one California king mattress later, along with six boxes of new sheets, the delivery folks departed, and everyone was trying out each bed, checking out the firmness of each mattress to make sure they were happy with them. Paige, of course, tried out each bed by bouncing like she was on a trampoline, laughing happily as she would launch herself off, sprint to a different room, and do it again.

"I'll get started on some lunch," Elin said after she finished dressing Jason's bed. "Paige, mind giving me a hand?"

"Chicken salad!" she said as she darted past her mother and into the kitchen.

"Ew," Jason said.

"It's just salad with grilled chicken on it," Elin chuckled.

He furrowed his brows. "What does she call actual chicken salad, then?"

"Gross."

He nodded in agreement. "That's my girl."

"The attorney will be here soon," she added as she walked down the hall. "Should I prepare an extra salad for them?"

"Uh...sure, I guess. At least we can make the offer."

"Yes, husband."

Jason walked through the house to make sure everything was presentable for their pending visitor and decided to get the housekeeping crew, pool cleaner, and yard crew back out in the next day or so. Everything looked nice, but he didn't want the girls to have to worry about any of those things. He was going to spoil them as much as he could only because they deserved it, and because he could. He also made a mental note to speak with his wives about changing the look of the house a bit. Everything was white, no accent walls or anything in sight. Also, everything was decorated with items David had chosen, most of which Jason had always hated. What he wanted was the pictures and keepsakes the girls had brought with them all over the place, and he wondered if he could have Elaina take some of her professional pictures to hang about the place.

"She's here," Paige said, mimicking that little girl from the weird horror movie about poltergeists.

"Thank you, honey," Elin replied. Drying her hands on a kitchen towel, she called out to Jason and Elaina before opening the door. "Hello," she said.

"Good afternoon," the young woman nodded with a pleasant smile. "I am Demura Megumi from Atkinson, McCarty & Ward. This is the Hughes household?"

"It is. I'm Elin Hughes. Please, come in."

Demura was short, around the same height as Paige and just as slim. Her silky black hair stopped just below her shoulders and framed her Asian features well. She had a pleasant look on her face, but after the introductions were made, Jason could see in her eyes that her mind was working overtime, and she had only just met everyone. She was a thinker, a planner, and was likely the kind of person who had a plans B, C, D, E and F on standby in case plan A went south.

The salad offered was politely refused, but she suggested that they not wait to eat, if they didn't mind working through their lunch. They didn't mind at all.

To begin, Demura explained that she was, as of now, their attorney. Anything said between them in person, over the phone, or other electronic means, was covered by attorney-client privilege. Atkinson, McCarty & Ward represented many notable clients, some of whom were celebrities, powerful CEOs, and other very wealthy individuals who, with AMW's help, as Jason began calling them, were able to remain private and out of the public eye.

"I say this only because of a recent incident that caused quite a bit more work for me than it should have," Demura said, letting out a deep sigh, "but it is imperative that you tell me anything and everything that may be even slightly illegal, immoral, may cause legal concern in any way or otherwise make life difficult for you. I cannot help you if you are not forthcoming.

"And before you ask, I do mean anything and everything. We have clients who like to tap dance on the line of illegality, while others skip right over it time and time again. For the latter clients, we can try to get ahead of any issues and mitigate the damage done, but those are generally larger crimes."

The three women and Jason all exchanged looks, unsure about immediately coming out to Demura about their relationship.

"Understood," Jason replied, pressing on. "You know my history, about David's death, and the settlement. I reconnected with my mother and sisters, and since I found myself capable of doing so, I invited them to come here so we could be a family again."

After a bit more discussion with Demura going around the table to speak to everyone directly—her conversation with Paige being somewhat hilarious—the attorney nodded and began producing documents.

"Durable power of attorney for each of you," she said. "You'll each have to sign three since you have to be listed separately." Another stack of documents was produced. "You expressed interest in obtaining passports, so please fill these out. Are these to be expedited?"

"We'd like to have them within the month, if possible," Jason replied. "But I understand if that's not possible, the government being the government, and all."

