

# IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 09

**NoMoreMisterNiceSpy**

*Citizenship, fear of a name, and other paige.*

Novels and Novellas

4.72

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This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt. 8.

Recap - With the women in his life satisfied with their day-to-day, Jason finds himself wanting to be more active. Unable to assist his wives, or shooed away when he tries to help, he gets back into MMA but finds his three angels also want to train. Two months later, Jason takes the family to a posh steakhouse as celebration of good news--Elin's citizenship in Belgium helped to fast-track Jason, Elaina, and Paige's application for citizenship. They are allowed to come right away, and he shares the exciting news during what turns out to be a weird dining experience. Elin wakes up early to find Paige lurking in the bathroom, pushing for Elin to take a pregnancy test. Elin breaks down in tears to find that not only is she pregnant, but Paige is as well. With this new shift in the family, Paige begins to call Elin by her name, instead of Momma, now that another little life should have that honor. They plan their trip to Belgium, first to receive their citizenship papers, then for house hunting.

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

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Jason sighed as he walked up to join Elin who stood at the door of their suite. She was apologizing to a hotel staffer. For the second time.

He was doing his best to keep up with the conversation taking place in Dutch, but he knew he was missing things here and there. Elin, however, was apparently stripping the woman a new asshole.

It all started during Paige's very enthusiastic lovemaking session. He wasn't sure what had changed with her, but she was even more vocal (see: LOUD) than usual. She had been voracious in what she wanted, which wound up being a request for the hardest, sloppiest, most forceful ass-fucking that her master could give her. After Jason had emptied his balls in her backside, she wasn't remotely finished. She quickly followed by deep throating him until blood filled his manhood once more just so he could give her the hardest, sloppiest, most forceful vaginal creampie.

She shrieked. She laughed. She moaned like a wounded wildebeest. It was, in a word, ridiculous. But Paige was in heaven.

The first time their room had been visited, Jason was being impaled hard into his tiny lover's sweet little pussy as she rode him, both completely lost in the moment as Elin reluctantly answered the door. Admittedly, it had been awkward for her to try and explain to the woman that her husband was railing one of their other wives and he didn't want to be disturbed. This, of course, led to the staffer demanding to speak to the "Young Miss" to ensure she wasn't being abused, lest they call the police.

Having heard this demand, Paige stopped slamming her hips down atop Jason's pelvis and let out an aggravated growl. Schooling her face with a forced smile for her master, however, she said, "Un

momento, por favor."

Without bothering to cover her sweat-soaked, cum-stained, flushed-skinned self, she marched indignantly to the front door and lit into the woman in perfect Dutch, shutting her down in a heartbeat. Jason's eyes went wide at the vulgarity, some of which he didn't understand, as Paige went into great detail about *why* she was making so much noise.

"You'd moan like a whore, too, if my husband's cock could even remain erect after looking at y--"

"Paige!" Elin snapped, quickly putting a hand over her young wife's mouth. She giggled nervously, turned Paige around to give her a death glare, and watched as her tiny clone padded off through the suite, flipping the bird at the door.

"What the fuck...?" Elaina whispered as she watched it all unfold.

"I'm back!" Paige sing-songed as she knelt in front of Jason, taking him deep into her throat for one, two, three sensual sucks, leaving a mouthful of saliva on his shaft, before gently pushing him onto his back again to mount him once more. "Giddy up!" she said loudly, obviously for the staffer's benefit.

Twenty minutes later, Jason had worn out his little firecracker, and she was left twitching happily on the bed, dazed like a druggie having just hit their favorite narcotic of choice. Unrealistically, his energy reserves were still mostly topped off, noticed by Elaina, who was (im)patiently waiting for her ride on the Jason train.

Having heard Paige's stentorian cries of rapture, she and Elin paused their own enjoyment to see what, exactly, was happening in the other room. And seeing her wife's plunge into hedonism with her husband fueled her own desire to have him to herself. Making love to Elin or Paige was an otherworldly experience but having her husband's attention was truly rapturous.

Once she'd given him time to suck down some water and have a breather, she took his hand and placed it on one of her full breasts with a pleading look in her eyes.

"Would you like to have me now?" she asked softly. "I would *really* enjoy some time with you."

He looked at her adoringly, remembering a time when just seeing him would nearly make her turn feral. But now, this woman was the mother of his child and one of three people in the world that he loved without fail.

"I'm always happy to spend time with you, El," he said as his second hand came up to caress her other breast. "Do you want something slow and sensual, maybe in the tub?"

While the hotel was old school in its decoration choices within the living and sleeping spaces, the bathrooms were spacious and very modern, including the large garden tub.

Her hand began to slide very gently up and down his quickly growing member. "I'd like to have some of what Paige was having, if you're up to it?"

He eyed her worriedly. "El, are you sure that you're up to it? I don't want to--"

"Yes, please!" she begged. "I want to walk funny tomorrow. I want to scream so much that I'm hoarse tomorrow. Please?"

And he did, so much so that the staffer returned for the second time, bringing things back to the current situation.

"...and you told us that we were the only people on this floor!" Elin argued. "Who, exactly, is complaining? Correct me if I'm wrong, but when we checked in, you had the poor manners to mention how expensive this suite was, which was an underhanded way of commenting on our financial situation, and then mentioned that no one else had been able to afford the only other grand suite here." Elin crossed her arms, her brows knit in frustration as she glared at the hotel staffer. "Your customer service skills are lacking, I do believe."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Hughes, but when we receive a complaint, we have to investigate."

"And you still haven't told me who was complaining!" Elin shot back. "Are your floors so weak and thin that those supposedly 'poorer people'," she said using air quotes, "below us could hear what my husband was doing with one of his wives?"

The poor woman, who looked to be in her late twenties, shuffled slightly at the mention of Jason having more than one wife, and the fact that he was doing his husbandly duties with them.

She let out a soft sigh. "Someone came in from outside, Mrs. Hughes. This time, it was they who were about to call the police. I--I stopped them, assuring them that I would take care of it, but," she sighed once more, putting a hand to her head briefly, "if it happens again, I won't be able to stop them."

Elin glared at the woman for several more moments before her features softened. "Fine. We'll close the windows and draw the drapes. But I've just returned to my home country after twenty-eight years, and I will *not* be left out of the celebration." She paused before adding, "But I will promise to at least try. Will that suffice?"

The woman nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Hughes. Thank you. And, um, welcome back."

Once the door was closed, Paige appeared. "Virgins. Ugh," she muttered, then wandered off.

"Husband?" Elin said, turning to wrap her arms around his neck. It wasn't lost on her that the robe she wore would fall open, showing off her incredible body to him when she did. "Will you allow me to find a rental home in the city for our stay? I can't abide these intrusions. Your ladies enjoy being themselves with you, and being interrupted like this is just deplorable." She tsked. "To think my countrymen threatening to call the police because a man knows how to make his wives feel euphoria. What has this city come to?"

She was truly outraged, her eyes glancing with fury out the open windows of the suite. Jason had no doubt that if she knew who had complained, Elin would have given them a piece of her mind. But he was having trouble thinking at the moment. The sight of Elin's delicious body peeking seductively out of her robe was making his throat dry.

Elin grinned. "We have time, my master," she whispered, kissing his cheek gently. "I'd like you rested up before you give me my own welcome home gift." She let out a small giggle as her hand fell to her stomach. "Although, you have given me one incredible gift already."

"And I am very happy about that." His eyes followed her hand down, and he sighed happily. "I'll take a quick shower, eat something, then we can do whatever you wish."

She pulled his mouth gently to hers, planting a soft, grinning kiss on his lips. "We will do whatever *you* wish, master. That's how it works in our home."

"As you wish," he replied, smirking.

"Ha! *The Princess Bride!*" Paige called from her spot on the balcony, looking out at the canal.

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Due to the time difference, everyone wound up napping, waking up to eat a late dinner, then trying to sleep again so they'd be fresh and presentable for their citizenship meeting. To Jason, Elaina, and Paige, it was a great honor to have been accepted so readily by the Belgian government, based primarily on Elin's long-held citizenship. So, when it was time to go, everyone had dressed for the occasion, even Paige who normally held firm to her comfort with only a light splash of dressing up.

Jason wore a black blazer, black vest, and dress pants with a button-up white shirt, minus a tie, keeping the top two buttons open for style. Paige was gorgeous with her platinum blonde pixie cut hair, and black chiffon cocktail dress with pleats. She liked to spin to make the skirt portion float up as she grinned, not used to wearing such clothing. Elin wore a black, twisted front sleeveless midi dress with white cherry blossoms printed on it, accentuating it with a simple, gold necklace in the paperclip chain style.

That left Elaina. She was upset, curling her lip as she looked into the floor-length mirror at her own attire.

"I'm the only one not in black," she groaned. "I wish I'd checked with you all first."

"El, honey," Elin said, hugging her from behind and planting a soft kiss on her neck, "you look absolutely fabulous."

"Burgundy," Paige nodded. "Good juxtaposition."

Elaina's dark maroon, sleeveless dress was ankle length with a slit up to her mid-thigh. It was simple, yet elegant.

"Paige is right, honey," Jason said as he smiled lovingly at her. "You look like a goddess, and the splash of color will make you stand out like the beauty you are."

Elaina's looked on the verge of tears as she turned to him. "Really?" she asked. "You still think I look good?"

