

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 12

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

Prue, Eric, Margaret, and the end.

Novels and Novellas

4.81

11.3k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt. 11 and the last in the series. I felt that I needed to end it before it just dragged on and on, despite how much I loved these characters. I appreciate the feedback I've received, and I hope you all enjoyed this series as much as I have.

Recap - In the middle of dinner, Elaina goes into labor and out pops Sophia Natalia Van der Meer-- well, after 14-ish hours of labor. Jason nearly wears himself out trying to make up for his father's shitty parenting by waiting on Sophie and Elaina non-stop until Elaina puts a painful end to it, forcing him to bed. Elin finally comes to terms with the reality that is her family, feeling selfish for trying to force her family to see things her way only to satisfy her need to distance herself from both being the mother and lover of her spouses. Margaret comes to visit and falls in love with Belgium before moving back home, sending Elin into a sour mood that her only friend is back across the ocean. Jason being Jason, he decides to purchase a few homes to make some money off of while also offering one to Margaret to purchase so she can have the option of moving to the area. After some back and forth, she takes the leap and emigrated to Belgium moving into a bungalow just five minutes away. After her six-week recovery time is up, Elaina has the best sex of her life with Jason to make up for lost time. Closer to term, Paige realizes she can communicate with Prue in the womb. She also decides to start back to school, shocking everyone with her choice of veterinary medicine, something she wouldn't have been able to do with Other Paige in residence. Elin, also near to term, suddenly finds herself incredibly horny all the time, something Jason takes full advantage of much to Elin's delight.

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

"This is so beautiful!"

Elin smiled seeing how happy Margaret was. When she had last visited, her bungalow was still mostly as it had been when Jason had purchased it. They'd only started repainting and had the carpet pulled up then. Now, however, it was the finished product and was just as lovely as her friend had imagined it would be.

Her home was in De Pinte, about five minutes from Van der Meer Castle, on a one-quarter acre lot surrounded by other beautifully maintained homes. With 2,000 square feet, it had 3 bedrooms, 2 full baths, and an open floor plan that was well lit with natural light from skylights and large windows all around. A five-foot high hedge fence created the boundary to her property and helped hide the covered patio area in the back, complete with vines and flowers climbing up a trellis to give it a secret garden feel.

The amenities were all modern, white, and clean, which suited Margaret just fine. Other than the differences in the types of plugs used in the States versus Europe, there was very little for her to get used to in the home. All except the absence of air conditioning. That would take some getting used

to, but during her visits so far, the temperature had been mild enough that opening a few windows would have solved that issue.

"You'll get used to it," Elin said with a chuckle. "Of course, if you just can't do without it, you can have a small unit installed. They're very cognizant of energy efficiency here, so most homes don't come with central air."

Margaret waved it off. "I'm sure it'll be fine. I could also get some fans if I need a breeze. But, heat?"

"Natural gas in this home. With all your windows, though," Elin explained, "just a little heat through the night would work wonders, then just let the sun heat the house during the day."

Jason found them a few moments later, breathing a bit heavily. "All of the boxes are moved in," he said, then took a moment to look around the living room. "Are you sure this furniture is okay?"

The house had been sold furnished, to a degree, and what was left had been of decent quality. So, Jason left it with the home for Margaret to make a final decision on.

She just shrugged. "I'll use it for a while. If I don't like it, I'll replace it."

"Well," Elin said with a melancholy look, "I guess that's you all moved in."

Margaret laughed. "Oh, don't be so sad. I'm still coming over for dinner tonight. And you got me to move to a different country!"

"And she's been with us for the past week," Jason added, smirking at his oldest wife. "Your friend can come over dinner for later, as long as her parents don't mind it."

Everyone laughed, other than Elin who just gave him a flat look. "Funny, husband." She then dangled a set of keys in front of Margaret. "Until you get your own vehicle, or get used to public transportation here, you're using mine. No objections."

After a moment of her lips pressed in a thin line, as if she were considering rejecting the offer, Margaret took the keys. "Do I even need it?"

"If you want to just drive around to see the sights, yes," Jason said. "We're just five minutes away by car, so not that much longer if you wanted to walk. And I believe I saw a bus stop not too far from here that will probably take you into Ghent, then you can bus or train from there to anywhere." He shrugged. "Or you could get a bike."

"Huh." Margaret considered the idea. "I haven't ridden a bike in ages, but that's a good idea!"

A few parting comments later, Jason, Elin, and Paige drove the long five minutes home. Paige didn't miss the opportunity to ask, "Are we there, yet?"

"Have you gotten everything you need from the grocery for dinner?" Jason asked, walking from the garage into the house.

"Checking on El, then pool time!" Paige said, bolting past them.

Elin chuckled at Paige, then replied. "I'm all set. I even picked up a few more bottles of wine and spirits in case she wants to really let loose tonight." Entering through the door that Paige left open, she glanced at her watch. "I should get the meal going. Pork shoulder with a garlic herb sauce," she announced, then added, "salad, potatoes and carrots--ooh, I'm also baking some Irish soda bread."

"Oh, man...I love it when you make that bread," he said, pulling her close for a quick kiss. "You are an amazing woman."

She giggled, shrugged coyly, and ran her hand down his back. "I am *your* amazing woman."

"Yes. Yes, you are. And I'll never let you go."

"See? There's daddy. And Momma Elin is back, too. No need to be so fussy."

The two turned to find Elaina bringing a dainty yet very upset Sophia toward them into the kitchen where they stood.

"Aww, what's wrong, Sophie? Did you miss me that much?" Jason said in a soft, playful voice. Elaina handed her over, and Jason gave his daughter several light kisses on her face. "We weren't gone that long, sweetie. We were just down the road, but we're back now. Yes. Yes, we are."

Elaina leaned against the fridge door watching him. He'd been a father for such a short time, but he was so good at it. The way he just dropped everything to focus on his little girl's needs was amazing to her, never thinking any man his age would be this good at fatherhood. And that was despite how attentive he had always been to his wives.

"Has she eaten?" he asked, not looking up from Sophia as he made silly faces at the baby girl.

"Finished twenty minutes ago, but she was just so feisty the entire time."

In a goofy voice, he asked, "Do you have a stinky?" After a quick check, seeing a clean bottom, he kissed her little hand and wrapped her back up. "So, you really did just miss daddy? Is that what it was?"

He snuggled her close as he walked closer to Elaina, kissing her sweet lips gently. "Are you okay? Do you need a nap, or anything?"

She just smirked, shaking her head at him. "God, I love you so much," she gushed, pulling his mouth back to hers. "And, no, I'm fine. How did it go with Margaret?"

