

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 07

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

A family decision and the secret is out.

Novels and Novellas

4.86

12.7k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt. 6.

Recap - Elin, Elaina, and Paige cement their love for each other with each woman submitting fully to the one man they all love, Jason. After exploring their sexuality with each other, the family decides to sell Elin's home in Vermont and move back to Jason's home in Los Angeles. Jason struggles with continuing to live in the loveless home he grew up in, so the group begins looking for options on a new home that will accommodate their numbers, and the bun in the oven. After getting his women set up in their new state, they hire an attorney to help with passports and visas so Jason can fulfill his promise of returning Elin to Belgium with the possibility of moving the group there. However, while they're in L.A., they plan to make Jason's house their home, removing every bit of his father's influence on it by replacing it with their own.

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

Three weeks later, the interior of the house was finished, and Elin felt very accomplished. Not only had they repainted nearly every room, but they had replaced every decoration David had chosen throughout the house. The women hadn't brought many decorative items with them, other than family pictures which had been reframed and hung throughout the house, so Paige and Elin had gone antiquing or shopping online to give the home a new look. Once completed, Jason felt a release of tension he hadn't known he'd been hanging onto once the house felt much cozier, like Elin's home in Vermont, instead of the sterile space he'd grown accustomed to.

There were two major changes, one being the addition of a workout space in the garage with plenty of equipment, machines, and free weights that all four of them began using immediately after they had been set up. Thankfully, the garage was climate controlled so they wouldn't have to suffer in the California heat while working up a sweat. When Paige wasn't swimming, or in bed with Jason, she could normally be found in the garage running on the treadmill or lifting small weights to pick up where she had left off from when she was still swimming actively at school.

The second change was the addition of a nursery. Elaina had gone to an OB/GYN appointment and got confirmation that she was, in fact, pregnant. So far, her blood tests showed that nothing was amiss with the child, which was a concern due to who the father was, but everyone sighed in relief on hearing that news. It did irk Elin quite a bit to sell off the mattress they had just purchased for the room, but her granddaughter took precedence, and she bit back further concerns in that regard.

Lastly, Paige and Elin had gone to have their implants removed and to get a full medical checkup. Jason skipped his own since he'd had a full medical workup less than a year prior, but he wanted to get ahead of any potential issues his wives may have had. Thankfully, everyone was hale and hearty, which suited Jason just fine.

Master, master, master. I love my master, Paige thought merrily as she maneuvered herself into a firefly yoga pose. She was in the backyard enjoying the sun completely nude, just the way she liked it. The only thing she had on was the metal choker she had purchased the day she'd cut her hair short. It was important to her, an outward symbol to let people know that she was her master's property.

Paige had taken up yoga many years ago to make sure she was limber and as a means of de-stressing and finding calm. Elin, who practiced yoga regularly, got Paige into it after noticing her daughter's reaction to David and Jason leaving her life so abruptly. Paige hadn't taken it well at such a young age and Elin began noticing changes in her personality that conflicted with how she had behaved prior to the divorce.

Having been only four at the time, Paige's normally bubbly and inquisitive nature changed drastically. She became asocial and introverted, and Elin noticed her youngest daughter often mumbling to herself as if carrying on a conversation with someone only Paige could see. To combat these issues, and since she couldn't afford to take her daughters to specialists immediately after the divorce had left her nearly destitute, Elin ramped up Paige's yoga practice and introduced her to the YMCA's swimming pool. Her plan had been to keep her youngest distracted with physical activity and calming exercises to hopefully smooth the loss of part of her family. What Elin couldn't know, however, was that Paige would take to water like she had become part mermaid. The girl was unstoppable and, if allowed, would have remained in the water the rest of her life.

"Feels good, Momma," Paige had said at the time, her stunted style of speaking beginning to come about.

Even though Paige had only just turned five years old, Elin had grown concerned with her speech patterns. By six, she was fully immersed in the same manner of speaking she had now that her brother had returned to her. She had also seemingly grown in intelligence and maturity, often letting her mother or sister know that something would be okay or providing cryptic hints that turned out to be spot on--an oddity for such a young girl. Elaina, eight at the time, just took it in stride and began to decipher Paige's ramblings with more ease than their mother; possibly because Elaina and Paige were together all the time, except for school hours, and had formed a tight bond as the shadow of their lost brother loomed over them.

Moving now to a dolphin pose, Paige hummed as a content smile crossed her lips.

It had been strange after Jason left them so long ago. Her small mind had seemed to snap, and then suddenly everything was just...fine. She couldn't explain the enigmatic voice that had begun to patiently guide her, but as she aged, she found the symbiotic relationship suited her, calmed her, and was something she could trust. Not once had she considered herself broken, or suffering from some sort of disorder since what was in her mind did not control her, only suggested or protected. She had also learned quickly to trust the guidance it gave her, realizing it had never steered her wrong, even if she didn't understand said guidance on most occasions.

It was rarely absolutely clear, unfortunately. "Do this thing and you will succeed," wasn't usually offered. Only vague suggestions, images, words, or phrases that were for her or others. Like her family, she had also learned to mostly decipher what was in her mind, but there were times when she, too, had no idea why she was supposed to say or do certain things. It had been that way when Jason and Elin had found out that Paige preferred women but wanted him to make love to her. He had been going over and over in his own mind about why she would want him, if he was doing the wrong thing, and if it was somehow detrimental to her. Mere moments away from licking Elin's slit,

words had entered Paige's mind that were obviously meant for Jason. She had no idea why, but it seemed urgent that he hear them. So, without hesitation, she had told him, "I don't know why, but...Yes, yes, and because I love you, silly," answering questions he had apparently been agonizing over.

It was frustrating, but it was what it was, and she had come to accept it completely. Times like that had bothered her in the past, but now she trusted Other Paige's ability to see and do things that seemed fantastical. It also seemed to work out. She later learned that her master was having second thoughts about taking her, and she was glad she had listened to her mind to allay his fears. The idea of him not being her master, or not taking her when he wanted and filling her with his seed regularly, was unthinkable and left her with an uncomfortably cold pit in her stomach.

One thing she hadn't realized would happen, however, was how her mind cleared when she made love to Jason. It didn't happen with Elin or Elaina, only her brother. Whatever connection she had with what she referred to as Other Paige became fuzzy and disconnected. Her thoughts were completely her own, giving her more agency, but speaking her thoughts in a normal manner took effort and hurt her mind. There had been other instances of clarity where she spoke normally like the rest of her family, even with Other Paige not being suppressed. Doing so, just as she had done with Elaina before Jason returned with them to Vermont, was possible but it took its toll. In those instances, it was Paige, not Other Paige, who was in control. And her ability to regain full authority of her mind at any time had cemented to her that whatever Other Paige was to her, it was not malevolent and allowed her to be herself whenever she wanted.

Knowing all of this, Jason treated her no differently than any other person he met. She was his sister, his lover, his tiny wife, and she could feel his love cascade over her with the power of a waterfall. Knowing that she wasn't the same as everyone else but accepting her completely, regardless of her proclivities, was one of the many reasons why she submitted to him unreservedly. Her mother and sister accepted her as well, but Paige had grown up with them and it was just the way Paige was in their eyes. Jason, however, didn't know her when they were reunited, but he welcomed her and her strangeness with open arms.

Now in an extended puppy pose, she pouted slightly.

No child for my master yet, she thought, somehow unquestionably certain. I will not let him down. I will please him as much as he pleases me and our wives. It is natural, and we will thrive with our family.