Her question took him by surprise. "Elaina, how could I not? You are a natural beauty, and if you mean how your body has changed, then let me dispel any concerns you have right now. You look like this because of me. Because of us. Because our beautiful little girl is growing up, nice and healthy, inside of you." Elin stepped back so Jason could embrace Elaina. "You being pregnant only makes me want you more. To me, you are even more beautiful knowing that we," he said, gently stroking her belly, "did this."

Elaina quickly wiped her eyes before the tears could stain her made-up face, but she gently leaned her forehead against his. "You are too good to me, Jason," she whispered. "To all of us."

"Only because I treasure you, Paige, and Elin like a dragon treasures its gold," he said. "You mean the world to me, El. Don't ever forget that."

Paige slowly walked up to them, taking one of Elaina's hands as she looked up at her. In as earnest a tone as she was capable of, with not a smirk to be found, she said, "You're sexy, you're cute, you're popular to boot. You're bitchin', great hair, our husband likes to stare." With that, she gave Elaina a single nod, patted her hand twice, then walked away.

Elaina just stared at Paige's back as she walked away. "Um...did you just kinda' quote that *Bring it On* cheer?" she asked as she began to chuckle.

Not turning around, Paige kept walking as she shrugged. "If it's stupid but it works, it's not stupid."

"She wasn't wrong," Elin said from behind Elaina. "Our husband certainly does like to stare at you, even more now that you're really beginning to show." A quick shiver of excitement raced through her, and she grinned. "My goodness, I think I just got excited about how much he'll be staring at me once my stomach swells."

"Alright, now," Jason said as he rolled his eyes. "You all act like I don't pay attention to you any other time."

Paige, who had taken a seat on the European style sofa, spread her legs and pulled up the hem of her dress, giving them all a view of her bald slit, having opted to go commando today. "Attention puts babies in bellies," she said, licking her lips seductively. "I love my master's attention."

Jason, Elin, and Elaina all stood stock still at the sight, each one either swallowing hard, licking their lips, or taking a hesitant step toward the platinum blonde fox. Each one wanted her.

"Oopsie!" Paige suddenly said cutely, adding a giggle for good measure, knowing damn well what she had done as she tossed down her hem and stood. "Citizens!" she added with two loud claps.

As if they had all been splashed with a bucket full of cold water, they snapped out of the fog that Paige's incredibly sexy little body put them in.

"That thing is just dangerous," Elin muttered, waving a hand at her face.

"Yep," Elaina added, drawing out the word.

Three and a half hours later, the rush of becoming citizens to a completely different country than they had grown up in, kind of...fizzled. Sure, it was exciting that they now had a foot in two countries as citizens of each, but the build-up of what they assumed would be some sort of ceremony wound up being a long period of listening to a recitation of Belgium's history, at least a CliffsNotes version, along with an explanation from three different government officials about their rights now that they were citizens, expectations, questions about their plans now, and whether or not they would be moving to Belgium. Of course, finding out that the entire family was already looking for a home along with the fact that the Hughes family had a hefty sum of money available to them, the officials began providing suggestions and information on contacts who could help them navigate the home-buying process for such esteemed, a.k.a. wealthy, citizens of their country. While it hadn't been the pomp and circumstance that they'd imagined, they did walk out of the municipal building with some very good leads, Belgian ID cards, and their new passports.

And the building itself was a sight to behold all on its own. It looked like an old castle keep from hundreds of years ago, because it had been, but it was very modern on the inside. After they'd received their official documentation, Elaina had asked for permission from one of the officials to just wander the building to learn more about it. Of course, her question only impressed the officials

even more since their impression of young Americans indicated that they would likely dismiss anything historical about Belgium. Elaina, however, spent most of the time taking pictures with her phone and kicking herself for not thinking to bring her camera equipment with her. Not counting the office spaces, both the interior and exterior of the building was an inspiration for her.

Once they stepped out of the building and onto the sidewalk, Jason let out a long, slow breath as his shoulders sagged.

"Husband?" Elin asked with concern. "What is it?"

"So...much...Dutch," he groaned in English. "God, my fucking head hurts now. I really need to practice more." He turned to her a bit ashamed of his lack of linguistic skills. "Can we just use English for the rest of the day--I mean, except if we absolutely need to? I need a break."

"Of course, my love!" she replied, now in English as well. "Anything you wish."

"Hungry Paige," the youngest wife glowered, and the remaining three quickly began scanning the area for some place to eat lest they face Hulk Smash Paige very soon.

Thankfully, they found something close, and to Paige's delight, it had an outdoor dining area overlooking one of the canals. It was called Sabor Latino, which indicated Hispanic cuisine, but the menu was much more eclectic. There were loaded nachos, street tacos, and chimichangas, but the menu also included a variety of pizzas, pastas, mussels and other seafood, stews, and more. Of course, Paige knew that the legal drinking age in Belgium was 18 and became very excited about trying her first alcoholic drink--well, something beyond the wine Jason and Elin had let her try when the two had first flown out to L.A. to find him. But, as a responsible soon-to-be mother, she just frowned and opted for a virgin Sex on the Beach, with Elin and Elaina following suit with their own drinks and Jason ordering a bottled water.

The sun was out in Brugge with a smattering of clouds in the sky. The temperature was in the low-80's, making their outdoor dining choice very comfortable. They sat around their table, which was butted against a rail that overlooked a canal, in sturdy wicker chairs with thick cushions that were very comfortable and matched the relaxed setting.

A plate of smoked salmon bruschetta was how they started, taking their time to enjoy the city as newfound citizens, despite Paige's growling stomach. Their main course consisted of fish stew for Elin, a favorite dish from her childhood, a pepperoni and chorizo personal pizza for Elaina, Flemish stew for Jason, and veal short ribs for Paige.

While they ate, Elin began searching for rental homes in the area, remembering their desire to vacate the very nice, but problematic hotel. She found three, all long-term BnB homes that were fully furnished and available. As she looked them over, she immediately dismissed one of the three for the one thing it was lacking: a pool. Handing over her phone to Jason, she waited while he looked them over.

"I don't have a problem with either of them," he said as he flipped back and forth between the browser tabs on the phone. "You three can choose."

The first home was in Varsenare, a small town 15 minutes west of Brugge. It was very modern with glass-top desks and tables, wood flooring, and a one-quarter acre back yard with a kidney shaped pool and hot tub. There was plenty of room for them with a large living room complete with stylish gas fireplace, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms. It wasn't what they would have chosen for their

own home, but it was a means to an end as temporary lodging until they found their own place to live.

Elaina's lips made a thin line as she creased her brow. "It's very white," she said, "just like our home was before we painted."

"Stupid pool," Paige said, her lip curled.

They switched to the other house, which was in the municipality of Zuienkerke, just north of Brugge. Jason could immediately see that they preferred this one to the last, likely due to the cozier look of it. The decorations made it look like a relatively normal American family home, which is to say 'cozy'. The cream-colored walls were broken up with accent walls, the furniture looked comfortable but familiar, and it was very large. The advertisement showed two living rooms, five bedrooms, four bathrooms, a half-acre of land with a wide lap pool, and even a partially enclosed outbuilding that contained a large flat screen television, ping pong table, couches, and more.

"This one," Paige said, pointing at the pool and dismissing every other part of the house.

Elaina turned to her husband. "I do like this one better, but I'm not fond of the price."

Elin nodded. "It is expensive, and we probably won't even use all the space. But," she said, taking the phone to flip back a few pictures, "two of the bedrooms come with king beds, which is a bonus." She looked at Jason again. "As always, it is your call."

"Book it," he said without hesitation. His wives liked it, and that was all that mattered. Normally, he'd shop around for something more reasonably priced, but one month's rent for this place was a small price to pay for their happiness while they made their future plans. "Once that's done, we can notify Amara and see if she'll pick us up."

"Right away," Elin replied, and called to begin the process.

As she worked, the group sipped on espressos or cappuccinos while enjoying their desserts. Elin went for simplicity with a Dame blanche, essentially a hot fudge sundae, an apple pie with coffee for Jason, and then Paige and Elaina eyeing nothing other than the chocolate mousse. They took their time as they enjoyed their surroundings, still excited about their new status. But as they enjoyed their sweet treats, the conversation turned to home buying.

They'd already found some homes to move to while Elin was searching back in L.A., but now that they were here, they could use one of the realtors in the area to tour the homes. To everyone's surprise, since she had been so adamant about where they would live, Elin had begun to bookmark homes that weren't in or around Brugge. It obviously provided them with more options, but Jason didn't truly care. Everything over here was foreign to him, so whether they lived in Brugge, the port city of Antwerp, Brussels in the heart of the country, or somewhere close to the German border, like Liège, if they were close to good schools, a hospital, and some sort of shopping relatively nearby, any place was fine by him.

Elin put down her phone, twisting her lips in a way she did when she was perturbed. "Husband, we can rent the home for the next month."

"You look upset, honey. Is there more?"

"The homeowner told me that they've had issues renting it because of the price--oh, by the way," she said, pausing to taste a scoop of her ice cream, "she said she'd take €300 off the rent if we did

the entire month. Anyway, because they weren't making anything with it, they began using it again, bouncing between it and their other home in Middelkerke."

Elaina nodded with a frown. "Let me guess, they're in the house right now?"

"They are," Elin confirmed. "She asked for three days to pack up, clean it, and then we could check in."

At that, the four just poked at their food, knowing what that would mean for them once they returned to Die Swaene. They were so used to just doing their thing while together, either alone or as a group, while at home in L.A. Short of hosting a heavy metal band in their backyard, they could do as they pleased when it came to being noisy. There was nothing they could do about this, though.