"She absolutely loves her home," Elin beamed as she pulled out the extra-large slow cooker and nestled it in one of the corners of the kitchen counter. "I am so happy that she's here!"

"I thought I was going to have to drag you out of her house for minute or two."

Elin clicked her tongue at Jason. "I am just exceedingly happy that my friend lives so close now."

He walked slowly to her, cupping her cheek. "I know, love. And it makes me happy to see you this way." She also received a kiss, which elicited a tiny whimper from him. She had been, as of late, an incredibly horny wife. With a knowing smile, he glanced at the cooker. "Maybe have some time with me after you get the meal sorted?"

She nodded quickly, then spun on her heel to begin yanking the large cut of meat from the fridge along with various vegetables.

Elaina giggled. "I always want some daddy time," she said with a glance down at Sophie, suddenly curbing her language around her child, "but I don't think I was that hard up in this stage of my pregnancy."

"Well," Elin said, hurriedly cutting vegetables and dumping them into the cooker, "I am. And I can't help it. I--I just am."

Elaina held her hands up. "Hey, no judgment from me. I just find it interesting how different women's bodies and needs can be during times like this." She playfully walked up to Elin and patted her bottom. "Just don't forget about your wives, eh?"

"What? Oh!" she said, putting the knife down and wiping her hands on a towel. She wrapped her arms around Elaina and kissed her softly at first, then forged ahead into a much more passionate kiss that made both women whimper with desire.

"Doesn't look like she's forgotten anyone," Jason said with a grin, watching as Elin's hands lowered down to squeeze Elaina's incredible ass.

"I most certainly have not," Elin said, pulling back to gaze into Elaina's blue eyes, both wanting more. "I--I have to--"

"We could just go out to eat," Jason said, trying to be helpful.

"What!? No, husband!" Elin almost screeched; the trance from looking into the beautiful blue pools broken by Jason's absurd suggestion. "I have to make something magnificent for Margaret."

Elaina turned Elin's face back to hers, kissing her quickly. "Finish up and let me know if you want or need help. Then, once you're done with our husband, I'll gladly take sloppy seconds."

"Oh God...I am so wet right now," Elin whispered. Her hand started back up to Elaina's face, but she pulled it back quickly. "I can do this quickly. Just--" she turned back to the counter and continued cutting. "Just give me a bit." She then sighed, her shoulders slumping. "Okay, maybe forty-five minutes."

"Hmm," Elaina said, tapping her lip a moment before gently taking Sophia back into her arms. "Just enough time to give your other very pregnant wife some love, recover, and then rock Elin's world."

They heard Elin grunt in surprise. "Ooh, good idea. She can get you all primed and ready for me, husband. And I *really* want you primed and ready."

"You'll hear no argument from me," he said, kissing the baby, then leaving a smoldering kiss on Elaina's lips. "I love you, El."

She grinned mischievously. "I know."

Moments later, out in the pool, Jason stood looking out over the serene waters, missing one swimming, tiny wife of his. Normally, she'd be treading water in the deep end, or swimming endless laps. But the water was still. At this point in their pregnancies, his wives weren't supposed to be in the hot tub, but he checked it anyway.

"Hmm," he said, walking down the length of the pool, then stopping at the 10 ft. marker. In the middle of the pool, cross-legged on the bottom, sat Paige. Her head turned to him, and she waved under the water before gracefully twisting her body to shoot like a pregnant missile toward the shallow.

He met her at the steps, and the sight of her walking out of the water even sexier than Phoebe Cates in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* took his breath away. Pregnant or not, Paige was one

incredible, and alluring young woman. In Jason's mind, knowing that the child growing within her was his made him even more attracted to her in ways that he just couldn't quantify.

"Hello, master," she said, her tone sultry and knowing as she unhooked her bikini top to expose her full breasts. "You are here for me."

The sight of Jason's misfiring brain as he stared at Paige's body, and the overpowering feeling of love and desire emanating from him made her smile. "It makes me happy that you still lust for your wives even after our bodies have changed from carrying your child."

After a few mind-clearing blinks, Jason's eyes eventually met hers. "Paige, believe me, it only enhances everything that I love about you."

His hand immediately met her stomach, which Paige had always thought curious but not at all unacceptable. She, Elaina, and Elin's bodies had all changed with their pregnancies, some changes not exactly for the better, but Jason's attraction to them had spiked through the roof as they progressed through the trimesters. All three women had kept their slim, fit bodies, but heavier breasts, accumulation of cellulite, stretch marks, and the occasional swollen ankle here and there only seemed to draw his desire for them higher than ever. And Elaina's recovery after giving birth was an excellent indication that their master was not only still supremely attracted to them, but even more so than before.

Paige knew that it was true love that Jason held for them. There was also a feeling of gratitude, but for some reason, an underlying current of guilt. It had been hard to sift through with the ridiculous amount of love that they felt from what Paige referred to as his superpower, but once she had felt it, she called an impromptu meeting with her wives to discuss their master's feelings about their pregnancies. They assumed that Jason, while as elated as his wives were that they were going to become parents, felt horrible about everything they were going through to make that happen. He saw how much pain and discomfort they endured to create their children, while all he had to 'endure' was amazing sex and, possibly, some exhaustion at keeping his wives sated in that regard.

They all knew that David's actions as Jason's father influenced everything their husband did for his family now. They also knew that Jason's desire to keep his wives safe and happy directed his emotions toward the pain they felt while pregnant. That was why he was so attentive, sometimes to his own detriment, often going out of his way to become, more or less, their manservant to make sure they were as pampered as they could be. Without Elaina's forceful way of getting him to cool his jets and take time for himself, Jason would have worked himself to an early grave by putting his family on a pedestal while ignoring his own needs. Thankfully, he had taken steps to spread the wealth, so to speak, when it came to caring for Sophie and his pregnant wives.

It only drew them to him even more, though, knowing that while he was their master, he would always put them first. And in doing so, they, in turn, only wanted to put him first. His unwavering dedication to them made them want to elevate their master within their lives beyond his wildest dreams.

Which was why, despite the contractions that had been coming off and on throughout the day, Paige would get on her knees and open her mouth for him, spread her legs for him, or do anything and everything he asked of her without question. In their circle, the wives of Jason Van der Meer put their master first before anything, even themselves--a mindset that was difficult since their master was doing the exact same thing.

His hands were warm on her swollen stomach, and the pulse of reverence and respect for her nearly made her knees buckle. Not lust, not desire, but reverence and respect. It was clear that he felt indebted to his wives for what they'd gone through while pregnant; humbled, even, as if he owed them and nothing he could ever do would be enough to repay what they had done for him.

"We all wanted this as much as you, master. You know this."