Demura nodded, scribbled a note on a small notepad, and got back to work. She produced documents to add the women to the property deed, which she said would be a simple task, and provided instructions on how to obtain their California IDs without the requisite documentation, which included providing the DMV with a notarized form from the attorney's office.

"Which country is it that you intend to visit?" Demura asked. "If a visa is needed, I can also help with that."

"Belgium," Elin replied. "I have dual citizenship," she paused as Demura immediately made a note of that, "and have not been back since I was a child. But my own passport is also expired."

"And how long do you expect this visit to last?"

Elin looked at Jason. "We're not sure. Maybe a month?" Elin smiled at him, and he returned the look. "I don't have many happy memories in this house," he continued for the attorney's sake, "and would honestly like to burn it to the ground. But, since that's illegal, we have opted to begin looking for other places to live, which may include Belgium. It's not definite that we'll move at all, but a possibility."

"Ah, yes," Demura replied, still scribbling. "With your mother having dual citizenship, that will cut out much of the red tape, but I'll begin to look into their immigration rules to make sure. You're all adults, but you are all under 21, which shouldn't raise issues with a mother moving back with her children in tow. Were you all in your later twenties, it would be different. It may also be possible for you three to obtain dual citizenship since your mother was born there. I'll also investigate property purchases in case you decide to go that route."

"Thank you, um, Ms. Megumi," Elin replied, hope welling within her, especially at the prospect of her children also obtaining citizenship.

After a moment of consideration, the woman gave Elin a small grin. "You may call me Demura. We must still keep things professional, but...maybe not that much."

"Yay!" Paige said, clapping, "Watashitachi mo anata no koto ga sukidesu. Sarada o dōzo."

The room went quiet as all eyes were on the youngest. Demura was taken aback and seemed to freeze in place for a moment until she smiled wide. After a slight bow of her head in respect for Paige's ability to speak her language, she replied in kind. "Arigatō, Paige. Sarada o motte kite kudasai."

"Just how many damn languages do you speak, brat?" Elaina asked, then looked at Demura. "Was that Japanese? As in, it actually made sense?"

"It did," Demura said, grinning. "She speaks it very well. I'm impressed."

Paige returned with the salad topped with grilled chicken, napkin and fork, a glass of ice with a lemon wedge, and French salad dressing. Demura's eyebrow arched. "How--?"

"I'm gonna' stop you right there," Jason interrupted. "Paige just knows things, and to my knowledge, she is rarely ever wrong. She can't explain it, so we just roll with it."

After that, Demura's attitude changed for the better. They all got to know each other better while she ate, but it was unfortunately cut short since the attorney had another appointment back at the office.

"Thank you for the meal," Demura said. "And I appreciated the conversation. Please put my number in your phones and call me if you need, or even think you need, my representation. Okay? I have already added your contact information to mine." Everyone nodded, and Jason shook her hand.

Standing in the doorway, she turned, bowed to Paige, and wished her well in her native tongue. Paige returned the gesture and responded in kind.

"You never cease to amaze me, young lady," Elin said as the door closed.

"What now?" Elaina asked.

"Nothing else today, other than the dealership sending someone out to install the charger for your new ride in the garage," Jason said, walking with the women to sit in the living room. "But I have some things I'd like to discuss."

"Is something wrong?" Elaina asked.

"Yes, actually," he replied with a smirk. "There is entirely too much white in this damn house! I was hoping you all would help me decide on some changes of color. And I hate most of these knick-knacks. I was hoping to replace them with some of the things you all brought with you or had hoped you'd put your heads together to purchase replacements for David's crap."

Paige vibrated with excitement as she nodded vigorously, smiling wide at the idea.

"I would enjoy that," Elin replied, taking Paige's hand in hers. "And Paige always had some very good ideas about how to renovate and decorate the old house, so I'm sure she's elated now."

"Yep, yep, yep!" Paige chirped.

"Good," he grinned. "Just remember, we may or may not be selling this place at some point, so it needs to be marketable later. But while we're here, it needs to be ours...not his."

Elaina took a good look around. "It is very white."