"We'll have to be good," Jason said simply. "I'm not putting a halt on anything, but nothing like last night until we're out of the hotel. Otherwise, they'll *put* us out of the hotel, and I don't want to spend our first few days in Belgium being evicted and creating a dark cloud around the Hughes name."

"Speaking of," Jason continued, "I've been giving it some thought for a while now. I'm just tossing this around, though, and I don't want anyone to make a snap decision without giving it some real thought."

He looked up from the last of his apple pie and saw three sets of eyes waiting patiently for him to continue.

"I hate our last name." He looked at each of them. "David is gone forever, we erased him from our home, but while we continue to be the Hughes family, he will continue to exist in our lives."

The women briefly looked at each other with uncertainty before Elin spoke up. "What do you suggest we do?"

He ate the last bite of his pie, drained his coffee, then spoke. "We're Belgian citizens now. We should have Belgian surnames. And I just happen to know of an amazing woman with one hell of a former last name," he paused before saying, "Van der Elst."

Elin's eye twitched briefly while Paige and Elaina turned to her with smiles on their faces.

"Jason," Elin whispered, her voice suddenly shaky, "you want me to go back to my maiden name?"

"Why not?" he asked. "Strictly speaking, of the two people who were my parents, only one of them ever actually gave a shit about their children and did their absolute best to be a loving parent," he said, speaking as if four of those five people weren't sitting at their table--they didn't exist anymore. "I can only attribute that to how she was raised, to a family that taught her the meaning of love, responsibility, and care for her family no matter the distance between them."

A single tear slowly slid down Elin's face, and both Elaina and Paige were caught up in the meaning of Jason's words. While none of them thought of Elin as their mother anymore, she had been the role model her daughters needed while growing up, and she had never stopped searching for Jason. And as soon as he made contact, she dropped everything to go to him.

"Stop," Elin said softly, wiping her eyes before more tears could fall. "Please, stop."



"Why?"

She took two calming breaths, cleared her throat to regain her composure, then spoke. "She no longer exists, husband. That woman is no more, and she will never return. I--" She hesitated, her voice wavering. "I am not her, and I will not--"

"Elin--" he began, his tone warm.

Elin's hand slammed down onto the table, rattling the silverware. Paige and Elaina flinched, but Jason was calm as he watched the woman who had once been his mother work through the conflict within her mind.

The tears returned on Elin's face as she leaned across the table. "I *will not* be that woman ever again, Jason," she said with conviction, ignoring the eyes in the courtyard now on them. "I will not." She sobbed softly, stood, and walked away.

The two remaining women looked worriedly at Jason, but they wouldn't move without his direction. "You have your phone, Paige?" he asked, looking across the table to see her nod silently. "Stay with her. I don't want her going alone."

Paige quickly stood, then hesitated beside Jason. Her mouth opened and both he and Elaina expected her to say that it was okay, but nothing came out. She walked hurriedly out the door.

"Jason?" Elaina said, the concern in her tone quite evident.

He waved over a server to pay their bill. While waiting for the server to return, he took Elaina's hand. "We'll be okay, El. I guess she just needs to clear her head, and I need to apologize."

"For what? Wanting to honor her by taking her last name?"

He sighed as he signed the receipt, wiped his mouth once more, then stood, helping her to do the same. "We're not a normal family. Things get complicated if you look too closely, and I think I just reminded her of who she used to be."

Elaina grunted as she frowned. "The woman who is no more," she said in realization.

"That's the one." When he and Elaina walked out onto the street, the two platinum blondes were nowhere to be found. He had hoped that Elin would just be outside pacing back and forth or sitting on one of the benches along the street.

But she was gone. They'd never had anything like this happen since he'd been reunited with Elin, so he had no idea what it meant. Was she mad at him? Was she just confused about the situation? Angry at David for still somehow managing to linger within the family even after his death solely by them keeping his last name?

"I don't think she's upset with you," Elaina said, taking his hand in hers. When she looked at him, his chin was quivering, and his jaw was clenched as he fought back his own tears.

"Jason..."

"Let's go." His words were soft, and he was worried about Elin. It bothered him that he couldn't tell what she was thinking, but there was nothing he could do about it now except go back to the hotel.

Two hours later, Jason still hadn't left the bathroom at Die Swaene. Elaina had given up trying to talk to him, to bring him out, but she shared his concern. So, she had taken up residence in a comfortable lounge chair on the balcony, looking out over the street and onto the canal, waiting.

When the door opened, Elaina sprang from the chair and crossed the room rapidly, nearly tackling Elin as she walked in.

"Where were you?" she cried into Elin's shoulder. "I've been worried to death, losing my mind wondering--" She stopped. "Jason. He's...Elin, he's..."

Elin swallowed hard, nodding silently. And when the door to the bathroom opened, she gasped. Jason looked gaunt, his eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and Elin's heart felt heavy.

He walked with purpose toward her, and for once, Elin wasn't sure what would happen. She had snapped at him, the man she'd submitted to, the man she loved without end. Despite that, she'd--

Her thoughts immediately stopped as Jason wrapped his arms around her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry, Elin, I swear. I--I don't know what I did, but I'm so, so sorry."

"No. No, Jason, stop, please," she protested, but he continued.

"Please, don't leave me," he continued. "I'm sorry. Whatever it is, I'll--"

"Master," Paige said as she placed a hand on his back.

That single word reverberated through his body, stopping him mid-sentence.

"She needs to speak," Paige continued. "You need to listen. Please." Turning to Elaina, sliding a gentle hand down her arm, she said, "Let's go, El. Spare bedroom."

Jason gave Elin space, his mind spinning with possibilities of what she wanted to discuss. Paige telling him that Elin needed to speak was just as gut wrenching as a woman saying, 'We need to talk.' It never turned out to be a good thing.

Elin's heart hurt when she looked at him. She did want to speak with him, but he looked like a whipped puppy. He was thinking the worst, she knew that, but it didn't deter her from her task. She had to tell him, and nothing could stop her.

They walked into the master bedroom, and she was so close to tears as she saw him standing helplessly in the middle of the room, scared to move. She closed the door, took a deep breath, and spoke.

"I humbly apologize for my actions earlier," she began. "It shouldn't have affected me as it did, but," she sighed, "Jason...I can't do it." She teared up, taking his hands, wishing he would look at her, but his hollow eyes just looked away. "I cannot be Elin Van der Elst. To be her means that I am the woman who was your mother again, the woman who gave birth to you and the girls who became my wives.

"I am not her any longer, you must know that. I don't want to be her any longer," she continued. "That woman was finally completely gone when Paige stopped calling me Momma, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Because I could just be your wife, your lover, and the mother of your child.

"But hearing that name terrified me," she continued, lowering her voice, embarrassed. "I had finally locked that life away, and just the thought of returning to being, well, *her*..." She trailed off as she took a calming breath. "I don't want anything to do with the woman I used to be. Please, *please* don't ask me to. I only want to be yours. I *am* yours. And I'm not stupid. I know...I know who we used to be to each other. But I can't--I just can't dwell on it. I'm not ashamed, I swear to you that I'm not. I would choose this every single time if given the choice."

She sucked in a breath, then slowly got to her knees. "Master, I beg you, please don't--"

"Get up, Elin.," he said softly, looking down at her regretfully now, the submission from her leaving a bad taste in his mouth. This was not the time for that. This should be a conversation between adults, not him lording his supposed power over her.

Elin's mouth closed immediately. She obediently stood and waited.

"I get it, you know?" he said, his eyes finally reaching hers. "Our family is complicated, and our...former lives complicate it more. I didn't think before I suggested it, or how it might affect you. For that, I am sorry." He shook his head, a rueful chuckle escaping his lips. "Partitioning who I was from who I am now is difficult, and I rarely encounter much seepage from one side to the other, but it happens. That is, until I see the love of three wonderful women when I look at them."

"I only want you, Elaina, and Paige in my life, Elin. I'll do whatever it takes to make that happen. We can keep our names, make something up, or find a random surname on the internet. But if doing so upsets you or them," he said, but stopped when she put a hand on his face.

"It won't. I don't want to be a Hughes anymore, for the same reason you said, but we'll figure something out." She suddenly looks worried. "Are you upset with me? You have every right to be. I acted poorly, master, and I accept responsibility. But please know that I would rather die than give up being your wife."

He shook his head and held her close. "I'm not upset. I just want to move past this and go back to being your husband."

With a relieved smile, Elin nodded then kissed him sweetly. "You never stopped, my love, and you never will. I won't allow it." She grinned, thankful that he chuckled.

The door to the bedroom opened to reveal Paige and Elaina. "Good. Snuggle time," Paige said, then promptly stripped.

"Paige, honey," Elin began, but she stopped when Elaina also let her own dress drop.

"She's right. I just want to be held, and I think it will help us all," Elaina said as she rubbed her stomach.

After a moment's thought, Elin nodded and began disrobing. "My love? Will you hold us?"

A very small smile curled the corner of his lips at the sight of his women naked. "Every minute of every day," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

The four held each other for hours and, for the first time since they'd revealed their love for each other, they had the hard discussion that had been lurking in the background. They knew what they

were, that Elin was the mother of Jason, Paige, and Elaina, and that they were not just engaging in an incestual relationship but going one step further by actively procreating. They discussed potential issues that could arise from that, how they would deal with it, and their feelings on the matter.