As she began to move into a locust pose, she stopped, her head cocking slightly as she pushed herself to a standing position, translating whatever was going through her mind.

Hm. Master will be happy, she thought with a grin. She would like to tell him, but he would find out soon enough. He had an app for that. Besides, he and Elaina were out getting groceries.

He is good with our money. My master will always take care of us, make sure we are safe, and happy, and will fill our hearts with love. Now in a high lunge, she giggled lightly at how happy she was now that he was back in their lives.

"What has you so happy?" Elin asked, looking up from her book as she sunned herself by the pool. "You've been grinning quite a bit doing your yoga."

"Master, master, master. I love my master," she now said aloud as she held the pose. "Daddy Warbucks," she announced as she stood, took a cleansing breath, and walked to the pool.

"Daddy Warbucks?" Elin asked, curiously. "From *Annie*?" She watched her youngest expertly dive into the deep end of the pool and swim to the opposite end without coming up for air.

When Paige came up, not stopping as she walked slowly up the stairs while water cascaded down her tight, nude body, she walked directly to Elin's lap, straddled her mother's hips in the deck chair and pressed her wet mouth against Elin's. "It's all about the Benjamin's, baby," she whispered.

Elin frowned. "Something about money, I'm guessing," she said. After a heavy sigh, she added, "Paige, I feel horrible that I don't seem to understand you as easily as Jason or Elaina do. I don't know if it's the age difference, or what, but...well, I guess I just want you to know that I'm sorry and that I really am trying."

"I love you, sexy momma," Paige said as she ran a finger down Elin's jawline.

Elin pulled Paige's finger to her lips and kissed the tip. "I love you too, Paige. But, please don't be upset with me if I miss something, though, okay? I don't want you to think--"

Paige cut her off by kissing her passionately, their tongues flicking lightly against each other as Paige's small hands caressed Elin's arms and up to her chest before slowly pulling the straps of the one-piece swimsuit down to expose Elin's breasts.

"It's okay," Paige whispered as her lips trailed down Elin's neck. "You'll see," she added before she began to lick lightly against one of the hard, pert nipples presented to her.

Elin let out a slow breath and her head leaned backward onto the chair as the pleasurable sensation encompassed her. Not one to get something for nothing, she placed a glob of saliva on her fingertips and began rubbing Paige's small opening for several moments before sinking her fingers into her, two knuckles deep.

Paige chuckled happily. "Good wifey," she said as her mouth found Elin's again and her tongue sank deep into her mother's mouth. "Reciprocal licky-licky," she whispered. "Here. Bed. Yard. Don't care."

Taking a page from Jason's book, Elin stood as she clasped Paige against her chest. "Bed for comfort, my little angel," she said as Paige's muscular legs clamped around her waist while she carried her youngest to the bedroom.

"Oh--" Paige said, her head turning to the front door. "Um...rain check?" she asked with an awkward grin.

"But--!"

The door from the garage flew open and Jason came in, grocery bags in one hand and his raised phone in another, a huge smile on his face. "You two are not going to believe this!" he said.

Once Elin had let her down, Paige took a moment to pull her mother's fingers into her own mouth to get a taste. "Not done. Short intermission."

Elin smiled and nodded, then turned to see Elaina beaming as she followed him in, also laden with groceries. "Would it have something to do with Daddy Warbucks?" Elin asked, Paige's words coming back to her.

Jason's face fell flat, and his arms fell. "You already know?"

"Not...really?" Elin replied as she and Paige walked to the kitchen counter to begin unpacking.

"Paige said that, then that it was all about the Benjamins."

Wrapping his arms around his smallest wife, he squeezed her bare ass. "You little snitch," he said, mock disdain on his face. He then kissed her waiting lips and lingered longer as she sucked hard on his tongue.

"One of those startups he invested in came in big time!" Elaina said, picking up where Jason left off as she wrapped her arms around Elin and began dancing around in circles. "They must have gone public, or something--I don't know how it works--and his investment skyrocketed!"

"Really?" Elin asked. "That's great, but how much did that make you?"

"Us," Jason corrected her. "It made *us* \$2.8 million!"

"*Boom shakala kala!*" Paige said, wiggling her tiny ass as she put items into the fridge.

Elin gasped, surprised, and pulled Elaina to her spinning them both around in circles. "Wow! That is amazing!"

"It is," Jason agreed as he helped Paige. "Although, it's not normal by any means. I may cool it for a while on any new investments. I don't want to wind up losing big, somehow."

"Lo que será, será," Paige said absentmindedly as she opened the freezer.

As if on cue, both Elaina and Elin belted out, "Whatever will be, will be!"

Jason laughed, shaking his head. "Either way," he said, drawing it out at their antics, "I think we should put this money into a trust or something for the kids. Find a good interest rate, let it stew for a good, long time, then let them have at it for college, or whatever they need."

Elin was overcome with emotion at his words. She'd never in her life imagined that one of her own kids, the man who would become her husband--if only in her heart and mind--would be so thoughtful and concerned about the future of their family as much as Jason was.

When she spread her arms, walking toward him for an embrace, he had only just then noticed that her swimsuit top was down. His mouth went dry at the sight of her magnificent breasts gently swaying, ever-so-slightly, as she walked toward him.

She chuckled, seeing his response, as she hugged him. "I'm sorry for distracting you but consider it a reward for thinking so far ahead for the security of our family, my love."

He let out a contented sigh as they embraced. "You are so goddamn sexy, Mrs. Hughes," he growled.

Behind them, Paige cleared her throat. "There's a line."

"Oh!" Elin giggled, pulling back from her hug. "Ah, yes, husband. Paige and I were just about to--"

"Hey, you don't have to explain it to me," he said, holding up his hands in surrender. "Go. Have fun."

Paige scrambled up Jason's front, forcing him to hold onto her, as she lifted one of her small breasts to his mouth. She rubbed her nipple around his mouth and grinned as he licked and kissed

her flesh.

"Soon," she said in a poor attempt at an ominous tone, as she pointed two fingers at her eyes and then at him. She then sprang from his grasp, took Elin's hand, and pulled her to the bedroom.

"Licky, licky, ah-ah-ah. Looky, looky, oh-oh wooaahh exotic fruit," Paige sang as they disappeared down the hall.

"She is such a fucking goofball," Elaina said with a snort. "I mean, how old is that song?"

"Never heard it before in my life," Jason said, smirking, as he joined Elaina by the couch, hugging her from behind.

She leaned back against him, smiling as his hands fell to her abdomen. "It's by Crispy, some Danish or Swedish dance-pop group. Late 90's is when it came out, I think? Hell, I'm surprised I remember that much."

As he held her, she could feel him swaying back and forth slightly. His joy at her pregnancy made her happy, and she grinned as he let out a happy sigh.

"You're truly happy about our child, aren't you," she said as a statement.

He circled her, pulling her close and cupping her cheek. "Of course, I am, El. I'm having a child with you, a woman I absolutely love without question. I'm excited at showing that little life what a family is supposed to be like. A father and mother who will always love her--"

"Mothers," Elaina said softly, smiling warmly at how enraptured Jason seemed to be at the thought of having children. "It may be a bit odd, but all our children will have mothers, plural."

He looked at her thoughtfully, letting out a grunt and a nod. "That's a good point." He smiled. "That's a damn good point. God, these kids are going to have so much love here, and can you imagine what they'll learn from the four of us?"

She began to laugh. "I love you so much, Jason. I know this is all strange, but I am so, so happy that my brother is now my husband and the father of our child." She laughed harder before adding, "I'm also glad Maury Povich isn't still doing his shows, or we would definitely be candidates as his guests!"

