

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 05

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

The family finally comes together back in Vermont.

Novels and Novellas

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15.2k words

This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt 4.

Recap - Jason had been gone for 15 years before his mother, Elin, and sister, Paige, reconnected with him in California. After reconciling and seeing past the lies Jason had been told by his father, the three are closer than they ever thought possible—they are lovers. One problem remains, though, in the form of Jason's older sister, Elaina. Still in Vermont, she had begun to blame Jason for having no contact with the family. After some trial and error, and one pissed off Paige, things start to look up. And now, it's time for the women to take him back home and for Jason to confront his past.

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

The morning had come early for the trio, with grumbles aplenty from Elin and, to Jason's astonishment, even from Paige. The normally energetic 18-year-old didn't want to get up, but not because it was early.

Her bottom lip jutted out in a full-on pout as she said, "But I like it here," in a babydoll voice that absolutely melted his heart.

Scooping her up out of the bed, not needing to remove any clothes from his nude lover, the three took advantage of the incredibly large master shower, melancholia touching them all. The women did want to go home, but what had happened between the trio grounded them to this spot, marking it as the beginning of their new lives. It would be hard to leave, especially since their futures were as-of-yet undecided. But they would finalize that decision together as a family.

As a happy surprise, Margaret arrived bright and early, her Rolls Royce all shined and ready to drive them to Woerner Aviation, a private jet hub on the south side of LAX. The older woman gawked at how beautiful, or even *more* beautiful Elin and Paige looked with their new hairstyles, and her sharp eyes didn't miss the metal chokers each wore. Elin explained it away as Paige's amazing fashion sense and Elin wanting to reclaim some of her youth.

Once dropped off, and after saying their goodbyes to Margaret, plus a nice tip for getting up so early to accommodate them, the trio were shocked at the level of professionalism exhibited by the staff at Woerner Aviation. The three had dressed nicely—well, Elin and Jason had dressed in a relaxed style, but one that hinted they were well off, and Paige dressed like a normal 18-year-old, but a bit more conservatively at her mother's insistence.

The plane was a Global 7500 Bombardier, which was a bit much for just transporting three people across the U.S. At the last moment when scheduling the flight, however, Jason had opted for a larger jet that had a dedicated bed area instead of just seats that folded together to form an

approximation of a bed. Knowing that Elin would likely want to nap, he was happy he made the decision, even though it wound up costing quite a bit more than he had initially told them.

Paige was silent as she boarded the jet, her mouth and eyes both wide as she looked at, and touched, nearly everything on board. It was so different than commercial airlines, which she had only been on once, and she took her time to discover everything about the amenities offered them. The flight crew, Captain Jeffries, Commander Laus, and the two flight attendants, Allison and Zoe, fell absolutely head over heels for Paige and her rapid-fire questions, which they took in stride and actually enjoyed answering.

"Jason," Elin said while Paige was touring the cockpit, "this is quite extravagant." There was only the slightest touch of judgment in her tone, but her words were more sultry than anything else. When she placed her arms on his shoulders, kissing him slowly and with quite a bit of heat, he knew he'd made the right decision with this particular jet.

"It is, Mrs. Hughes," he replied, giving her a wink. She looked so adorable when she blushed. "You know," he whispered, not wanting the air crew to hear their conversation, "if I could figure out how to make you my wife, legally, I mean, I would do it in a heartbeat."

His words thrilled her, he could tell, but she tempered the excitement as the truth of it all filled her brain. "I would love that more than you know, Jason, but..."

He nodded, knowing what she was going to say. Laws were laws, and they would just have to make the best of their new situation, even if he couldn't marry the women who meant the most to him in this world.

"I know you spent more on this than you said, but I wanted to thank you for doing it." She kissed his lips gently before continuing. "It is beautiful. Did you see the bed? I can nap if I want to!"

Her smile was infectious as she dragged him to the rear of the cabin. It was a double bed and would be tight for all three of them, if they were so inclined during the trip, but it was mostly obscured, with a small door that could be closed to provide privacy.

"I'm glad you approve," he said, smiling. "I'll make a mental note to get this size, or thereabouts, for the Belgium trip."

She gasped lightly, her eyes hopeful. "You meant it? You'll take me home?"

For some reason, her questions stung a little, but he chalked it up to her treatment in the past by David and any other men who may have not been completely honest with her. "Of course! As soon as we get things sorted in Vermont, assuming we can, our next destination is Bruges."

Her left eye twitched slightly at his American pronunciation of her home city. "Brugge," she said in perfect Belgian Dutch.

"Sorry," he replied, pursing his lips. "I promise I'll do my best to learn it."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your all-knowing junior captain speaking," Paige's voice suddenly said, broadcasting over the intercom. "Please take your seats, buckle those belts, and put your tray tables in the upright position. This sweet-ass ride is about to fly, baby!"

Like a bullet train, Paige barreled down the aisle and jumped into Jason's arms. "I did it! That was fun. Let's fly!"

"I am so sorry," Elin was saying to Zoe and Commander Laus.

"Don't worry about it," Laus said, smiling wide. "That young-un sure is something. Cap'n Jeffries woulda' been back to check on you, but he's laughin' so hard he can barely get out of his seat!"

"Still," Elin said, turning to Paige who had hopped down from her brother's hold and into a seat, "that was inappropriate to say on their intercom, honey."

Paige just bit her top lip and looked anywhere other than her mother's gaze.

Paige and Elin sat beside each other in very luxurious seats, and Jason took a seat across from them. Once they were buckled, confirmed by Commander Laus who only hung around because of Paige's antics, they were soon on their way.

After three hours of snuggling on the couch, having a light lunch and watching TV, both Elin and Paige opted to take a nap. For Paige, it was the novelty of the thing, flying at high speeds thousands of feet in the air was thrilling. Sleeping at high speeds thousands of feet in the air, however, was, apparently, amazing. Elin, though, seemed tired. The whirlwind of emotions and changes in her life the past few days had taken a toll on her, and Jason didn't begrudge her a little alone time.

His thoughts drifted to Elaina and their upcoming reunion in a few hours. Elin had called her before they lifted off letting her know that a rental car would be dropped off at their house and that she would drive it to the small airstrip in Bristol to pick them up. She was still half asleep, and Elin had to repeat everything three times before it allegedly sank in. Both Elin and Elaina had vehicles, but they were small cars that wouldn't accommodate the four of them plus multiple large luggage bags.

He wasn't surprised that Elin's phone began getting hammered with text messages when they were two hours out, all from Elaina. Allison and Zoe had explained to them that they wouldn't have standard cellular service in flight, but they were connected to wifi via satellite, which would allow them to make and receive calls or texts through the jet's wifi connection.

Jason considered waking Elin, but she needed sleep, especially if things went south when they landed. The ladies had both decided on new PINs for their phones, each one matching, to show that they had nothing to hide from each other and to prove their trust. Jason hadn't asked for it, but Elin and Paige thought nothing of it. So, he picked up Elin's phone, entered the PIN, and read the messages.

Why is there a big Suburban parked at the house?

Mom?

Shit. Can you not get messages in the air?

Okay, this is weird. A guy handed me the keys and some paperwork in your name and Jason's. How much stuff are you bringing with you to need a Suburban?

OMG...is he moving in? (surprised emoji)

Scanning the messages, he smirked until the last message. He wasn't sure if it was a good thing, or bad, that she had asked. He couldn't leave her twisting in the wind, though, and he certainly wouldn't wake Elin for something he could manage on his own.

It's Jason. Elin and Paige are napping. They bought themselves, and you, more than their bags would hold so Elin suggested a rental. We land at Bristol Airstrip in two hours.

He didn't bother with any emojis, not wanting to come across as being too gregarious, or if he used the wrong emoji, come across as being an idiot. Watching the messaging app, he expected to see the bubble indicating that she was responding, but nothing happened. After five minutes of waiting, and no response, he put the phone down.

As soon as the phone touched the table, it vibrated. He hesitated, worried about what her response would say, but now that he had initiated the conversation, he couldn't just ignore her. With a bracing breath, he picked it up, entered the PIN, and read the message.

Makes sense. And I'm okay to drive this?

He smiled. At least it wasn't a confrontational response.

Yes. Elin's name is on it since we are all under 21,

but we can drive it.

The text bubble appeared, then disappeared. Several moments passed before popping back up for a longer time, then disappeared again. The third time the text bubble appeared, it remained several moments before the next message came through.

Did they get me anything good?

He chuckled softly, not wanting to wake the girls.

I don't remember it all, but clothes, makeup I think, bath stuff...

Yeah, I can't recall everything. Sorry.

After that, nothing happened for three minutes. The bubble then appeared, and he saw

Ok. See you in a bit.

Resisting the urge to reply, he closed the phone and set it down. He was surprised when Paige appeared, her eyes still mostly closed, and slid into his lap, snuggling close to him.

"You're more comfy," was all she said.

He smiled, kissed her head, and held her close.

* * * *

Bristol, VT

The jet touched down deftly in Bristol at a small airport used primarily for flight training and as a private airport for jets like the one they were on. As they taxied closer to the small terminal, Paige began bouncing in her seat.

"El! I see El!" She waved out the window as if her sister could see her, then frowned and shook her head. "Always on the phone." She scoffed. "Kids these days."