One thing that was apparent amongst the four, however, was the solidarity in their relationship. Not one of them was willing to give up the love they had, no matter the cost, both financially and emotionally. They had even chosen to upend their lives to move across the ocean to a completely different country just so they could live their lives as they pleased, giving up everything they had, and everything they used to know. All for their love of each other.

The four did, in fact, simply hold each other as they spoke, not even Paige attempting to engage in sexual gratification. And soon, the conversation turned to their living situation with Elin borrowing Paige's tablet to show off a few of the homes she had bookmarked for them to view.

"What about just building a home?" Elaina asked. "We could have everything we want, exactly the way we want it. Purchasing a home might mean giving up on something just so we can have a home here quickly." She gently stroked Elin's head as the older wife's head lay atop Elaina's chest.

"It's a possibility," Jason said as he and Paige looked at one of the homes. "The only problem is the time involved. It may take months to figure out what we want the house to have and for an architect to draw it all up. Then we'd have to find a reliable contractor, someone we'd trust not to cut corners and would build a sturdy home the way we want it."

"And then there's the construction process itself," Elin interjected. "Even if we went with a modestly sized home, it could take a year or more for it to be completed, barring any issues with materials transport, weather, or that sort of thing."

Elaina frowned and let out a small sigh. The thought of purchasing property and designing their own home was exciting to her, a challenge that had always been interesting from a young age. But she'd never been interested in the technical and educational requirements of becoming an architect, and photography was even more important to her and was achievable in her life.

Jason saw the look on her face and put a hand on her thigh. "That's not a no, El. I'm definitely open to it, and I see the benefit. I guess the only concern would be where we'd live in the meantime. Would we have to fly back and forth all the time for meetings and to check on the construction process?"

"We could purchase a smaller home here in the interim," Elin offered. "Sell the home in L.A., which should bring in quite a price, and with the money we have in the bank drawing interest, we have plenty to work with as long as we don't go crazy with it."

Jason grinned lightly as Elin's accounting background brought out her protective streak for the family's financial welfare.

"And we could rent something," she continued. "I doubt that BnB we were looking at would be available for that length of time, but there were many condos available that were sizeable enough for four people."

"Paige?" Elaina said, turning to the youngest who was sitting between Jason's legs as he leaned against the headboard. "Any insight?"

"I like it here," she said, then fell silent.

Elaina rolled her eyes. "Not super insightful, but it sounds as if she'd rather stay here than hop back and forth."

"And you two?" Jason asked.

"I like it here, too," Elaina replied. "I'd rather be here than California."

Elin nodded. "I agree, but we will be required to go back at least a few times to settle our accounts and deal with that house." She suddenly sat up. "Oh, yuck. We'll have to ship things over that we wish to keep, and what do we do about the cars?"

"Ship in a shipping ship."

Elin looked at Paige. "I...guess. We'll have to see what the rules are about importing American vehicles. At least they drive on the same side of the road here." She puffed out her cheeks as she blew out her breath. "I don't even want to know how much that will cost," she grumbled.

The conversation continued, and Jason paused briefly to contact one of the suggested realtors to set up home viewings in the area. He provided the contact, Liesbeth Traast, information on the listings that Elin had suggested, and told her what they were looking for in a home. The fact that he was paying cash was a motivating factor, and her enthusiasm to find them a home and bring in a fat commission jump started her search. Two hours later, she called back to schedule viewings for several homes the next day.

Elin contacted Amara, their driver from the airport, to see if she was available. The woman was eager to take the job, which included fine dining, according to Elin, and would last most of the day. After confirming a price for Amara's services, they agreed to meet at 8:30 in the morning.

In the meantime, Paige ordered delivery for the four of them from a bougie burger joint a few blocks away. It was comfort food, and some of the options reminded her of the over-the-top burgers many places in the U.S. offered. With five different burgers ordered, four orders of fries, and an order of onion rings, she met the delivery driver, a teenager who had arrived on bike, in the opulent lobby to retrieve the food. She glared at him when he stared at her attire, a tight spaghetti strap shirt that made her pert, braless breasts jut out, and tight cloth shorts that left little to the imagination.

"Avert your eyes or the extra spicy burger is going up your ass," she said sweetly in Dutch, but with a hard edge to her tone. The teen's eyes flared in surprise, then he scowled, turned, and muttered under his breath as he left.

Turning on her heels, Paige walked directly to the clerk's desk finding the same woman who had visited them on their first night there. Upon seeing Paige, this time fully clothed, the clerk stammered momentarily before forcing a smile to appear for the customer.

"Hello, Mrs. Hughes," the clerk began, but stopped when Paige began pulling food out of one of the bags. "Erm..."

"Our apologies," Paige said as she sat a burger with egg, bacon, and onion on the desk. It was followed by a container of onion rings. "We were celebrating. It got out of hand. We shouldn't have yelled. You do good work. You're hungry. Hope this helps."

The clerk gaped at the size of the burger, then at the onion rings, before settling on Paige. She had been starving but hadn't been able to fix anything due to running late for work, and she didn't have the money to order out. This was a godsend.

"Thank you," the woman said, slightly confused at how the, quite frankly, stunning young woman in front of her knew she had been hungry. "Um, I accept your apology."

Paige nodded as she turned to walk away. Over her shoulder she called out, "Silent night. All is calm. All is bright."

"Wha...?" the clerk began, but she ignored it and began to dig into the bounty of food in front of her.

"That took a while, love," Elin said as Paige returned to the suite.

"Fed the clerk and apologized. She likes my tits."

"Well, if we're being honest, everyone seems to like them," Elin grinned, following Paige through the rooms to find their husband.

"Everyone likes what?" Elaina asked, whisking in behind them.

"My perky tatas," Paige replied and handed food first to Jason, then Elaina and Elin, before finding her own order.

"Paige, have you been flashing people?" Jason asked, concerned about other people seeing his little wife's body.

She turned angrily at him. "Never, master!" The flash of anger subsided, and she slowly pulled her top up for his enjoyment. "Only for you and my wives," she cooed, batting her eyes at him playfully before covering so she could eat.

The rest of the night consisted of more cuddling and excitement about the homes they were going to see the next day. Going by the pictures on the sites where they'd found them, they weren't exactly what they needed, but they were all quite nice. Some compromises could be made, but only...some.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next afternoon they returned to Die Swaene, each of them flopping down in a chair or bed, worn out from the overload of information. Liesbeth was great, having been very knowledgeable about each home, its construction, the age of each home, and even information about the local area. With the latter, some of the homes were moved down the list since Jason wanted to be out of the city, but not so remote that, in an emergency, it would take emergency responders too long to arrive.

Overall, they were very nice homes and on par, or better, than their home in California. But each one had small issues that were put into the 'Cons' side of Elin's list of the properties. Examples ranged from bathrooms with showers only, having several bedrooms but they were all on the small side, or a smaller plot of land with neighbors a little too close for comfort. As they toured the homes finding Cons, they discussed whether those issues could be fixed and how much work it might be to do so. Two of the five homes went from the no-go list to being in the list of potentials once they'd discussed minor renovations.

Five houses in total, all within twenty minutes of Brugge, and it had been a slog. Amara had been a champ, not complaining at all as she streamed videos while the family walked around, then promptly drove them to the next property. She'd been a wonderful conversationalist when they stopped for lunch, happy that they remembered to call her, and she was genuinely happy that she was getting along so well with her bosses of the day. Despite the oddity of being in the company of one man with three wives, and the fact that they must have had quite a bit of money, the four of them were very relaxed and personable with everyone they met instead of acting like the wealthy people who look down their noses at everyone. She'd had enough of them in her time as a driver, and the Hughes' were a breath of fresh air.

One thing they learned from Amara's presence, however, was information on their vehicles. Her father owned a garage, and she had grown up learning the trade. They'd been discussing shipping everything over, including their cars, and Amara asked what they were driving. The Lexus SUVs wouldn't be an issue, but Jason's Grand Wagoneer could be. Sure, mechanics could get parts for American vehicles, but the biggest sellers and vehicles with parts readily available were the European brands like BMW, Mercedes, Peugeot, or Volkswagen. Lexus and Tesla had a decent showing as well but finding mechanics that could easily work on a Ford, Chevy, or Jeep would apparently be like living in one of those small towns with a mechanic who had to send off for every little part for repairs.

Jason had frowned at the news, but it made sense. It just sucked because he'd only owned the large SUV for such a short time and would now be better off selling it.

Not lifting his head from the bed, Jason asked, "Are we going out to eat, or ordering in?"

"In!" all three women answered at once.

He laughed. "Paige?"

"On it, boss," she said, her voice muffled from still being face down after flopping onto the sofa as soon as she walked in.

Elin gasped, sat up, and stared at her phone in shock. She suddenly began swiping her finger across the screen several times, stopped, and turned to her husband.

"We need to call Liesbeth!" she said hurriedly.

"Did you find something?"

"It must be good if she's acting like that," Elaina said, grunting as she slowly stood from an armchair to join Elin on the bed. "What is it?"

Elin smiled, hopeful, as she handed the phone to Jason. "It might be our next home."

"Wait--did I just see the word castle?" Elaina asked curiously.

"It doesn't look like a castle," Elin said as she opened her laptop to find the listing again. "It is big, but it looks a bit like an English-styled plantation house, if that makes sense."

"Wow," Jason said softly as he read the listing. He said nothing else while he flipped through the images. "This is nice," he agreed. "Tall ceilings, lots of natural light from the windows, some land, and of course, a nice pool."