"FUUUUUUUUCK!" they heard Elin scream from down the hall.

Jason and Elaina went quiet for a moment, their eyes wide in mirth, just before they broke out into laughter.

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In the meantime, Elaina had done as Jason suggested; she went out to various locations and began taking landscape pictures of various beautiful locations at different times of the day, along with fussing about where the family photo was going to be staged. The backyard was, as she put it, picture perfect since wildflowers grew on the vines that covered the tall fence at the perimeter and would be a great backdrop for their photo. They all dressed similarly, wearing white button-up shirts for a classy photo that wound up being blown up and hung over the fireplace.

One of the best pictures she took was of Paige, thankfully wearing a swimsuit, diving into the deep end of the pool in an action shot. The look of concentration on her face paired with her slim

swimmer's body was spectacular and looked akin to something from an Olympic sports coverage spread. Paige was embarrassed by it, but admitted, in her own way, that it was a good picture of her. Jason wanted it blown up and hung in the living room as well.

Elaina had also gotten into taking much more private pictures in the bedroom...or bathroom, pool, hallway, or anywhere else genitals, sensuality, or bodily fluids might be found. After working up the courage to ask for permission from not only Jason but also Elin, as she was still not used to spending seemingly ridiculous amounts of money, Elaina purchased a semi-professional large format printer for personal use. Her plan was to create a non-digital portfolio in case she did start a business, but it quickly turned into various photos of her wives and husband in various positions, or close-up shots that would have made a tidy sum if sold in certain sites on the internet, especially because there were no faces present. Jason, however, wasn't keen on the images being shared for viewing by anyone else, despite how absolutely amazing they were, as his possessive streak flared. Elaina, who had vowed herself to him, just filed them away for private enjoyment by the family.

The four of them were lounging on the pool deck; Jason napping, Elin crocheting a baby blanket, then Elaina and Paige reading. Having spent so much time in the sun, Paige was beginning to move from the sheet white skin tone she had when Jason was first reunited with her to a very light bronze that suited her very well.

Suddenly, Paige's head popped up as she sat down her tablet, stood, and walked into the house. Moments later, she walked back out with a large envelope which she held out to Jason.

Looking her up and down, seeing that she had gone outside and to check that she at least had a swimsuit on, which she did, he took the envelope. It was from the State Department.

Inside were their passports. "Looks like we need to book our trip to Belgium," he said, grinning as he looked over at Elin.

His oldest wife immediately stood, the small blanket she was working on falling to the ground as she squealed in delight. In surprise, she began clapping and bouncing like her mini twin, which amused everyone to no end. Well, everyone except Paige.

"Copycat," she muttered, giving her mother some serious side-eye.

"Oh, Jason, I can't wait!" Elin continued. "You will all love it there. The architecture, the history, and the beauty are beyond compare." She let out an excited giggle. "I'll start looking for flights if that's okay?"

"Sure. I should probably call Demura, though, to see about any visa issues. So, don't book anything just yet. We may have to wait, or we might be able to leave in a day or so."

She rushed off as Jason dialed their attorney's number. "Demura Megumi," she said, answering the phone quickly. "Oh. Hello Jason. Did your passports arrive?"

"How did you know?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Well, it was either that or you have a dead hooker in your bedroom."

He laughed, but it quickly died when he realized she wasn't doing the same. "Erm, yes. The passports. We wanted to start booking flights to Belgium, but we weren't sure if we needed visas first, or how that worked."

"Are you still only staying a month?" she asked.

"That was the plan, but probably less."

"As long as it's not more than ninety days, you don't need a visa. But," she continued, "Belgium requires your passport to have been issued at least three months prior to your arrival in the country."

He closed his eyes and sighed. "Fuck."

"Indeed," she replied. "Elin's Belgian passport should also be included and is valid for her use right now. And I know how much Elin wants to get back to visit, but if she wants to take you all with her, she will have to wait." After a pause, Demura added, "I'm sorry, Jason."

"It is what it is, I guess," he replied, wondering how Elin would react to the news. "One other thing," he continued, "we wanted to set up a trust fund for future children."

"Someone else is pregnant?"

"No, just Elaina," he replied, making sure he focused so he didn't let anything slip that he shouldn't. He wasn't sure how even his own attorney would react knowing that he was actively trying to impregnate both of his sisters and his mother. "But we have enough money to make sure that any other children have financial security in the future."

"Uh-huh," Demura replied, and Jason wasn't sure if she already knew, or if that was just her semi-distracted tone while jotting down a note. After a moment, she said, "I can come by this week for more information, but I'll email you a document with basic instructions on what is required. I'll need to know what assets you'll be putting into it, who the beneficiaries are, the rules of how much they'll receive and when, things like that."

"Okay. I'll keep an eye out for it. Thank you for looking into this."

"Just keep that hefty retainer coming in each month and I'll look into just about anything you need. Bye, Jason."

"Mom's going to be upset, isn't she?" Elaina asked as he disconnected, her tone reserved knowing the news about the passports wasn't good.

"Come on," he said, pulling her out of the chair. They found Elin focusing intently on her laptop screen, her eyes flicking left and right as she read through the flight information.

"Honey, there's a bit of a snag," he said.

"With what, love?"

"We can go to Belgium without a visa as long as we're not staying longer than ninety days, and since your Belgian passport has also been renewed, you can go at any time. He paused, hesitating with the next part. "However, they will not permit international travelers into the country who have held their country's passport for less than three months. Elaina, Paige, and I will have to wait."

"Well, shit," Elaina said, frowning.

Elin's shoulders sank as she stared at him. Very briefly, she closed her eyes and sighed, but soon opened them again. "Okay. Small snag, like you said. But we have our passports, so we can plan the

trip and have everything in place after three months." She suddenly tossed the computer to the bed and leapt up, taking his hands. "Three months, yes?"

"Yes," he confirmed. "After that, you will be home. Your first home." He kissed her trembling lips. "I promise."

She nodded silently. "Then I know it will happen. It's not your fault that we didn't have this prepared before now." She looked up at him. "Will you allow us to take a jet, or would you prefer to fly commercial? First class wouldn't be bad."

"Uh, 'wouldn't be bad' doesn't exactly equal that amazing jet, does it?" Elaina chimed in. "Man, I really loved that thing."

"We can look at the difference in flight time," Jason said. "I'm also not thrilled at the idea of long layovers, or something. Look at some nice places to stay in Brugge," he said, having learned to pronounce it correctly. "You know the area, so you'll know what's best. But I don't want a Motel 6, or anything."

"I can do that," she smiled, perking up. "And I can plan a few day trips for us to see the sights."

"Don't restrict it to Brugge," he added as he happily watched her begin to smile again. "If we're looking for some place to live, we may as well check out some other cities. But, if possible, I'd prefer to live on the outskirts. And even if we decide against moving there, just seeing the sights will be amazing."

"I can look for houses, too, if you wish," she said, her eyes beginning to sparkle at the thought. "We'll have plenty of time to plan and look before we go. How much do you want to spend?"

"I...have no idea," Jason replied. "I don't know how much things are over there, or how much houses are supposed to cost."

"Same size as this place?"

He thought for a moment before responding. "We just need room. Four of us and a few babies will require a little breathing room. Oh, we need a pool or Paige will revolt." He stopped, then added, "And maybe a little bit of land."

"Land? How much land?" Elin asked. "Planning on having a garden?"

He cocked an eyebrow and smirked. "That's actually not a bad idea, but I just meant room for the kids to play outside. Kind of like what we have here."