Elin exited the plane first, taking a deep breath and smiling as the familiarity of Vermont filled her nostrils.

"Make a hole!" Paige barked, zipping down the steps past her mother, running at full speed across the tarmac to her sister, who had just exited the black Suburban. "I'm back!" she yelled, her arms outstretched and ready to envelope Elaina.

"Oof!" Elin said, her face scrunched, as Paige barreled into her sister. Surprisingly, Elaina took it in stride, swinging Paige around to dissipate the kinetic energy and not topple backward onto her ass. "At least they're not yelling—well, at least Paige isn't yelling anymore."

"Let's hope it lasts," Jason replied, turning to shake the hands of the two men who had pulled their luggage from the jet and placed it on the ground next to them. Turning back, he saw Elin pantomiming to Elaina, urging her to drive the truck over for the luggage.

"I checked," Elin said in case Jason was concerned. "She can drive out here now that they're parked."

"I didn't doubt you," he replied, then added, "Mrs. Hughes."

She always seemed to lose her breath when he called her that. It also made her blush just a bit. "Every time you say that, mijn liefje," she said, slipping in some Dutch around him now, "it makes me want to take you right then and there." Whispering the last part so the flight crew couldn't hear, she leaned close to his ear to whisper more. "Do not doubt that I would do it right here if you demanded it, my love."

Her hot breath on his ear and neck made his knees weak, and the somewhat tight jeans he wore suddenly got a bit uncomfortable. "If you keep talking to me like that, I may pass out from the sudden blood rush to my cock, Mrs. Hughes."

After a shuddering breath, she stood straight, ran a hand through her short hair, and cleared her throat. "We really should have fucked on the plane," she muttered. "I don't know how long I'll be able to—" She stopped and smiled as Elaina and Paige stepped out of the vehicle, now parked next to them. "I missed you, Elaina," she said, switching into Mom-mode with ease. "And your hair! Oh, it suits you, honey. I love it!"

Elaina hugged her mother, squeezing her hard, her eyes closed. It was obvious that this wasn't just a 'welcome home, Mom' kind of hug, but a 'I'm sorry I have been such an idiot and I love you, Mom' kind of hug. Neither said anything until Elin kissed the side of her daughter's head and pulled back to look at her. She smiled warmly.

Jason just stood there, his mouth slightly agape, as the two embraced. To put it bluntly, Elaina was smoking hot, even in the skintight jeans, hiking boots, and thick jacket she wore that covered most of her body. Her raven black hair, the same hair Jason had, was no longer the shoulder-length it had been when he'd seen her on the video call, but a short, messy bob. It wasn't as tight and short as the style Elin and Paige had gotten, but it framed her face amazingly, bringing attention to her ice blue eyes and pouty lips. Just from looking at her legs, at least from what he could discern through the jeans she wore, she was incredibly fit. Her thighs were muscular, but not overly so, and slim just like her mother.

Holy shitballs, he thought. My big sister is sexy as fuck!

He felt Paige bump her shoulder against his arm. "Hittin' that later," she informed him, a sly smile on her face. "Self-defense classes, like you."

"Elaina," Elin said, her arm steering her eldest toward Paige and Jason, "your brother is all grown up. No longer that scrawny—"

Everything just...stopped. Elaina had looked embarrassed, not making eye contact with Jason, as Elin walked her toward him. But before her mother could finish speaking, Elaina darted forward and wrapped her arms around his neck, crying.

Jason froze on the spot, unsure of what to do at first, until he regained his composure. His arms shot forward and wrapped around her body, but with her arms around his neck, the coat she wore opened up and his hands were now beneath it. His hands pressed against her back, with only the ribbed, V-neck sweater keeping his skin from touching hers. When he rubbed her back, he could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, but her breasts were pressed squarely against his chest instead of his abdomen. *I guess the Hughes women were all born with gravity-defying tits*, he thought as their size registered in his brain. She was at least as well-endowed as her mother, somewhere in the 32C range.

"I missed you so much, Jason," she whispered against his neck, the crying having turned to sobs. "I'm so sorry. I'm sorry," she said, repeating it to him.

"I missed you, too, Elaina," he replied, closing his eyes, and relishing her touch as he leaned into her embrace. "We're together again, though. Double trouble," he added.

Her head popped up, her face streaked with eyeliner and tears, her mouth and eyes wide. "You...remember that?" she asked with a hopeful smile as she wiped her face with the back of her hand.

"It's about the only thing I remember, other than the young version of you, but...yeah," he said, and let out a happy sigh as she placed her head back on his shoulder.

"I said horrible things, Jason," she said softly. "Mean things. Not just about him, but about you."

"I don't blame you. I blame David. He tore us all apart," he said as Elin hugged her daughter from behind. "Some good things have blossomed because of that absence, and Elin, Paige, and I have come to terms with it. Maybe we can talk more, reconnect, and do the same?"

"That's what I want," she nodded, tears leaking onto his shirt. "I want my brother back." She stepped back, forcing Elin backward as well, and looked into his eyes, closing her own as Jason now wiped the tears from her cheeks. "Thank you, Jason."

He smiled and nodded. "Also, I want you to know that I had no choice but to put my hands under your jacket because of how you came in for that big hug. Just didn't want you to think I was a weirdo who automatically does that sort of thing."

She laughed. Hearing it made him feel good. "It's fine. I like it. Kind of hard to have an amazing reunion hug with layers of clothes in the way, right?" Her eyes flared briefly, then she added, "Well, I mean, *clothes*, obviously, but—"

"I get it," he said. The two stood silently, looking into each other's eyes, until Jason leaned forward and placed a small kiss on her cheek. "I really have missed you, big sister," he said, then pulled his

hands from under her coat. "I'll get the bags packed. Also, why didn't anyone warn me of how cold it would be? It's freezing here!"

"Oopsie," Paige said, shrugging as she opened the back of the big vehicle.

Everything was packed now, with plenty of room to spare in the large SUV. As it was time to head to their home, Jason began to get into the back seat, figuring Elaina could drive them home. It made sense since she'd driven the vehicle here, and Jason had no idea where to go.

"Oh, uh, yeah," Elaina said, holding the keys out, letting them dangle. "Someone else can drive this boat. I was scared shitless."

"Jason, honey?" Elin said.

"I...yeah, sure, I guess," he replied. "You'll have to guide me, obviously."

The four loaded up, cranked the heat to combat the low-thirties weather, and rolled out. Thankfully, there was no snow on the road other than what had been scraped to the side, but Jason was careful with his driving, nonetheless. There were three women in this truck that he loved, two that he was intimately involved with, and one whom he had just reunited with after fifteen years of not seeing her.

"So..." Elaina said, gearing up to ask a question that was anyone's guess as to what it would be, "...why do you call Mom by her name?"

"It's okay, Elaina," Elin said, piping up. "Your father—"

"Not my father," Jason and Elaina muttered at the same time.

"Jinx," Paige giggled.

"Okay," Elin said, drawing it out. "*David*," she continued, "told your brother many lies, honey. When he discussed me, he never said, 'your mother,' only Elin. Jason just sort of got used to it and wound up calling me that after a while." She gently placed a hand on Jason's shoulder, knowing it was hard to relive. They had discussed it on the plane, though, preparing him for the inevitable conversations and questions that she would ask. "He lied to Jason, telling him that I never tried to contact him—"

"That's bullshit!" Elaina argued, her eyes flaring angrily.

"Easy, tiger," Paige said, taking Elaina's hand and kissing the back of it. "Rawr."

"Apparently, when he received my letters, they went directly into the trash bin without even being opened," Elin continued, nodding thankfully at Paige, "which is how Jason pieced together that I had, in fact, been trying to make contact the entire time."

"That fucking bastard," Elaina growled under her breath.

Elin gave her a sharp look that softened as she inclined her head toward Jason, who sat silently as he drove. "Thankfully, our young sleuth here," Elin continued, her tone softer, "read the letter, realized that David *had* been in contact with me, and found my number in his phone."

Paige shook her head. "You should have come. Plenty of sun. Plenty of fun. I bought you things. Lost something, found something, have a new life," she said, looking up at her sister and letting out a deep, fulfilled sigh. "Cali. What can you do?"

Elaina chuckled once, then began to laugh. "Now, this gibberish I missed dearly," she said, pulling Paige in. "And I do really love your hair, but...what's with the chokers? And you got Mom to wear one? What's up with that?"

"Lost something, found something, have a new life," Paige repeated. "I love it," she added, running her fingers over the metal on her neck. "Momma looks sexy."

"Damn right, she does," Elaina said, casting a suspicious eye at her mother. "Did you sneak off for a little fun while you were thousands of miles away, or something?"

With a flat look, Elin replied, "I don't sneak, young lady."

"Oh-ho! So, you—"

"Crossroads," Jason announced as they came to a three-way stop. "Which way?"

"Sorry, honey," Elin said, turning back around in her seat. "Right at the stop, then at the top of the hill, turn left onto Osterlin Road."

"Right, then left on Osterlin. Got it," he repeated.

"Either way," Elaina continued, letting the prior conversation go, "you look great, Mom." The smile she'd been forcing faltered until she chewed on her cheek for a moment. "You were right. I should have gone with you instead of being a moron."