Paige's head shot up from her food delivery app and she narrowed her eyes. "Prove it," she said as she stood, joining her wives who were now looking at the same images on the laptop. "Huh. Nice."

"And there you go," Elaina said, grinning.

The home was in Sint-Martens-Latem, 10-15 minutes west of Ghent, which was a 40-minute drive from Brugge. And the structure was old, having been built in 1860, but as the listing stated, it had been completely restored. The 19<sup>th</sup> century building sat on four acres of land with various wooded plots and several ponds that were fed from a stream that ran through the property. The master bedroom, with a dressing room and bathroom, was on the first floor along with two other bedrooms, each having their own smaller bathrooms, along with a beautiful study. The second floor housed three more bedrooms with bathrooms, and a room that could be used as an office. An elevator had been installed during the restoration, and the basement, which still showed its age, had received some work as well.

The only thing Paige cared about, though, was the glass building that housed the in-ground pool. The pool itself was 50 meters long, the same as an Olympic-sized pool and even had those black lines painted on the bottom that swimmers used. But the owners had spent some time on the glass building so that it wouldn't look out of place next to the old home it sat next to. Bushes, vines, and flowers lined the perimeter, some of which had grown tall enough to camouflage it somewhat. And inside, large planters were tastefully placed with a variety of trees and plants to give it a cozy feel.

Other than the pool building, the only other parts of the property that weren't the same age as the home was the addition of a small hallway that led directly to the pool, and two outbuildings--one for garden or lawn equipment, and a larger one that appeared to be around twenty meters from the back door that was built in the shape of a gazebo and had comfortable looking swings, rocking chairs, and a grill that doubled as a fireplace for heat in the cooler months.

"Please, can we call? I want to go see it!" Elaina whined.

"Husband, it's a new listing, just put up today," Elin said urgently. "As long as you agree, we should go see it as soon as possible."

Paige only nodded, but Jason was caught by one phrase that worried him. For that much land, a very large, recently renovated house, and a huge pool, the words "Price Upon Request" always meant that it was going to be super expensive. But of the homes they'd seen so far, this was the only one all three women seemed excited about.

"It's getting late," Jason said, looking at the time on the phone, then at Elin. "Call her and see if she can set something up for tomorrow. If not then, as soon as possible. And make sure she knows that we are *very* interested in it."

Elin let out a breath of relief as she took the phone from him, dialed Liesbeth and put her on speaker.

The woman answered on the second ring, speaking Dutch. "Good afternoon, Elin," she said, having learned her lesson after Elin demanded the realtor stop calling her Mrs. Hughes.

"Hello, Liesbeth. We have an urgent request," Elin said. "We found a listing outside of Ghent in Sint-Martens-Latem that was just put up today. We are very, very interested in this property and would like to see it as soon as possible. Are you able to work with us there, or is it out of your selling area?"



"Ghent?" Liesbeth repeated. "We have offices there, yes. If you'll forward me the listing, I'll see if I can get a viewing tomorrow. Since it's a bit late, I may have difficulty reaching anyone, so it may be the day after."

"Liesbeth," Elin said, her tone now very direct, "we are *very* interested, as in, as long as what we see in the images is the real deal and there are no surprises, we will likely make an offer immediately. We just don't know how much it is since it's not listed."

The realtor was silent for a moment. When she spoke, it was measured as she didn't want to give offense. "Elin, that means it will be at least €10 million or more. Just be prepared for that."

Elin hesitated as she swallowed hard as she imagined dropping that much money on a purchase. She glanced at Jason, but his face was unreadable. "That's fine," she said, "as long as we can see it before anyone else happens upon it."

"Okay. I will call you back."

Elin disconnected, then turned to Jason. "Did I overstep?" she asked worriedly. "That is...wow...that is so much money."

"You know as well as I that we can afford it," he teased.

"Well, yes, husband," she said, and she seemed to pale somewhat, "but it is *so much money!*"

While Jason was in charge of their money--well, technically in charge of everything if one asked his wives, Elin was the true brains of their financial situation. It had been her life when she worked at the golf course in Vermont, and like Paige's odd 'Other Paige' ability, or whatever one might call it, Elin could rattle off complex equations and answers without hesitation with 100% accuracy. She lived for math, accounting, and being a housewife in service to her husband. Not necessarily in that order.

"We will get several million for our house, we're just a hair above \$30 million in cash, plus whatever we have invested," he said, sitting up and wiggling his fingers at her for a hug. Big dollar signs always caused her to stress, and this was the biggest amount they'd dealt with as a family, but Jason's hugs were like kryptonite to her stress, or so she said. As she snuggled against him, he kissed the top of her head and gently stroked her hair. "It is a big chunk, but even without seeing it in person, it looks like a place that we could call home, that our children would have room to run around and explore on the property, and their own space in the house if they need some alone time."

After a beat, Elaina chimed in. "If it's everything it looks like it is, I think it's worth it. Although, I don't know if my input matters much since you two deal with our money."

"Of course, your input matters!" Elin replied tersely. "Elaina, you are our wife. Every bit of your input matters."

Paige, having completed their dinner order, pounced onto the bed, a sly grin on her face. "Basement sex dungeon."

Elaina laughed, but Elin scowled. "We're not having a--" She stopped to look up at Jason before making her decree. With an amused look on his face, he mouthed 'No' and she continued. "We're not having a sex dungeon, you feisty little brat. What if the kids found it? We can't keep them locked out of a part of our house."

"Pbbht," Paige blew out, then pulled her shoulders up in a cutesy manner, batting her eyes for good measure. "It would be fun," she sing-songed.

"But we're not going to have one," Jason sing-songed right back.

Paige pouted. "Food's ordered. Seafood. Too sad to eat now," she said in a depressed tone.

"Oh, stop," Elaina chuckled, grabbing Paige to begin tickling. "Join me in the shower and you can eat me."

Without a word, Paige's mood did a one-eighty, and she ran off to the bathroom cackling like a maniac.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jason fell asleep alone in the king bed after they'd eaten, his eyes barely able to keep open. He'd just barely gotten his clothes off and slid under the blankets before sleep took him. Elaina and Paige had opted to spend time with each other in a guest bedroom, not wanting to disturb their husband's rest while continuing where they'd left off from the shower. Elin had taken the elegant desk with her laptop, still on the search for suitable homes in the area in case the 'castle' they were going to view somehow didn't work out for them.

Liesbeth had called back just as promised, having secured a viewing for the home just outside of Ghent for the next day at 3 pm. That meant they could sleep in, still a bit beaten down by the time shift from L.A. to Belgium. It also meant that Elin could spend more time finding backup options for the family.

After working for two hours, bookmarking several locations, her search began to broaden. Not just in location within the country, but she remembered the options Jason had suggested. The possibility of buying a home for ten million, or more, worried her. Yes, they had that money readily available and could plonk it down without batting an eye, but it was a ridiculous amount of money. And if her husband decided it was too much, then she needed to present him with options.

But as she continued to search, her mind returned to how she'd acted at the restaurant. Jason had forgiven her, but she felt shame at her actions. Instead of simply having a discussion about returning to her maiden name, and what that might mean to her, she lashed out in fear and panic, causing a scene and disrespecting not only her master, but her wives as well with that public display. But he'd waved it away. *He* apologized to *her*. Why? He hadn't done anything wrong. In point of fact, his suggestion was meant to honor Elin, not an attempt to return to who they once were. And what did she do? She yelled at him.

...and he just waved it away.

With a heavy sigh, she closed the laptop and glanced at the closed door of the guest bedroom. The light was out. Her wives were probably asleep now. Other than the small lamp on the desk, there were no other lights in the suite to illuminate the room, but it cast just enough light for her to see into the master bedroom. She needed to make things right with him, but words didn't seem like quite enough. But could she wake him and not upset him further? He'd been asleep for close to four hours now, and if she could service him quickly, he could go back to sleep until midday if he liked since their appointment was in the afternoon.

She stood, removing her thin robe then the silk and lace nightgown slip she wore, folding both over the back of the armchair she'd been in. Her hand went to remove the dangling pearl earrings from her ears, but she recalled how much Jason enjoyed sex with them when they were 'made up,' on occasion. Leaving them attached, she found her metal choker, affixing it around her neck, and softly padded to the bathroom. There, she refreshed her lipstick, made sure her pixie cut hair was coiffed nicely, and added just a touch of perfume. She took a long look at her body, satisfied at how well she had been able to keep herself attractive over the years, and impressed at the added muscle definition she seemed to have gained now that the four of them were practicing MMA together. Her slender fingers slid down between her ample breasts, then traced the lines between her light abdominal muscles.

Jason loved the way his women looked, all of them fit and sexy, but Elin knew it wasn't simply their bodies that attracted him. He was in love with who his wives were; their angelic bodies were just a bonus.

With a small nod, she was soon standing at the foot of the bed. *I apologize if this wakes you, my love, but I need to pay my respect to you, to make amends. I am here as your slave, as your property, as your whore; a whore who was out of line and should have been punished.*

She gently slid under the end of the bed coverings, crawling her way up until she found his flaccid cock lying against his thigh. With a delighted smile, she slowly wrapped her hand around him, still amazed at how girthy he was when not erect. It only made their sex that much better when he penetrated his wives, a feeling like he was splitting them in two when he entered them, but with an overload of pleasure that would make being split in two totally worth it.

Her hot mouth sucked gently on the head of his cock, her tongue flicking him lightly. Jason sleepily hummed in delight, and a smile spread on her face. Taking more of his length into her, she was thrilled at the sensation of her master's flaccid cock quickly growing in length, and she moaned lightly.

