

IN THE ARMS OF ANGELS PT. 08

NoMoreMisterNiceSpy

Good news for the trip, and better news from the bathroom.

Novels and Novellas

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This is a continuation of In The Arms of Angels Pt. 7.

Recap - When last we were with the Hughes family, they had finally completed their redecoration of Jason's house to scrub out the last of David's taint left on the home. Jason's plan for investing money pays dividends as a windfall comes his way. He plans to invest in the future of his family with the funds, paving the way for their children's security. The family passports arrive, but Demura Megumi tells them that Belgium requires new passport recipients to wait three months until visiting. Paige arrives with a small cadre of neighborhood children, enraged at the lack of swimming instruction they have received despite nearly all the homes near them having pools. It goes off without a hitch and she plans to continue training them for the foreseeable future. But the question of remaining in California or moving elsewhere remains unresolved. After finding out that Belgium does not prosecute consenting adults living their unique lifestyle, and with some urging from real Paige—not Other Paige—Jason finally decides to leave the U.S. behind. With Elin's Belgian citizenship still intact, Demura advised that it opens more doors for Jason, Paige, and Elaina to gain their citizenship as well. In speaking with their attorney, however, they are shocked to find that their family secret isn't as secret as they thought. Demura has known for weeks but assures them that it's not as big an issue as they believe. Well, as long as they don't go flaunting their relationships around town.

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

Now that the family had charted a course for their future, they suddenly found themselves in a holding pattern of sorts. Elaina was affected more than the rest since she had just begun to spread her wings with her budding photography business. She still had several customers on the hook as word spread about the shoot she'd done for Caitlyn Byers, a neighborhood acquaintance, so the woman could send updated photos of herself and the children to her husband who was deployed with the U.S. Navy. Over the next month, she had booked seven shoots like Caitlyn's, requiring her to go to various locations for attractive backgrounds according to the customer's requests, and two wedding shoots.

It wasn't as if Elaina needed the money, but she had always worked. The idea of going stir crazy at their house, or going out just to go out, did not appeal to her at all. She loved having a lavish home, a large pool, and a variety of lovers with high sex drives to choose from while at home, but she wanted to keep busy. She had spoken with Jason about her need to be on the move, worried that he would be upset that she wasn't around as much as Paige or Elin were. But he put those concerns to rest quickly. He only wanted her happiness, and if being busy doing something she loved made that happen, he supported it fully, even prompting her to purchase more equipment to maximize her capabilities. His only caveat was that she pay close attention to the child growing in her belly, and her own physical health as her pregnancy progressed.

Paige wasn't affected in the slightest other than continuing to put her plans for attending university on hold a bit longer. While taking online courses could be done anywhere, she didn't want to potentially have a grade decrease if they were too busy with their move for her to focus on completing her work to the high standard that she held herself to when it came to her education. So, she busied herself with training the neighborhood children in the pool, preparing for and eventually passing her Red Cross certifications, continuing her yoga, and making sure her body was available to her loving master any time he, or she, pleased.

Elin, however, in her duties as a housewife, just kept on doing what she had found that she absolutely loved. She was meticulous with her grocery shopping, keeping spreadsheets of what meals had been made so she didn't create the same thing for her family too often for variety's sake. She also kept a separate spreadsheet of every single piece of food in the house, updating it with precision once anything was used so she could plan out her weekly shopping list to replenish supplies while cross-referencing with her meals spreadsheet to create said list appropriately. ...let's just say that Elin had numerous spreadsheets to track anything and everything in the home to help her in her duties as a housewife, all in service to her beautiful master. She kept the home clean, scheduled the lawn and pool cleaning service, kept up with the laundry, and kept a regular rotation of fresh linens in the bathrooms and bedrooms. And she had never been happier in these duties.

And then there was Jason. As the head of the family now, his only responsibilities were keeping the family financially secure, seeing to his wives' happiness and, specifically for Elin and Paige, working to get them pregnant as they desired. But it left him feeling useless. He wanted to do more for them, and to be more involved. Every time he offered, however, Elaina insisted that she didn't need his help and didn't want to put him out—whatever that meant; Elin more or less dared him to mess with her very regimented schedules, spreadsheets, and housework; and other than just being there for Paige, he was a swimmer, but his youngest wife was an Olympic level swimmer who had forgotten more about training people in swim safety than he had ever known. That was assuming that Paige's mind could actually forget things, which he highly doubted.

He had already planned on waiting until they'd decided on where their lives would go next before he returned to college, so he couldn't even do that. He returned to the one thing he had let lapse for quite some time: mixed martial arts. It got him out of the house, it gave him a workout, and it made him feel more secure in his ability to protect those he held dear.

What surprised him when he notified the ladies that he would return to his training, was that all three jumped at the opportunity to train with him. The only real issue was Elaina's pregnancy which obviously required her to keep to non-contact training. After one of her checkups with the OB/GYN, she was pleased to find that her doctor highly recommended physical training of some sort since it would not only help relieve stress and improve blood circulation through the exercises, but the physical activity could also help prevent gestational diabetes. So, twice a week, their unique family got to leave the house for something fun.

"This...is not...fun," Elin grumbled as she tried to escape being pinned by using her hips and creating frames with her arms as she had been instructed. The mechanics of it made sense to her, and she was in good physical shape from years of exercise and continuing to do so with the addition of their home gym in the garage. But she just couldn't make it work when she was the one pinned to the ground. The smirking face looking down at her didn't help matters, either.

Paige just grinned from atop her. "You can do it!" she said in a very Rob Schneider-sounding voice.

"How are you doing this?" Elin asked, exasperated. "I should be able to fling you off, you tiny little brat."

Paige giggled.

Finally, Elin scowled and ceased her attempts. "I want to go back to that Muay Thai stuff. The kicking was fun."

Cocking her head to peer at Elin, Paige shook her head. "Learn to fight. Protect wives. Protect babies. This is the way."

"That's it," Jason said as he watched the two beautiful blondes. "I'm cancelling our streaming services."

"Don't. You. Dare," Paige said, her head popping up in an uncharacteristically serious tone.

His brows popped up in surprise, then his hands raised in defeat as he laughed.

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Two months later, Jason took his wives out for a family dinner at a high-end steakhouse on Melrose. He had exciting news to share with them, and thought a nice meal, great ambiance, and joyful moods would set the scene.

Evan Wright's steakhouse and butcher shop was a mainstay in town, having opened its doors in the 1950s and gaining notoriety over the years as a premiere location to have a fantastic dinner experience with fine wine and spirits, excellent cuts of meat, and service that was out of this world. There was a dress code, and a waiting list, but Jason had made a few contacts in the world of finance who had friends who could grease palms to get them a table—essentially, money talks and Jason made it happen.

The restaurant was elegant, but with the feel of an old western steakhouse. Everything from the tablecloths, dishes, silverware, and glasses were of the highest quality, along with an eclectic array of darker toned paintings and photographs from well-known artists lining the walls. But the floor, booths, and walls were made with the dark wooden style going back to saloons from the 1800s. Then there was the array of fresh meat in a large glass case on the far end of the restaurant, with butchers working behind them to show customers exactly where the meat was coming from that sold customers on just how fresh their beef, poultry, or seafood was.

There were no tables, only large booths, which made the seating arrangement cozy for their family, but also kept the two on the ends far from each other. Jason sat at one end, with Paige next to him, then Elin, and Elaina on the far end, just in case she needed to quickly find the potty, an issue that had arisen now that she was farther along in her pregnancy.

"Jason, this place is absolutely lovely!" Elin gushed

"Did you see the wall art?" Elaina asked, her eyes bouncing back and forth across the walls, focusing mostly on the sizable photos.

"I'm hungry," Paige grumbled.

A server came by with glasses of water for them all, then introduced herself and went over the chef's special creations for the evening and promised to be back soon once they'd had a chance to

view the menu.

"Elaina?" a woman called.

"Oh! Trish!" Elaina replied, smiling wide. When Elaina stood, Trish immediately gave her a hug and looked down at her growing stomach.

"Don't you just love this place?" Trish asked. "Edwin and I have only been here twice—well, this is our third time, but it is simply amazing."

Elaina smiled at her. "It's our first time here," she said, gesturing toward the booth. "A family dinner."