She smiled. He was just nineteen, but he was already so dedicated to his wives and future children. "I'll start digging."

They heard a throat clear behind them and turned to see Paige with cards in her hands. "It's time," she said, looking at Elin.

"Time for what?" Jason asked, then he leaned down to read both cards. They were Red Cross cards, one being a lifeguard certification, the other a CPR/AED card, both of which had an expiration date coming up soon. "Ah. We can do that around here, too, right?"

"Yes," Elin replied, letting out a long breath. "I'm sorry, Paige. I guess the calendar notification on my old phone didn't transfer over. Here, sit with me and we'll find a training location."

"I didn't know you were a lifeguard, Paige. That's cool. Probably a tough certification to get, too."

"Swim, tread, lifesaving, save the brick, take a test, go home."

"Wait--save a...brick?" he asked.

"Part of the test requires them to dive into the pool, pick up a heavy brick and bring it to the surface, then keep it above water while getting it out of the pool," Elin replied, then continued when Paige nudged her. "Oh, uh, you also can't use the stairs or ladder to get out yourself."

"Interesting," Jason said with a nod. "Strength, endurance, and smarts all rolled into one."

Paige smiled at him.

"It looks like there's a class in two weeks on..." she paused as she leaned closer to the screen. "I hate to ask this, but can one of you make this font bigger? I've always had perfect vision, but these tiny words are just ridiculous."

Wiggling her fingers in the classic "gimme" motion, Paige took the laptop, adjusted the size and returned it to Elin, resulting in a thank-you kiss for her trouble. "Okay, it's on West Pico Boulevard." She looked up at Jason. "Is that close?"

"Close enough. How long is it?"

"Eight inches," Paige replied, punctuated by a sultry lick of her lips.

Elin rolled her eyes. "It takes most of the day. Nine to five-ish. I hated that it was so long the first time she did it, but I swear she's part android or something. She was unstoppable."

Putting her arms up, her hands flat to mimic a robot, Paige spoke in a monotone voice. "Take me to your wiener."

Elin couldn't help but laugh. "I think someone is a little riled up."

"I noticed," Jason said as he lightly tickled Paige's foot, causing her to giggle and scrunch her legs closer to her body. But the eyes she gave him told him everything he needed to know. He leaned onto the bed and kissed a trail up her right thigh, past her bikini, and then blew a raspberry on her tight belly. "Come with me, my little queen," he said, holding out a hand that she eagerly grasped. "Let's go to the last room. I don't think that mattress has been tested yet."

"Hi, Paige Hughes here for OxiClean, the stain specialist. Mother Nature approved and safe on colored fabrics!" she said as Jason led her out to the hall.

After a moment, Paige stuck her head back into the door of Elin's room, clearing her throat.

Elin looked back up from the laptop, searching for hotels in Brugge and other cities in Belgium.

"Yes, honey?"

Paige raised her eyebrows expectantly. When Elin just looked at her, Paige rolled her eyes.

"Coming?"

"Would you be upset if I kept working on the travel plans? I know it's months out, but I'm just so excited about it."

Entering the room, already naked, Paige knelt on the bed by Elin and hugged her mother's head to her chest. "Don't work too much. Not like Vermont. Square eyes."

"From looking at the monitors all day," Elin smiled. "Yes, I know. Well, it's not true, but I get it. I promise," she added, then licked Paige's hard nipple just for good measure.

"Mmm...slippery nipple."

"I'm not buying you alcohol, Paige," Elin replied flatly.

With a scoff, Paige tumbled off the bed in an odd cartwheel, which was cute as hell since she was naked, and stuck her tongue out at Elin. "Okay, boomer," she said, then ran out of the room before the pillow could hit her.

"I'm not a boomer, dammit!"

"She's not coming?" Jason asked when Paige joined him.

"She's excited. Belgium. Hotels, houses, flights..." She slumped down onto the bed. "It's so exhausting."

"I don't blame her," he said, pulling her small foot close to begin kissing her toes. "Finally getting to visit the country of her birth after so long is pretty exciting. Are you looking forward to it?"

"Ja. Zuig nu aan de tepel, meester," she said and led his mouth to her nipple. "Mmmm..."

After he savored the taste of her skin, lightly nibbling on her nipples as his fingers found her slick entrance, he asked, "Is it a fun night, or a try-to-make-a-baby-night?"

"Any way the wind blows, master," she cooed, then pulled his mouth to her. "Mouth, ass, or pussy. Dealer's choice," she said, then grinned wolfishly, "Just cum in me, husband." She gasped as his fingers found the hot button deep in her vaginal canal. "Maybe twice."

"As you wish," he said before diving between her legs. She was already revved up from his fingers, and he knew it wouldn't be long before she orgasmed for him. Paige's physiology was different than most women in that she was more or less hyperorgasmic, but thankfully not to a debilitating degree. She tensed and spasmed two minutes later as she peaked for the first time, and Jason grinned happily as he continued slathering his tongue against her precious womanhood.

"Fuck...me," she said between heavy breaths, pulling him urgently on top of her. "Slow, husband," she added when she felt his tip as it began to stretch her opening around his girth. "Fuck me slow, master."

Making love to Paige was always more difficult than Elaina or Elin, at least when it came to self-control for Jason. She was small and slim, but muscular. All her sweet holes were smaller and much tighter than those of her mother or sister. One slip and he would shoot his wad long before he meant to, and that just wouldn't do if he wanted to keep his tiny wife satisfied. Taking it slow helped, but the sensuality of their movements, and the increased sensitivity of the slow friction ramped things up; it was a no-win scenario. Thankfully, Paige was aroused often and was happy to submit to his penetration as a means of practice, so to speak.

Her mouth fell open in a voiceless scream as another orgasm took her. He pushed in deep, remaining motionless as her tunnel squeezed his length with what felt like the grip of a professional bodybuilder. She inhaled deeply, the scarlet color of her skin receding as he continued the slow strokes deep inside of her.

Paige also became a bit more lucid when they made love. Her usual frenetic manner of speaking was more direct and straightforward, leaving out the usual guesswork that came with her normal conversation. They weren't discussing what they had done during the day, or anything, but she didn't leave him guessing if she wanted to swap positions, was getting sore, or just professing her unyielding love for him.

"Let me taste you," she said, her eyes shining with love for her husband. "Taste you and me," she grinned.

He slowly withdrew from her and rose to his knees, settling beside her head as she lay on the bed. His cock slid across her smiling lips a few times before her tongue flicked out and began licking the slick lubricant she'd left on him. She made small moaning noises as she licked him clean, then repositioned her head to suck one of his balls as her hand worked his shaft.

"Still want it slow, or more forceful?" he asked.

"Slow and steady," she replied, her eyes closed, before taking him into her mouth. It was one of the most sensual blowjobs he'd ever had, her pace matching his previous thrusting pace. He focused on her lips thinning as his shaft slid past them, and the bulge in her cheek when his tip pushed against it. Paige had never been able to take all of him this way, but it didn't matter. With the addition of her hand and her tongue doing flip flops around his tip and shaft each time he pushed in, she was a well-practiced lover when it came to oral.

"Will you cum in my mouth? I enjoy the taste, husband."

"Whatever you like," he replied, his body beginning to spasm as the beginning of his own orgasm began to build. "We never got around to giving you a facial. Would you like that now?"

"A little," she replied, taking a moment to gasp for air. "Then, down the hatch."