"This is a nice surprise, Elin," she heard him say just before he slowly pulled the blanket back. When he looked down, she returned his look with confusion.

"How did you know it was me?"

He grinned. "I know my wives, their bodies, and their mouths like the back of my hand."

Elin considered it, and he wasn't wrong. This wasn't the first time he'd been able to tell who was touching, sucking, or fucking him when his eyes were closed or his back to them. But she wasn't here to think about the mysteries of her husband, but to serve him in penance.

For several long moments, she made love to his manhood with her mouth and tongue. It was just as pleasurable to Elin as it was to Jason, with the feel of his smooth skin against her face, mouth, and tongue, and the feeling of him throbbing between her lips when he released his seed down her throat. Beyond his stamina, incredibly body, and meaty cock, her husband was a man worthy to be served. And serve she would.

"Come up," he said softly, holding out his hands.

She hesitated. "Master, I--I need to do this."

"Oh. Just in the mood for oral?"

Abashed, she continued lightly stroking him as she replied. "For the way I acted. You weren't even angry, husband, and I acted so foolishly that you should have been upset with me."

He cocked an eyebrow. "And that's an issue?"

"Normally, no," she said, pausing to lick from the base of his shaft to his tip. "But your property disrespected you, master, and that requires recompense. I knew you wouldn't take further action, so I decided to service you as a way of apology."

"Elin, it's not necessary. I welcome it, but--"

"With respect, it is very necessary. I forgot myself, and you were trying to honor the...um," she hesitated, sighing softly, "me. The me who no longer exists."

Jason saw the frown on her face, but he didn't interrupt. She clearly needed to get this off her chest.

"I should have just spoken to you," she continued, still stroking him. "You have always listened to us, no matter the issue, but I panicked. I made a scene. I should never have done that." She gently cupped his balls with her second hand, giving him a weak smile. "I only hope that this will make up for it since you did not deem it necessary to dispense punishment."

Saying nothing else, she lowered her mouth to engulf his cock and began to stroke him with her lips tight around his shaft. Jason watched, also not speaking as his wife expertly satisfied him.

Elin was so beautiful. And she adored him, something he knew too well. Once again, the underlying meaning of their submission to him was coming back to the forefront with her desire to apologize to him for the way she had acted. He'd learned that this wasn't some form of roleplay, or on-again/off-again fun that his wives had by placing him on a pedestal. They fully believed that Jason was their sun, moon, and stars and that they were to always obey, or submit to punishment if they didn't.

But what happened when he refused to punish them? As he watched his oldest wife push his tip to the back of her throat, he considered this particular situation. Taking Elin's maiden name for their family had only been a suggestion. From what he knew of dom/sub relationships, it wasn't normally something that was in place 100% of the time. But for Elin, Elaina, and Paige, Jason was their king, their lord and master, and just like those living in medieval times when kings and lords were more prevalent, his wives always deferred to him in his position.

This hadn't been an order, though. He wouldn't force them to take van der Elst as a last name, which was why he'd stated that he was considering it. What if he'd declared that they would take the last name of Cockburn? Or Hooker? Well, he knew they'd grumble internally, but outwardly they would do as he wished. And that was fucking ridiculous.

But here he was, receiving Elin's apology as she gasped and lightly moaned happily, becoming more vigorous with his excited manhood.

"You believe you should be punished?" he asked.

Her lips dragged up his shaft slowly before she released him from her mouth, a dribble of saliva hanging down from her chin. "I do, master. I only hope that this will make up for my actions in some small way."

He pressed his lips together in a thin line. "No. It won't do," he said, keeping his face straight as Elin took his words like a gut punch. "You want to be forgiven through punishment?" He nodded. "I will dispense punishment. Spin around and sit on my face."

She looked at him, confused. Her mouth opened, most likely forming a question about how that would constitute a suitable punishment, but she had learned her lesson to some degree. Her master directed her to move, so she did.

As she straddled him, his hands came to her smooth hips, keeping her from sitting just yet. "Lean forward and take me into your mouth. I will be licking you, but that is for my benefit, not yours." Once she had followed his direction, her mouth sucking smoothly up and down his shaft, he added, "This will be rougher than you have experienced before, Elin, but you have enjoyed rough play. However," he said, reaching down to pull himself from her, wanting her full attention, "your safe word is unicorn. Do you understand?"

She nodded, and when she replied, he could swear he heard a bit of trepidation in her tone. "Yes, master. Unicorn."

"Continue. And you may not orgasm unless I specifically allow it." She whined lightly, and he knew it was hard for his wives to stave off the force of an orgasm, but it could be done. He also knew that forestalling it for a time made the eventual release infinitely better than it would have been. So, win-win.

He began to gently kiss and lick upward, sucking her hanging labia into his mouth. Elin's light, musky smell mixed with the scent of the perfume she had seemingly added before joining him combined into an intoxicating mesh of his wife's essence and citrus. Her smooth, hairless skin tasted slightly salty on his tongue, and the subtle tang of her fluids, now beginning to leak from her, made him grin in gratified satisfaction.

As he focused on her engorged clit, he reached down, pressing her mouth down onto him, forcing her to deep throat him for several long moments. When her stomach reacted as she began to gag, he allowed her up to suck in deep breaths. She took exactly two, then continued on her own, whimpering as his tongue explored her slick opening.

His hand caressed her head, gently stroking her silky, platinum blonde hair as she bobbed up and down. He could feel her body tensing and trembling as he moved focused on her clit again, working to keep herself from peaking as instructed by her master. As she did, he held his hand atop her head, not allowing her to raise up, as he began thrusting upward into her hot mouth. They were gentle at first, but they began to increase in depth and speed and her whimpers and moans doubled. His tongue flicked furiously at her clit as he fucked her mouth, her body unmoving, to be used as his plaything as he saw fit.

"Do you want to cum?" he asked as he slowed his thrusts.

"Hmm mmm!" she hummed in the negative, but her moans, whimpers and the way her body jerked in response to his mouth told him she was lying.

"You're lying," he said, forcing her mouth down upon him. Her lips were pressed against the base of his cock, fully impaled into her as he continued to slurp and lick her leaking womanhood. Her lubricating fluids were flowing freely now, the excitement of her treatment by her master sending her mind reeling in pleasure.

He heard her gagging, but he kept himself firmly ensconced against the back of her throat as his tongue assaulted her body. She gagged again, and he could feel thick strings of her saliva seeping down his balls and onto the mattress. Gagging for a third time, he released her, and her head popped up quickly as she gasped for air, followed by moaning.

"I'm sorry I lied, master! I want to cum so bad! Please let me cum! Please, ple--"

Her begging was cut off as he shoved his cock deep into her mouth again, this time pushing his hips up to fuck her mouth with forceful strokes. She began gripping the sheets, her hands moving erratically as she worked to delay her own gratification from his masterful oral skills. Tears fell from her eyes as his massive cock kept triggering her gag reflex, and a flood of slobber covered her face and his crotch.

When he finally stopped, she gritted her teeth as her body trembled from the tremendous buildup of pressure from her pending orgasm. And just when she thought she was going to fail him yet again, she heard him speak.

"Cum for me."

Immediately, she peaked higher than Mount Everest, absolutely soaking her husband's face as she squirted a flood down upon him. Elin's long, slender legs quivered like jelly, and she could barely hold herself up, eventually opting to just flop down upon her lover's body. Her body jerked and spasmed upon him as the peak sensation of intense pleasure created an altered state of consciousness, her mind drifting through a rainbow of colors that clouded her thoughts.

Jason was relentless, however, not stopping through such a consuming orgasm. He forced her thighs apart, exposing her trembling labia, and pushed his mouth against her again, burying his tongue deep within her. She shrieked then moaned, struggling to find the strength to raise her mouth back to his waiting thickness.

"Suck it," he demanded, knowing he was asking much of her in this state. But she wanted punishment, and he'd give it to her...even though she was getting her fair share of enjoyment out of it.

She was still trembling as her mouth circled his tip, but it was met by upward thrusts of his hips. Her body was limp, barely able to remain a sense of balance as she straddled him much less holding her head up enough for him to fuck her mouth. The delayed orgasm was the most powerful one she'd ever had in her life, including the numerous times Jason had brought her to the precipice. As she fought back another wave of her gag reflex, his tip slamming against her uvula, she knew that it wasn't because he'd forbade her to orgasm. It was his treatment of her now.

She was his whore, his property, and he was taking full advantage of it like a proper master should. And she loved every fucking minute of it.

It was difficult to keep from vomiting on him. He was very well endowed, and at times, it hurt the corners of her mouth when he speared deep into her oral cavity. Just as she had taken to being choked and slapped, however, this was just the next phase of their mutual sexual gratification. He used her as his fuckdoll. She complied and accepted all of him without complaint. And it made her want to cum so much that it became hard to think.

A loud retching belch emanated from Elin and Jason pulled out of her mouth, allowing her a small break. He knew she was enjoying the force he was using as much as she was enjoying being eaten

out, but he did love her and wouldn't purposely abuse her.

"Don't cum again," he said through gritted teeth as she began forcing her own mouth down upon him. "Not until I say."

She hummed in agreement and opened wide to accept his forceful thrusts. His head pushed her down again, and like a good whore, she did her best to lick his shaft as it completely filled her mouth. She breathed through her nose, doing her best to remain calm and not panic at essentially being choked to death by her husband's massive cock.