Elaina introduced Trish as one of her clients, a client who couldn't stop gushing about how absolutely amazing Elaina's photography skills were to anyone who would listen.

"I've always enjoyed the decorations here, but I think one of your photos should grace these walls, El," Trish continued. "Actually—" she said, then waved across the room, getting her husband's attention. "Edwin, you remember Elaina?"

Edwin was, in a word, unremarkable. Average height, average build, receding hairline, with salt and pepper hair that was very neatly trimmed. He wore expensive jeans with a blue button-up shirt and a blazer. Trish, on the other hand, was a very beautiful woman. She stood even with Elaina's 5'8" height, with dirty blonde hair that looked as if it had been blown out just for their dinner this evening. She had the body of a cheerleader, slim and fit, but the navy-blue dress she wore had difficulty holding back what must have been double-D breasts, her cleavage shown off nicely as she smiled kindly.

"Oh, yes. Miss Hughes," Edwin says with a nod.

Paige groaned under her breath at just how boring the man sounded.

"Edwin, love, don't you know, oh, what was her name?" Trish asked, biting her bottom lip and looking toward the ceiling in thought. "That friend of yours with the black Maserati? His second wife that works here."

"Martin Willoughby," Edwin said, then added in his dry, measured tone, "and Sharon. Yes, my dear. She—"

"Yes, yes," Trish waved off the rest of his reply. "She chooses and purchases the decorations?"

He nodded.

"Good," she said, turning back to Elaina. "I'll have my darling Edwin introduce her to me so that I can showcase your fine work." Edwin began to speak, but Trish steamrolled over his reply. "El, honey, just imagine how much more work you could get if one of your beautiful photos were on display right here at Evan Wright's?"

Elaina was flustered and looked a bit embarrassed. But she handled it with grace. "I'd have to hire an assistant, for sure," she replied with a smile.

"Darling, we'll be late," Edwin muttered.

"We'll be fine," Trish said over her shoulder, barely paying any attention to him. "Don't you worry, Elaina. I'm going to repay you for your magnificent work."

"You did pay me, Trish," Elaina laughed, glancing at Jason. Maybe she was hoping he'd yell "FIRE!" to get her out of the conversation. "You don't need to go out of your way."

With a scoff, Trish gently slapped Elaina's arm. "It's not a problem. But, listen, Edwin is getting antsy," she said, which drew the eye of each of the family members to the man who had barely moved since he'd joined her. "Enjoy your night, and you as well," she added, gracing everyone at the table with a smile. "Come along, Edwin. We'll be late if we don't hurry."

Once they were gone, Elaina let out a long sigh, then sat slowly. Jason, Elin, and Paige looked at her expectantly.

"She's..." Elaina began, then shrugged, closed her eyes, and shook her head in subtle frustration. "She's a lot."

"He's a cuck," Paige said.

Now, everyone's eyes were on the tiny beauty who acted as if she hadn't said a word.

"You know? That tracks," Elaina said. "I'm starving. I need meat."

Moments later, they placed their orders for hors d'oeuvres, drinks, and their meals. Elaina grumbled about how she wanted a drink now, but since she still wasn't twenty-one *and being* pregnant, she leaned across the table and in no uncertain terms explained what she wanted Jason to do to her once they got home to pound the stress out of her.

"You don't want one of your photos here?" Elin asked. "Honey, your friend wasn't wrong. Your skill is better than any of these people," she said, gesturing to three pictures on the wall across from them.

"Thanks, but—"

Everyone in the restaurant stopped when they heard a panicked cry.

"Help! Oh, Richard...help!"

An older woman in her 60's, two tables away, was smacking on the back of the elderly man beside her. His face was turning red, and it appeared that he was choking as he leaned forward, now standing beside the table.

Paige let out a frustrated growl, sprung straight up to her feet in the booth, nonchalantly walked across the top of the table deftly avoiding the servings of bread and their drinks, hopped down and crossed the floor coming up behind the couple.

"You," she said, pointing to a young couple at the table next to them, "dial 911." She then leaned at the waist, looking upward into the choking man's face as he stood, his hands to his neck. "Heimlich time, buddy."

"Please help him!" the older woman said, near panic.

Paige maneuvered behind the man, wrapped her arms around him, putting her fist at the man's belly button and her other hand on top of it. As short as she was at 5'2", and the man being nearly

six inches taller, it looked like she may not have been able to get the leverage she needed.

She quickly jerked her fist inward and upward, hoping to dislodge whatever had gotten into the man's esophagus. The first three inward thrusts did nothing, but when Paige narrowed her eyes and growled angrily, she adjusted her stance and pulled sharply inward and upward again with a pull that looked like she was about to power through a suplex from professional wrestling.

A large chunk of meat was expelled from his mouth, sailing through the air in a high arc, rolling haphazardly across the table, and coming to rest against a water glass. The man took a deep breath.

"Richard! Oh, honey, are you okay?" the older woman said hurriedly. "Richard? Talk to me," she pleaded.

Paige directed Richard to a chair, patting his back with a nonplussed look.

"Gotta' breathe," she said as Jason and Elaina joined her. She leaned in close to the man's face, examining him for several moments. "Color's back. All is well."

The woman walked around Richard and pulled Paige into her arms, hugging her tightly, then kissed her cheek several times. Paige looked mortified.

"Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you!" the woman said happily, tears streaking down her cheeks.

Everyone in the restaurant then stood and began clapping. Paige, finally able to extricate herself from the woman's awkward embrace, looked around to see what was happening. She realized they were clapping for her. Jason chuckled at the perturbed look on her face but clapped along with everyone else. He saw Richard put a hand on Paige's forearm.

Young lady," he said, his voice a bit rough, "I don't know how to thank you."

Paige's face went stern as her tiny pointer finger poked the man's chest as she said, "Chew. Your. Food."

Standing, Richard chuckled, took Paige's hand in his, and pumped it. "I believe I can do that," he said as the older woman grabbed him, squeezing him tightly. "Sheila, honey, I'm okay."

"What's your name?" Sheila asked as she looked at Paige.

Paige gave the couple a considering look, but just walked off. Jason stepped in to answer.

"Paige Hughes," Jason said proudly. "You'll have to forgive her. She's a bit shy."

"Shy?" Sheila laughed. "The way she just took control like that?"

Elaina nodded. "Shy, but absolutely amazing."

"Well, I don't doubt that. You're all together?" Richard asked, looking past Jason to see Paige leaning against Elin back at the booth as she angrily tried to hide from the room full of strangers smiling thankfully at her.

Jason nodded. "Family dinner."

"Well, Hughes family, the least I can do is pay for your meal tonight," the man said proudly.

Sheila slapped his arm, scowling. "Richard!" she hissed. "That young lady just saved your life! You can do better than that." She gave him a scathing look before turning to Jason. "He *is* appreciative, but he's also a tightwad."

With a wave of her arm, Sheila summoned one of the staff. "Leonard, please get their information before they leave. The four Hughes family members will get free food here for a year. Whatever you want," she said to Elaina with a smile. When Richard began to object, she wheeled on him. "Sit down," she hissed.

"Oh...wow, ma'am," Elaina said, flustered.

"Call me Sheila."

"Sheila," Jason said, "we appreciate it, but that's not necessary."

The paramedics came in, guided by another staff member, and began speaking with Richard to check his vitals.

"It is necessary," the older woman insisted. "Paige saved my husband's life tonight, and I will never forget that. Please thank her for me?"

"We will," Elaina said.

"Please see me before you leave," Leonard said as he escorted the pair back to their booth, "and I'll take care of everything."

"What's happening?" Elin asked.

Leonard gave her and Paige a warm smile. "The owners of Evan Wright's have decided that you and your family will eat free for a year," he said. "Anything you want, as much as you want."

Elaina's mouth fell open. "The owners?"

The group looked back to see Sylvia leaning down to hug Richard while rubbing on his back. "Yes," Leonard replied. "Richard and Sylvia Wright," he said with a gesture of his hand.

"Holy shit," Elin whispered.

"Holy shit," Jason echoed.

Leonard only chuckled. "Again, please see me before you leave. I will just need a copy of your IDs to keep on file, so we know not to charge you when you come in next. And let me just say," he said, looking directly at Paige, "thank you. Mr. Wright is a blustery man, but he does have a good heart. It would have been a hard pill to swallow if he'd not made it."