"Which brings up another thing," Jason continued. "Elaina, I'd be happy if you used your amazing photography skills to take some pictures that we can hang up around here. Some of us as a family, of course, but I was thinking of scenic shots, or...well, I don't know anything about--"

"I'll do it!" Elaina said, excited now. "That would be amazing! Um, but...I need some stuff."

"So, get some stuff," he smiled back at her. "Order what you need. Computers, special lights, special lenses, or whatever. I don't care."

"Thank you," she squealed happily, her smile reaching from ear to ear.

"I say that because I don't want you to get bored. Any of you, really," he said, looking at all three of them. "Elaina, you can start your own business, or just take photos to submit to contests, open a studio, or whatever you want to do. Elin--"

"Would you mind it if I just remained at home as a housewife?" she asked, a bit embarrassed, but also hopeful. "I never really got the chance to just keep the house, cook regular meals, and be a mother. And with a baby on the way," she said, smiling at Elaina, "I would really enjoy helping raise him."

"Her," Paige said.

Elaina gasped. "It's a girl..." she whispered, then began tearing up. "I'm so excited!"

"Elin, you can do as you wish. All of you can," Jason said. "Lounge around the house all day every day, go out and do things when you want, or not. I just want you all to be happy."

Elin let out a deep, happy sigh. "Thank you, my love."

"Paige? Anything you want to do?" he prompted.

"Whatever I want!" she beamed, then added, "But...only with you and my wives."

Elin's eyes went wide as she smiled, hugging Paige so hard she almost crushed her. "Yes. Your wives," she said. "I love the sound of that."

Paige grumbled at nearly being squished, but kissed Elin's cheek. "You want it. I like it. So, wives."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Elin replied, kissing Paige's forehead.

"Well, that's all I had," Jason said. "Do any of you have anything we need to discuss?"

"We really should go tomorrow for our IDs, and take our...wives," Elin said with a small giggle, "to the bank."

Jason nodded. "We'll make it happen. Otherwise, enjoy the day."

They all stood, and Elaina approached him. "Would you mind taking me into town?"

"Sure. Anywhere in particular?" he asked.

"I need a computer for editing photos and stuff," she said. "Also, to order the other stuff I'll need to take the pictures I want to do."

"Yeah, no problem. Paige, Elin, do you want to go?"



"I'd like to stay here to start planning some changes," Elin replied.

"Wife duty," Paige said as she took Elin's arm. "Supervising."

Jason snorted. "Okay. Do either of you want a laptop or anything?"

"Tablet," Paige said.

"I could do with a laptop," Elin replied. "But it doesn't have to be anything special. Just spreadsheets and emails, mainly. Maybe movies."

"Big, or little?" he asked them both.

As if they really were twins, they held out their hands to give him a visual idea of what they wanted. It was exactly the same size. He laughed. "Okay. I'll bring them home."

\* \* \* \*

As they were getting ready to leave, Jason received a text and smiled. Jason was adamant that Elaina would drive but instead of taking her new vehicle, he wanted to take the Explorer. She shrugged and went along with it. He explained that he wanted her to learn the roads in case she wanted to run out and take pictures, or just go do her own thing, but he needed his vehicle for something on this trip.

He first directed her to one of the big box electronics stores for her computer. She had gone back and forth on what to choose, a PC versus a laptop, but decided on the latter. Since she planned to do high quality photography editing, Jason directed her to the gaming laptops due to their high-performance processors, high RAM, and dedicated graphics cards. He also picked out a top tier tablet for Paige, making sure it had plenty of storage space, and then a mid-tier laptop for Elin. Adding a few wireless peripherals and stylish carrying cases for them, they pulled out of the lot with Jason continuing to direct Elaina through town.

"What are we doing here?" she asked, pulling into another car dealership. "Wait--are you getting something, too?"

"I already got something," he said with a sly grin. "After seeing how tight things were for the four of us with all of our luggage, and how much room that Suburban had in it--"

"...and all of the memories," she grinned.

"I ordered something to replace this little beauty," he continued, smiling at her, as he patted the dashboard of the Explorer. "It shouldn't take as long as it did with you. They just need to verify a few things, give this thing a look-see, then we sign and drive away."