One hand massaged his balls as he penetrated her little mouth, each thrust inching him closer and closer to release. Her other hand rubbed her wet slit which brought another orgasm, albeit a smaller one. Paige thought it a matter of pride that she could have an orgasm of any size, keeping him as far inside her mouth as she could get him, without biting his dick off. It was sexy as hell, and the thrill of watching her moan in ecstasy around his shaft as her body convulsed was intoxicating to Jason as well.

"Here it comes," he said softly, pulling out. She watched intently as he stroked himself to completion, a lust-filled smile on her face. When the first thick rope launched through the air, splashing across her smiling mouth and into one nostril, Paige never flinched. One more spurt of his seed streaked across the bridge of her nose and forehead before she opened wide and engulfed him.

She giggled as his cock pulsed repeatedly in her mouth, and she relished his taste while the last three ropes of his essence slid straight down her throat. Her hand gripped his shaft tightly, stroking him as she savored the taste.

"Are you a greedy wifey tonight?" he grinned.

"Mmm hmm," she nodded, then slid off his tip. "Pussy time," she said, her legs spreading for him once again and he returned to his former position.

One of the benefits of having sex on the regular with not one, but three incredibly beautiful women was that Jason had an insane recovery time now. As long as he was excited, such as in this situation, he would remain hard and, after some work, would blow another load, albeit a much smaller one. He'd never known that men could have multiple orgasms and, after researching it online found that it was rare. He counted himself lucky to be included in those few who could pull it off.

"You make me feel so amazing, Jason," she whispered. "So...full," she added, then pulled his lips to hers.

Paige was a messy little minx, having no concern about bodily fluids anywhere on her body. Nor did she care to clean herself or anyone else off before kissing, licking, sucking, or fucking. Squirt from her wives, sweat, frothy vaginal lubrication, or thick loads of Jason's cum meant nothing to her. In that regard, she was just like him as evidenced by him not hesitating at all when her cum-soaked mouth pressed sensually against his.

Tasting his own ejaculate had never been something he'd considered before he had fucked his mother for the first time. Once she had gotten hers and he'd filled her warm pussy, he wanted nothing more than to go down on her to lick another orgasm out of her. The fact that he'd unloaded deep inside her made no difference to him. That habit carried over to his lovemaking with Elaina and Paige as well, something Paige regularly took advantage of, more so than her two wives.

"You always amaze me," Paige whispered as he licked his seed from her face, then slowly let it dribble into her mouth. "Men aren't generally geared for taking their cum into their mouths," she said before swallowing his load.

"I've told you," he said, his thrusts once again slow and incredibly sensitive, "I will do anything to make my wives happy. I'm happy to do it if it excites you or makes you smile."

"It does all of those things," she cooed, then orgasmed hard. She let out a loud roar that sounded like it may have hurt her throat, and spittle flew from her mouth at the intensity. "Fuck!" she added after she was able to take a breath.

He continued gently kissing and licking her mouth, chin, and face as her hands slid up and down his back. "I am very close, Paige," he said, licking her ear.

"Yes," she hissed, drawing out the word as, moments later, she felt his release inside of her. One more orgasm took hold, causing her toes to curl tightly and her eye to twitch. "Thank you, my love." She pulled his face to her chest as it heaved under him. "Thank you for treating me like a normal woman."

"Why would I not?" he asked, not moving his head, enjoying the feel of her chest against his cheek.

"You know why," she replied quietly.

His head rose and he rotated them on the bed, allowing her to straddle him now. He wanted her attention, and, in this position, she was a mostly captive audience. "I may not remember all of it, but I have loved you since you were born. And now, that love has increased infinitely. You are a normal woman, Paige. You're my woman."

She closed her eyes at his words. "The way I--"

"Stop," he said softly. "There's nothing wrong with the way you talk, the way you act, or anything else. It's unique, but it's no different to me than if you only spoke French, or sign language. Paige," he said, cupping her face, "you are scary smart, intuitive, athletic as hell, and make everyone around you happy." He made a face, then said, "Okay, maybe you *are* the weird once because most everyone else I know, outside of my wives, are assholes."

She fought against the smile that began to spread on her face, twisting her lips, but lost the battle.

"I'm happy that you are more articulate when we make love only because you can tell me exactly what you want. I only want you to feel good." Pulling her to his chest, he gently slid his hand up and down her spine. "But the Paige I know now is the one I adore and call wife and lover. The one I want to be the mother of my child, to teach our child, and to grow old with." He kissed the top of her head.

When she lifted her head, he saw that she had shed a few tears. He had never thought it possible that she could even make tears as happy as she always was, but it seemed that she found 'Other Paige' difficult, despite how much everyone loved that version of her.

She closed her eyes, wincing slightly again. "Beginning to hurt. Talking quickly," she said. "Only like this, tell you how much you mean...to me. My..." she paused, burying her face into his chest.

"No more," he said. "No more, baby girl. I adore you and will live my life to give you happiness. As long as you know that, and I know that you love me, that's enough. You never have to say more."

"Adore...husband," she whispered.

They lay in the bed for half an hour like that; Paige upon his chest, straddling his waist, and his arms wrapped around her with a contented smile on his face.

* * * *

In the week that followed, Paige started going off on her own to run through the neighborhood. The renovated section of the garage had free weights, an elliptical machine, treadmill, and a professional-grade workout machine that suited the needs of everyone in the house. As part of her own regimen, besides simply swimming, the weights and workout machine were important, but so was running. It helped to strengthen her cardiovascular system, worked on her core, and was another good workout for her legs. Also, Paige loved being out in the sun, and having decided that their gated neighborhood was of sufficient size, she decided a few laps around their private roads would suit her needs well. She went online and purchased running shoes, shorts, and tank tops for her daily adventures and would leave for an hour, or so.

As overprotective as Jason was regarding his wives, he asked them to put a GPS tracker app in their phones, including his own, that they would all have access to. Paige was an insanely beautiful young woman and appeared to be an easy target due to her size. Each of the wives believed it was a good idea and a better alternative to carrying weapons or anything more aggressive. He'd been surprised at Paige's strength when he, Elaina, and Paige would practice some self-defense tactics for the youngest wife, and with her insanely analytical mind, he was impressed at how easily she had picked up on the mechanics of those moves.

After the first week, Elaina occasionally joined her. Doing so actually helped Paige since she met several people in the neighborhood, albeit briefly as she ran past, and having Elaina along provided the opportunity to make genuine conversation. One such trip resulted in both meeting several mothers who were happy to make the acquaintance of other women in the area, and Elaina speaking with them, due to Paige's reluctance to speak up, helped assuage their fears that Paige had mental deficiencies. Instead, they just assumed she was incredibly shy and from that point on, treated Paige just like anyone else, as if she were the shining star she truly was.

Elaina and Paige had been invited to a fourth birthday party for one of the children, a young girl, but Elaina had to bow out due to a dental appointment. Paige still went, however, bringing a gift that the little girl absolutely loved, hugging Paige once the gift was open. It was also a pool party, which was enough of a reason for Paige to attend. The only thing she didn't enjoy about the party, though, was that none of the children, all aged five or younger, had any idea how to swim. Most of them were scared to go anywhere near the water, having had failed attempts at instruction by their parents.

The children absolutely adored Paige. They followed her around like she was their new messiah, and she found that she loved it. So, when she eased into the pool and the children slowly went with her, listening to her brief but easy instructions on how to float, the parents were astonished, and they saw an opportunity.

That was why Paige showed up at home one day, ringing the doorbell, with four young kids in tow already dressed in swimming attire and carrying pool towels.

"Paige?" Elin said, surprised that she hadn't just come in. "The door was unlocked, honey."

"Surprise!" she said, then narrowed her eyes. "Precious cargo. The coast is clear?"