Jason looked into the rear-view mirror. "You're not a moron, El—uh, I mean, E--Elaina," he stammered, then shook his head in frustration.

Everyone just let his name debacle go, and ten minutes later they were pulling into the driveway belonging to Elin Hughes. There was a slight incline to the gravel drive, atop of which sat a brown paneled, one-level house. Compared to what they'd just spent the week in, Elin and Paige frowned when their home came into view.

It was a bit plain, if one asked the women who lived there, but Jason could only smile. The family he had lost grew up there, and he imagined how many happy memories had taken place within its walls. Elaina and Paige grew up with so much love from Elin and each other, sharing birthdays, holidays, first bike rides, first dates, and everything that had escaped the notice of their patriarch, David Hughes, when it came to Jason's life.

His smile faltered, his face changing to a set jaw in anger, then a mournful look as he realized everything he had missed out on. As he shut off the vehicle, her daughters hopping out immediately, Elin saw the flash of each emotion crossing his face, and she took his hand. She knew what he must be thinking, and it tore her heart into pieces.

"You have us now, my love," she whispered. "You'll never be without a family again, do you understand?"

He gave her a silent nod, his eyes damp, as he kissed her hand and exited.

"Jason?" Elaina asked, seeing his face. She walked to him, saw her mother's look, and realized what was happening. "Come here," she said, hugging him closely. "I'm sorry that this happened to us, Jason. We missed so much of each other's lives, but that's not the case now." Stepping back, she looked a bit bashful, but kept speaking. "I mean, I don't know what we'll do from this point on, but

wherever you go, wherever any of us go, we're no longer apart." She nodded, making sure her point had gotten across to him.

"I just missed so much," he said, glancing back at the house, then to her. "So many happy memories, just...gone, stolen from me." He wiped his eyes quickly, trying to stave off the blubbing baby trying to come to the surface. "I know she at least showed you love or took interest in what you did. And from what I've seen and heard, my siblings are pretty damn amazing, so she did something right."

"Thanks," she replied. "And, uh, you can call me El. You used to; you know?"

He nodded, a sad smile on his face. "I just wasn't certain if you'd be uncomfortable with it, since we're essentially strangers now."

She chuckled.

"What?" he asked, curiously.

"I was just thinking it strange how much I loved a stranger." She leaned forward, touching her forehead to his.

"I'm strong, but this is just ridiculous!" Paige growled, exasperated, as she yanked on one of the large suitcases.

"Hang on, Paige. I'll get it," Jason said, giving Elaina one last smile before getting to work on the suitcases.

The inside of their home was much like the outside: brown. Wood paneling covered everything, reminding him of some images he'd seen of houses from the late 1970's across the country. It had been popular, and he wondered how old the house was as he walked down the very tight hallway into the living room.

The cramped hall let out into a very spacious living area, with tall windows looking out to the woods behind the house providing a beautiful view of nature. He could only imagine what the various conifers would look like covered in snow, and what Christmas must have been like for them. Around the brick fireplace were two old couches and a recliner with a small, round coffee table between them. Facing the large windows were three comfortable armchairs, and on the opposite end of the room was a small dining table with wooden chairs. A long counter separated the small kitchen from the living room, all of it covered in the same wood paneling. So far, the only spaces he'd seen without the wood paneling were the bedrooms, and even they were trimmed with the stuff.

"Girls, can you take these to our rooms while I show Jason around?" Elin asked, then nodded as Paige and Elaina began dragging the bags away. Once they were alone, she lowered her voice. "I'm sorry it's not as nice as what you're used to, my love."

"It's perfect," he said, smiling genuinely as he looked around. "Do you know how much love is in this house?" He looked around to confirm they were alone, then kissed her lips gently. "I can actually feel the love here. This is what a home is supposed to feel like."

His words warmed her heart, and she walked him around, even showing him the garage. He nodded as he saw the cold weather gear alongside some well used snowboards and innertubes,

knowing that Elin hadn't been given much from David, but she had made sure her daughters had the best she could buy, and made sure that they had a real life.

"We will make new memories," she whispered, grasping his hand tightly. "We are a family again, a new kind of family, sure, but a family nonetheless."

He closed the door to the garage, giving them some privacy. "I love you very, very much, Elin Hughes. And we have already started making new memories, some that I remember very fondly." He leaned in, kissing her softly, their tongues flicking lightly against each other. "Once everyone is asleep," he said quietly, "I may sneak into your bed and use my tongue in other areas, if—"

"Oh, shit," Elin gasped, her face panicked. "A bed. We—I only have three beds in the house, Jason. Where are you going to sleep? I can't, I mean," she lowered her voice, "we can't exactly sleep together, at least not yet, not until we tell Elaina about us and Paige. And I can't have my husband, uh, you, sleeping on the couch while I'm lying in a bed."

He noticed how quickly her skin turned red after almost calling him her husband, and his cock began to strain against his jeans. "Elin, honey, it's okay," he nodded, turning her around and hugging her from behind. "It wouldn't be my first time sleeping on a couch."

She gasped lightly, leaning backward into him. "Oh, sweet lord, I can feel your thick cock on my ass," she moaned. "Please order me to suck your cock right now, my love. *Please.*"

"Elin," he said, kissing her neck, easily accessible because of her new short haircut, "you know we have to wait a bit."

"But I don't want to, Jason," she said, turning to him, her eyes pleading. "Please just shove it in my throat, make me gag and flood my stomach with your hot cum, Jason. Or, maybe just a little bit—"

"A little bit what?" Elaina asked, opening the door to the garage smiling. But upon seeing the pleading look on her mother's face, she grew concerned. "Mom?"

Elin looked like she wanted to curse. A lot. "I just—" she began, not sure how to explain things to her daughter just yet. "I just don't want him to go."

"What? You're leaving?" she asked Jason.

"No, Elaina," Elin said, having difficulty coming up with an excuse.

"I'm not going anywhere," he said, taking Elin's hands, nodding at her, then turning to Elaina. "She thinks I'm going to be turned off by her home and that I'll want to go back to California, to what I'm used to. But the place I grew up in," he said, now shaking his head, "is not a home. This place is a real home. Family pictures, certificates, and medals are on your walls—proof that you all lived a life. I didn't have this, no matter what the building I lived in looked like. I would choose this every single time."

"That's...that's pretty deep, Jason," Elaina said, walking in and hugging him again. "We've had hard times, but I know I've had great memories here," she said, pressing her body against his. Just as quickly as she did, though, her head jerked slightly and she backed up, her face red. "S-sorry. Um, the, um..." She let out a sharp breath. "Who's hungry?" she quickly asked, then bolted into the house, closing the garage door behind her.

"Well," Elin said, pulling him back into her arms, "she knows you're packing some serious meat, now."

"I doubt it was helpful," he said, adjusting himself, which was difficult in the jeans he wore.

"I'm sure Paige is already working on it, since she manages to just know things," Elin smirked. "Maybe I can ask her when you'll let me wrap my lips around your luscious cock again," she added, arching an eyebrow.

"Honey," he said, softly chastising her.

She frowned but looked up at him coyly. "I like that. Will you use more terms of endearment like that?"

"Of course, baby," he replied, then chuckled when she curled her lip. "That's a 'no' on baby. Got it."

"I guess I should unpack since I'm not going to be on my knees in front of my lover," she said dramatically, even sighing deeply.

* * * *

Elaina sat on the edge of her bed staring at the ground, replaying the last few moments in her mind.

Was it my fault? Did I make him hard like that? It felt fucking huge!

She looked down at her leg, putting a finger at the top of her thigh just below her panty line, then another finger beside her belly button. "God...*damn*," she whispered, now seeing the length of what she'd felt against her body.

Her door opened, but Elaina didn't even register it. Nor did she feel Paige sitting on the bed next to her.

"Monstrous. Very filling. Did you mention food? Do we have cabbage and kielbasa?"

Elaina's head turned slowly toward her little sister. "You're doing that thing, right? Your..." she waved her open hands around her head, making a weird "oooOOooo" sound.

"What?"

Elaina stood, closed the door to her room, and sat back on the bed, her eyes never leaving Paige's. "You know what I'm thinking, right? You know what just happened in the garage?"

Paige looked blankly at Elaina. "So...no cabbage and kielbasa?"

"See?" Elaina said, pointing excitedly at her sister. "Why would you mention a long, thick sausage right now? It's not coincidence, Paige, and I know it."

"No. Kielbasa is food." She pointed to her crotch, looked down and raised her finger to point at her stomach. "I want it."

Elaina squinted down at where her sister had pointed, the distance being about the same as what she'd just measured earlier. "Oh shit...you've seen it, haven't you?" *Wait, am I getting excited about*

my brother's dick? Oh, who fucking cares. He's right. We may as well be strangers. "You saw his dick in California."

"Kiel-ba-sa," Paige overenunciated. "Do you have a brain injury?"

"Yeah," Elaina nodded. "Yeah, kielbasa, or at least pretty fucking close. Paige, come clean," she said, adding, "and be honest. Did you see Jason's dick when you were at his house?"

Paige's eyes were wide, like she was conversing with an idiot, as she nodded slowly.

"I knew it!" Elaina said, giggling. "And?"