He took a shaky breath, both hands caressing the tight skin of her stomach. With a nod, he said, "I know. I just wish it didn't hurt you all so much. The discomfort, the sleepless nights, the nausea, the--"

"The massages, the warm embraces, the bubble baths, your own sleepless nights when we have sleepless nights because you refused to rest," she interrupted, gently pushing a finger against his lips. "We wanted this as much as you and knew well enough what we would go through." She smirked and winked. "It's a girl thing. Besides, we know it's worth it, and while you may not approve, it is my wish for you to breed me regularly so that I can give you more children."

He scoffed. "The breeding part I like, but you are so much more than just my tiny, sexy babymaking machine, Paige."

With a dismissive shrug, she said, "As you wish. But you always ask what we want, master, and that is very much what I want."

Seeing his hesitation at her words, she lifted his hands from her stomach to caress her breasts. "But you came out here for a very different reason, my love."

Not taking her blue eyes from his, she slowly pulled his mouth to hers, grinning when he wrapped his powerful arms around her. Of course, it didn't take long for one of his hands to firmly grip her toned bottom.

"I want you inside of me, Jason Van der Meer," she whispered against his lips. "I want my master's cock where it belongs, his seed to splash deep within me, and to go hoarse screaming his name in ecstasy."

"Holy shit, that's fucking hot," he chuckled.

Looking down at the appendage that now pressed against her bulbous stomach, she grinned. "And that was the reaction I was hoping for."

As they kissed, all the while removing the last remnants of clothing, Paige walked him backward to one of the stone planters decorating the pool area. The short, stone walls were wide enough for her to sit upon, and the perfect height for her master to stand while sinking his length into her.

"You want to do it here?" he asked with an incredulous laugh.

"I would do it on the lawn, in the middle of the mall, or even a pew in that ridiculously large church down the street if you so wished, master," she said, her tone deadly serious. "I just want you to take me, and I will never object to the time or place."

Her hand gripped his shaft, and she leaned back, wrapping her legs around him as she pulled his tip closer to her entrance. "I am so wet for you, husband. You do this to me, you know? Your desire, your love, your--Ahhhhh!"

Her sultry words, meant to entice him, were cut short when she felt a sudden influx of girth pushing easily into her wet tunnel. Her eyes closed in ecstasy as the feeling of this welcome intrusion into her body overpowered her ability to speak or form coherent thoughts. He was so warm, so thick, and she could feel every vein and ribbed section of the erectile tissue against her walls, only enhancing the pleasure within her core. Immediately, her body trembled in anticipation.

His kisses were slow but filled with enough passion to make her swoon on their own. Her hands found his back, gently pulling him in time with the rhythm of his thrusts.

"Master!" she suddenly shrieked, the first of many coming orgasms already making its presence known. "Yes! Yes! Oh...ffffffuck yes!"

In the time that they had been together, Jason had enjoyed Paige's ability to orgasm so quickly. She wasn't quite hyperorgasmic--just shy of it, really--but the frequency in which she peaked had always been a curiosity to him, and one hell of an ego boost in knowing that making love to her would always elicit such a desirable response for both.

"I love you, Paige," he said, his lips now on her long, graceful neck.

She gasped, inhaling deeply before a second orgasm came riding the coattails of the last. Unable to speak, to reply to her master, she could only succumb to the mind-blowing effects of her body's response to his love.

"That's it, baby," he cooed as he continued his thrusts. "That's it. Cum for me."

He was purposely being gentle, worried that something too strenuous might harm her at this stage in her pregnancy. But he was getting what he wanted: absolute elation from his tiny wife.

"Harder," she managed. "Just...just a bit."

"As you wish," he grinned, picking up the pace.

Paige whimpered, gasped, and whined, sounding much like a porn star putting on a show for the camera as he impaled her repeatedly with his cock. The noises she made, combined with the sloshing and slurping sounds their bodies made with each thrust, excited him to the point that he had to focus his mind on not finishing too quickly.

"Jason--oh, FUCK, Jason! Hmmm...oh God...yes!" She panted like she'd run a marathon before another orgasm claimed her. Her mouth came down on his shoulder, biting into his skin as a high-pitched wail escaped her lips.

"I can't handle it," he finally said, unable to continue much longer. "You're too goddamn sexy, so fucking tight, Paige."

"Do it!" she plead. "Do it, master! Aaahhhhhh!"

Pulling her mouth to his, their lips crashing together in rapturous desire, he emptied himself within her. He felt her body shiver in ecstasy as both the pulses of his cock flooded her womb, and pulses of his love shook her body to its core.

"I am yours," she said breathlessly. "I am yours, master. For eternity, I am yours."

She hugged him, a satisfied smile on her face and a resolute will within her soul that she would always serve Jason, her brother, her husband, her *master* until she took her last breath.

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After taking a breather, and drinking plenty of water, Jason waited patiently for Elin to finish the food prep for Margaret's dinner. He and Elaina played with Sophie while he waited, and both commented on how quickly Elin was moving, clearly wanting to move on to better things with her husband. Despite her urgency, her preparation of the food was still immaculate as she flew through her duties.

Once done, she yanked the apron off, grasped Jason's hand and pulled him from the stool and to the bedroom. Within seconds of the door closing, she was nude and urging her husband to disrobe as well. While he did, she removed her favorite vibrator from a dresser drawer and was soon on her knees in front of him.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, husband. Just..." She sighed heavily, and he noticed she was twitching like a druggie jonesing for their next hit. "I don't know what's going on with me, master. I've just been so incredibly horny these past few weeks."

His breath was taken away when she fully engulfed his member, the sound of the vibrator humming through the room. She whimpered when the toy touched her clit, her mouth moving with fervor up and down his shaft.

"I should have been more attentive," he said, rubbing a hand over the top of her head in a gentle caress. "I'll do better."

With a soft pop, her lips came off him as she looked into his eyes. "Don't be silly, my love. You are the most attentive husband. This may--ooooohhhh," she paused, her body shivering from the fierce buzzing between her legs. "Um...this may just be from the pregnancy."

"Well, let's make this one for the books, then," he said, extending a hand to her. She stood, looking at him with confusion, but he just smiled. "On the bed," he said, then added, "and keep the toy going."

On the bed, her legs splayed, he began with his fingers penetrating her while one hand caressed her swollen belly and heavy breasts. "Focus on the sensations," he said. "Let me take care of you."

"Thank you, master," she whispered with a happy sigh.

He played with her wet pussy for twenty minutes, sometimes gently rubbing her labia, other times slamming his fingers home to force more orgasms from her. With the combination of his skillful digital manipulation and the non-stop buzzing of the toy, she had five orgasms that left her flush and panting. But she wanted more.