Elin stared at her for a moment, not comprehending this particular line of conversation from her daughter. "Uh..."

Jason, hearing Paige at the door, whispered into Elin's ear. "She didn't want the kids to walk in on me balls deep in one of you in the living room, or pool."

"Oh. Oh!" Elin blushed, smiling. "Yes. Sorry, honey. The coast is clear."

Paige gave Elin a flat look.

"Follow the leader, swimmers," Paige announced as she walked into the living room, then pointed toward the large glass doors leading to the pool. "Wait patiently," she said.

Jason and Elin watched the parade of youngsters as they obeyed Paige, standing away from the pool until she arrived.

"So, what's happening?" Elin asked as she closed the door.

"Stupid parents. No swimmers. Total travesty. Pools everywhere!" she said, her arms waving wildly in agitation.

Jason hugged his little wife, kissing the side of her head. "I'm proud of you for training them, then. It could save their little lives one day."

"Correctamundo!" Paige said cheerfully, then lowered her voice like a grizzled Special Forces soldier in an action movie, rubbing her palms together. "Let's get to work."

For thirty minutes, Paige coached the children in the shallow end of the pool giving them the basics of pool safety. Elin and Jason purposely didn't hang around on the pool deck to watch, but from the living room, it struck Jason as odd listening to her stilted manner of speaking as she gave the children instructions which they seemed to understand perfectly. And not a one of them misbehaved the entire time, which was astonishing all on its own.

The string of kids waded into the house following behind Paige like ducklings after a momma duck as she guided them to the kitchen, providing each of them with a bottle of water. They took fifteen minutes to rest and sip their water before heading back out. This session only lasted another fifteen minutes, so an hour of training total, where all four of the children learned the most basic of survival moves in the water: floating on your back.

And that ended the first ever swimming instruction Paige provided for the neighborhood kids. They trailed out the front door behind her in a line as she escorted them home with a popsicle reward, each of them excited about what they had learned and how they were looking forward to their next time with her.

"Is this going to be a regular thing?" Elin asked Paige when she returned. "We don't mind it but knowing when it's going to happen would help us keep the coast clear, so to speak."

"Tuesday, Friday, eleven to noon. Great time for a swim."

"Are you doing this out of the kindness of your heart?" Jason asked.

"Forty smackers," she replied, pointing to the open palm of her hand, then added, "per hour."

After some quick math, Elin smiled. "Nice. Four kids, forty dollars an hour, two times a week, for \$240. That's a nice little side hustle, Paige."

Jason nodded, raising his hand like he was reading his way across a billboard. "The Hughes Swimming Institute," he said. "I can see it happening someday. Parents lining up to bring their kids in to learn safety and the fun of swimming from none other than the illustrious swim master, Paige Elizabeth Hughes."

"Esquire," Paige added.

"That's for attorneys, babe," Elin said.

Paige fell into Jason's lap. "Was I good?"

"Damn right, you were!" he replied. "Especially since a week ago they were scared of the water from what I hear. You not only got them in the pool but had them floating around like they'd been doing it all their lives. You really have a way with them, Paige."

She smiled and laid her head against his chest. "I love kids."

Elin and Jason shared a glance, smiling.

"Did you give any more thought to the homes I showed you?" Elin asked, changing the subject. "Or the location, in general?"

Elin had been doing quite a bit of research after learning it would be three months after they received their passports before they could go to Belgium. She'd gotten excited at the potential idea of moving them back there and had focused on looking at larger homes all around the area until something very important came to mind that changed everything: incest laws.

As much as the four loved each other, their physical love with each other was a felony in many parts of the world which could result in anywhere from one to twenty years in prison for those convicted of it. The same could be said about most of Europe, but after some research, they found that the act was not illegal in Belgium between consenting adults. The idea had originally presented a problem for their family lifestyle, though, as they worried if they were going to be forced to hide for the rest of their lives simply because they loved each other in that way.

Checking out the United States, Elin was surprised to find that the small state of Rhode Island did not deem it illegal. They also had some very beautiful areas in which to live and raise children.

She briefed her husband on the conundrum and, as always, Jason didn't care where they moved if that was what they decided, and he was with the women he loved. So, she continued searching in Belgium, but also began looking into homes in Rhode Island which gave them plenty of options. Beach properties, islands, large homes with plenty of land, big towns, small towns, and more. And from what she'd found online, Rhode Island was beautiful, and it contained several airports offering jet services allowing them to hop aboard, cross the ocean, and visit Belgium whenever they wanted.

"I think Rhode Island would be okay, too, as long as we're prepared for winters or hurricanes," he said, then winced. "I know nothing about snow removal, sadly, so I'll have to rely on you three to show me what to do."

"Paige?" Elin saw a small grimace on her youngest child's face as they discussed moving. "What's wrong, honey?"

She grumbled but didn't say anything.

"If you have something to say, I'd like to hear it," Jason suggested with a supportive nod. "Even if you don't think we'll want to hear it. Your opinion is very important to me, to us."

Letting out a sigh, her small hand came to rest on his cheek. "Home is good, but not for husband. New home. New beginnings. Old country. Ik hoor bij u en zal u overal volgen, meester. Maar het thuisland van mijn moeder is waar we thuishoren."

"Uh..." Jason replied, unable to follow along since his Dutch mastery was in its infancy.

"She said that she will follow you anywhere, and that my home country is where we belong." Elin pulled Paige off Jason's lap and hugged her tightly, kisses planted along the side of her head. "Is that truly what you'd like, honey?"

"Master chooses." Paige snuggled closer into Elin's embrace. "His property goes where he goes."

Pointedly ignoring her comment about them being his property, Jason considered Paige's input. Could they just up and move to Belgium? Of course, they could afford it, and with Elin being a citizen, it opened up options for Jason, Elaina, and Paige to have a much easier time gaining citizenship themselves. But what about their lives in California?

Elin and Jason had nothing going on by way of work or school, so a move like this was a simple matter. Well, as far as packing and moving to a new country could be. Paige had just started

teaching the neighborhood children to swim. It certainly wouldn't take years for her to finish that task and would probably have the kids well on their way to being fully fledged swimmers before the move took place. Elaina, on the other hand, was really establishing herself as a photographer here.

"I...will consider it," Jason said, leaning against the two as they snuggled. "But I think I'll need to talk to Elaina first."

Elin hummed, and Jason noticed a small frown appear.

He put a hand on her leg. "It'll be good either way, honey." He looked at Paige. "Any word from the, uh," he whirled a hand around his head, "the sage?"

She pursed her lips, shaking her head. "Paige Kitty decision. Not Other Paige."

"Okay, babe," he nodded.

"Are we sad now?" Paige asked.

"No, not really," Jason said, furrowing his brows.

"I'm not sad," Elin added. "I feel a little up in the air, though, not knowing what our husband wishes to do. But I am yours, my love," she said as she lifted Jason's hand to kiss it, "and I will go wherever you tell me to go. And it will be wonderful because you and my wives will be there."

"Good," Paige nodded. "Good. Three way?" she abruptly asked.

"Yes, please!" Elin said, almost shoving Paige onto the floor in her hurry to stand.

Jason watched Paige easily maneuver into a very sloppy cartwheel, standing up with arms raised proudly. She immediately pulled off her clothes.

"See anything you like, master?" she asked seductively, running her hands across her breasts as Jason stood.

"I really do," he said. "And I--"

"Must impale tiny pussy," she said with a giggle, grabbing his hand and dragging him to the bedroom.