Paige only nodded before pushing her face against Elin's shoulder again, hiding from all the attention.

"Please, enjoy the rest of your meal," Leonard said, then made himself scarce.

Taking their places back in the circular booth, Elaina reached across Elin and squeezed Paige's hand gently, a proud smile on her face. "You did good."

Jason wrapped his arms around Paige and hugged her tightly. "That was fucking amazing, Paige," he said. "I know you don't like the attention, but you deserve the praise. It's not often that one can say they actually saved someone's life."

She just shrugged. "I love it when a plan comes together."

He laughed. "How much old-ass TV do you watch?"

"Oh, she used to plant herself in the living room and watch old reruns while she played," Elin said, hugging Paige to her. "We couldn't afford cable, so it was just whatever was on the local channels. She probably has more knowledge about 80s TV shows than she does with the current stuff."

Paige shrugged. "Background noise."

Elin nodded. "I don't think I ever saw her watching the shows, true. She just had it on while she played, danced, bounced around—I guess she just passively soaked it up."

"Because she's a friggin' genius, apparently," Elaina said as she bit into an appetizer.

"Evil genius," Paige smirked, relaxing now that most of the patrons were no longer focused on her.

Their meals were served, and everyone tucked in for an amazing meal. Both Elin and Elaina ordered a New York Strip with Elaina having melted Point Reyes blue cheese atop hers, and Elin having sautéed mushrooms and onions on hers. Jason ordered the bourbon filet, wanting to try something new. But none had paid attention when Paige ordered, and their eyes widened when the biggest cowboy ribeye they'd ever seen was placed in front of the smallest member of their group.

Paige stared at it happily, almost in a daze as thoughts of thoroughly destroying the meal played within her head.

"Jesus, Paige," Elaina said with a chuckle. "That thing's bigger than your head!"

"Protein. It does a body good," Paige said with a big smile, then glanced up at Jason, waggling her eyebrows.

They took their time eating, enjoying the atmosphere of the place. They only stopped once when Richard and Sylvia stopped by the table on their way out, once more thanking Paige, and the entire family. This time, Paige came out of her shell a bit, giving them both a smile, before staring pointedly at Richard while she cut a very tiny piece of meat and held it up on her fork. She arched an eyebrow.

He laughed. "Okay, okay! I get it!" Shaking his head, he added, "Shy or not, that one has spunk."

Paige smiled proudly and kept devouring her food.

"So, uh, I didn't think coming here would be such a whirlwind of activity," Jason said as he sat down his knife and fork, "but I didn't bring you all here on a whim." All eyes were on him, Elin and Elaina waiting patiently while he spoke. Paige kept shoveling in food, but she was looking at him.

"I spoke with Demura yesterday," he continued, seeing a flash of worry on Elin's face as she swallowed hard. He focused his eyes on her. "Your citizenship really came in clutch for us, pushing things forward a bit. With Demura's contacts at our State Department, and the obscene amount of money we had to pay, the Federale regering," he said in Dutch, which always made Elin smile, "has

approved Elaina, Paige, and I to become citizens of Belgium as the children of a long, lost citizen who will be returning home."

Elin gasped, and tears immediately began streaming down her face. Elaina and Paige both began speaking rapidly about the joyous news, Elaina immediately talking about a scouting trip for homes, and Paige speaking too quickly in Dutch for Jason to follow along. It was something about pools, living in the country, and...Smurfs?

"Damn it, husband," Elin said, wiping her eyes. "Why did you have to tell us here? I can't even kiss you like I so desperately want to right now!" she said urgently in a low tone. "This—this is really happening? I can take you all home?"

He nodded, his own emotions beginning to boil over at the sight of Elin's joyful tears. "It is. We've been given special dispensation to travel there immediately, meet with their officials for paperwork, and for us three to get our Belgian passports."

Paige was singing in Dutch now, dancing in her seat with her arms moving in a slow, swimming movement.

"Then we can start looking at houses?" Elaina asked, then broke out in a giggle. "Momma, this is happening!" she squealed, hugging Elin to her.

"We've wanted this for so long, baby," Elin said, then cupped Elaina's face tenderly. "You called me Momma."

Elaina made a face. "I'm sorry. I—I mean, you were my mother when all of this started so long ago. I guess the memories just came back to me."

"Sweetheart, I'm not upset. I thought it was sweet," Elin replied, planting a small kiss on Elaina's cheek. "Besides, laws or not, when we do go over there, it will be Elin Hughes and her children, not Jason Hughes and his three amazing wives." She frowned, turning to Jason and put a hand on his. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I'll do anything to get you what you want," he said. "Even if it means we have to revert to the old ways to get it done."

"Ew. Yuck. Bleh," Paige growled, her lip curled in disgust. "Icky old ways."

"Just until we're finished with the citizenship documents. Can you do that, Paige? Please?"

The tiny blonde angel let out an overly dramatic sigh while rolling her eyes. "I could be persuaded," she said as her little hand slid under the table. Jason watched as Elin's eyes popped open wide, then blushed deeply.

Elin cleared her throat before leaning closer to the youngest wife. "If that's what it takes," she said quietly with a tiny lick of Paige's ear, "then consider my body your playground."

"Deal," Paige immediately said, adding, "Mmm...watermelon sugar high," she said absentmindedly as she skewered one of the last pieces of the enormous steak and devoured it.

Jason and Elaina chuckled, while Elin just blinked, confused at Paige's words. "I have no clue what that meant." Elaina leaned in close and whispered in her ear. "Ohhh! Well, um, watermelon sugar, indeed."

The rest of their evening was uneventful, thankfully. For the next twenty minutes, Jason kept watching everyone in the restaurant, and what he could see out the windows, wondering if a hostage situation or five vehicle collision would happen next.

After such wonderful meals, they decided to wait a while before ordering dessert. The excitement was palpable after Jason's news, and Elin couldn't help but pull out her phone to begin showing off some of the properties she'd found that the family might agree upon; meaning, Jason would choose, and they would follow. But he wasn't about to make a unilateral decision like that without their input.

After thirty minutes of chatting, they decided on dessert. Elin had simple tastes when it came to her choice, ordering cinnamon apple pie à la mode. Jason and Elaina chose chocolate glazed espresso cheesecake. Lastly, Paige ordered s'mores custard cake, and it came as no surprise that her dessert was at least twice the size of everyone else's.

They made it home just after 9pm. The buzz of excitement still hadn't worn off, but Jason wanted to wait until the next morning to schedule their trip. It was getting late, and he wanted to spend time with his ladies to continue the celebration, even though Elin had already begun to make a list of hotels for their trip. One thing he did do, however, was text Demura. Since citizenship could be completed at a local municipal building, the Belgian government needed to know what city the family would be coming to so the staff there could complete the documentation.

Sorry for the late text. Just told the family. They are over the moon. :-) Let them know we'll be flying to Brugge.

He smiled as he saw an immediate response.

I will pass the word. Congrats, once again. Let me know how it goes!

* * * * *

After walking around to lock up the house, turn off the lights, and set the alarm, Jason wandered to his room and heard giggling coming from the bathroom along with the sounds of a shower. He then saw the clothes the women had all been wearing in different places in the room. Elin's blouse and skirt neatly placed on the end of the bed, Elaina's dress draped over the back of an armchair, and Paige's jeans and blouse dropped onto the floor right where she must have been standing.

He removed his own clothes, placing them on the bed, then strode through the large bedroom following a trail of various shed undies on the floor. As he did, looking at the various type of panties and bras from the three very different women who were also so damn similar, for obvious reasons, he grinned happily. He loved his fucking life. No matter how taboo it was that he regularly impaled his own mother and sisters with his thick meat stick, it didn't even factor into his thinking. The mother and children dynamic that had been no longer existed. They were just...gone. Poof. Extinct.

Of course, that was just how Jason, Elin, Elaina, and Paige thought now. They knew that when they arrived in Brugge that they'd have to pretend, but it would end as soon as their visit was completed. And then? Then, they'd be free.

He had barely taken a step into the bathroom before Elaina gasped, flung open the wide, glass door, and wrapped her arms around him. She was soaking wet, dripping onto the tile floor, as her small baby bump and incredible breasts, which had begun to grow in size, pressed against him.