"Ooh! What did you get?" she asked as she found an empty spot in which to park.

"You'll see. I hope you all like it." He exited his vehicle and walked around to take her hand. "It's big."

"Not a pickup truck, I hope," she said, curling her lip.

An hour later, Elaina sat in the passenger seat of Jason's new Jeep Wagoneer. "I love my family," she said as she played with the controls, turning on the air-conditioned seats. His vehicle was midnight blue with a touch of black, and an all-leather black interior. He hadn't been wrong in saying it was

big. Not quite the size of the Suburban, but definitely bigger than his old Explorer. She grinned over at him as she looked into the back passenger area.

"Already wanting to break it in, I take it?" he asked, guessing what was on her mind.

"Damn right, I do."

"There aren't really any places like there were in Vermont that we can do that around here without getting noticed by the police," he said, smirking. "We can figure something out, though."

She shrugged. "We still need to break in the new mattresses anyway. They're also softer."

Elin met them in the garage, looking curiously at the new vehicle as Jason backed it in. "This is a very large laptop, husband," she said, greeting him with a grin and a gentle kiss.

He quickly explained how he'd ordered it, but everyone stopped when Paige appeared, soaking wet and naked. "Ooh! I like it!" she said, bouncing around.

"Shit," Elaina said, slapping her hand on the wall button to lower the large garage door.

"Paige, my love," Jason said as she hugged him, "I love you, and I love it that you feel so free inside the house or the pool. But please wear clothes in the garage. Especially if the door is open and other people can see you. I'm a jealous husband and would hate to go to prison."

"Yep. Stab the eyeballs," she said, then twisted her torso playfully as she waited for her tablet.

His breath caught at the sight of her and he seemed to have lost all motor function. It also distracted him from realizing that she had somehow known he had internally wondered how much prison time he'd get if he stabbed out the eyeballs of anyone who ever saw his women naked.

"Great, Paige. You broke him," Elaina said, finding the box and giving it to her. "Go, brat. Put something on or he'll be frozen here forever."

Paige giggled and ran off into the house.

"This is beautiful," Elin said from inside the new vehicle. "It's large. Would have been nice to have had this in Vermont instead of renting something."

"Now you each have cars, save Paige, and we have this for bigger trips if we don't need to fly," he said, helping her out of the driver's seat. "I see the electrician has come and gone. I thought it would take longer." He nodded toward the new plug for the electric vehicle in the garage.

"From listening to him, he spends all day setting those up and I guess he could do it in his sleep now," Elin replied. "He also said something about the nice electrical setup in the garage helping him out."

Jason grunted. "Well, that's good to know."

"I'm going to set this thing up," Elaina said, holding her laptop. "Uh...what's the wifi password?"

"I'll text it," Jason said, pulling out his phone. He sent the information to all three women, then Elin slid her arm into his.

"Can I show you what we came up with for the house?" she asked then smiled as Jason followed along. "Now, Paige did most of the work, but I helped."

"Fibbing!" Paige called from the couch, still very naked as she set up her tablet. "Half and half."

"Hush, you," Elin responded with a small smile. They walked from room to room with Elin explaining her ideas on some changes to each one. Mostly, she discussed options on colors for accent walls based on how doing so would make it appear larger or cozier. She also gave him suggestions that Paige had made regarding swapping out some of the furniture. Many items were just unnecessary and took up space or could be changed out with a better version that would work better for their family.

"And while the living room furniture is very comfortable, Paige and I both agree that the pieces also being white is just, um..."

"Stupid? Ugly? Not representative of what our family likes?" he smiled.

"Yes, husband. All of those," she chuckled.

"Swap it out, then. As long as it's comfortable and we can do...things on them," he smirked, which elicited a throaty chuckle from his wife, "then it's fine by me. Oh, uh, but no orange. Yuck."

"Weird, but okay," she smirked.

"Otherwise, I like your ideas," he said, having already weighed in on the options she had given him. "Call some painters and get some movers for the furniture you want replaced, and either go shopping in town or order more furniture online."

"Town," Paige said.

"Town it is," Elin replied.