"And...I'm hungry."

"Dammit, Paige," she huffed. "Was it huge? Wait—how did you come to see it?"

"Good morning trees. Had to pee. I want food."

Elaina clicked her tongue at her sister. "So, you probably launched yourself at him early in the morning, and—let me guess, he probably sleeps nude, and he had—it's morning wood, Paige, not good morning trees—and it was probably sticking straight up in the air. Am I right?" she asked, smiling and quite proud of her deductive reasoning. "I'm right. Tell me I'm right."

Paige shrugged. "It's okay," she said, as if convincing her sister. "It's nature."

Elaina nodded, trying to take on a serious tone. "Yes, honey. It is very natural for men to have erections in the mornings when they have to pee."

Paige smirked, giving her sister the 'so, what about my food?' look before saying, "Kielbasa?"

"Oh...oh!" Elaina said, having another thought. "He was standing in the garage with Mom after I left. I bet she saw it."

"Yep," Paige confirmed.

"Oh, whatever. You weren't even out there."

Squinting her eyes at her sister, Paige asked, "Jealous?"

"Mmmmaybe," Elaina confirmed, her skin flushing lightly. "I know Mom thinks I'm some whore, or something, but I've never actually seen one in person. I can't believe you've seen a big ol' dick—a real one—before I have."

"He's your brother, El," Paige said flatly.

That shut Elaina down real quick. "Yeah, I guess," she said. "It is a weird relationship, though. He was right, too. We're all strangers now."

"We love him. You love him. It's okay. It's nature."

"Yeah. I do love him. Well, what I remember of him," Elaina confirmed. "I don't even know that guy in there, though. And I sure as hell didn't know he had a monster in his pants." She fell back onto the bed. "He did turn out pretty hot, though, didn't he? I always imagined he'd be some little troll, taking more of David's genes than Mom's."

"Money."

"Hmph," Elaina grunted. "Yeah, I guess he got everything David had. Young, hot, has a bit of money, and packing some heat." She shook her head. "I'd do anything for a guy like that."

Paige smirked. "You want Jason."

"Oh, shut up, Paige." Elaina grabbed a pillow and smacked her sister with it. "Don't be ridiculous."

Paige shrugged. "Kielbasa. Yes, or no?"

He is fucking hot. I don't even care about the money. Mom and Paige say he's a good man, too. I'd give my virginity to a good man like that in a heartbeat.

Paige sighed dramatically, poking her sister in the leg. "Earth to El. Kielbasa," she said, holding her hands eight inches apart. "Yes, or no?"

"Yes, you brat!" she said, rolling her eyes. "I mean, I think. Maybe. Jesus, just go look for yourself."

Paige stood to leave but stopped and turned. "It's okay, El. We're family. It's nature. You'll like it." With that, she turned and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Elaina just stared blankly at the door. "Did she just tell me to fuck my brother?"

* * * *

"El is confused. Thinking about big cocks. One big cock. I want food. Do we have kielbasa?"

Elin and Jason exchanged looks.

"Unless your sister ate it while we were gone, I bought some the day before we left," Elin replied, knowing Paige wouldn't stop talking about it unless she got an answer. "Honey," she said, leaning close to her daughter now face-first in the refrigerator, "are you saying El is thinking about Jason?"

"Felt him. Loved it. Wants it. Waffling."

"Hmm," Elin said, nodding as she turned to Jason, then lowered her voice. "Yeah. She felt it. And I guess she's confused about feeling it and how excited she must have felt. I know it excites the shit out of me."

"Ditto, Momma," Paige said, pointing a little finger in the air before snatching the package of kielbasa out of the fridge. "Huzzah!"

"I kind of feel like I'm being pimped out here, you know," Jason said with a chuckle.

"Your pimp hand is way strong," Paige said, somehow having pulled one of the two sausages from the wrapper and now stroking it. "It's okay, my love. It's nature. All for one, one for all."

Elin slowly removed the sausage from her daughter, placing it and the package on the counter. "Cabbage?" she asked, then sprang into action when Paige nodded. "Okay, honey. Find some beef broth, diced tomatoes, an onion, and the Worcestershire sauce. I'll do the rest."

"Yes, kemosabe," Paige replied, now on the hunt for the other ingredients.

"I want to say that it doesn't matter if she loves you like we do, honey," Elin said as she pulled out the cabbage, a long knife, and the cutting board, "as long as we're all together. But—and I know how weird it is for me to say this—I want both of my daughters to belong to you. They wouldn't find a man as wonderful as you out in the world, and I know you have their best interests at heart."

"Best choice. 100% money back guarantee. All in the family."

Elin glanced at Paige and her comment as she placed everything on the counter next to her, then placed a large pot on the stove. "Thank you, baby girl," she said, then told Jason, "As you said to us, though, don't do anything you don't feel comfortable with, my love." She set down the knife and walked around the bar to touch his face. "She is a beautiful girl, though, and she needs a strong, wonderful man in her life."

"She is definitely beautiful, that's for sure, just like her mother and sister."

"You don't have to butter me up, master—MISTER," she blurted out. She was flustered, and she knew he didn't like hearing it, but his kind smile allowed her to relax. "I'll just...finish cooking," she said, adding, "Sorry."

Just then, Elaina stormed into the living room dressed in her workout gear, a gray tank top and very tight, black leggings that left little to the imagination. She had sneakers in her hands as she flopped down into an armchair.

"Elaina?"

"Sorry, Mom. Lacy called and can't teach the class," Elaina said, yanking one sock on, then another. "She knew why I wasn't going to be there, but if I don't go, there'll be six women there getting no training and, therefore, no income for us."

Elin let out a soft sigh wanting to tell her everything, even about Jason's money, but Paige's head popped up from behind the chair Elaina sat in, scaring her. "Fuck, Paige, you sneaky little turd!" she said, slapping her with the other sock.

"Take Jason. MMA. It's okay." As suddenly as she had appeared, Paige disappeared the same way.

"Uh, yeah, Paige, but practicing it doesn't mean I can teach it," Jason called, leaning to see if she was still behind the chair.

"How long?" Elaina asked.

"Huh?"

"How long have you been doing MMA?"

"Oh. Six...no, seven years now."

Elaina's eyebrows popped up. "Seriously?"

Jason frowned. "Sorry. Maybe if I had started earlier, I could help—"

Elaina laughed. "Jason, these people don't know a thing about self-defense. Hell, I've only been training for two years. Not even sure how I got roped into teaching these people." Her shoes now on, she stood. "So, can you help?"

Elin placed her hand on his bicep, smiling. "Sure," he said, drawing out the word. "Let me find some clothes, but I didn't really pack anything for that."

"Gray shorts," Paige said as she came down the hallway holding the exact same shorts he'd worn the first morning Elin had first seen the outline of his cock, obviously having packed them herself since Jason wasn't going to. "T-shirt," she added, holding up another article of clothing. She then nodded down at his feet. "Tennis shoes."

"Um..." Elin said, recognizing the shorts her daughter held, then shook her head and shrugged. "Whatever. It will have to work, honey," she said, turning to him. "It'll be okay."

"Get your own material, lady," Paige grumbled at her.

"Just need to find my jacket. Be right back," Elaina called as she disappeared down the hall.

"Take the rental," Paige added.

"Elin," Jason whispered, "everyone there will see—"

"And Elaina will see, and she will want it, and she will be happy, you will be happy, and I will be relieved to have this whole charade behind us," she interrupted. "I have no right to ask this of you, master," she said, not even caring about using the word now, "but please do this for me. Make my daughter yours."

He nodded.

"Here," Elaina said, holding up a second jacket. "Sorry that it's kind of girly. It's my backup and all that we have that will fit you." Her eyes widened when he removed the button-up he had on, exposing his pecs and six-pack to his oldest sister for the first time before pulling on the T-shirt Paige had given him.

"Thank you," he said. "I can finish changing there, I guess."

"Um...probably have to change in that truck," Elaina said. "No locker rooms, and the bathrooms aren't known for their cleanliness."

"Awesome," he said, snatching up the keys to the Suburban, sliding on the coat, and opening the door. "Let's do this."

On the trip there, Elaina had given him a run-down of what they had covered and what they were covering that night. This was a class of women of different ages who wanted some basic self-defense training. It was only the fourth class for this group of women, so they were still working on the basics, which should be easy for him to instruct on.

"Oh, great," he groaned.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Absolutely nothing," he replied, "other than the fact that these shorts are about ten years old, fifty sizes too small, and will probably get me slapped with a sexual assault charge."

Elaina swallowed hard, imagining what that would look like after feeling him pressed against her. She then realized she wouldn't have to imagine it for long.

Fifteen minutes later, they were back in Bristol pulling into what looked like a rec center, but a little bit on the older side. *That explains the comment about the bathrooms*, Jason thought, imagining the place didn't have dedicated cleaning staff.

Putting the truck in park, he hopped out of the driver seat and then into the back seat. "Lock the doors, please? And keep an eye out."

"I was just going to—"

"El, I go commando. I'll already be skirting impropriety with these shorts," he said as he kicked off his shoes and began unbuttoning his pants while she watched him, "and I can't take the chance of someone walking up and seeing me naked in here."