"I need you, husband," she said, not holding back as her mouth pressed against his in a passion that Jason hadn't quite expected. "Please, fuck me," she continued. "Fuck me hard, and fast. I need it so bad!"

He wanted to reply, maybe something pithy or even romantic, but Elaina simply began walking him backward out of the bathroom and to the bed. He fell backward onto the mattress, his cock slapping his stomach once from the motion, then standing proudly up into the air. He expected her to immediately climb onto him, but she didn't move. Instead, she bit her bottom lip nervously, her hands fidgeting in front of her.

"Master," she began, softly, "will you please take me? I—I just sort of assumed, and moved you out here..."

Over time, Jason had grown accustomed to the way his wives acted toward him as their subservience waxed and waned until it had become the norm. When their relationships first started, it had been hit or miss for Elin and Elaina, both still having a hard time fully stepping over that line. Paige was fully on board from the onset, however, a zealot for the cause who helped smooth the transition for her wives. There were still occasional instances, such as what had just happened, where things like overpowering passion made Elin or Elaina slip, but they would quickly realize their mistake and immediately make amends.

Instead of fighting it anymore, Jason embraced it. It would be like trying to fight the wind by screaming at it. Three mind-bogglingly beautiful angels had willingly given up control of their lives in service to him, and it was immutable, so why rage against it?

"Apologize," he said. It wasn't stern, but it wasn't a request, either. Simply, a command.

"I apologize, master, for the way I acted in the bathroom and by pushing you out here," Elaina said, a tinge of worry in her voice. She knew that if her apology wasn't sincere, he'd get up and leave her sitting in the bedroom without the physical love she so desperately needed. "I should have asked permission first. I'm sorry."

Elaina stared down at him, swallowing once as his eyes met hers. She, just like Elin, had found that their submissiveness to Jason was more arousing than anything either had ever felt in their lives. Just the fact that he was lying there judging her words, judging her pregnant body, and weighing his decision over in his mind, made the moisture build-up between her legs multiply exponentially. She didn't know why, but it excited her knowing that he would say a thing, and she would instantly obey. He would deny her something, and she wouldn't complain. And if she fucked up, he could, and would, punish her.

Jason nodded, then asked, "How wet are you right now?"

She immediately slid a finger between her labia, then removed it to see a thin line of her fluids stretching from her finger back to her folds before it broke.

"Can you climb on top of me, or do you prefer another position?"

She let out a relieved breath. "I would like to be on top at first, then have you take me from behind, if you wish?"

He held out his hand, and she happily straddled him. Her eyes rolled back as she muttered incomprehensibly as just how good it felt to have his thick cock splitting her apart like this. And as

she sat upon him, her slick opening relaxing around his girth while he rubbed her belly, smiled, and then pulled her down to suckle on her breasts.

"Oooh, I love it when you do that," she whispered, her still wet body now covered in goosebumps. "It feels so good."

"Just wait until you start producing milk. I am going to suck you dry."

"Master! The baby—!"

"—*after* our little girl has her fill," he laughed, giving a nipple one last lick. "Ride me, baby. Ride me until you flood the bed."

Not needing more prompting, Elaina's hips began rocking slowly, her hands planted firmly on Jason's chest to hold her up. Soon, her gyrations increased five-fold, and soft moans filled the room as his hands explored her body.

She was an exquisite woman with her unstoppable desire to keep busy with work, and her dedication to keeping fit. Jason gasped and felt the first ripples of a small orgasm gripping his cock as this amazing woman's body reacted to their synchronized movements.

"M-master," she whispered. "Oh, fuck...oh, fuck, master...OH FUCK!"

Her soft whimpers and grunts were turned up to eleven as her body seized, overcome by a powerful orgasm spurred on by the sensation of her husband's thick cock rubbing vigorously against that hot spot just inside her willing hole.

"That's it, baby," Jason said, slapping her ass hard, then squeezing it tightly. "Ride my thick cock."

"Mmmmmm," she hummed. "I love your thick cock!" she whimpered, finally coming out of her state and squeezing her own breast.

"Raise up," he said, "slowly. I want to see everything."

She was breathing heavily, but she nodded, planted one foot, and slowly rose from his body. Watching Jason's reaction to seeing his cock sliding out of her, she smiled. He loved seeing himself inside of his wives.

"Face down, ass up," he then said, and gave her time to get into the doggystyle position. "Do you need a pillow, El?"

"Yes, please." She rubbed her belly. "She's still tiny, but damn if she doesn't feel like she weighs a ton when she's hanging down like this."

He slid a pillow under her, and smiled at the view of Elaina's sloppy, wet pussy waiting for him. Dropping to one knee, he spread her ass cheeks and began lapping at her slit which immediately received an appreciative gasp from Elaina. He focused on her swollen clit, working her to the precipice of her next orgasm, then quickly stood and drove his cock into her with one, swift stroke.

"OOHHHHH!" she moaned, clutching haphazardly at the sheets of the bed.

Not giving her a moment to recover, he grasped her hips and began pumping into her cunt, hard and deep with the rhythm of a metronome set to Vivace. It was what she'd wanted, what she'd begged for, and he was going to satisfy her needs.

"GRRRLK!" she gurgled as an orgasm detonated like The Gadget over the Trinity test site. Her legs shot out straight behind her and a surge of her fluids spilled out of her, drenching the side of the bed as her body lost all semblance of control.

He didn't stop, pushing past her taught, muscular legs, plunging his cock into her without fail. She was drenched, and the wet sounds of his hard penetrations spearing into her enhanced his arousal.

Elaina sucked in a deep breath, weakly pulling her legs back under her to give Jason easier access, but her body trembled making it hard to hold herself up.

"I'm gonna'--!" she tried to say, but her words were cut off, replaced by a strangled cry. She slapped the mattress as she peaked once more. "Fuck! Oh, fuck! Fuck, husband!"

His stamina finally slapped him in the face, letting him know he couldn't keep up the same pace any longer. Slowing, he pulled out of her, then slammed himself home. She gasped. He did it again, slapping her ass once he was buried to the hilt.

"Please...I—I need to..." She began to move, but stopped, looking over her shoulder. "I can't go on," she said softly. "I'm sorry."

Instead of ramming into her once more, he inched slowly into her, then leaned forward to plant kisses up and down her spine while reaching under her to caress one of her breasts.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked.

"No. No, I promise," she said, panting. "I just...seem to have," she let out a deep breath, "I think the pregnancy is slowing me down a bit."

"I remember those days," Elin said as she and Paige exited the bathroom, naked and holding hands. They looked so goddamn sexy, like twin Nordic goddesses. "Of course, I had three children back-to-back. That also took a lot out of me."

"Elaina needs to tap out," Jason said after his pregnant wife had rolled onto her back, still breathing hard. He planted more kisses on her body, focusing on her baby bump. "Mrs. Hughes?"

Elin squealed happily as she stepped forward, stood ramrod straight with her arms behind her back, awaiting her husband's much desired attention.

"I'll move to the chair," Elaina said softly as she tried to sit up.

"Now, hang on," Jason said, stopping her. "El, honey, I appreciate the consideration, but you need to be able to relax. In your condition, I'd prefer you recover on the bed where you're more comfortable."

"Nurse Paige to the rescue," Paige chirped, quickly moving to the far side of the bed, patting it, for Elaina to move over. "Keep you company," she added with a little waggle of her eyebrows.

Elaina smiled softly, the exhaustion still weighing on her. "Okay, squirt--"

"Who squirts?" Paige asked pointedly.

With a flat look and a sudden burst of pink to her cheeks, Elaina quietly moved to the far side of the bed.

"Elaina," Elin softly said, "you should never be embarrassed about that. I, for one, think it is a wonderful expression of love and excitement that I would never want you to keep from happening."

Now comfortable against some pillows, her nude, pregnant body still on display for everyone, Elaina sighed. "It's just so much laundry for you," she frowned. "I know it's a silly excuse--"

"It *is* a silly excuse," Elin countered. "Have you heard me complain, love? Not once, nor will I ever. And I happen to know our husband genuinely loves seeing your excitement in that way."

"Damn right," Jason replied. "Stop worrying, El. I love it. Please don't ever try to hold back."

"It tastes good," Paige said, then opened her mouth and pointed. "Want more."