Elin had wasted no time and was already working her vibrator between her legs. With her back propped against the headboard, her legs were drawn up putting her body on display for her lovers.

"I couldn't wait to get started," she said with a small hitch in her voice as her body spasmed lightly. She then tossed the toy away and held out her arms. "I need one of you inside of me right now."

Without waiting, Paige launched herself onto the bed, her mouth coming to rest an inch from her mother's entrance. "My precious," Paige hissed before engulfing the soft mound in front of her.

"I never get tired of seeing this," Jason smirked as he removed his own clothes. Paige's small, and incredibly sexy backside was presented to him. His erection was in full force as he knelt behind her on the bed and slid a finger easily into her wet slit. "Damn, Paige," he whispered. "Sopping wet, already?"

Elin chuckled when Paige muttered something unintelligible, her small mouth never leaving her mother's cunt. "Take your young wife, husband," Elin prompted, her hands sliding up and down Paige's back as wet lapping sounds filled the room. "And then, it's my turn."

"As you wish, Mrs. Hughes," he grinned.

Paige's breath shuddered as Jason slid slowly into her, the slick opening gripping his length as he steadily pushed deep, bottoming out inside of her. She began gyrating her hips, small moans escaping her lips that vibrated Elin's skin, enhancing her own pleasure.

His strokes were slow and sensual, pulling nearly all the way out, his tip still snugly nestled between her folds, before burrowing back to her core. Just three minutes later, Paige's entire body tensed, her eyes fluttering through her first orgasm.

"Give...me," she panted, "...a baby, master."

A low growl emanated from Jason's chest at her words, triggering a primal response to mate with the women he loved. His thrusts quickened as he spread her cheeks apart, watching her tiny pucker with desire as he speared into her.

"P-pussy first," she stammered as another orgasm quickly built up within her, "sphincter later."

One of Elin's hands gripped a pillow as her other hand pushed Paige's face into her sex as she cried out, her own orgasm causing her chest and neck to flush red with excitement. Paige responded to both lovers' stimuli, peaking with a strangled gasp.

Jason, now railing into Paige, grunted as he held back the overwhelming sensation building up within him. His brain told him not to restrain himself, to pound her with abandon and fill her quickly. But his heart screamed at him to give her as much pleasure as possible, to make it last.

"Ohhhhhh FUCK, PAIGE!" Elin screamed. Paige's fingers were furiously stroking Elin's g-spot while her tongue lapped non-stop at her engorged clit, bringing her mother to a massive orgasm that sent her body twisting against the headboard.

"I can't hold back!" Jason growled.

"Mmmmm, yes, master!" Paige moaned. "It is--oh, fuck! It is time!"

His eye twitched as his hips thrust forcefully into his sister's well-fucked hole, and the grip he had on her small hips yanked her backward into him. He grunted as his release came, the pulsating sensation of his thickness sending Paige into one more peak of ecstasy.

Her body quivered as she whimpered against her mother's skin, Elin watching with joy at the sigh of pure bliss in front of her.

"This is so sexy and beautiful at the same time," she said with a warm smile. "I hope this is the one, husband. My incredible little girl wants your baby so bad. Give it to her, master."

Her words stoked a fire within him, and he felt more of his essence filling Paige's womb just as he thought he was depleted.

"There is so much," Paige cooed, looking over her shoulder at him. "It warms my insides, lover."

His fingertips grazed lightly up against her back and her small, fit bottom as his breathing settled. But it was the blissful smile on Paige's face that soothed him.

"I love you, Paige," he said through deep breaths, watching as Elin pulled her daughter's face up to her own, kissing her with ferocity.

"Your turn, sexy momma," Paige whispered. As Jason's length slid out of her, she hooked her arms around Elin's legs, sliding her down onto the bed. "Say 'ahh,'"

Without answering Elin's questioning look, Paige spun to face Jason and backed herself up to Elin's mouth, letting Jason's thick deposit leak down onto her mother's lips. Elin responded with giggles, then urgent "Mmm..." sounds as she greedily licked and sucked.

Jason had already entered Elin, the mix of Elin's juices and Paige's saliva creating a well-lubricated tunnel with easy access. "That's it! Yes, master, that's--GRRK!!" she gurgled as the sensations of his thick cock overwhelmed her, pushing her easily over the edge.

"Gimme," Paige said, pulling Jason's face to hers as she gyrated her leaking lips on her mother's face. Her tongue plunged into Jason's mouth as he worked himself in and out of Elin's quivering tunnel. "You know what I want, master."

As they kissed, he grinned and let his saliva flow freely into Paige's mouth; she gleefully accepted it, sucking on his tongue for as much as she could get. That is, until Elin's continued licking sent Paige into shaking fits astride her mother's face. She leaned back, her arms fitfully grabbing at the headboard, as her entire body shook from the sensation.

Elin pulled Paige down onto her, the assault on her youngest's erect clit not stopping.

"Fuuuuck, Momma!!" Paige wailed. A flood of her juices sprayed across Elin's face, chest, and stomach from the overpowered orgasm tearing through her small body.

Jason watched in amazement as Paige's eyes rolled backward and her chest heaved. His youngest wife moaned and whimpered once it passed, breaths leaving her like the bellows of a kiln.

"That's...that's all, folks," she managed to say as she climbed off Elin and flopped face first onto the bed beside her lovers. "Back after these messages."

Not wanting to miss a beat, Jason yanked Elin's sloppy face up to his, their lips meeting with lust-filled fury as he began pounding into her with renewed purpose.

"Yes! Yes! Oh, fuck, Jason! Fuck! FUCK!" Elin cried. Her vaginal muscles quivered around his girth, and she moaned like a wounded animal as his hips continued their onslaught.

Then, as Elin fell back to the bed, she felt her lover's strong hand clutching at her throat, squeezing tighter and tighter. In that moment, she had never felt more joy. Her son, her husband, her master, was spearing her guts with his long, thick manhood while he slowly sapped the very thing from her that she needed to live--and it thrilled her. The sensation was divine, causing a tingling throughout her entire body as her lifeline was slowly being cut off from her. That, mixed with the mind-blowing sensation in her loins, and the unmitigated trust she had for her master, sent her mind reeling with euphoria.

He released her throat and took hold of her hips as he gave one last powerful thrust deep into her womanhood. The explosion of cum poured from him like a river, and he roared through clenched

teeth at the sensation.

Elin opened her eyes to watch the man she loved. His own eyes were closed, his muscular chest and abs were flexed, and within the deepest part of her, she could feel his wild throbbing as he poured himself over and over into her. She belonged to him, and she knew she had his heart. It wasn't even strange to her anymore that Jason Hughes, the son she lost, only returned to her for the briefest of moments. It was, however, comforting that Jason Hughes, her husband and master, was in her life forever more.

"I'll never get tired of how you make me feel, Elin," he said as he lowered his mouth to hers. "You, Paige, Elaina...all of you are the most incredible, amazing lovers on this planet." He looked deep into her eyes. "And you're all mine."

Elin nodded, her hand running down his cheek. "I belong to you, husband, and you alone."

From beside them, they heard Paige let out a very high-pitched, proper sounding throat-clearing to grab their attention.

Elin grinned. "Yes, sexy little clone. We have each other when we want, but only because our master allows it."

Paige, satisfied with the clarification, nodded and sat up.

"You've been calling me that more and more, lately," Jason said, still not comfortable with the title. Paige doing it--well, it was Paige, so it's not like it was going to stop. Elin and Elaina said it sparingly, or when they wanted to make a point. But he'd noticed Elin picking it up more and more often.