After one and a half hours, she was finally satiated after they'd both lost count of the number of orgasms she'd had. His sex with Paige had left him with a bit more staying power, and after so long satisfying three women repeatedly, he'd picked up his own tricks for staving off his own orgasms which, in this case, helped immensely.

He'd pounded into her as she lay on her back, then turned her over for doggystyle loving. This led to ten minutes of anal play that he had to beg off from lest he blow his wad entirely too quickly. Giving himself a break, he returned to his mouth and fingers then, at her request, he finished in her ass.

She was a sweaty, tired mess by the time they were done, and her eyes were mostly glazed over. Once the vibrator was turned off, the silence in the room felt odd without it. Sidling beside her in the bed, he just held her, softly kissing her shoulder and neck as she recovered from what had just happened.

"I'm sorry, master. I don't know what has come over me," she said softly. "But thank you for putting up with it. It wasn't too much for you, was it?"

"I told you it wasn't, didn't I?" He leaned forward to gently kiss her lips, dry from panting and exertion. Getting up, he grabbed a bottle of water from the nightstand for her. "I'm just here to make sure you're happy and satisfied."

"Mmm!" she hummed angrily, mid-drink. Swallowing quickly, she sat up fully and turned to him. "You most certainly are not, master! You are everything to us. We are here to make *you* happy and satisfied."

He gave her a small smile and stroked her cheek. "Agree to disagree. Let's just call it mutual satisfaction, okay?"

She looked so beautiful when she knitted her brows in consternation at him. "Yes, husband," she allowed, even though he could tell she didn't like it.

"Now, I want you to rest a bit. After that much stimulation, you have to be sore, or at least tingly," he said warmly. "Is there anything I need to do with the food?"

"No. I will take care of it."

"Ein--"

"Master, it's fine. It will be another few hours before anything needs attending, and I'll have plenty of time to finish before Margaret arrives."

After a beat, he settled down onto the bed with her. She needed gentle embraces now, and he had a near-neurotic need to make sure his women knew that they were so much more than just bodies for him to use. They lay together for twenty minutes, gently touching and holding each other as they both recovered. Everything just seemed so perfect with their lover so close, and Elin basked in his love. There was nothing better than this feeling, the aftercare given once the strenuous lovemaking session had ended. In that moment, nothing in the world could convince them to leave each other's embrace. Nothing could--

"Paige's water broke, but--" Elaina said, bursting through the door.

"Oh my God!" Elin blurted, immediately scrambling from the bed.

"Whoa, hang on," Elaina said, causing Elin to stop. "She's already called the doctor. Her contractions aren't that regular yet, so you have time to get ready."

"How much time?"

Elaina noticed Elin's disheveled state, then looked at the trashed bed. "Enough time to shower and get dressed, but I'm not sure about the food."

Elin's eyes widened, then her shoulders slumped. "Oh, the food!" she moaned.

"Honey," Jason said, behind her with his hands on her arms, "let's shower real quick, then we can try to sort everything else out. Elaina," he then said, turning to her, "can you let Margaret know that we're kind of up in the air at the moment? I think it's best if we just reschedule."

He felt Elin's shoulders slump even more.

Elaina nodded, frowning at the look on Elin's face. "I'll call her."

"How is Paige?" he continued.

"Apparently, she's been having smaller contractions most of the day. She said they were manageable and is lying on the couch now." Elaina scoffed. "I had to fuss at her to stop her from cleaning the carpet after her water broke."

He nodded. "Okay. Let her know we'll be out in a few minutes."

It was a quick double shower, doing just enough to wash the sheen of sweat and smell of sex from their bodies. He could tell Elin was nervous from the way she raced through her shower. It had been the same with Elaina, and Jason knew that no matter if they were her wives now, Paige and Elaina were her daughters. And no change in relationship, no matter how dedicated they were to it, would change that fact. She would never stop worrying about them in that regard.

Showered and dressed, Jason bee-lined to Paige who, upon seeing him, stood with her arms out. She was smiling.

"Are you okay?" he immediately asked. "Do you need anything? Are you in--"

"Master," she said, as if speaking to a child, "I am fine. It is now time to go."

"Now?" Elin asked, shocked. She'd carried Paige's go-bag over and dropped it on the couch.

"Yep, yep," Paige said with a nod. She was already dressed down, having seen how things went with Elaina and knowing she'd have to remove it all anyway, wearing a full-length T-shirt, for a change, and yoga pants. And she was incredibly calm for a woman whose water had just broken.

"Honey--" Jason began, but Paige just held up a set of keys and took his other hand.

"It'll be okay," she said with a grin. "You'll see."

With a quick glance at his other wives, he shrugged. "Good enough for me. Let's go have a baby."

It didn't escape notice from any of his wives how wide his smile was as the three found their way to the garage.

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I'm nervous. Are you nervous? Paige asked. She then grinned. *Yes! I think it will be exciting. I just really hope we can keep talking like this aft--* She paused, listening to the doctor's instructions, and nodded. After a moment, she continued. *But, listen--even if we can't, I just want you to know that*

you are about to meet three women who will love you unconditionally, and one man who would take on the world to make sure you were happy.

Jason's brows furrowed as he heard Paige giggle. "Uh...what's happening?"

She turned to him, her eyes sparkling with joy. "Nervous laughter?" she offered. "Just talking to Prue."

Paige had finally come clean that she could talk to Prue. To her surprise, having thought they'd believe she was bullshitting them, or that it was some sort of joke, they believed her.

Jason was happy for her, and he smiled. It was a sad smile. She could see it and placed a hand on his cheek. He'd wanted nothing more than to be able to communicate with Prue without needing Paige as a go-between. And even speaking that way didn't always work. Prue was still forming, after all, and mostly slept.

"She will be here soon, my love, and she knows you adore her already."

He nodded. "I'll just have to prove it to her." After a beat, he added, "Can you tell her that I'm excited and will see her soon?"

Paige's eyebrows popped up in surprise. "It appears to be showtime."

"Uh...doc?" Jason said, his nervousness ramping up.

Paige let out a scream as the urge to push overpowered her small body. She couldn't push, though, not yet. The doctor wasn't in position to catch, but that was quickly remedied, and unlike her big sister, Prue Amalia van der Meer arrived just ten minutes later.

After a quick check of her vitals and a simple physical, Prue was in an impatient Paige's arms. Jason watched as his little wife stared at her beautiful daughter's face intently. He then saw her chin begin to quiver before large tears began to fall.

"Paige...?"

She shook her head, taking a moment to wipe her face. "Not talking. Nothing."

He could only hold her as she cried. She'd been looking forward to being able to continue talking with her daughter, but they had thrown out the realistic view that this exact situation may occur. It wasn't what she wanted, but it was a possibility that they'd prepared for.