Elaina took Paige's hand. "I'm a little too sensitive at the moment. Can we wait a bit?"

Paige just shrugged. "It's okay. I'll have girl talk." She leaned down, smooshing her cheek against Elaina's belly, and began having a conversation with her stomach.

Elaina just smiled, stroking the side of Paige's face as she watched her tiny lover seemingly make contact with the unborn child.

"I want you, Elin," Jason said, turning to the senior wife. "And I'm having a difficult time restraining myself with you standing there like that."

With her arms behind her back, Elin's incredible breasts, and her sexy little abs, were like a siren's song calling to him.

"Don't restrain yourself on my behalf, my love," she cooed. "Use me how you wish."

"Kneel," he said, and sat on the edge of the bed as she did as he directed. "Slow and gentle, Elin. I want to savor this."

"Mmm, as you wish, master," she replied, an excited smile on her lips, which she licked before slowly dragging her tongue up and down his shaft. Knowing he liked it when she didn't use her hands, she kept them behind her back and tilted her head to take one of his balls into her mouth.

"You are so good at this, Mrs. Hughes," he said, watching her. Since she and Paige had gotten matching pixie cut haircuts, then Elaina following suit with her own style of short hair, his wives had gotten so much sexier. Their long hair had been glorious, but Jason liked seeing more of their skin, and their long, graceful necks were a favorite place for him to focus on.

"I love sucking on you, husband," she whispered as she twisted her head a few times to rub his stiff cock across her cheeks.

Opening, she slowly took him into her warm mouth. Her tongue flicked against his tip, then his shaft, as more of his length entered her. Her movements were so slow and loving. He could see a contented smile on her face, despite the shape of her mouth around him.

"Finger yourself," he said, running his hand against the side of her face. He enjoyed feeling his cock bulging out her flawless cheek.

"Mmm," Elin began to moan as her fingers went to work. She must have flicked her bean just right because she pushed him out of her to moan louder, grunting. "S-sorry, my love," she said in a whimper. "I'm just....nngh...please, husband, take me?"

He nodded. Despite not thinking of Elin as his mother anymore, something about fucking her with wild abandon always got his motor running. His dick just needed to be inside of her, and that was how it was.

"On your back, legs up," he said, helping her stand like a good husband. Once she was into position, he licked furiously at her hot slit, dipping down several times to lap at her puckered back door. Elin loved anal sex now—all his wives did, and the sensation was incredible.

But he wasn't planning on knocking on her backdoor today. Standing, he slapped his cock against her opening a few times, teasing her, before he slowly slid into her.

Elin immediately grabbed his back, pulling him into her. "God, yes! You feel so good, husband, you—" she paused to groan—"god, you fuck me so good, master!"

Once his rhythm was in place, he began including things that Elin really liked. He'd slap her inner thighs, her ass, her pert breasts, or pinch her nipples. She moaned like a whore in heat while he pounded his cock into her, and he relished every minute of his domination of her.

His hand slid between her cleavage, up to her neck, and a wicked grin appeared on Elin's face. He squeezed, and in moments, her body trembled violently through a powerful orgasm. Releasing her, she gasped and moaned, her face and chest red from the exertion.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed, grabbing him around the waist to keep him inside of her.

He slapped her face once, yanked her hair to pull her head up, and spit into her open mouth. Elin chuckled happily, opening her mouth again like a baby bird waiting to be fed. He obliged her by working up a mouthful of saliva, letting it slowly drip into her open mouth as she stared up at him dreamily.

Swallowing, she smiled as his fingers wrapped around her neck again. But he didn't stop thrusting. His cock was merciless as it continually speared her.

Across the bed, Paige let out a small gasp. Jason ignored it, assuming Elaina was helping her tiny wife as they watched him fuck Elin.

When he let go of her neck, spittle flew from Elin's mouth as she gasped loudly through another orgasm.

Paige moaned, then hummed hungrily, followed by a small whimper.

Looking up, Jason saw one of Paige's legs upon the bed, the other holding her up from the floor. But she wasn't being touched. Instead, she was lightly circling her finger around Elaina's clit, causing the pregnant woman to writhe slowly against the headboard.

Elin suddenly shrieked, and her hips shot up as her legs wobbled.

Paige suddenly let out a long moan, her own body appearing to shiver. What caught Jason's attention more than anything, however, was the telltale signs of his tiny wife's orgasm, followed by a stream of her fluids all over Elaina's stomach.

"Ggggooooodddddd!" Paige wailed, one hand coming up to squeeze one of her small breasts.

"Are you cumming?" Elaina asked incredulously, a sly grin on her face. "Who's the squirter now, you sexy bitch?"

"FUCK!" Elin screamed as Jason's powerful load poured into her. She yanked his body to hers, kissing all over his face as he grunted through the pulses of release.

"Goddamn!" he gasped, kissing Elin now. "You are so fucking amazing," he whispered.

"Good one, master," Paige said, her legs wobbly now as Elaina gripped her arm to keep her little wife upright. "So...wow."

"Did she have an orgasm, too?" Elin asked, looking up at Paige, seeing her upside down from the angle.

"*Did* she!" Paige confirmed. Holding herself up with her hands on the mattress, she stumble-walked around the bed. She stroked Jason as most of his length remained inside of Elin. "Magic cock is magic," she cooed, licking her lips. "Clean up in aisle three?"

"Elin first," he said.

Without question, Paige knelt, smiled at the sloppy mess she saw, and began cleaning it with her tongue. She moaned happily as she did, taking time to slide two fingers into Elin to plumb more of her master's seed out.

Once clean, she whipped her head around to Jason and ran her little tongue from the base of his shaft to the tip, collecting any remnants into her mouth before happily opening her mouth while looking up at him.

"O wuckh," she said, pointing at the massive amount of his cream pooled in her mouth. She swirled her tongue around, grinning up at him.

He laughed. "I don't know what that was, but why don't you swallow it and tell me again?"

She gulped loudly as the incredible amount of his jizz slid down her throat. Smacking her lips a few times, then running her tongue around the inside of her mouth, she swallowed once more.

"A lot!" she repeated, much clearer this time.

He pulled her up and kissed her tenderly. "Give me a bit and you can have your turn."

"I'm good. Got mine," she said, jerking a thumb over her shoulder. "Unless you want me, master?"

"We'll see." He hugged her close to him. "What was that earlier? Sympathetic orgasm?"

"You excite me," she shrugged. "Wifey excites me." She squeezed him hard. "My pussy felt good."

"I could tell!" Elaina replied, chuckling. "And you squirted! That was really fucking hot, Paige."

"Yeah, you fucking with some wet ass pussy, bring a bucket and a mop for this wet ass pussy," Paige sang before Jason began tickling her. "Master!" she giggled.

"Okay, loves, let me clean up and we can go to—"

"Master!" Elin quickly stood; her brows knit. "That's *my* job! Please, don't worry about that. You just come right over here," she said, taking his hand to lead him to an armchair, "sit there looking so, so handsome, and let me take care of it."

There was no point. He'd tried to do things like this before and felt Elin's ire. It wasn't as if she would ever actually fuss at him, not anymore, but what she did do was pester him and continue making low key, offhand comments about her job as the woman of the house. If he wanted to hear passive aggressive comments for the next two days about how the slaves kept house, not the master, then he knew better than to do anything more than sit as instructed.

Sheets were ripped off, the waterproof covering was removed, pillows were refreshed, and the bed was suddenly pristine again. With two soft puffs from a small bottle, lemon verbena filled the air.

"Your bed is ready, husband. Would you like us all tonight, or shall I prepare one of the spare bedrooms?"

"I always want you all," he said, rolling his eyes. "Also, honey, make a note that we'll need a bigger bed than king wherever we move to. Alaska king, or whatever it's called."

Elin nodded sharply. "Of course, my love. I'll add it to my planning list."

Once they were all together, Elaina and Elin cuddled together on one side of him, and Paige on his other side—at least until she crawled atop his chest as usual—Jason felt so amazing. The sex was part of it, as was the absolute love the four felt. But they were about to leave that damn house, that city, and their country.

And they were going to be free.

* * * * *

The next morning, Elin woke up bright and early. She found herself halfway down the bed laying on her side with a beautiful, veiny breast right in her face. She'd know that pregnancy boob anywhere, and she couldn't help but smile happily at the thought of another baby being in the house. Of course, she wished the new child were hers, but Jason promised he'd keep trying as often as possible.