Whimpers and fervent moans sounded in the room as his tongue ravished her exposed womanhood, lapping at her juices then focusing on her sensitive spot. She could barely contain the pressure of the mounting orgasm that threatened to spill out of her, and she couldn't even grit her teeth to fight it lest she bite her husband's most precious appendage.

"I'm going to cum," he growled. "When I do, you can, too. Do you understand?"

Her moans sounded quickly, coming out with each rapid breath as he shoved himself deeper into her. She fought it, clenching her Kegel muscles as quickly and as hard as she could, waiting for the moment of blessed release. Truth be told, she would have peaked again immediately after the last one had he not instructed her to hold it. She hoped he came soon, though, because she was inching ever closer to the edge and the rocks were beginning to slide out from under her.

To Elin's surprise, Jason didn't shove himself balls deep into her mouth when he came. Instead, he gently caressed her head as he slid partially out, allowing her more freedom of movement with her lips and tongue around his throbbing shaft. And then her orgasm hit.

It was all Elin could do not to open her mouth as the sonorous moan worked up from her lungs and into her throat. Too many things to think of all at once were overloading her mind. Her entire body felt like it was being electrocuted as the swell of endorphins powered their way through her.

Working her tongue and mouth to provide her loving master with as much pleasure as possible to work off as much of her penance as possible. Don't clench and sever his cock. Don't. Spill. A. Drop.

Jason twitched inside of her, the blood in his cock slowly beginning to recede, yet she still flicked her tongue against him. She hadn't removed her mouth once, not even to gasp for air, but he could hear the breaths coming hard and fast through her nose as she continued to make love to his manhood.

He eventually had to reach down and pull himself out of her mouth, instructing her to relax and let her body do the same. His hands caressed her legs, thighs, and ass cheeks as she lay there, trying to regain herself. And she hadn't yet spoken a word.

"Was that a sufficient punishment, whore?" he asked as he kissed her inner thigh, making her twitch slightly.

"Mmm hmm," she agreed.

"Will you disrespect me like that again?" he asked.

"Hmm mmm," she hummed, shaking her head in the negative.

He swallowed hard before continuing. It wasn't something he ever wanted to say, but he knew she wanted him to say it. She was submitted to him, and he was her master.

"If you do, your next punishment will be much worse. And you will not enjoy it. Do you understand?"

"Mmm hmm," she cooed, and he thought he could actually hear an amused grin when she hummed her response.

"You haven't swallowed, have you?"

"Hmm mmm."

"Are you just enjoying your master's seed in your whore mouth?"

She giggled, sat up and then moved to kneel beside him. In what light there was in the room, he could see what his punishment had wrought. Tear-stained cheeks, red eyes, streaked mascara, and globs of saliva running down her chin to land upon her ample breasts. She didn't attempt to clean herself, not without direction from him, and knelt silently and obediently. But she wanted something. He could tell by the way she looked longingly at his mouth.

"You want to share, don't you?"

With an embarrassed shrug, she averted her eyes and nodded once.

He sat up, slowly caressing her cheek as he looked deep into her beautiful blue eyes. She leaned into his touch, her eyes closing slowly as her master petted her. Then, her eyes jerked open as he squeezed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back.

"And you think you deserve the enjoyment of snowballing your master?" he growled.

She didn't move an inch as he held her head back, but her breaths quickened at the intensity of his gaze. Her eyes were wide with surprise that he'd gone so far with this, but she wouldn't deny him.

Moments later, however, it was over. He continued pulling her head back until she was flat on her back with Jason climbing atop her, and their mouths met with unadulterated passion. Elin's arms wrapped around his muscular body, and the warmth of his mouth on hers, mixing with his seed and her fluids, sent shivers down her spine. They moved their lips in perfect harmony, wanting more of each other as she swallowed the last of his precious seed.

She inhaled sharply as she felt him slide into her aching womanhood, having become erect quickly from the passion between them. Her hands fell to his ass, pushing him deeper and deeper into her, but her mouth told a different story.

"Master," she panted, "I don't deserve this. I--"

"You deserve what I say you deserve," he growled, then bit her lip before another fiery kiss descended upon her. "And I'm not done playing with you yet."

"Yes...master," she breathed happily, succumbing to the forceful pounding he lovingly gave her.

Thirty minutes and a mattress covered in towels later, they lay in the bed exhausted. Elin could barely see straight after losing count of how many orgasms Jason had given her, but she was in heaven. Yes, his rough treatment while face fucking her and the countless orgasms had been one of the most erotic things she and Jason had ever done, but it was what he'd said to her once it was finally over.



"Your debt is paid."

She also made sure that included the intrusion on his sleep.

He held her gently to his body, his hands and fingers lightly trailing down her still quivering body. "Was that too much?" he asked.

"No. I would have used the safe word." She turned her head to kiss his chest which she lay upon. "I know it was supposed to be a punishment, husband, but I enjoyed it."

"Just an occasional thing, though?"

She propped herself up on an elbow, allowing gravity to do amazing things to her breasts. "My love, I will never deny you anything. Not even that. If you wish to be forceful with me, then do so. I know our wives would tell you the same."

He pulled her back down to his chest and continued stroking her.

"I worry about spending so much on one house," she said in the darkness.

"Oh? You seemed to like it quite a bit."

"That was before Leisbeth mentioned the minimum it would be. And with the size of the home and the property, I'm certain it will be much more."

"We'll still go look at it," he replied after a beat. "It'll be good to travel a bit, and it was a beautiful home. And who knows? You may fall in love with it and change your mind." When she didn't respond, he asked, "Do you have a backup plan?"

After several moments, she crawled atop him, laying her head on his chest. As the tallest of his three wives, she didn't get to enjoy him all to herself like this often, and she wanted to take advantage of every moment they had alone. She smiled happily as he pulled the blanket up over them.

"You had suggested purchasing or renting while we build our own home," she said softly. "Even here, and speaking in dollars, nicer homes big enough for the four of us would sell for around \$300,000, or so. Selling our home in L.A. would bring at least fifteen times that amount, so we would still be financially secure."

"So, I spent some time tonight looking at less expensive homes, homes that may not be exactly what we want or where we want them but wouldn't break the bank." She lifted her head to look up at him. "Purchase one of those, then take our time doing what Elaina suggested. Design our own home, purchase land where we want it, and have it built."

"And then sell the smaller home?"

She shook her head. "We could dress it up and rent it out as a BnB, assuming it's close to where our new home is. Or sell it if you don't want to bother with it."

"We certainly don't need something as large as this castle," he said using air quotes. "Even if we built a home for \$500k, it would be quite a savings. And you three would be okay with that? I mean, what if we can't find a smaller home with a pool? Paige will explode!"

Elin chuckled. "Well, I'm certain that if we did purchase an interim home with just a little land and our wonderful master decided to install a pool, my little clone would literally do anything you wanted."

He wrinkled his brow. "She does that now, doesn't she?"

She opened her mouth but closed it after a second's thought. He was right.

"Let's see how tomorrow goes, then we'll decide. I assume you have a few interim homes saved somewhere?"

She grinned. "You know me too well, husband." She then added with a sultry smile, "Your lips and chin smell like me. And I'm sure that my mouth smells wonderfully of you."

"Yeah, we should probably shower really quick, then we can go back to sleep."

"I'm sorry I messed the bed," she said as she rolled off him. "That's not usually something I do."

"But you know how much I like it," he said, flashing her a wide smile as he pulled her into the bathroom and shut the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

As a change of pace, the four decided to take a train to Ghent. It was faster than taking a vehicle, thirty minutes as opposed to forty-five, and Liesbeth met them at the station to drive them out to the property. And to say that they were in awe didn't quite capture it.

The floors were hardwood, or tile in some rooms such as the kitchen and bathrooms, and it was incredibly clean and modern, allaying any fears that the interior was as old as the shell of the building. The rooms were cavernous with twenty-foot ceilings and plenty of space for furniture with room to spare. Even standing completely empty, the remaining fixtures and appliances indicated just how much work the owners had put into the renovation, which led Jason and Elin to ask questions about what was behind the new drywall and tile walls.

According to Liesbeth, the walls had been stripped completely to expose the pipes and wiring which had been cobbled together over the years for updating as best could be. But with this renovation, other than the support structure within the building, every pipe, drain, and power cord had been replaced to current standards, focusing on making the building's energy performance as minimal as possible. This included solar tiles on the roof to minimize the import of power from the local municipality.

The pictures of the pool building from the listing didn't do it justice. The pool itself was perfect, according to Paige, as was the large in-ground hot tub that hadn't been included in the listing. Elin fell in love with the flowering plants inside and out of the pool building, and Jason could see her trying to figure out how difficult it would be to schedule time throughout her week to give time to each of them versus hiring a contractor for the work.

They visited every room, closet, and bathroom, opened every cabinet, and visited the basement, outbuilding, and four car garage, analyzing everything they saw. Elin, a creature of habit, held a small notebook that she scribbled notes into as they explored. Jason hadn't gotten a view of what she was writing, but he knew she would have a full list of both good and bad things she'd noticed. He trusted her views on this sort of thing, and knew it was a list that the four could discuss at length later.

After their conversation the previous night, though, Jason couldn't tell if she had changed her mind about the home, or if she was just being her pragmatic self, doing her duty as his wife to provide him with factual information to make a decision. He knew his wives would be happy here based solely on the joyous looks on their faces, but the biggest factor had come when Leisbeth told them the price.