"It's okay," she finally said, and Jason saw that she was clinging to Prue, gently pressing kisses to her forehead. "It's okay," she repeated in a whisper. "You're still my sweet little girl, Prue. And when you're ready to talk, your family will be here. Mommy El, Mommy Elin, and--"

Paige's head shot up and she turned to Jason, a look of worry on her face. "Go. Find Elin."

No matter how many times Paige acted silly or said nonsensical things that no one fully understood--all of which was easier now that Other Paige wasn't keeping her from speaking in full sentences--when she directed you to go do something, you didn't waste time asking questions. You just did it.

In a jog, Jason hurried down the corridor of the birthing unit within Maria Middelaars Hospital to the waiting room. He found Elaina with a phone to her ear and only just now noticed that his phone

had been vibrating in his back pocket. Beside her, Elin was moaning from the pain of a very powerful contraction. Judging by the mess on the floor, it had been exacerbated by her water having just broken as well.

"They're bringing a wheelchair," Elaina said as he joined them.

Elin was panting, the contraction passing. Jason took her hand and knelt beside her.

"It's okay, husband," she said through heavy breaths. "All a part of the process." She tried to chuckle, then stopped, seeing the look on his face. "I love you, Jason. I know you're worried, but don't be. It's better this happened here than at home, or on a train somewhere."

"It was bad enough that Paige was a few weeks early, but you, too?" he said.

She just smirked at him. "Twinning," she said. The mirth, however, was fleeting as her eyes went wide and she squeezed his hand with a force that Jason didn't know she had.

Moments later, two nurses and a doctor rushed out, waiting only until her current contraction finished before moving her to the wheelchair.

Taking only a moment to kiss Elaina, then Sophie, with instructions for her to join Paige, Jason followed along as the medical staff rushed Elin down the same corridor he'd just run down. As luck would have it, she was placed into the room right next to Paige. Getting her up and into the bed was a bit of a chore, though, since she'd not come prepared to strip and get into a hospital gown. It wasn't so much the maternity dress she was wearing, which could be pulled over her head quickly. It was that she had decided to not only wear her underwear, but also pulling on stockings which, not being removed, would be like a net catching a fish.

"Just cut them!" she hissed. "Undies, tooOOOO!!"

Another contraction came crashing down upon her, and from the quick, and quite frantic actions of the staff, she would be giving birth very soon. It was no surprise that a nurse pounced with trauma shears and expertly cut the stocking away, followed by the large maternity underwear she wore.

Jason had been learning the Dutch language more and more every day, picking it up much easier since they were speaking it in the house regularly, along with hearing it on TV and the radio as well as in places like the hospital. However, once Elin's legs were up in the stirrups and the nurse's eyes bulged, followed by rapid-fire Dutch aimed at the doctor, everything changed.

Elin was moaning non-stop, squeezing the life out of Jason's hand, but she shot him a worried look. "Crowning!" she said through gritted teeth.

"Already!?"

The doctor shouted directions to the staff as she slid between Elin's legs mimicking Johnny Bench ready to catch little Eric who, for some reason, was in one hell of a hurry. Elin pushed, moaned, and squeezed Jason one big time. Unlike Sophia and Prue, who had partially slid out, had their mouths cleared, then were pushed completely out of the womb, Eric came in like a wrecking ball, sliding out of his home for the past 8 1/2 months, taking the time to spread his limbs akimbo.

Jason, who was tearing up from the flurry of activity in the room and worry over his wife and son, couldn't help but chuckle at his youngest with what appeared to be a "Ta da!" moment.

Elin was all tears, still panting, but once Jason told her what he'd seen, she was able to chuckle lightly before her head fell back to the pillow.

While a nurse took his son for a quick checkup, Jason showered Elin with gentle kisses.

"That...was insane," she managed to get out. "Is there water?"

As if on cue, a tall nurse came in behind him with a small cup of ice water and a few other items that normally would have been on hand had the delivery not been so quick. Elin took small sips, just enough to wet her mouth from the heavy breathing.

"Mrs. Hughes, your son," one of the nurses said, handing over a very wiggly little boy to her with a grin.

Elin began to sob. Happy tears, Jason hoped, and then confirmed as he watched his wife smile through the tears as she interacted with their son.

"He is gorgeous, Jason," she whispered, glancing up at him with a weary smile. "My baby is finally here."

Eric didn't have much hair to speak of, but he was a beautiful little boy. All his children were, something he attributed to the fact that their mothers were stunningly beautiful angels. "He is," Jason agreed. "He gets that from his mother."

She chuckled. "Thank you, husband." After a beat, and a quick glance down at Eric in her arms, she looked up at him timidly. "Husband?"

Seeing the look, he took a moment to stroke her cheek. "Elin? What's wrong?"

"I don't know that I can do this again," she whispered. "I--I mean, it was quick, the delivery, but it was just so much."

Jason nodded, pressing his forehead to hers. "I only want you to be happy. We moved to Belgium, we found a home, and we have an amazing child together."

"Everything that I wanted, you've done," she said, giving him a small smile.

"But we're not finished. I know those were the things you wanted, and we succeeded," he grinned, kissing her forehead. "Now we have three little lives to teach, love, spoil, and adore. Now we just need to do everything possible to make them happy and loved. And, you know, anything else my wives decide they want down the line."

"We will be back in around thirty minutes to take your son to the nursery," one of the nurses said. "In the meantime, please try to nurse. Let us know if you need assistance with that or would prefer to pump."

Elin just nodded, then leaned her head against Jason's chest, content. After a moment, she looked up, pulling his lips to hers. Her soft, lingering kiss felt glorious, like gratitude, joy, and dedication all rolled into one moment. When she pulled back, she sighed happily and blinked away a few happy tears as she smiled at him.

"I never would have imagined our lives would takes us in this direction, Jason," she said softly, her hand sliding down to take his. She chuckled lightly, worn out from the past twenty minutes. "Who

knew that the man and woman I was meant to be with and would love more than my own life would be my own?" She chuckled again before pulling him back down for another kiss, this time one with more lust and desire, and quite a bit of tongue.

She moaned happily, giggling as she had a firm grip on his shirt, not wanting the kiss to end. Once it did, she looked deeply into his eyes. "I love you so much, my wonderful husband. Loving you, loving Elaina and Paige, and having your child is the best thing that has ever happened to me. Thank you for loving me like you do. Thank you for not letting our past lives define who we are. Otherwise, well," she paused, a slight frown on her face, "I shudder to think what life would have been like without you in this way."