"Because you are my master," Elin replied with a small shrug of her shoulders. "I think my youngest wife is rubbing off on me."

"Shoo," Paige said, flicking her hand at Jason. When he didn't move, she widened her eyes at him. "Shoo!" When he finally did as she asked, she blew him a quick kiss before diving back down between Elin's legs. "Mustn't be wasted, the master's seed."

"Ohhhh...wow, honey," Elin moaned, her entire body relaxing through Paige's gentle licks.

"I'm home!" they heard Elaina call from the living room. "Let me guess--everyone's fucking in the bedroom?"

"Talk...to...her," Paige said between long licks.

"And then you should make her feel like you just made us--" Elin stopped, her entire body freezing from Paige's non-stop tongue-lovemaking.

Jason chuckled, waiting for the breath Elin was holding to escape. Moments later, it came out like a mini-hurricane, and her eyes closed sleepily.

"Don't wear her out, Paige," he teased, lightly slapping the tiny bottom in front of him.

"No promises."

* * * * *

Elaina was overjoyed at the possibility of moving to Belgium. After all of Elin's stories about her homeland, Elaina's dream had always been to move there, or at least be able to visit regularly. She would have been fine with moving to Rhode Island as well, but given the choice, it was a 'go big or go home' type of moment, with Belgium being the obvious choice.

After a long, slow lovemaking session with Elaina on one of the couches in the living room, Elin prepared dinner and made a call that would mark the beginning of a big change in their lives.

"Demura Megumi," their attorney's voice said over Elin's speakerphone.

"Demura, it's Elin Hughes. I hope I haven't caught you at a bad time?" Elin said as she pulled the large pasta shells out of the water, adding them to the white cheese sauce that was simmering.

"Not at all. What can I do for you?"

After an excited breath, Elin smiled at the phone. "We want to move to Belgium. Permanently."

There was a moment of silence as they heard what must have been Demura digging for a pad of paper. "Okay. With your citizenship there, that shouldn't be much of a problem. I don't know how long the process takes for citizenship of Jason, Paige, or Elaina, but I'll contact my friend at the State Department for an estimate." She paused before adding, "Belgium is beautiful. And it will fit your lifestyle much better than California."

Elin blinked at the phone, and everyone else stopped to stare. "Our lifestyle?" Elin asked.

"Don't panic," Demura said, her grin coming through with her tone. "It's not as big of a deal as it's made out to be, as long as no one makes it that way. I, for one, don't care as long as the four of you are happy. And once I figured it out, I checked the laws in Belgium to be certain. I considered suggesting it, but you beat me to it."

"How long have you known?" Elin asked weakly.

"A few weeks, but like I said, I don't care as long as the four of you are happy and it's consensual. And from the love I've seen in that house, it is." Another pause. "Listen, Elin, you have me on speaker so I'm sure everyone's listening with their hearts in their throats."

"Nope!" Paige chimed in.

Demura chuckled. "Well, almost everyone. But, seriously, you guys, to me this is like jaywalking. Many of our, shall I say 'income privileged' clients literally think they can get away with murder. If the worst thing you all have going on is love," she scoffed over the phone, "then you have nothing to worry about. Not from me and not from my office. So, nothing has to change between us. I'm already awkward around people, and I don't want this revelation to become another awkward thing in my life. But, you know, be cool in public, okay?"

Jason shrugged and nodded, as did Elaina. Paige was just waiting patiently to be fed.

"Okay," Elin finally said. "Um, thank you, Demura."

"It's not a problem. I'll get to work on the move and citizenship process. Expect to hear at least an update from me tomorrow. Was there anything else?"

"No. That was it," Elin replied, still reeling from the conversation.

"Have a good rest of your evening, then."

The line disconnected and Elin just stared at the phone on the counter, her eyes not leaving it until Jason's hand fell atop hers.

"We're okay, honey," he said.

Elin nodded silently. "I just...I just get worried about losing you again. Any of you."

After having Jason return to her life, Elin had gained a fear of losing any of her children now. Whether it be from estrangement, legal action, or even death, it didn't matter. It was a normal fear that any parent would have, but now it was so much more. In her mind, Elin was no longer the mother to Elaina, Jason, or Paige. Their connection was much, much deeper than that. And now that she had found her bliss after decades of loss and separation, the thought of losing any of her lovers was just shy of panic inducing.

Paige, however, came in to save the day. She gently pulled Elin back to the stove, getting her to focus on dinner. Cooking had always soothed Elin, giving her something to concentrate on other than whatever was bothering her.

"Demura is good," Paige said as she hugged Elin from behind. "We are good. It *will* be fine, Momma."

Elin let out a relieved breath and stood motionless as Paige pressed her face against Elin's back.

"Thank you, love. I don't think you know just how relieved it makes me to hear you say that."

"I know everything," Paige replied.

Elin chuckled, the tension in her body quickly evaporating into nothingness.

"I have a photoshoot tomorrow," Elaina said to change the subject. "Caitlyn Byers from the down the street. Her husband is deployed with the Navy, and she thought it would be nice to send him professional family photos."

"That's very thoughtful of her," Elin said, trying to turn but finding herself rooted to the spot with Paige's arms firmly around her. "Paige, honey, I'm okay now. Thank you." She spun in Paige's arms and kissed her cheek. "Get the tuna for me, please?"

"Ooooooh! Tuna mac!" Paige said as she bolted across the kitchen to the cabinet, pulling out three cans of tuna.

Elin just shook her head as she stirred the mixture of noodles and cheese sauce. "I don't know why you girls like this so much," she said. "It's not a very fancy dinner."

"You used to make it for us all the time!" Elaina said from her seat at the table beside Jason. Leaning against him, she added, "Paige and I have many good memories of sitting around the table or slumming it on the couch eating bowls of this stuff."

"I love mac and cheese, and I love tuna," he said, turning to kiss Elaina's forehead.

"Mmm, I love those little kisses," she beamed.

"Where are you taking the pictures?" Elin asked.

"I found a great spot on the beach. We'll let the kids run around in the water, play in the sand, and then I thought I'd get some slightly sultry images of Caitlyn in her swimsuit." Elaina grinned at her idea. "She has a sleek kimono-style wrap she can wear with her two-piece. I thought her husband would enjoy some images like that."

"Mmm," Paige nodded sagely. "So he can rub the nub. Tickle the pickle. Charm the snake. The ol' five knuckle shuff--"

Elin cleared her throat loudly, cutting off Paige's clear recitation of masturbation terms. "I think we get it, love," she said as her youngest scooped the tuna into the mixture.

Jason snickered and shook his head. "Do you just have a list, or something?"

Paige turned to smirk and wink at him.

"We should go out tomorrow, then," Jason said once he wrapped an arm around Elaina, pulling her in close. "A celebration for your work."

"I've had photoshoots before," Elaina said.

He shrugged. "Fine. Bologna sandwiches will--"

"Yes!" Elaina blurted out. "A celebration of my work would be amazing! Thank you, my dear husband!"

"Schmuck," Paige mumbled.

"Hey!" Elaina said as she shot out of her chair and began chasing Paige around the kitchen. "C'mere, you lil' bitch!"

As though Elaina had said the magic words, Paige stopped, turned, and wrapped her arms around her pursuer. "Kiss a bitch," Paige said with a smirk.

"Every chance I get," Elaina cooed as she gently met Paige's lips with her own, one hand slipping down to the latter's tiny ass.

"Okay, okay," Elin called. She was scooping bowls full of food. "Eat first, then...well, I guess, eat again after."

Jason chuckled as both younger women groaned.