"Jason, are you—"

He didn't give her a chance to turn her head before lifting his ass off the seat and pulling down his jeans. The idea of changing in front of her had excited him to some degree, so he was already halfway excited. His cock flopped up, then landed on his stomach with a soft thud, and Elaina's eyes went wide, and her mouth went very, very dry.

Jason chuckled as he looked at her open-mouthed expression. "Family trait, I see," he said as he shimmied the jeans down around his ankles, kicking them off. He could feel himself getting harder as he sat pantsless in the back seat, his sister's eyes laser focused on his growing erection.

Oh, sweet baby Jesus, that thing is a monster. And he pulled it out right in front of me! I'm looking at my brother's glorious—no, not my brother, really. Really? I'm ogling this stranger's glorious cock, and I can't take my eyes away from it. Kielbasa indeed, Paige. Fuck—is it getting bigger??

"Elaina," he said softly, making no effort to cover up. When she didn't answer, he waved a hand in front of his cock. She blinked, looked at him, still agog, blinked again, then blushed a bright crimson. "You're supposed to be looking out there, not at me," he said with a kind smile, pointing out the windshield.

"I've never seen one before," she blurted out, her voice strained. "Not in person. I'm sorry." Slowly, as if she'd just seen something that would change her life, she turned in the chair and looked straight ahead, completely missing the two women who walked right past the vehicle. Thankfully, they didn't notice her sitting there.

She's never seen one before? Jason thought. *I guess Elin's assumption about her not being a virgin was wrong.*

"I...am going to need a few minutes," he said aloud, finally having pulled the shorts up. "I can't go in there like this." Elaina didn't say a word, but he could see that her breath was heavy. He couldn't tell if she was going to have a panic attack, or if she was excited. "El?"

"I have to cancel the class," she said in a tone so soft that he barely heard her.

"What? Why?"

A few more heavy breaths passed from her before she crawled from the front seat to the back, sitting beside him. Her eyes lowered to his crotch, flaring when she saw the obvious outline of his ridiculously meaty cock through the fabric. "Jason, you can't go in there like that," she said, her eyes not leaving his crotch. "Just..." she hesitated, then looked up at him. "Why is it so...big?"

"Ah...genetics?" he said with a lopsided grin.

"No—I mean, it was *big*," she said, her eyes widening again at the word, "but then it got bigger!"

Letting out a breath, he tried to pull the jacket down to cover himself, but it was a bit too short and didn't help. "Well, I'm 19, El. When a smoking hot woman is staring at my dick, I tend to react in that way whether I want to or not."

Her body relaxed as she looked into his eyes. "I did that? To you?" she asked softly, as if she couldn't believe it. She then furrowed her brows. "You think I'm smoking hot?"

"Yes, El, you are the smoking hot woman in this scenario," he replied, wondering why she would even ask such a silly question. "Don't you know how beautiful you are?"

She suddenly turned bashful, looking away and shrugging just like Elin did quite often. "I don't know," she muttered. "Guys say stuff, but they're usually acting gross when they do it. So, I don't know if they're being genuine or being assholes."

"I don't know about them," he said, gently placing his finger on her chin to turn her back to him, "but I am being as genuine as I can be. You are an incredibly beautiful woman, Elaina Hughes."

She blushed. "Thank you," she said, looking away again.

"And I'm sorry I just pulled it out in front of you," he added. "I thought you were going to turn around when you saw me undressing, and I thought we were in a hurry." He frowned. "I'm also sorry the first one you had to see belonged to your brother."

Her eyes turned back to his. "No, it-it's okay. Is...is it bad if I say it was nice?"

He chuckled. "No, it's not bad. Every man likes to hear compliments every once in a while."

She nodded. "Okay. Well, you have a very nice dick, Jason," she said, then covered her mouth as she laughed at her own words. "Oh my God, I can't believe I just complimented my brother's cock."

With his own shrug, he said, "Yeah, but we are still kind of strangers, so, I guess it's a little less bad than you think."

Two more women walked past, and Elaina saw them, looked at her watch, and cursed. "Shit. It's almost time."

"So, what do you want me to do?" he asked. "Honestly, I don't mind sitting out here and waiting."

"No!" she said a bit too quickly. "Um, I mean," she giggled nervously, "that's silly. Those women could use someone with your knowledge in there helping."

He nodded. "Okay, but don't look at me if someone complains about," he pointed at his crotch, "this."

She looked down at him again, biting her bottom lip. "Yeah. Okay. Um, come on," she said, opening her door. She slid out and was surprised when he slid out behind her.

"Keep the door open a moment," he said as he pulled up his jacket and shirt, hiding behind the door. "Is it bad?"

She let out a deep breath and almost lost herself again. "Fuck, Jason, are you still hard?"

"No."

Her eyes shot up at him. "No?" Putting hand to her forehead, she said, "Yeah, you can't go in there like that. You may as well go in naked."

"Okay. I'll wait here."

She looked at him for a moment before hugging him, then kissing his cheek. It was a lingering kiss, and he was suddenly glad he'd be sitting in the truck after receiving it.

"I'll make it up to you. Promise," she said as she stepped back, gave his crotch one more look as she bit her bottom lip, let out a deep breath, and went inside.

An hour later, he watched all the women from the class leaving, but no Elaina. Once the parking lot was empty, he couldn't help but be a bit concerned about her in there alone. Of course, he was watching the entrance, and no one had gone in, but he was curious what was going on.

"Elaina?" he called as he stepped inside, realizing he could have changed back into his jeans while waiting, and rolling his eyes at the oversight. "Everything okay?"

"Jason," she said, a smile on her face until she looked down at the bulge in his shorts, turned crimson again, and turned away. "Sorry. We have to clean up before we go. I was just finishing up."

"Oh. Anything I can do to help?" He removed the short jacket, placing it on a chair in the corner.

"The trash is—" She dropped the broom. "Jesus. Jason, you're going to have to cover that up. I'm...I can't even focus right now."

Turning back to the chair, he grabbed the jacket. "Sorry, El. I was just worried. I can go back outside if you want."

"No, I don't want that!" she said, her eyes closed as she sighed heavily. "It's cold, you're probably bored, and I'll still be thinking about your massive dick." When she opened her eyes, she found that he'd tied the jacket backwards around his waist, the back hanging down in front of his crotch. She laughed, relaxing the mood.

Saying nothing else, he began gathering the trash as she finished sweeping. They said nothing else as they worked, Elaina trying her hardest to focus on finishing, but failing miserably.

"Strangers," she said.

He turned to her. "What's that?"

"It's nothi—" she began, then stopped. Replacing the broom and dustpan in the closet, she turned to him, taking his hand and leading him with some urgency out to the Suburban. To his surprise, they got into the backseat instead of the front.

"Would you fuck me?" she bluntly asked. When he blinked at her, surprised, she clarified. "I mean, if you were not my brother, would you want me?"

"El, I would want you, sister or not."

She gave him a flat look. "You know what I mean."

"Yes. I do," he nodded.

Her eyes widened in recognition of his words. "You mean..."

"I mean that you are beautiful, you're smart, you get things done, you work hard, and I love your attitude," he clarified. "You are amazing, Elaina. Any man would want you."

Is that the answer I'm looking for or is he just placating me? she wondered. "You said that we were strangers," she continued, her eyes falling away from him. "I would never lose my virginity to some random stranger." When her eyes came back to his, though, she looked hopeful. "But a stranger I trust with my life, it might be different."

He ran his fingers gently over her cheek. "El..."

She closed her eyes tightly, shaking her head. "You probably think I'm gross. I can't believe I just said that. Just...just forget I—"

"Yes."

"...what?"

"Yes, Elaina," he said. "I would make love to you, as a stranger, as your brother, or anything else. I would be a liar if I said otherwise."

"Really?" she asked, so quietly it sounded almost like a high-pitched squeal.

He nodded. "Although, I would think you'd want your first time to be somewhere better than a rental car," he smiled.

God, even his smile is sexy. Am I really doing this? What the fuck is wrong with me? Holy shit, my pussy is so wet right now...

"Are you sure? A-and, I don't mind...this," she said, gesturing around the vehicle. "I just want my first time to be special, and I can't think of anyone else I'd want it to be with."

"I'm sure, but only if you are. I don't have a condom—don't normally wear them." He leaned closer, kissing her lips gently, lingering several moments.

"Birth control implant," she muttered, her chest heaving at the possibility.

"Yeah, but it can get messy. Wasn't sure if you wanted me busting loose inside of you."

Her face flushed and she felt her nether regions dampening quickly at the thought of him filling her. "You'd probably need one of those big-ass Magnums," she said softly, glancing down at his shorts. "Don't have one, though."

"You're certain?" he confirmed. "We can't take it back, El. So, you have to—oof!"

She pushed him backward as her lips pressed against his, tearing at her clothes to remove them as she straddled him. Nothing else was said, but he slowed her down by taking control, helping her remove her clothing slowly and deliberately.

When her large breasts were exposed, he leaned up to caress them gently before kissing her chest, and pulling a large, brown nipple into his mouth. As he did this, he managed to lift his hips, with Elaina atop them, to pull down his tight shorts. She slid down her tight workout pants, then pulled her panties down enough to expose her hairless sex to him.