Her mouth opened, ready to take Elaina's nipple into her mouth, but she paused. The pregnancy was starting to take its toll on the young woman, and Elin didn't want to wake her for selfish reasons.

Instead, she slowly rolled over to get out of bed, making her way to the bathroom. It was still dark in the house, so she slowly closed the door separating the rooms, flipped the light switch, then turned.

She shrieked briefly as she found Paige standing in front of the sink, her arm outstretched.

"Paige!?" Elin hissed. "What are you doing? You scared me!"

"Use the stick," Paige urged.

Elin squinted at her—well, the sudden bright light also wasn't helping, but... "What are you talking about?"

She then realized Paige was holding something out for her. Then, realization struck when she realized just *what* Paige was holding.

In a quick movement, Elin snatched the item from the youngest wife's hand and immediately sat on the toilet. Moments later, she pushed it under the stream of urine flowing from her, then sat it on the floor next to her. If this beautiful young woman was prompting her to do something, there was normally a reason. She couldn't help but get her hopes up because Paige was never wrong, but she tried to calm herself.

Looking up from the floor, she found Paige squatting in front of her, eyes locked between Elin's legs.

"Um, Paige?" she asked curiously.

"Enjoying the show," Paige said, twirling her hand for Elin to continue. "Want some."

"Honey," Elin said, blushing furiously, "I'm peeing!"

Paige giggled. "Yep yep."

Elin narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips. "Fine. Get in the shower."

Paige quickly, but silently, opened the cavernous shower's door, squatting and grinning mischievously as she lightly clapped her hands.

Elin took position in the middle of the shower, but nothing happened. Her bladder was very full, to the point that it was beginning to hurt. But how does one go about purposely urinating on someone? It wasn't easy, just like trying to force yourself to pee while lying in bed. After years of being told that wetting the bed was wrong, humans were programmed to do anything but. However, she found herself standing above her odd, nearly identical tiny wife, whom she loved despite her oddness, wanting to give her what she wanted.

"Hmm," Paige hummed before pulling Elin's hips closer. "Spread 'em." She began licking and kissing, working to get some sort of response from her former mother. "Uhh...Niagara Falls?"

Elin's body shivered and Paige began to giggle. It poured out of her, splashing across Paige's smiling face, chest, and legs as the young woman took turns splashing the liquid on her body, or catching the stream in her mouth as she closed the distance to lick Elin.

Something changed for the oldest wife in that instant. She'd never even remotely considered doing something like this, finding it filthy and degrading, but here she was, covering her young wife...and she enjoyed it!

"Bring it in," Elin said, hiking a leg up for Paige to hold up while she pulled her little wife's face closer to her crotch. "Mmm, lick me, baby. Holy shit, this is so good!" she said, trying to keep her voice down so as not to wake Jason or Elaina.

As the stream waned, Paige took a mouthful and gargled before spitting it all over Elin's legs. She laughed and clapped, her blue eyes shimmering in joy.

"Shower, finger fuck, then stick," Paige said, clearly outlining what was about to happen while she spun the knob to turn on the water. "Sexy, sexy wifey," she murmured as she pulled Elin close. "I love you, Elin," she said.

Everything stopped for Elin as she heard those words. Even after they had formed their unique family as it was now, Paige still referred to Elin as momma-wife, momma, wifey, or any other number of names except for her proper name.

For some reason, she found Paige looking up at her nervously, the youngest wondering if she had overstepped. Regaining her senses, Elin took Paige's face in her hands, kissing her sweetly.

"It's okay. You'll see," Elin whispered, echoing Paige's own words as she winked at her young wife before her kiss deepened.

Twenty minutes and two orgasms for both later, Elin had forgotten about the pregnancy test waiting for her on the floor. She gently ran the towel over Paige's beautiful body, smiling happily at how far their new relationship had progressed. She wasn't sure what had changed to make Paige call her by her name, but Elaina and Jason had both been doing it for months now, and it just confirmed to her that they were three wives together with their husband, erasing that last, lingering connection to a life long gone.

"Results," Paige said as she slid her small bottom onto the countertop.

"What's that?" Elin asked, then watched Paige nod down to the ground. "Oh, I had forgotten." She stepped to it, but stopped short, a flush of nervousness washing over her. She'd gone through so many in the past months, each one showing bad news.

"Come on, come on!" Paige urged.

"Is it...?" she began to ask. "Paige, honey, I-I can't take another rejection."

Paige sighed, hopped down from the counter and faced Elin directly. "Elin," she said, first pointing at herself, then at her tall wife. She then pointed at Elin's stomach. "Momma," she said, followed by pointing up at Elin's worried face.

Elin's breath left her as Paige's few words formed a scenario in her mind. Her hand darted down to the small, plastic stick, and her eyes filled with tears as she covered her mouth.

Two lines.

Her eyes couldn't leave the pregnancy test in her hand as she began to sob tears of joy. She absolutely loved her children-turned-spouses and would do anything for them. But their lives had been filled with struggle and turmoil. Now, she had the man of her dreams and two young women she adored to share a life full of love with, and she wanted nothing more than to have that man's child. She just knew things would be better this time.

Elin felt a small finger tapping her shaking shoulder, and she looked up at Paige. A coldness covered her as she saw tears streaking down the young wife's face.

"Paige!?"

The tiny clone just shook her head and smiled, pointing at her own stomach. "Momma," she said, then pointed up at her own face.

Elin gasped in surprise. "OH MY GOD! You're pregnant, too?" When Paige nodded, Elin scooped her up, squeezing her close. "I'm—I'm so happy, Paige! Oh, this is simply amazing!" The tears continued as she felt Paige's arms squeezing her back.

"Momma twins," Paige whispered, hugging Elin closer now. "Master will be overjoyed."

Elin gasped again, her twisting hugs stopping immediately. "We have to tell him!"

Paige wrapped herself around Elin, locking her limbs in place to be carried into the bedroom. She loved the feeling of her momma's breasts pressing against her own. She loved licking her momma's smooth slit or kissing her beautiful mouth. And she loved the feeling of elation that emanated from her momma when she was orgasming, which caused her own powerful orgasm earlier. Elin would always be her momma, and Paige would always lust after her body and yearn for her love. But now it was official. She could no longer call her momma Momma. It saddened her somewhat, but the baton had been passed now. Someone else got the honor of calling Elin Momma now. And that thought made her happy.

"Down," Paige whispered, standing as Elin let go of her. She looked Elin up and down appraisingly, then held up a finger. Quickly, she opened a drawer and pulled two items out, handing one to Elin. "Twin, pregnant, slave girls."

Elin snickered softly, taking the metal choker to affix it around her neck. "Good idea, honey."

Once they were ready, standing beside each other with twin haircuts, twin chokers, and twin-but-differently-sized bodies, Paige took Elin's hand. Her body shivered with excitement as the sun began peeking in through the bedroom windows.

"Husband," Elin said softly.

Nothing happened. Both Jason and Elaina were sound asleep.

"Master," Elin sing-songed lightly.

"MASTERWAKEUP!" Paige blurted.

Jason and Elaina shot upright in the bed. "What the fuck, Paige!" Elaina griped. "Damn, what time is it?"

"Paige?" Jason said, rubbing his eyes, stopping halfway through when he took in the sight in front of him. Elin and Paige Hughes, his oldest and youngest wives, stood hand-in-hand completely naked except for their metal chokers. Both women had excited smiles on their faces, and Elin's breath quickened in anticipation as she stood awaiting permission to speak.

"God, you two look amazing," he said softly. The morning rays filtering through the thin curtains cast a soft light on them both, like God rays from a video game that happened to point to two of the three treasures Jason wanted most. "What's going on?"

Elin opened her mouth to speak. "We're—"

"You fucked babies into us with your super amazing cock!" Paige squealed, bouncing excitedly on the spot.

"—pregnant." Elin finished flatly.

"What?" Jason asked, his mouth falling open. "Are you—are you serious?"

"Holy shit! Really!?" Elaina now squealed in a high-pitched, starry-eyed tone.

Jason was on his feet, stopping just short of his blonde goddesses, as his eyes looked at Elin's stomach first, then Paige's, before the widest smile he'd ever worn appeared on his face.