Eric decided to ruin the moment by gasping and beginning to cry, which only made his parents smile. "Feeding time, it seems," Jason said. "Let me get you some pillows."

"Is everything okay in here?"

Elin looked up to find Elaina and Sophie standing in the door, a brief look of concern on her face until she saw that they were ready to begin feeding.

"It is more than okay, love," Elin said proudly. She jerked her head slightly, signalling Elaina to come in. "Eric, this is your sister, Sophia Natalia Van der Meer. And the stunning goddess holding her is your other mommy, Mommy Elaina."

Eric didn't care. He was hungry. His head jerked back and forth, his tiny mouth open in a hurried search to find sustenance. Once he latched on, they all heard a relieved sigh and chuckled.

"I guess he's going to be the big eater," Elaina mused. "It's a good thing that his mommy loves to cook."

"Only the best for our children," Elin said, eyes of love watching her son feed. "They'll grow up big and strong."

Jason gave his son a soft kiss. "I'm going to check on Paige."

"Oh, please tell her that I love and miss her, husband," Elin said, as if her youngest wife didn't know.

He nodded and walked the twenty-some steps to see his other blonde wife. As soon as he stepped in, he saw sadness.

"They took her to the nursery," Paige adorably pouted. She opened the gown to expose her slightly larger, heavy breasts. "No milk yet." Her pout deepened as she crossed her arms grumpily.

"You'll get there, honey," he said.

"Kiss them."

"What?" he asked, chuckling.

"Kiss the boobies. You'll help."

Not hesitating, he went to the door to close it for some privacy, then walked back to her. He grinned at the expectant look on her face before leaning down to kiss both of her pert, pink nipples. He then suckled gently for a few moments on each, glad to hear the soft sigh coming from her.

"Harder," she whispered, urging him.

Not wanting to cause her pain, he made sure to engulf the entirety of her areola before sucking a bit harder, but nowhere near as hard as if he were giving her a hickey. He did the same to the other, and she giggled.

"See?" she said, tapping his head.

His head rose and followed her dainty finger pointing at the nipple he'd just visited. A small drop of milk dangled at the end.

"You never cease to amaze me, Paige." He quickly licked the drop, then kissed her. "Elin said that she loves and misses you. Do you want me to see if I can wheel you around to her room for a quick visit before they take Eric back?"

Her mood brightened and she nodded enthusiastically. After a quick check and a spare wheelchair, everyone was in Elin's room, 'ooh-ing' and 'ahh-ing' over their newest addition. He was a big eater but had finally finished just in time to be passed to Paige to hold his tiny body for burping.

"He is gorgeous," Paige said, adding, "He gets that from his mommy."

Elin snorted, having just had the same conversation with Jason.

"Are you hearing this, Sophie?" Jason asked in mock affront. "I think Mommy Paige just insulted me. Are we going to stand for that?"

Sophie yawned.

"Well...you're no help, you little cutie," he said, kissing her little head.

While his wives were all focusing on the children, Jason saw people at the door. He smiled and nodded permission to a nurse before the visitor called out.

"Did someone lose a little angel? I swear, people just let their kids crawl all over the place in these hospitals, not even caring if they're out carousing for some stranger's breast milk, coming back late from baby concerts, or, well, just about anything!"

"Margaret!" Elin gasped happily. Had she been able to get out of the bed just yet, she would have embraced the older woman immediately.

"I believe this sweet thing belongs to you, Paige?" Margaret asked, making funny faces at Prue.

"That's my girl," Paige beamed. "But my hands are full. Pass her off to Mommy Elin?"

Elin's arms shot out immediately, desperate to finally see the Prue they'd all had occasion to 'speak to' during her mother's pregnancy. In her arms, Elin looked excitedly at Paige.

She just shook her head. "Nothing." She bit back the sorrow and took solace in the fact that Prue was a healthy baby.

"Aww, did you get shy on your mommies?" Elin asked playfully. Jason saw a small chin quiver on her face as well. He and his three wives had all looked forward to some sort of communication with one of their children, even if it was limited somewhat by her age. With that possibility lost to them, it was a hard hit, but they would manage.

"I don't think I've ever seen a happier group of people," Margaret said as she took a moment to hold Eric, taking to him like an old professional. She scanned the four faces in front of her. "I daresay that all of you look even happier than the first day I met you, and let me tell you, that was one hell of a reunion."

"That seems so long ago," Elin said as she reached out an arm to Jason. "I almost lost it when Paige went running down the sidewalk. I thought it would be like running to a scared animal, and you would run off." She kissed his hand after he took it. "I am so glad you didn't run off."

"As am I," he replied honestly. The thought hadn't truly entered his mind, although it had been an awkward situation.

He looked down at Paige who was still gently patting Eric against her shoulder, remembering that day as if it were yesterday. He'd stood on the stoop of the house as two nearly identical angels exited Margaret's Rolls Royce, holding hands as they walked to his door. Then, without warning, Paige ran to him, tears streaking her face. She was a stranger to him, but it didn't matter to her.

Any walls he had managed to put up in apprehension were shattered immediately as a sobbing page held him, saying, "I missed you so, so much. Please don't leave me again."

It had been such a simple and touching admission and request, that he broke down in tears as well.

"That was the day our worlds changed," Jason said proudly. He stroked Paige's head, kissing it, gave Elaina a soft kiss, followed by one for Elin. "I will *never* forget it."

He then turned to Margaret. "And since you played such a big part in it," he said, pausing briefly for her to scoff at him, "I have a very serious question to ask."

Margaret's playful look fell when she saw the look on his face. She was used to the back-and-forth ribbing from any of the family, except Elin, and thought this was another one of those times. "Okay," she said, drawing out the word.

"Margaret, we've all discussed it and would like it if you would be godmother to our children," he said. "I was going to suggest surrogate grandmother, but--"

"I'll be grandmother!" she blurted out, causing everything to stop. "Chelsea...she can't have kids and doesn't seem to like the idea of adoption. I've wanted to be called grandma for a long, long time." Glancing at Jason, Elaina, and Paige, she locked eyes with Elin. "Are you sure, though? It's gonna' be a weird conversation when we explain the family tree to them, especially because I won't be on it anywhere and--," she hesitated, suddenly looking nervous.

"Because I'm technically grandma to all three?" Elin said with a half-smile. "We will cross that bridge when we come to it. But I cannot think of anyone in this world who could be a better grandmother to these children than you, Margaret."

Jason stepped back to give the two women room for a hug. Margaret even surprised Elin with a quick peck on the cheek.

"You are one hell of a sweet woman, Elin," Margaret said. "And if I'm grandmother, this means I'm the boss of you now. So, I'll expect Sunday roast on the regular, and..."