"No room for foreplay," she said as she took his cock in her hand. "Holy shit, Jason," she said, looking down at his fully erect member.

"We can stop, El. No harm, no foul."

Her hand kept stroking him and her breathing slowed, but when she looked back down, she shook her head. "No. I want this inside of me. I want you to be my first, Jason. I want you to flood my pussy."

"Do you know what you're doing?" he asked, a smirk on his face.

"Well, this is my first time, you ass, but I took sex ed and I've done some research."

"Please don't say porn," he grumbled.

"Okay. I won't say it," she grinned, then slid his tip up and down her entrance, lubricating him with her overflowing juices. She was so wet that thin strings of her natural lubricant were dripping down onto his leg. "Just...don't move," she said, but her eyes were closed as she pressed his tip into her tunnel.

"Slowly," he said in a reassuring tone.

"Oh my god," she whimpered, biting her lip hard enough that she nearly drew blood. "Oh my god! Oh my god!" she repeated as, slowly, she sank down atop him, and he bottomed out within her.

He let out a deep breath as the sensation of her rippled through him. "Are you okay?"

She didn't say anything, but she nodded, her eyes still closed as her muscles relaxed around him. "This feels amazing," she purred.

"You do feel amazing," he said as he wiggled himself a bit inside of her. She giggled, then began rocking slowly. "There you go. Take it slow and get faster if you want, when you want."

Moments later, she was leaning down, gyrating on his cock as he alternated between sucking on a nipple and kissing her passionately. "Harder," she whispered.

He immediately began thrusting upward into her, the sound of her juices sloshing around him as he drove into her again and again.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she moaned as her fingers flexed, digging her nails into his chest. "I'm close," she whimpered.

"I usually last much longer, but so am I," he said, gritting his teeth as he tried to delay his ejaculation.

"Do it, Jason," she said, her eyes flying open and focusing on his. "Cum in me. Momma has had us on birth control for years. It's okay. I want you to fill me for the first time." She took one breath, and peaked. Hard. The only noise she made was a high-pitched squeal as her entire body locked up and her vaginal muscles clamped down on him like a vice.

Moments later, Jason thrust powerfully upward and erupted like Mount Vesuvius into his older sister's pussy, flooding her insides so much that his seed began sliding out of her. Elaina gasped loudly, taking a sharp influx of breath as her body shuddered and spasmed.

"Jason..." she whispered, falling onto his chest as the last twitches of his cock thrilled her. "Oh, Jason...I love you."

He lifted her face up to his. "I love you, El. I always have, but not like now." He kissed her, and her tongue eagerly thrust into his as their juices mixed and slid out of her around his shaft.

Moments later, he slid out of her, and she sat up, climbing off him. "Do you really love me...like that?" she asked, not bothering to cover up as a large glob of cum oozed from between her glistening labia.

He nodded. "I do."

Her phone vibrated. She ignored it for a moment, then decided she should check it. "It's Mom." She pursed her lips. "She's getting worried."

As she spoke, Jason's phone vibrated. Elaina slipped her black leggings up, skipping the panties, and he took a moment to check the phone.

"It's getting late. I am worried, but Paige is doing her "thing", and it sounds like something good may have happened...I think? I hope all is well and you come back to us soon. All my love."

He smiled, replying quickly.

"Something good confirmed, but no discussion on you two. Will need to discuss. I adore you, Mrs. Hughes. Home soon."

"Mom, or Paige?"

Jason looked up at Elaina who had climbed into the front passenger seat and was pulling back on her top. "Elin was worried. I told her not to worry and that we were on our way."

Skipping his jeans, Jason pulled up the shorts to provide a modicum of coverage, slipped his shoes back on, and climbed into the driver's seat. Neither spoke for a few moments, but Jason heard Elaina's phone vibrate again.

"Paige..." she said, reading the text. "She always knows things," she muttered and read the text aloud.

"KIELBASA LIKE I SAID GOOD YOU HOPPED ON BOARD I NEED MY MONEY YOU STILL OWE ME I WILL NOT FORGET JASON LOVES US WE LOVE JASON BRING HIM HOME DID YOU TAKE MY TEDDY"

She looked down at the phone, her shoulders slumped before looking up at Jason. "She knows."

"It's okay," Jason replied, taking her hand across the center console.

"Shit. If she knows, Mom knows."

"Elaina," he said, squeezing her hand gently, "it's okay."

"What do you mean? How can it be okay? If Mom knows that I, that we--"

He cut in. "I know it's okay, because I trust Elin. Implicitly. As Paige says, it's natural. It's okay. You'll see." With what he hoped was a comforting smile, he said, "It might be a stretch since, as we've said, we are essentially strangers, but trust me, El. It will be okay."

"I do trust you, Jason," she nodded, then shrugged. "I can't explain why, but I just do." Her hand didn't let his go of his as she slid down in her seat. "This is going to be an awkward conversation, isn't it..."

"Probably not as awkward as you think." She stared at him disbelievingly. "Elaina, do you love me? As in, *truly* love me?"

"I think I already proved that," she said, pursing her lips.

"No, you proved that you wanted to make love to me. What I mean is that if I asked it, would you be mine? A committed relationship."

She looked at him, her hand still clutching his. After several moments, with Jason maneuvering the roads back to her home, she asked, "Would you take care of me?" Seeing the questioning look on his face, she added, "I've not had good luck with men, like I said earlier. They say horrible things just to get their dicks wet. I want love, Jason, and I don't care who it's with, as long as they take care of me like I would take care of them."

He pulled the truck over to the side of the road, put it in park, and turned to her. "Elaina, I love you. Your happiness and safety would be the only thing on my mind. Ever."

Her breath shook slightly as she listened. Then she gave him a small smile. "I guess it must be true if you needed to pull over just to tell me that."

"I didn't want you to misconstrue my commitment to what I'd say. In this moment, here on the side of the road, El, my focus is on you." He kissed her hand, lingering for a moment. "I guarantee you that I will love you forever, and I *will* take care of you."

"What about Mom, or Paige?"

He paused a moment, considering his response. But there was no need to hold back now. "They already know that I love them and that I will take care of them, too. We're family. I have you all back now, and I will never let you go again."

She nodded. He wasn't sure if she completely understood, but he was certain Elin and Paige would clarify things once they got home. His only concern was his relationship with the three of them. Paige and Elin were more than fine with it, but how would Elaina take to it? Would she be okay sharing a bed with them, or would that be a deal breaker for her? Being with Jason was one thing, but adding Elin and Paige to the mix might be anathema to her.

As they pulled into the driveway, Jason, still holding her hand, sat a moment before exiting. "Keep an open mind, El. Everything will be fine. And just remember one thing: I love you and that will *never* change."

Jason hadn't bothered putting the jacket back on since it was a quick jaunt to the front door. In one hand was the jacket and his jeans, the other hand was filled with Elaina's, her fingers clenched around his in a worried death grip. The house was silent when they entered and walked down the

tight hallway. Once in the living room, however, they found Elin sitting in an armchair, facing them, and Paige bouncing back and forth like a ballerina.

The youngest let out a gasp, spun, and launched herself at her sister, smiling wide. "Happy time!" she announced, jumping up and forcing Elaina to catch her. Clinging to Elaina, Paige kissed her softly, and not a chaste kiss. It was a kiss the two had shared on more than one occasion, and one that Elaina didn't fight against.

"Paige!" Elaina half-whispered, a look of fear on her face. "Mom--"

"Already knows, honey," Elin said with a small smile.

Elaina's face went pale as she glared at her sister. "You told her!?"

Paige scoffed, rolled her eyes and slid out of Elaina's grasp, bouncing her way over to Elin to make herself comfortable in her waiting lap. Elin pulled her small face in and the two shared a kiss of the same kind that quickly added more tongue, turning quite sensual. The gasp from Elaina was the only sound to be heard.

"Could have used a bit more saliva," Elin said, a mock sneer on her face.

"Not the time. El has questions. Jason is the key," Paige said as her hand slid up and down Elin's shirt lightly.

"What the fuck is going on?" Elaina asked weakly, her eyes nearly bulging out of her skull.

"I've known about you and Paige for a few years," Elin said as she moved Paige from her lap, stood, and crossed the room. "Mothers know things, and these walls aren't as thick as you think they are." As she spoke, her warm, understanding smile never faltered. "I was okay with it since it was experimentation, getting to know your bodies. This sort of thing is not necessarily frowned upon in Belgium, so I thought nothing of it."

Not wanting him to be left out, Paige slowly sashayed over to Jason, tiptoeing up for a small kiss, which he gladly obliged. It didn't last long, though, as Jason scooped her up and their kiss was powerful enough for Elaina to whimper in shock.

"What the fuck is going on?" she repeated, whispering it this time as she sank to a couch.

"I love Jason. Momma loves Jason. You love Jason. Jason loves us," Paige said, her eyes closed as her forehead pressed against his. "We all love each other. It's natural, just like you and I love each other." She turned to Elaina. "We're a family now...again."

Elaina's head swiveled to Elin, then to Jason, then to Paige. She looked as if she were going to say something, arguing against Paige's words, but her mouth closed quickly. Then, she turned bashful, her eyes turning downward. "I didn't know you loved me that way, Paige. I...just thought you were exploring things, playing around."