"This is amazing!" He picked up Paige, spinning her around as he kissed her neck and chest, laughing with joy. After their shared moment, he cradled Elin in his arms, dipping her backward and kissing her passionately.

"I don't know what to say!" Jason continued, his hands gently touching their faces, then their stomachs, before taking their hands. He was overcome with emotion, and he couldn't help but laugh. "We did it. We finally did it," he whispered, pulling both women into a warm embrace.

"We really did, husband," Elin said as she nuzzled his neck. "Not only are you taking me home, my love, but you have given me something amazing. And our child," she said, then hugged Paige closer and took Elaina's hand, "our children will know nothing but love, happiness, and safety in our home."

"Imagine it," Elaina said, "they'll all be around the same age and grow up together!" She was crying now, kissing Elin's face. "Paige, is it too early to tell if they're boys or girls?"

Jason released them and they stood in a small circle. "Jury's still out. But I'm having a girl."

"Wh-what? You know what yours will be, but not mine?" Elin asked with an amused chuckle.

Paige just shrugged. "I know some people."

With a scoff, Elin just hugged Paige and kissed the side of her head. "Are you happy, little girl?"

Paige looked dreamily up at Jason and took his hand. "First of many for my master. I am elated."

"Um...how many, exactly?" Jason asked.

Paige grinned. "Elin peed on me in the shower."

Elaina laughed so hard she began coughing.

* * * * *

After everyone took a shower, Elin and Paige for the second time, Elin shared the hotel in Brugge that she had chosen, pending Jason's approval.

"It's Die Swaene, in downtown Brugge," Elin explained. "Very high end, and it has an indoor pool," she said, casting eyes on Paige, "but it's not far from the Registrar's office in the municipal building."

Elin stood from the table, relinquishing her laptop to Jason. He scrolled through the images of the hotel, Elaina and Paige looking over his shoulders, then to a map of its location.

"I suggest the suite for the room," Elin added. "It has a king bed, and a queen bed in a second room."

"Ooh," Elaina said, pointing at the screen. "I like the view from the room."

"That's the canal Groenerei. It is quite beautiful," Elin said as memories from her childhood filled her mind. "Um, it's a bit expensive, my love, but I just thought it might be a beautiful introduction to

our new home."

"Pool's good," Paige said. "Small, but good."

"How long will we stay there?" Elaina asked, looking at Elin. "It will take a while to find and buy a house, won't it?"

Elin nodded. "Around the same amount of time it takes to purchase a home here." She looked at Jason. "What do you suggest, husband?"

"Hmm," he said, leaning back in his chair. "How about...three weeks? Then, find another hotel to stay in for another few weeks, or a nice Air BnB—er, do they have those there?"

"They do."

"Okay. We can stay at a few nice hotels for a while which will give us time to make more long-term plans. Maybe...rent a furnished home for a while?" He sighed, waving a hand at the screen. "Elin, honey, you're the Brugge specialist here. I trust your judgment."

That made her smile. "Thank you. I will get it sorted. When will we arrive so I can book the rooms?"

"It's Tuesday," he muttered as he ran things through in his head, then looked at Paige. "Paige Kitty, what about your little swimmers?"

She scoffed and put a shocked look on her face. "What'chu talkin' 'bout, Willis?"

"Um...I mean, I get the reference, but—"

"They swim!" she said, both proud of the students but exasperated that he wasn't picking up what she was puttin' down.

"Okay. Elaina? Any pending photo shoots?"

"Nope. Well, some in a few weeks, but I can either reschedule those for when we come back to pack the house," she said, "or just cancel them outright."

"Hmm, I don't like the idea of you having to cancel them," he said as he wrapped an arm around her waist. "I'd hate for you to get bad reviews, or something. It's your business, though. See what you can do."

She smiled down at him. He may have been her master and could easily have tried to control her photography business, but he never once did anything more than support her in any way he could. When it came to Hughes & Co. Photography, it was hers and hers alone. She loved him so much for that.

"Okay, then. We'll leave on Thursday. I'll schedule the jet—"

"The big one?" Elaina asked, hopeful.

He laughed. "Yes, the big one. It's, what, thirteen hours to fly there, probably? We'll need one with a bed, for sure." He grinned when Elaina bounced happily. "In the meantime, last-minute purchases. If you need hair styling, or anything else now is the time. Then hit the mall if you need more clothes, better luggage, or something. But we're not packing everything we own, okay? We can, I don't know, have our clothes dry cleaned once they get dirty—something like that.."

All three women nodded.

"Am I missing anything?" he asked.

"My tight pussy," Paige said, squeezing in between Elaina and Jason.

"Floozy," Elaina whispered as she moved out of the way.

"Sukkel," Paige replied in Dutch.

"Oh! Yes! More Dutch language," Elin piped up hearing Paige's insult. "You're doing very well, husband, but we should really continue practicing. All of us should."

Jason's hand lifted for Elin. Paige obediently moved as he pulled Elin into his lap. "We'll speak as much Dutch as we can before we go, Mrs. Hughes." He gently kissed her elegant neck, just above the choker she still wore. "We're doing it, Elin. We're living our life, and our dreams are coming true."

She closed her eyes and leaned against him. "You have made me so, so happy, my love." Her hand unconsciously slid down to her stomach as she spoke. "I'm a bit overwhelmed right now."

"That's a good thing. I'll be happier when you are standing on Belgian soil, though."

With a grin, she kissed him gently. It was a long, lingering kiss that made his mind spin.

"I'll get started on our reservations," she said, and giggled when he slid his hand across her bottom as she stood.

"I'll start rearranging my schedule," Elaina said before she leaned down to kiss him as well.

"And I'll strip," Paige said. "I've been bad. Come, master. Punishment time."

"I have to call about the plane!" he said, chuckling as she pulled him from the chair.

"I suck, you call." Somehow, her thin shorts fell right off her as they walked down the hall to the bedroom. "Keep talking? I swallow." She let go of his hand for only half a second and the spaghetti string tank top was gone. "*Keep talking*," she continued, "I ride. Silent as a church."

"Damn, I love it when you're like this."

* * * * *

The Gulfstream G700 crossed the last lines of the east coast and set out over the Atlantic. In the master suite, Elin and Elaina were cuddled against each other on the queen bed. It was to be a long trip, albeit one without layovers and with much more luxury than even a first-class commercial flight.

The four were themselves, much to the amusement of the flight staff. No one knew who they were, and even having the same last names that the flight crew would recognize, they didn't care. Intimate moments of snuggling, caresses, lap-sitting, and fiery kisses were on full display, and no one would stop them now.

"You're all his girlfriends?" one flight attendant, Ezra, asked as Paige peered out one of the large, front windows. It was nothing but clouds and endless ocean.

Without turning to look at the man, she said, "Wives. We're wives." She then bobbed her head back and forth before adding, "Unofficially."

Ezra nodded slowly, but Paige turned to see a questioning look on his face. She simply said, "Name change," as she shrugged.

"Ah," Ezra replied, understanding her meaning.

Paige walked off, rolling her eyes. He *did not* understand her meaning. Jason was no longer Jason. Jason was husband. Jason was master. *That* was the name change. Ezra was an imbecile. Besides, he wouldn't sneak a single drop of rum in her little umbrella drink. Fuck.

"Snuggle time?" Jason offered to her; his arms held out.

Paige loved snuggle time with her master. She loved deep-dickin' time, too, but snuggle time with her master was...something else. His warm, gentle embrace, the sound of his breathing, his heartbeat, and an odd aura of love that just seemed to spread around him when he was with his wives was incomparable to anything she had ever encountered before. It surrounded her, it penetrated—no, wait. That was the Force. It felt very much like that to Paige, though, but instead of a controllable aura of power that could force choke an enemy across the room, it enveloped the Hughes women in a warm blanket of adoration.

Her eyes fluttered closed as she lay against his chest, comfortable in his embrace even more than the plush leather chairs or that queen bed that really needed more stuffing. This was her safe place, her sanctuary, and she would never, ever tire of it.

"Paige, honey," his voice called to her, and she felt his gentle hand trailing down her back.

"Mmm," she cooed, "take me as you wish, mas--" She suddenly sat up, her eyes popping wide open. "We're here."