€12,577,320, or \$14 million dollars.

The owners were firm on the price after the work they'd put into the renovations, but Liesbeth thought they might go down a few hundred thousand. Of course, compared to millions, a few hundred thousand was a drop in the bucket. But every penny counted, right? At least, that's what Jason thought.

On the other hand, Elin had shared a few links of temporary homes with him, all in the €300,000 range, and a rough estimate of prices on plots of land all through Belgium not unlike the one they were currently visiting, but not quite as large. With a 'guesstimation' of how much it would cost to build something they would be happy in, along with Paige's pool, they could even go so far as to throw a cool million at the construction and have saved a ridiculous amount of money in doing so.

The only thing that gave all of them pause was time. They could purchase this palatial home and be moved in within a few months. They'd then ship what furnishings they wanted to keep from the home in L.A. over, selling everything else, then spend even more money to furnish the rest of it. Of course, they didn't need to put something in every room right away. Elaina would need space to run her photography business, and of course the living room, kitchen, bedrooms, and a nursery were paramount. As time moved on, they could continue to add to the other rooms, deciding what they wished to do with them as they went.

And Elaina's business did present an issue. Would she want to work from one location for a year or two while their new home was built, only to move and potentially lose customers if they moved to a different city?

However, enduring a few years in a temporary home would get them the exact home they wanted. Smaller than the 'castle,' to be certain, but they would live with the knowledge that it was theirs from beginning to end. Every wall, room, cabinet, and tile would have been something that they chose instead of taking a home someone designed 164 years ago, then someone else completely renovated six years ago.

They decided to shelve the home discussion until they got back to the hotel, which was difficult on the train ride back to Brugge and the stop at the small bistro they found to keep Paige from tackling someone and gnawing on their leg. Once they did return, however, Jason made one thing clear: he would not make a summary decision and their honest opinions, good or bad, were required.

"I loved the pool," Paige said, as if that was enough for her.

Elaina laughed. "We know, doofus. What about the house, or the grounds? Maybe the price versus building?"

"Happiness."

Jason, Elin, and Elaina all exchanged glances.

"Care to elaborate?" Elin asked.

Paige shrugged, then turned to lay her head on Elin's lap as they sat on one of the sofas. "It felt happy."

"Happiness for us if we bought it, or happiness from the people who lived there before us?" Elaina pressed.

"I don't know!" Paige said angrily. "It's...I don't know!" She huffed, then turned on her side, her face pressed against Elin's stomach.

The room was silent for several moments before Elaina spoke up. "I'm sorry, Paige. I didn't mean--"

Paige waved it off and muttered something against Elin's abdomen. At least she didn't still sound angry.

Elin went through the notes she'd taken, pointing out small issues with each room, all minor, in her opinion, along with the good things she'd taken note of.

"I believe the biggest benefit is the roof," she said. "Having solar power instead of relying only on local power would save us in the long run. Leisbeth didn't have the exact numbers, but I believe the output was enough to power everything, including the pool building."

"Then why is it connected to city power?" Elaina asked.

"A safeguard?" Elin suggested. "Kind of like having a generator in case the city power goes out, I guess."

"Power bills aside, the work they did to completely refresh the interior was amazing," Elaina said, casting a worried glance at Paige. "Everything was tasteful yet elegant, and I commend their designers for not going over the top with anything like they could have. And, best of all, we'll have plenty of room for us, the babies, and any guests that may come over."

"There is that," Jason agreed, then after a moment's thought, he leaned forward in the chair, resting his elbows on his knees. "What I need to know from you three is whether or not this could be our home. Don't think about price, furnishing, or anything else. Consider the nuts and bolts." He held up a hand to count on his fingers. "Cleaning, lawn maintenance, pool maintenance, repairs, and then consider chasing tiny little legs around such a large home, or out on the property...that sort of thing. Because once we buy it, we're in it for the long haul."

Both Elaina and Elin had warm smiles on their faces at his mention of their children, and he imagined Paige would too if he could see her face.

"Paige," he said, "come to me."

She immediately sat up and went to his open arms, curling up against his chest as he held her. Something was upsetting her, but he didn't want to bring it up just yet. After her outburst with Elaina, he thought it might be best to discuss it with her in private.

"We're all healthy," Elin replied, "so having to corral the kids won't be that much of an issue beyond the normal problem of kids wearing out their parents."

Elaina nodded in agreement. "Everything in the house is six years old or less, like the HVAC and-- oh," she said, suddenly curious. "Did anyone pay attention to the hot water heater situation?"

Elin immediately began flipping through her notebook. When she found what she was looking for, her eyebrows shot up. "Yes. I asked Liesbeth about it. She said the owners went a bit overboard, assuming whoever bought the place might have a large family, so there are two 60-gallon tanks, one for each floor." She looked up from her notes. "Those are apparently 6-person tanks."

Elaina let out a relieved sigh. "Good. The last thing we'd want is to not have hot water."

"Anything to add, honey?" Jason softly asked Paige.

"I liked it," she replied. She then looked up at him with regret before craning her head up to whisper in his ear. "Can I go to El?"

He stroked her head, kissing it. "Of course."

With a soft kiss on his lips, she walked over to Elaina, curling up in her lap as she had with Jason. He shared a concerned look with the raven-haired beauty, who returned it.

"Okay," he continued, wanting to wrap it up, "show of hands, then. Again, forget the price, but the question is: is this a good home for us now and the future? If you agree, hands up."

Elaina and Paige both lifted their hands right away. Elin, however, took a moment to flip back through her notes as if searching for the clincher that would give her a reason not to want it. Instead, she pursed her lips, looked at her husband, and raised her hand.

Jason nodded. "This doesn't mean we've decided to buy it, but at least I know you'd all be happy there. We told Liesbeth we'd let her know within 48 hours if we were going to put up an offer. So, we have that amount of time to decide if we want something else, or if this is our new home. Let me know of any issues or concerns, no matter how small, okay?"

All three women nodded. Jason made eye contact with Elaina, nodded toward Paige, then subtly inclined his head toward the spare bedroom. Paige was open with all of them, and Jason was her everything, but sometimes that put him on too high a pedestal. She and Elaina already had a bit of a relationship before they all came together and were very close. So, opening up to her might be easier for the youngest wife.

Alone in the room, Elin crossed the floor to sit in Jason's lap as Paige had been. She kissed him sweetly on the lips but looked worriedly at him.

"I hope she's okay," she said.

"Me, too. I don't like seeing her like that."

"Elaina will get it out of her, and hopefully help, whatever it is." She inhaled deeply and let it out through her nose. "So, what do you think?"

"It's just a matter of deciding to spend more to be secure now, or spend less to be secure in a few years," he said as she lay her head on his shoulder. "Either way, thank you for being so thorough. Your notes on this house were full of great information, and you've worked so hard on the other options as well." Leaning his head against hers, he smiled. "I don't think we could have gotten this far in our discussion without you."

She smiled. "Thank you, husband."

He held her for several moments, enjoying the warmth of her in his arms. She stirred, adjusting to get more comfortable, and he had a thought.

"Feel like relaxing?" he asked. "We haven't made use of the hotel's hot tub yet."

She perked up with a happy grin. "Give me ten minutes."

Once she whisked away to change, he sent a text to Elaina.

See if she'll talk to you. Elin and I are going to the hot tub. Join us when you two are ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Where are you?*

Paige stood in the small bathroom attached to the spare bedroom, staring into the mirror. She felt so small, so diminished as she stared into her own eyes. Nothing was staring back at her, and it felt cold.

She heard a gentle knock on the door.

"Paige? Are you okay?"

*No. Not at all. How could I be?*

She opened the door. "I'm fine," she lied, walking to the bed. As she sat on the edge, Elaina sat next to her.

"You're not fine, and I'd like to talk about it. But only when you're ready, okay?"

*El was always there for me. She kept so many bullies and idiots away from me, and she always listened to my ramblings. I could tell her my darkest secrets--well, I guess I would have to have had some deep dark secrets first, but I knew I could talk to her about them if it came down to it. So, why can't I tell her? Where is it? Or them? I think I'm losing my mind.*

Elaina stood, walked to the other side of the bed, and pressed her back against pillows on the headboard. "Lap time," she said, patting her thighs.

Paige sighed. Lap time was her weakness, probably because it felt so intimate and familiar. It was cozy. What was worse, Elaina knew it and used it against Paige in situations like this. What could she do, though? El's lap was calling to her, and she didn't call herself Paige Kitty for nothing.

She soon found herself in Elaina's lap, taking care not to press too hard against her bigger baby bump. Elaina's arms curled around her, stroking and nuzzling Paige's head.

"The day we met, frozen I held my breath, right from the start, I knew that I'd found a home for my heart," Elaina began to sing softly.

*Uh oh. She's serious. A Thousand Years? Really? Is she trying to make me break down now?*

Elaina continued to sing lightly, slowly, still slowly petting her little wife's head or rubbing her arm lightly.

*Nope. Nope, I'm not gonna' cry. Paige the Magnificent doesn't cry!*

Elaina continued; her voice clear like an angel. "Darling, don't be afraid, I have loved you for a thousand years, I'll love you for a thousand more."

Tears fell from Paige's eyes at those words, unable to hold back any longer. In the end, even Paige the Magnificent couldn't stand up to true love.

"It's gone."

Elaina stopped, looking down at the top of Paige's head.

"What's gone?"

Paige let out a shaky breath, then moved her hand around the side of her head. "All of it. It's just...gone."