Paige gave Jason another quick kiss, then hopped down and sat beside her sister, taking her hand. "Explore and learn," she said, then lay her head on Elaina's shoulder. "Learned to love. True love." She smiled. "First love."

"You truly loved her," Jason said, "but thought she was just curious?"

Elaina nodded, then turned to her mother. "Once I turned eighteen, though, I stopped, Mom. Honest."

Paige scoffed. "Not me," she said in a sing-song tone.

Laughing, Elaina looked at her. "Yeah. I know, you little weirdo. I couldn't shower without you coming in and peeking."

Paige smiled. "I love Momma that way. I love Jason that way," she said. "You love us, and you love Jason."

"I guess I did miss quite a bit in California, then," Elaina replied sullenly. "I really wish I had gone, now."

"Honey," Elin started, pausing briefly, unsure how to explain things. "Look, we're all adults here so I'll just come out and tell you everything, but only if you make me one promise." Elaina looked up at her, and Elin continued. "No matter what, we are still family, we still love each other as family at the very least, and nothing will break us apart again."

After a few moments to process her mother's words, Elaina nodded. When she was bumped by Paige, she gave her sister a wry smile. "I promise, Mom."

With a nod, Elin told Elaina the entire story of their trip to California, leaving nothing out. She started with meeting Margaret, their ride in the Roll Royce, and their initial meeting with Jason. Paige and Elin both shared their initial thoughts when they first saw him, held him, and how turbulent the interaction had been due to his personal shame. Jason explained how Paige had found him in bed with morning wood, had touched it, and gave him her cryptic message before leaving. Then, Elin continued explaining everything from seeing him in the very same shorts he was wearing now.

Paige tried to continue the story starting with the mall trip. "I bought clothes. Momma bought clothes. Jason bought...shorts," she said, rolling her eyes. "Oh! You should see our swimsuits! Modeled for Jason, made him excited again, then Momma modeled for Jason, his heart fluttered madly, and we bought apples, and carrots, and—"

"Um, Paige, honey?" Elin interjected. "Mind if I take it from here?" Her youngest smiled sweetly and shrugged her shoulders up in embarrassment. "We went home, had some food, and went swimming."

"In the sexy swimsuits!" Paige added.

"Yes," Elin laughed. "In the sexy swimsuits. But, Jason didn't own one."

Elaina looked up at him, her face scrunched in confusion. "What?" he asked. "David and his whores were never there, so I always swam naked. I liked it better."

"It didn't feel right keeping him out of his own pool, so Paige and I agreed that he could swim naked."

"I swam naked, El!" Paige said, excitedly. "It's so freeing! No cloth, no chafe, no nothing!"

Jason snickered, as did Elaina, surprisingly, as Elin continued. "If he was going to be naked, so were we. It was only fair." She paused a moment, looking at the man she loved, and stood to join him.

"Despite only have been reunited with him for one day, I knew, without a doubt, that Jason was the man every woman wants to grow old with. He was nothing but kind, thoughtful, respectful, honest, and very smart. But he was no longer my little boy," she said, allowing Jason to wrap his arms around her waist as she looked at him adoringly. "We were strangers, and I fell deeply in love with this young stranger."

"They had sex, blah, blah," Paige bluntly stated with a dismissive wave of her hand. "Get to my part."

Elin closed her eyes and let out a slow breath. "Yes, dear. I was getting there. We *made love*," she said, pointedly looking at Paige, "and it was magnificent, as you well know," she said, giving her oldest child a knowing smile. "Once we were done, Paige joined us, and we made love into the night."

"All...all three of you?" Elaina asked, but she already knew the answer to the question.

Instead of a brash response, Paige took her sister's hand. "Yes. We wanted you there, but you were being dumb."

Elaina had the grace to look ashamed at her sister's comment. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Everything changed for us that night, Elaina," Elin continued. "And the next few days while we were there. I lost my son, and Paige lost her brother, but we gained the most amazing man and lover we could have ever wished for.

"You asked why he calls me by my name," she said, pulling Jason in closer. "It's because he is no longer the boy I lost so long ago. He is my lover and I see him as my husband."

Paige stood, walking slowly to them. She joined the two, wrapping her small arms around them. "My husband," she repeated. "One missing," she added as her hand reached behind her, beckoning her sister. "One position left. One goddess missing from Olympus." When she didn't feel her sister's hand in hers, she lifted her head, a perturbed look on her face, and cleared her throat. "I *said*—"

"I heard you, you brat," Elaina said as she slowly stood, a small smile on her face. But instead of taking Paige's hand, she pushed her way between Elin and Paige to wrap her arms around her brother. She studied his face as if she were searching for something. "Were you being honest earlier?"

"I've never lied to you, Elaina, and I never will."

"I asked if you would take care of me before we...well, earlier," she said, still not yet comfortable talking about sex in front of her mother.

"You did, and I told you that your happiness and safety would be my priority forever," he replied, his tone serious. "I also made that promise to Elin and Paige, and I will not go back on my word." He tilted his head and asked her a question. "Were you being honest earlier?"

Her head jerked back, seeming somewhat offended. "Yes, Jason, I was a virgin until you—well, with boys. Men. Whatever."

Shaking his head, he pulled her closer to him with a bit of force to get her attention. "No. Not that. I wouldn't have cared about that," he said, his eyes hard. "I would never judge a woman by that standard."

"...then, what?"

"After we made love, you told me that you loved me," he said, the hard look fading away into one of concern. "Did you really mean it in this way?"

Without saying a word, her lips smashed against his with ferocity as her hands pulled his head closer to hers. It was full of fire, of passion, and he knew he had his answer. "I love you with my entire heart, Jason Hughes, my brother, my love," she said before their lips met again.

Paige sighed dramatically. "True love is grand, Momma."

Hugging her youngest to her side, Elin smiled happily. "It is, honey. It really is."

Once the heat began to wane, Jason and Elaina's bodies still pressed together, Elin spoke up. "Master, we should tell her the rest."

"There's more?" Elaina asked. "—wait, Master? What the—?"

"Shhh, El. You know it's true." Paige waved her hand slowly in front of her sister. "This is the man you are looking for."

"Did you just try to do that mind trick thing on me?"

"Yes. It worked. Jason is my lover, my husband, my master. Momma's lover, husband, and master." She raised her eyebrows expectantly toward Elaina. "Your lover, your husband."

Elaina waited for her to finish, but she didn't. It felt cold when Paige left the word out from her example.

"Not yet. Not really allowed." She jerked her head toward Jason. "Hates it." She then jabbed a thumb at herself and her mother, smiling wide. "Loves it!" The smile turned to a pout. "But we hide it. For him. Our lover, our husband, our..." she mouthed 'master' without saying it. Pointing at Elaina, she smiled. "You have to choose it. It's okay. You'll love it. You'll see."

"That was the rest you wanted to tell me?" Elaina asked her mother.

Hesitating, Elin glanced at Jason, which Elaina noticed. "What?" she pressed.

"Jason's rich," Paige said, getting impatient. "Swimming in it. Scrooge McDucking it. Sickeningly rich. We're going to Belgium. Brush up the Dutch, bitch."

Elin gasped. "Paige Elizabeth!" she fussed. "Don't speak to her like that!"

Elaina, however, was laughing. "It's okay. I've been trying to get her to curse for years, and damn is it adorable when she does it!" She hugged her sister. "Paige already told me he got money after the death, property and whatever that asshole had in the bank."

"Uh..." Jason said, his hand rubbing the back of his head. "I guess we skipped the part about how he died."

"I don't care," Elaina said, her face quickly souring. "He's dead, that's—" She stopped short as two piercing sets of female eyes, eyes she had grown up with, glared daggers at her. Elaina sighed. "Sorry. Habit, okay?" She looked back and forth at her mother and sister. "I'm sorry."

"At the risk of gaining their ire," Jason said, nodding at Elin and Paige, "I am also glad he's dead."

Paige's little shoulders sagged, matching the sadness on her face. Elin simply cleared her throat and spoke. "Yes, my love," she said, clearly wanting him to agree with her, but she knew the family dynamic had changed.

Jason retold the story of David's death, and the flavor of the month who had died with him, leaving none of the gory details out. To his surprise, Elaina's elation at her father's death was overshadowed from the gruesome details. She paled, somewhat, her eyes wide.

"I just wanted to be done with it; done with him," Jason continued. "I could have sued and probably won all kinds of money, but the highway department offered me a settlement of \$20 million. I took it, washed my hands of the whole thing, and found a much better life soon after."

"Twenty...million?" his sister asked in a whisper.

"All together, \$26 million, so far," he clarified.

"What do you mean, so far?"

"He was considering selling the house, Elaina," Elin chimed in. "I, uh, politely requested that he put that off a bit longer until we four decided what we would do now. As a family," she added on.

"A big, fucking family," Paige chirped.

"Oh, Jesus," Elaina groaned.

"Paige, I—I don't know that I can be your mother anymore since we have done...things, and our husband..." She seemed to lose what she was going to say, the confusion of their new relationship not helping.

"You're always my momma, Momma," Paige said. "But now, anytime you or I want, I can lick your tight pussy."