Elaina chuckled as she buckled in across from them, putting a hand atop Elin's. The two had come out of the bedroom after being given the one-hour warning prior to descent.

"I love that she has such a one-track mind," Elaina said, leaning on Elin's shoulder. "Appease our husband first, then deal with the other bullshit in the world."

Paige frowned as she reluctantly stood, then sat next to Jason to begin buckling. "I'm wet for you," she pouted.

"I'm sorry," Jason replied, pulling her head over to kiss it. "I would have awakened you, but you were sleeping so soundly."

"Dreaming of my gaping asshole," she grumbled.

Elin snorted. "We'll be at the hotel soon, love. Don't you worry. And if master wishes to, um, gape you," she said, lowering her voice in case the flight staff were lurking, "then you'll get your wish." She then slid her bare foot up Jason's leg, making her intentions clear. "Then I'll be next," she winked.

Just over an hour later, the plane touched down at Ostend-Bruges International Airport, or as Elin insisted, Internationale Luchthaven Oostende-Brugge. The view from the plane's windows was amazing since the airport was on the coast, right next to the North Sea.

They taxied to a small hanger and were led to a small customs booth. Jason handed over their U.S. passports along with Elin's Belgian one, then the official documentation from the Belgian Embassy allowing the group entry to the country, despite not having held their new passports for the required amount of time. Being spoken to in her native tongue by people from her old country was exhilarating for Elin, who was buzzing with excitement. Several times, Jason saw her inhale deeply, no doubt getting reacquainted with her old home.

"Smells like a beach," Paige said. "And jet fuel."

After directing the group to report to the nearest municipal building as soon as possible, which was already clearly stated in the embassy documents, the customs officer bid them good day and authorized their official entry to Belgium.

Elin strode with purpose through the airport, a huge smile on her face as she pulled the large suitcase and small travel bag behind her. Jason held her hand as they walked, with Paige and Elaina doing the same behind them. It was just before noon here, and the airport was bustling with activity, but it didn't seem to stop Elin's determined walk through the masses of travelers, most seeming to simply part, not wanting to keep this woman from getting where she was going.

"Our ride should be waiting for us," Jason said, struggling through some of his words. He knew he'd get better, but it was frustrating that each of his wives spoke Dutch so much better than he could. He then pointed. "There's the exit."

What they found wasn't quite the Rolls Royce that they'd been accustomed to when they'd call Margaret for a ride, but it was very nice. A shiny grey BMW X7 was waiting for them, a tall brunette woman in her thirties standing beside it.

"Amara?" Jason asked as he approached, still speaking in Dutch. "I'm Jason Hughes."

The woman was taller than Elin by a few inches but had her body type. Slim, sexy hips, and a natural beauty that must have been a trait in this country. She was dressed professionally in a white button-up blouse, black blazer, and black slacks, obviously taking her job seriously. With the vehicle she drove, and her attire, Jason assumed she did this full time, much like Margaret.

Amara pushed back her toffee-colored hair and smiled at him, her pale green eyes sparkling.

"Hello, Hughes family," she said. "Still going to Die Swaene in Brugge?"

He nodded. "We are."

She opened the cargo door of the vehicle, then frowned at the bags. Three large suitcases with small carry-ons, and Paige's single bag—she was small, therefore, her clothes were, too.

"We can hold the small bags, if it helps?" Elin said. "It's not a problem."

Amara looked at Elin, then at Jason. "American?" she said in English.

Jason wrinkled his nose. "Am I speaking that poorly?" he asked.

"Not...poorly. You just need more practice." She smiled briefly at him as she began stuffing the suitcases into the back, rearranging them as necessary. "You are from here?" she asked as she glanced up at Elin.

"I was born here, then moved to America at age twelve." She paused, suddenly getting teary-eyed. "This is my first time back home."

Amara stopped, and her heart went out to Elin. "Are you just visiting?"

Elin's smile was infectious, and she sighed happily. "I am moving home!"

"In that case, welcome back!" Amara opened the back door beckoning the group to pile in but creased her brow when all three women looked at Jason in deference.

He shrugged. "Sit where you wish, ladies. I'll find a spot."

"Shotgun!" Paige yelled in English.

"Ah, uh, Paige?" Elaina said, grabbing the youngest wife's shoulder. "You might want to ask Amara, first. Some drivers don't like people in the front."

Amara waved a casual hand, smiling. "It's fine. I like her, already."

Thirty-five minutes later, and after many questions from Elin who grilled Amara on all the changes her homeland had gone through, they arrived within the city limits of Brugge. Amara was gracious enough to take them on a brief sightseeing tour of the city, especially after Jason promised a big tip.

Jason, Elaina, and Paige were enchanted by the medieval style of the homes and buildings with their Gothic construction. What interested Elaina with her photographer's eye was the effort that had been made with new construction to match or accentuate the stylings of the town with new Gothic construction, or more modern twists that didn't take away from the original designs.

Paige loved seeing the canals snaking through the town, along with the old buildings backed up against them. She hoped her master would find one of those boat-tour things so they could go on a ride through the town.

Jason was taken by the construction of the large cathedrals, churches, and old civic buildings along with the amount of work that must have gone into their construction. They were hundreds of years old, and what may take one, maybe two years now must have been a fifteen- or twenty-year project back then.

When they pulled up to the hotel, it just seemed a bit out of place. It was a white, brick building with black trim that had gold appointments along the windows in beautiful scrollwork. But it wasn't in the same style as the rest of the old buildings in the area. But the canal just out front looked even better than the images they'd found online.

"Amara, I appreciate you indulging us a bit longer. We'll have time to see the city, but I'm sure the extra drive really meant a lot to Elin." He put his hand out to shake. "Thank you."

Before their luggage had hit the street, Jason had completed the transaction, adding €150 as a tip. Amara had some small talk with the women, but when her phone dinged, she pulled it out and her eyes went wide.

"Wha—wow! All that just for a joy ride?" she asked, staring at her phone in disbelief.

Jason grinned as he grabbed the handle of his bag. "It made my wife very happy. It was worth it."

Amara was shocked. She was only going to bring in around €30 from this trip, which, in the grand scheme of things, wasn't bad, but it was still a long trip just for that. But €150!? She immediately produced a business card.

"If you need a ride, or want a chauffeur for an entire day, text me the day before. Don't bother with the app," she said, and was pleased when Jason took the card, nodding.

They said their goodbyes, and as they walked into the hotel, Paige looked down the street at the departing vehicle. "I like her."

The four stopped just inside the door, frozen in astonishment. What had been a simple, plain building on the outside was opulent and luxurious on the inside. Fine, silk rugs lay on the tile floor. Old, leather chairs that actually looked comfortable and not fancy decoration that just screamed 'old money.' The ornate wooden clerk's desk appeared to be at least one hundred years old and hand-carved, inlaid with swags and swirls, and scrolling foliage. And, of course, old-world paintings on the wall within gilded frames.

"My goodness," Paige softly said.

Jason, Elin, and Elaina all turned slowly to her, their eyes opened in shock.

"What? I say things!"

After checking in, they found their room was just as stunning. Luxurious carpet, thick drapes, antique dressers and armoire, and an incredibly soft bed that felt like laying on a cloud. They didn't plan on using it, but even the queen bed in the spare room was to die for.

"This..." Jason stood in the middle of the room spinning slowly. "Just, wow! I can't believe how amazing this place is!"

Elaina wrapped her arms around him with a sultry smile. "Mm hm, it sure is. And it *really* puts me in the—hey!"

"Called it," Paige said as she shoved her way in between them, suddenly stark naked and holding a small container of lube in her hand as she looked up at Jason. "Gaping is on the menu, and you're the chef."

"Fine," Elaina sniffed, jutting her chin out in mock indignation. "My other wife and I will spend some time together." She blew a raspberry at Paige and walked off to find Elin.

Paige bounced back and forth between her feet, waiting impatiently for Jason to undress. The entire time lightly singing, "Gape, gape, makemyass gape," to the tune of the Potter Puppet Pals song.

Jason just shook his head, smirking at Paige's lovely mind. She was just so carefree, and he wished he could go through life like that.

Removing his last sock, placing it on the incredibly detailed burgundy armchair next to the bed, he turned. "Okay, baby girl, I'm--oh shit!"

Paige pounced on him with an oddly ferocious giggle.