"Yeah, yeah," Elin smiled, waving her off. "We may have chosen poorly."

"I'm excited to get back home," Paige said as the children were all swapped back to their mothers. "This is good, us being together like this, but I miss our bed."

"I'm sorry, I think you misspoke and said bed instead of pool," Elaina smirked.

"I do miss our bed," Elin sighed, wiggling a bit with a pouty lip. "This is...decent, at least as far as hospital beds go, I guess."

"It's the size," Elaina added in. "When you're used to that big ol' bed we have, these just feel constricting."

Both Paige and Elin turned to her as if a light bulb had just turned on in their heads. "Yes! That's what it is!"

Jason felt overwhelmed as he looked around the room. Three stunning women, all of whom lived to serve his every need and loved him without fail, and each having given him an incredible child each. It was surreal. Not long ago, one was his estranged mother, one was his oddball little sister, and the other sister hated his very essence. But now? Now they were his. His and his alone; his to love, to spoil, to do his best to serve and protect, and to make deliriously happy for the rest of their days.

Oh, and the sex. Holy shit, the fucking sex. They may have been a mother and her two daughters, but they were so very different when it came to their bedroom antics. They each had their own likes, dislikes, and even some kinks that made things interesting. But the only thing that made it worthwhile was that without a doubt--not even a single niggling, tiny little doubt--the *only* man they would ever love was him.

"I am so in love with--not you," he said, winking at Margaret before adding, "everyone in this room right now. My lovely wives, my incredible children," he said as his throat began to thicken with emotion, "this is what we were searching for. What we wanted more than anything. And we did it." He smiled, quickly wiping away a tear that was beginning to form before continuing. "I just want you three to know, right here and right now, that this is day one of our new family. And from here on out, it will be my goal to keep you all safe, happy, and loved beyond belief. Nothing else matters to me but my girls, and these three little beauties," he said as he kissed Prue's cheek.

Elin, Elaina, and Prue looked at Jason as if he were the second coming of Christ, each tearing up as they lovingly listened to him. As he spoke, Jason had no clue that his 'superpower,' as Paige called it, had spiked through the roof, affecting each of his wives quite deeply. Even little Eric, who had begun to fuss again, calmed quickly, his eyes darting around while in Elin's arms.

"Does anyone else feel that?" Margaret said as she looked around the room. She had an odd look on her face; a little bit of shock mixed with curiosity. "And why is it so warm in here all of a sudden?"

Jason's brows furrowed as he looked around the room, even holding his hand up to the air register in the ceiling. Elin, Elaina, and Paige just shared knowing looks, saying nothing.

"Hmm. I don't feel any heat." Jason looked around the room and shrugged. "I don't see a thermostat. I'll check with the nursing staff. Be right back."

All three wives sighed happily, giving a little hum at the warm blanket of love that had been cast around them. Elin kissed Eric's face, then looked down at Paige in the wheelchair. "We have a long six weeks ahead of us, Paige. I'm already feeling it, and I don't like it."

"It was difficult, especially hearing how much fun you two were having with him," Elaina chimed in. The three then burst out laughing when Margaret groaned, made a sour face, and walked out of the room.

"I think I'll be okay."

"Oh yeah?" Elaina asked, smugly. "And what makes you so sure?"

Paige shrugged. "Master suck-started my boobies." She looked up at them with an evil grin.

Elin gasped. "What!? Well--I mean--" She called at the empty doorway. "Husband? Husband!"

* * * * *

Castle Van der Meer was a building of beauty. The grounds were exquisite, the trees were tall and beautiful, and a newly separated section in a pristine corner of the grounds drew a small crowd of people. Hostas, pink and purple peonies, and a white rose bush spread over the area creating an eye pleasing space, all of it penned in by elaborate wrought iron fencing at knee height.

"Are you okay?" a little girl asked. She was five, had long sandy blonde hair in a single ponytail, and held the hand of her grandmother. Her eyes were full of worry for the woman whose tears fell freely.

"Yes...no." There was a pause. "I don't know."

"I'm here for you. You'll be okay, oma. You'll see."

The old woman smiled briefly at the words, gently ran a hand down the little girl's head, and sent her off to her mother. After a moment, she was joined by two others, each joining hands with her, and each shedding their own tears.

After comforting hugs, the old woman cleared her throat. The crowd immediately fell silent.

"Master," she said softly, prompting the old man beside her.

"As many of you know," he began, his voice cracking, "our family is...unique. I have never been ashamed of it, although I am happy to see that things changed with my children." A few light chuckles were heard, all eyes on the three as they stood in solidarity. "But I know that everything we are, everything we learned about life and love, started with one woman. She was--," he stopped, taking a moment to control himself. "She was simply the most caring and loving woman this world has ever known. Her dedication to her family through hard times, and the care and love she showed her children, and her grandchildren was beyond compare." A soft whimper escaped him, and he wiped his eyes as two hands rubbed up and down his back. "And I loved her. *We* loved her. And I miss her so much.

"She taught us so many things; how to love life, how to embrace our lives, and to let nothing stop us from attaining our goals." He chuckled, casting a look up at the adults in attendance. "She was the biggest cheerleader for success that our family had, prompting excellence in not just us, but even in our children whether they joined the military," he said with a nod to a tall, blonde-haired man in uniform with the rank of fregatkapitein, "followed in their mother's footsteps," he said with a warm smile at a raven-haired, blue-eyed woman, then cast his eyes at a blonde-haired, blue eyed woman who now held the hand of the five year old girl, "or went on to bring new life into this world every day.

"Your mothers and I, we did our best to bring joy and happiness to your lives. But Elin Van der Meer was the best of us," he continued, struggling to continue. "A part of me...a part of us," he said, squeezing the hands of the women beside him, "is gone. But every time I see my children, those who she impacted so deeply, I see her here. I see parts of her in our grandchildren, with their smiles and their kindness.

"She...she..." He sobbed, unable to hold back the flood of tears that fell, knowing that the only thing keeping him afloat now were the women by his side who had grown old with him, and their children.

"What is that I feel?" a dark-haired little girl of seven asked as she looked up at her raven-haired mother. "It's like..."

"Pure love mixed with sorrow?"

The girl began to cry as she nodded.

The woman smiled as she knelt beside the girl. "Opa loved oma Elin very, very much, just like he loves you very, very much, Evi. And sometimes, when someone loves someone else so much, you can feel it." She gave her a sad smile. "Does it scare you?"

Evi shook her head. "I love opa and oma Elin, and oma Paige, and oma oma."

The woman snickered at how the grandchildren always referred to their own grandmothers.

"If it's from opa, then it's okay, right? He's sad, but he still loves all of us and oma Elin."