Astonishingly, Elin barked out a laugh which caused everyone, even Elaina, to join in. "Yes, my beautiful little lover, you certainly can. But, before you get any ideas, how about we finish talking to Elaina?"

"Will you let her lick your pussy?" Paige asked with pure innocence.

Elin looked at Elaina and back to Paige, not at all embarrassed to say, "I leave that decision to her, but I would very much enjoy doing that to her."

Paige giggled, clapping her hands frantically. "Me, too," she said, barely able to contain her excitement.

"So..." Elaina said, standing to walk over, "that's what we are now? Full-on incestuous lesbians who love being split apart by the same man's giant cock?"

"Yes," Elin replied with a nod.

"Yepperino," Paige replied with a bigger nod.

With a long inhale, Elaina let it all out at once as she embraced her mother and slid her tongue into Elin's mouth. Elin moaned immediately, a flush of relief cascading through her body, and she immediately groped Elaina's ass.

Not wanting to miss out, Paige turned to Jason, pointing at his shorts. "Is El still on you?"

"Probably," he said, raising an eyebrow, liking where this might be going.

"Good. Lemme taste." In a flash, Paige was stark naked and on her knees in front of Jason, all but panting as he kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, and tore the shorts off himself. "I hate those things and I hope I don't see them again."

Paige smirked as she wasted no time running her tongue from his balls to his tip, her fingers working her slit causing her hips to buck slightly.

"I want to see your body," Elaina whispered between kisses. "And you should know," she continued, as Elin began unbuttoning her shirt while she kissed Elaina's neck, "I fantasized about you many, many times when I was younger."

"I hope I don't let you down," Elin replied as her clothes fell to the floor and Elaina took a step back.

"Wow," her daughter said in awe. "Better than I ever could have imagined. How the hell do you have abs like that?"

"Crunches. Hundreds of crunches," Elin said with a happy smile as she slid down Elaina's skin-tight pants. "Ooh...I always wondered if those were pubes in your tub," she grinned, seeing her daughter's hairless nether regions. "Now, let me show you just how much I love you, Elaina. Please, sit."

Removing her shirt before doing so, Elaina sat on the edge of the couch and watched in utter fascination as her mother knelt between her legs. "You are so fucking beautiful, Mom," she said in a husky voice. "I—I almost feel embarrassed to be naked in front of you."

"If you're going to keep talking nonsense," Elin said just before her tongue slid deep between Elaina's folds, "we're going to switch positions so your mouth will be occupied." She hadn't missed the involuntary shudder of Elaina's body and smiled as she inhaled deeply. "Mmm...our husband has been here," she grinned. "I can tell his scent and taste anywhere."

"Oh, that is so fucking hot." Elaina's head fell back as her mother's mouth sucked and nibbled on her labia before focusing on her already excited clit. When Elin slid two fingers into her wet opening, she gasped and spasmed.

"Momma is happy," Paige said when her mouth slid off Jason's tip. She took him as deep into her mouth as she could, then slowly dragged her lips up his shaft and off him again. "I'll be happier with you in my pussy." Her hand stroked him while she gently sucked one of his balls. "El is happy now that her belly is full."

"Wait—what?" Elaina asked, sitting up, causing Elin to stop licking as they both turned to Paige. "Paige, say that again?"

"You are happy now," she repeated, not turning around as her tongue lightly flicked Jason's glans, "now that your belly is full."

Both Elin and Elaina looked deep in thought for several moments. Jason, having a hard time focusing, looked at his women with concern. "What? What is it?"

Elin's head snapped around. "Elaina," she said, whispering, her voice urgent, "you had to reschedule your doctor appointment to replace the old implant. Remember? That photographer got sick, and you had to cover that wedding in Burlington. Did you remember to go back?"

Elaina gulped. "I...I forgot."

Paige stood, kissing up Jason's chest as she did, then inclined her head toward her sister. "Go, master. El needs you."

"You can call me Jason, you know?" he said, cupping her face.

"I know. I probably won't."

Rolling his eyes, he crossed the room and pulled Elaina up to him. His erection poked her right in the stomach, and he pushed it away, only to have it spring back, poking her again.

"That thing is a menace," she said, a half-smile on her face. "But I'm happy to see it again."

He gave her a soft kiss. "What's wrong, El? If you're having second thoughts—"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "Never. I love you, Jason. And Momma, and Paige."

He could tell she was nervous, and when Elin stood, taking Elaina's hand with a look of worry on her face, a knot formed in his stomach. "You can tell me anything," he said. "I told you, El. Your happiness and safety mean the most to me."

"I, uh..." she started, hesitating. "Mom has always had Paige and me on birth control implants, right? She got it in her head that I was out sleeping around, for some reason."

"I'm so sorry, honey..." Elin muttered.

Elaina continued. "Well, mine was old and needed replacing. Things happened, I had to cancel last minute and, well..." She let out a sharp breath. "I forgot to reschedule and go back."

It took him a moment to realize what she was saying. "There's a chance I got you pregnant?"

"Lock, stock, and one thick, veiny barrel!" Paige giggled.

"Apparently, so," Elaina replied. She bit her lip, worried about his reaction.

He hugged her. Then he let go, pushing his cock down to the side again, holding it there, while he hugged her again. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I had known, we could have discussed it first."

"Discussed it?" she asked, pulling back to look at him. "If I hadn't been on birth control and we, well, if I so desperately wanted you to cum in me like I did in the truck, you would have done it for me?"

"Again and again and again," he said, kissing her face. "But now I worry that you weren't prepared, or that you didn't want this. For my part, though, I would love to be the father of your child." He turned to Elin, then Paige. "The same for both of you. But it's your choice since you will have to suffer through it."

"I'm game," Paige spoke up.

Ignoring her sister, Elaina asked, "You're not upset? I mean, this is my fault, Jason, not yours."

"Do you want to be a mother? For me to be your child's father?"

Looking at her mother for guidance, and Elin giving a nod but a shrug that left the decision to her daughter, Elaina nodded. "Yes," she said, then smirked as she added, "Having the child of my master would make me incredibly happy."

"I'm going to have to bar that word around here," he said as he pulled her in for a long, sensual kiss.

"Boo!" Paige said, both thumbs down as she cozied up to her mother.

"Thank you, Jason," Elaina said, a small tear in her eye. "It sounds...foolish, but you have made all of my dreams come true."

"That's my job, El," he said with a smile. "And I am a very hard worker."

"Paige, honey?" Elin said, taking her daughter's hand in hers, "Can you show your sister, or maybe sister-wife some love? I'd like to speak to our husband a moment."

"Ooh, yeah, baby!" Paige said, leering at her sister's incredible body. "Bring that pregnant booty over here and let me show you how this tongue works!"

"Sixty-nine?" El asked, hopeful.

"Deal. Your bed. You're a squirter. Messy."

Once they were gone, giggling coming from Elaina's room, Jason turned to his mother. "Elin, are you upset?"

"About Elaina? God, no, Jason! I'm so excited!" The exuberant smile on her face showed that she told the truth. "Imagine it, my love—a sweet little baby in my house again. It will be wonderful."

"I never imagined I'd be a father this young, but I can't imagine it without my women in my life. So, I know everything will just fine."

Elin nodded, seeming relieved that Jason was okay with the news. "So, what I wanted to talk to you about..."

He smiled. "You want to remove your implant."

"Oh, yes!" she readily agreed, grasping his hands and holding them to her chest. "I will beg if I must, and I would do it proudly, but I ask that you please give me a child. Just one more before I'm too old to bear children again." She kissed his hands, nearly begging as it was. "If—I mean, if you believe I'm too old, I understand."

He gave her a stern look. "I never wanted to do this, Elin, but I am going to act like the master you want me to be. That is the last time you say or even allude to your age being an issue, or that you're old, or anything like that. I don't see a forty-year-old woman when I look at you. I only see the blindingly beautiful angel who graces me with her smile, wraps me in her kindness, and happily

shares my bed to share her boundless love. Is that..." he hesitated, feeling a bit funny to make demands of his mother, "...is that understood, Elin?"

"Yes, my love," she said, solemnly nodding. A small smile then formed as she turned bashful. "You really don't think of me that way?"

"I already told you that you look like you're Elaina and Paige's age. But luckily, you have the brains and experience to help guide our family to a wonderful future." He took her head in his hands and gently kissed her forehead. "I absolutely adore you, Mrs. Hughes. Every single bit of you, as you are, right now. And I would be happy to..."

"Pound a baby into my pussy?" she offered with a giggle.

He chuckled. "It would be my honor to impregnate my wife as many times as she wishes."

His words relieved her, and tears fell. "I'm so sorry. I have cried more times in the past week than I have in years. You have just made me happy beyond my wildest dreams, and I can't hold back the tears."

"As long as they're happy tears, let 'em fly. And Elin? Thank you for allowing me to make you happy. I never thought that a reunion with my mother would turn out this way, but I've never been happier."

"You're welcome my love. And I'll get a doctor appointment immediately."

"Before we go to Belgium," he said. "Hopefully, something will take before we go, but I wouldn't mind knowing I planted a seed in my gorgeous wife in the home of her ancestors."

"You are so good to me," she grinned. "Now, let's go to Elaina's room so we can show them what I'm made of. Oh, and grab the bottle of anal lube. It's time, master."