"That's right," Sophie nodded, her own tears falling. "You can always tell that opa loves us."

Evi turned to her grandparents, her aunt Prue and uncle Eric all around them, each crying and hugging. As Sophie stood, two more children joined them led by the same five-year-old little girl.

"Evi, they need us. They need our hugs."

"How do you know?" the boy, eight, asked, skeptical. "Daddy and aunt Prue are up there. We'll just get in the way."

She ignored him, looking up at Sophie. "He needs you, too, aunt Sophie. Mommy and oma oma can't tell you because they're struck with sadness, but you need to go up there. I'll wrangle these two."

She rolled her eyes and chuckled at the five-year-old, remembering her own sister being the exact same way at that age. "Don't ever change, Lieve. And Coen, you should start listening to your little cousin more often," she added with a wink. Before joining her siblings, she pulled up a camera and tried to focus the lens, but the sorrow was too overwhelming.

"Can I try?" Evi asked.

Sophie smiled down at her, handing her daughter the camera before joining her family.

"You feel it, too, don't you?" Lieve asked Evi. "It's opa. Mommy and oma oma said he's done that since they knew him. Mommy even said she could feel it before she was born."

"What? Now you're just being ridiculous."

Both girls turned to glare at Coen.

He sighed and frowned, looking down at the ground. With a small shrug, he said, "I feel it, too."

"Mmm hmm," Evi said, giving him the stink eye as she wiped the remaining tears away and snapped a few candid shots of her family.

"Come on. They still need us," Lieve urged, pushing them along. "Your pictures are fine, Evi. Put it away and go to oma Elaina. Coen, go to opa."

The two did as they were told, and it felt as if a surge of love and joy exploded from the little corner of Castle Van der Meer. Lieve, however, walked slowly to the grave marker, sitting beside it.

After a few moments of sitting there silently, she spoke. "I knew you the least amount of time, but I know how much you loved me, overgrootmoeder. And don't worry, I won't try to explain it to Evi or Coen because I don't think they'd get it, and they don't really need to know. And neither Mommy or oma told me, but with oma and Mommy the way they are, it didn't take a genius to figure it out, although opa always tells me I'm a genius. I don't really understand it all myself other than it's not really the way things are supposed to be, but all I know is that you and opa and the omas loved each other so, so much that nothing else mattered. And that's fine. Oh! Did I tell you about the doggy? He's so cute! He's tiny right now, but Daddy says he'll grow up to be a really good boy and will be my best friend. His name's Tiger right now, but I might change that because he's kind of a scaredy-cat. Weird for a dog to be a scaredy-cat, right? Anyway, Mommy had a friend who..."

Jason, Elaina, and Paige just smiled as their youngest granddaughter talked and talked like Elin was still there with her. As soon as Lieve had been able to speak, it just came out non-stop, only showing restraint when something important came to her and she took on a more commanding tone.

"She is just like her mother and grandmother," Elaina said with a smirk.

"I never talked that much."

Jason and Elaina looked at her with raised eyebrows.

Paige frowned. "Fine, maybe after Prue was born, but I couldn't exactly do it before that."

"And then my Prue just picked it up and never stopped, which she then passed on to our sweet Lieve." Jason put his arms around his wives as they listened to the little girl. His smile faltered, though, as he squeezed them gently. "I knew this day would come, but I didn't realize how much it would hurt."

No one said anything. What was left to say? She had gone peacefully, with family by her side, but it tore a hole in the hearts of Jason, Elaina, and Paige that she was gone. She had been their rock, and even when Jason called them his angels, Elin was their archangel.

Paige walked over to her granddaughter, her hand out to help Lieve up. "Hi, grandma," the little girl said, switching to English.

Paige smiled. "Did you have a good talk?"

"Yepperino. I told her about Tiger--name pending--and some friends I met at school, and," she paused to speak softer, "how I figured out she was my great-grandma, but I told her I would keep it

secret and not tell my cousins because they wouldn't understand."

"How does that make you feel, knowing that?"

Lieve shrugged. "How should I know? I'm only five, grandma. I don't know what that stuff means. I just know the love part. That's all I care about."

With a grin, Paige nodded. "That was all we cared about, too. Now, come on. Let's go get some food. It won't be as good as grandma Elin's cooking, but I learned a thing or two over the years."

The children and grandchildren had already started on their way back to the house. Elaina and Paige walked on either side of Jason who couldn't help but scoop Lieve into his arms.

"I am hungry," Lieve continued, "so it's probably good that we're eating. Grandma Elin loved for us to eat, so this is good. Oh!" she said, suddenly looking into Jason's eyes. "Beef stozagoff?"

He chuckled. "Beef stroganoff?"

"Um, yeah. That was it," Lieve agreed.

"What about it, love?" Elaina asked.

"Grandma Elin said you need to make your beef sto-ga-goff," the little girl replied, then furrowed her brows while trying to sound out the word. "Strona--stognanof--" She huffed. "Whatever. Can you make that?"

"You two talked about my beef stroganoff, eh?" he asked, amused.

"Well, yeah, grandpa. Weren't you listening? I told her about Tiger and how Mommy's friend had a momma dog that had puppies, which is where we got Tiger from--he's such a good boy--and I told her I was hungry, and she told me that when you first met--or met again? It's a little confusing--that you made her and oma oma some really good, um...that thing I can't say yet because I'm still just five."

All three stopped walking, stricken looks on their faces as they turned to the plot of land where their beloved wife was laid to rest. Elaina's hand covered her mouth as sobs burst forth, and Paige just closed her eyes, trying to focus on where her mother, her dear wife, would wait until the day they joined her.

"I did a bad thing," Lieve said softly, her own chin beginning to quiver. "I didn't mean to. But she told me to tell you."

"Oh, no, sweetheart," Jason said, hugging her and kissing her cheek. "Not at all. You should always do what your grandmother tells you."

Elaina nodded, kissing her little face. "Thank you, Lieve."

"You did a very good thing, sweetie," Paige added, rubbing the little girl's back. "And if the mood hits you, and you want to go talk to her again, you go right ahead."

"Okay!" Lieve said, brightening, then her face went cutty-eyed as she looked at the three of them as if they were playing a trick on her. "Are you sure? Because you guys look *really* sad right now."

"We are absolutely certain," Jason said, nodding at her with confirmation and chuckling. "Nothing would make me happier than to know that she was still speaking to you."

Elaina glanced at Paige, grinning. "I swear, she acts just like you."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, I do!" Lieve chirped. "I can tell you all about it. You'll like it. You'll see."

The three could only grin as they walked into their home, filled with sadness, yes, but with a sense of love that would likely transcend time and, somehow, could reach out from beyond to a special little girl.